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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## CHRISTMAS 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK & LONDON

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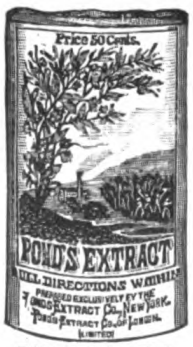



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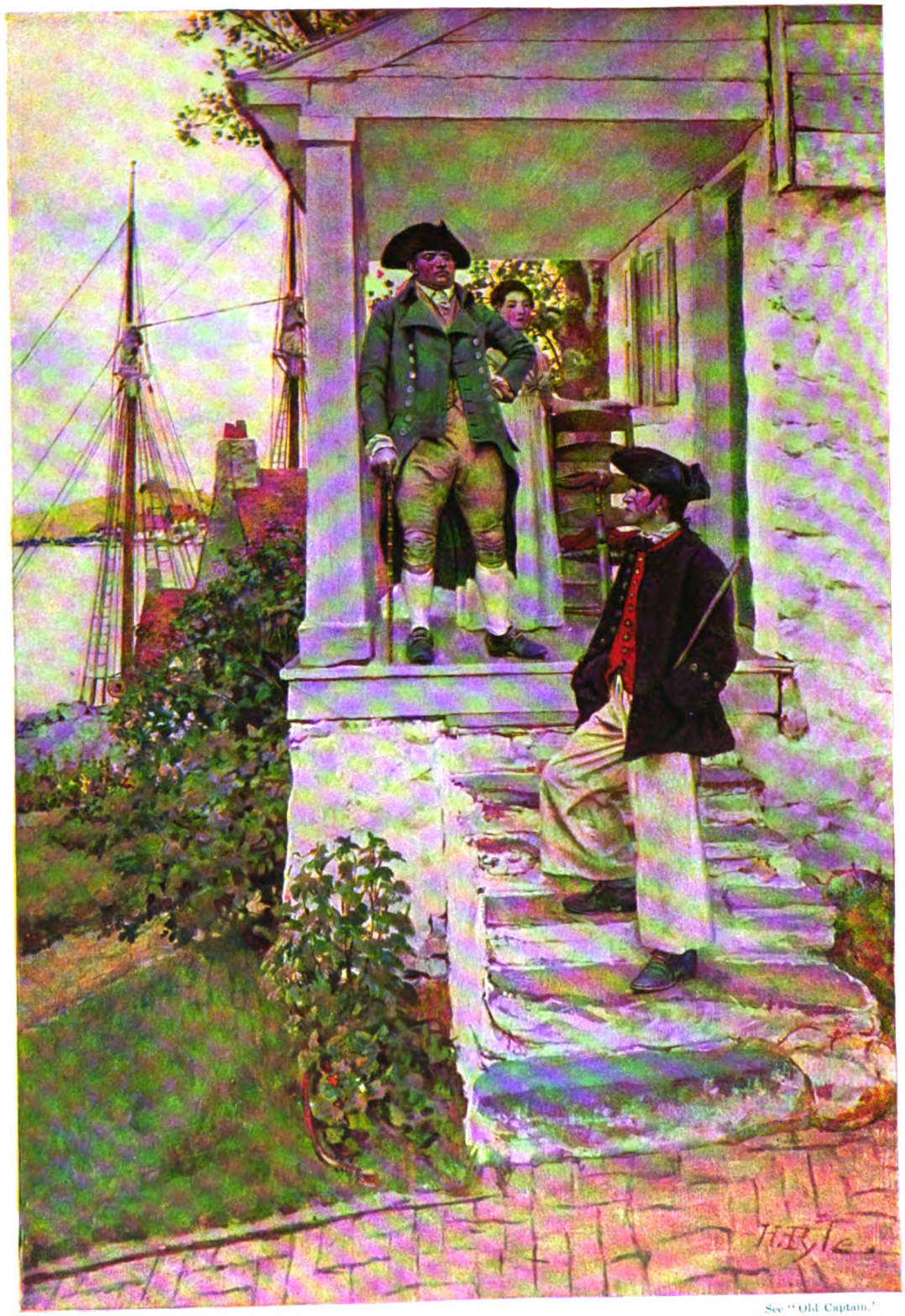
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See "Old Captain."

"AND YOU SHALL NOT HINDER ME"

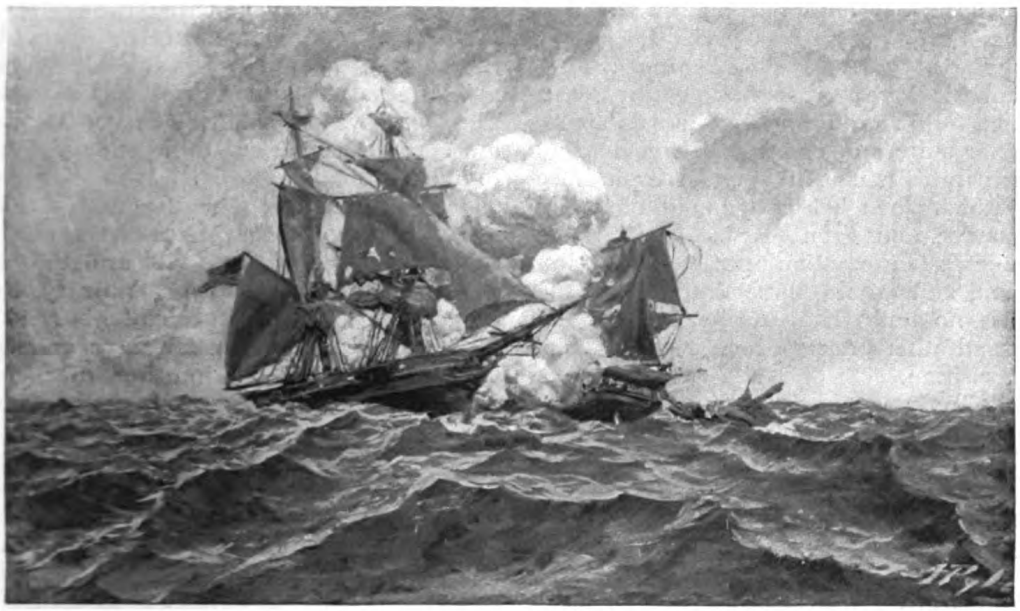
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVIII DECEMBER, 1898 No. DLXXXIII



# OLD CAPTAIN.

## *By* Myles Hemenway.

Illustrated *by* Howard Pyle.

MY grandfather was born somewhere in the south of England before our American Revolution—small information for any of his descendants who may wish an ancestry, but all Old Captain, as he was called ever gave. There was a story that his [illegible] shipped the wild lad with some hard [illegible] sailor to be licked into shape by [illegible]. Whatever his reason for enter[illegible] trade, grandfather stuck to it from [illegible]ng, taking foretop, forecastle, and [illegible] end with the grim gayety of a [illegible] sailor. Some think he rose because it would never do to have a bigger man in forecastle than aft, but my opinion is that quick wit had more to do with his promotion. Anyhow, he was mate at eighteen; at twenty, captain, and "of as good a brig as ever kicked the waves," he used to scream at my dreamy self with savage scorn.

How those gray eyes of his, that touched my summer visions like a snow, could have lit with love I cannot understand; but love he did, and that his ship-owner's daughter. As the girl seems to have been

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as little warmed at first as I was by his later looks, her father, heady as himself, took her part, and made a sorry time, and my—I hope not sorry—story.

The dear old lady of the gentle face, who used to sit all day in the little window's sun and tell me stories wonderful, must have been a fair maid. Grandfather's mad action was, perhaps, as much her beauty's fault. He certainly made it and his love excuse for incessant devotion, following her everywhere, elbowing other suitors out of the path, compelling her, in his masterful way, to act as if betrothed, when her real emotion was shy wonder, and even fear of him. Sometimes such emotion passes easily into love, and would have done so in this case, no doubt, if her father had not met grandfather's savage love with as savage opposition.

"Look you here, young man," he cried, one afternoon, as grandfather left the house, "why come you every day?"

"To see your daughter," grandfather glowered.

"She would see less of you, sir."

"And I more of her; and you shall not hinder me."

"Shall not hinder you!" the ship-owner echoed, wrathfully. "And who are you to say shall not to me?"

"I am captain of the *Sally*, sir," grandfather bowed mockingly; and straightening up, "the best man in your service." His modesty was ever of a stunted growth.

"Best or worst you may have been," the ship-owner sneered, "but you are no longer either in my service. I discharge you, sir. Your mate shall captain the *Sally*." With that he banged the door.

Another would have thought this ended the matter; but nothing ever ended with my grandfather until it ended his way. The *Sally* was to sail the day after the morrow to America, and though he found the mate—no friend of his—in charge of ship next morning, he did not shift a plan. Whistling some ranter's tune into such strange jerks and quirks it seemed to jeer its own solemnity, he strolled the fields in search of his reluctant maid, who passed her days among their flowers, and finding her in some nook or other, said he would walk with her that night.

"My father says I am to have nothing to do with you," she pleaded, frightenedly.

"But I love you, dear," grandfather smiled; "and love is sweet ownership of everything lovely; stronger than deed, or bond, or father's will."

"Your love is not sweet," she whispered, her eyes upon the ground.

"I will sweeten it, then," and stoop-



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ing, he lightly touched her lips with his. I think she cried at that, but she promised to meet him at sundown.

You may be sure the red was not out of the west before grandfather kept the tryst. He had spent the afternoon alone in the tavern common room, occasionally slanting his eye toward the *Sally*, but otherwise seemingly absorbed in chasing that pious ranter's tune into as many holes and corners as his whistling lips could find.

"Takes her easy," his landlord whispered to an old graybeard of the *Sally's* crew; to which that worthy responded, with great solemnity,

"A sailor-man always do."

He might have qualified this remark had he seen grandfather scowling at the ship-owner's residence two hours after dark. No one did see, however, until a door somewhere in the rear opened and closed, and his maid slipped through the trees and looked at him across the gate. There was no moon, but the tall stars lit her face as she lifted it, with attempted bravery, to oppose the walk—bravery belied by a breathless "I cannot."

"Cannot," grandfather laughed as he unlatched the gate, "is one word, or two, as you look at it. I read it two to-night—one of which is can, the other, not. Can, I appropriate with yourself; not, we will leave your father." By this time he held her hand, and they were walking toward the parish church and vicarage. "I forgot to say this morning," grandfather continued, lightly, "that we would go to the wedding."

"Wedding?" the maid queried, her voice full of soft surprise.

"You like weddings," he smiled, whimsically, "so do I—this one above all."

"Whose wedding is it?" she interrupted, suspiciously.

"Ours," was the bold answer.

"Who ever heard of such audacity!"

"You heard."

"Yes, and I ought to leave you instantly."

"But, instead of leaving, will marry me to-night," he said, kissing her.

Why she consented, lovers must explain. It was not grandfather's insistence alone that won her, I am sure, for I



saw a boy equally positive with a maid the other day, and she only scoffed. Nor was the witchery in kisses, for that boy kissed his maid, and she clouted him. Perhaps it was the moon; or, if a lover's moon be full, some happy conjunction of the stars; or the birds had crisscrossed the sky that day in proper fashion for a lover's fortune. I know there is magic in the art of love.

The vicar was less manageable.

"Never do! never do!" he declared, when grandfather told his errand.

"Why not?" grandfather bluffly asked.

"There's the father, for one thing."

"What has he to do with it?"

The vicar's narrow eyes opened at this, but he only put his objection another way:

"The maid is not of age."

"I am," she answered, quickly, reddening a moment after for her forwardness; but examination of the parish register confirmed her by a day, to the ungallant vicar's discomfiture.

Next it was the banns; no one could be married in England until the banns were read.

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"I will read them, then," grandfather scornfully replied. And seizing a vagrant paper, blank of writing as his young bride was free of sin, he drawled the usual form, exactly imitating the clerk's sing-song, even to inarticulate sighs, vocal twists, and solemn cough when done.

"Well read," the vicar softly laughed, "but hardly lawful."

"No!" grandfather flashed. "By England's law you cannot marry us, but by God's law you shall."

Nowadays a man would take his maid without the blessing of the Church. There were some who did such things then, but Old Captain, fiercely careless as he always was of men's opinions, was tremendous stickler for God's things. "What are you," he continued, hotly, "God's priest or England's? Or do you part yourself to each? If so, that which belongs to God, stand up and marry us!" It was awful politics, and doubtful theology, but grandfather was so big and threatening, the scared vicar obeyed, spared the registering, grandfather saying what God had joined would not be tighter for that article.

Every wedding has a journey, if no farther than across the road; but grandfather had planned a longer, gayly exploited now to the bride of a quarter-hour, as he led her down the quiet street toward the docks.

The *Sally*, loaded and full manned, had dropped half-way down the harbor early in the evening, and only waited the return of her new captain, who was having a last interview with the ship-owner, before she hove anchor and put to sea. A single boat bobbed up and down in the restless water of the slip. It was the captain's gig, and without a moment's hesitation grandfather set his wife in the stern, and jumping in himself, ordered the two sailors in charge to pull away. One of them was the graybeard of the inn, grandfather's favorite man, the other, a new man, just from drinking bout; and they obeyed without question, Graybeard blinking solemnly at the stars as he swayed back and forth upon his oar, the new man disconsolately grumbling at the dryness of the sea.

The dim-lit town, except for an occasional song and boatman's whistle, was still as midnight ought to be. Stars flecked the water with their waving images, and across the hills a soft wind idled, damp with dew, and smelling of the earth. A sob or two, stopped by as many kisses, was all either sailor heard in their quick row to the *Sally*. Under her side, grandfather ordered oars up, and line, and a moment later all were on the deck.

"Now, my hearties, get your anchor!" was his first command. "If any man see wrong in that," he harshly laughed, at their doubtful looks, "he may swim ashore for better."

"Are you the *Sally's* captain, sir?" the new mate, grandfather's old second, ventured, with humble twitch of forelock.

"Ay," grandfather replied; "she's my wife's dowry." And he laughed again, this time, softly, to the little woman shrinking on his arm. "Now get away, my boys! Grog all round to the bride's health, if we pass the outer light in an hour; if we don't," and he glanced over his shoulder at two dim figures coming slowly down the dock, "the devil!"

Every man saw as much as he, but, without another word, fell into the venture, and hove at the anchor with such hearty will that, by the time Old Captain returned from showing his lady to her cabin, it was up and fast, and the *Sally* sliding out of port in full sails, to the mad astonishment of the day-old captain and the ship-owner on the wharf. They crossed the bar by the half, and inside the hour drank in the light-house gleam to the captain's bride, to him, and to the voyage. Next day the last cape dropped into the sea. They had good weather, and no harm; and in four weeks, their honey-moon, the *Sally* tied up in Boston Harbor.

Boston had been the original destination of the *Sally*. Old Captain never thought of other port. He may have felt doing the very thing he would not be expected to do the safest escape; or self-confidence made him think he could carry any venture through; or he did it in sheer delight of madcap adventure; or, with the great simplicity of such men, he did not realize that anything had happened to change original plans. Going to Boston certainly deceived the ship-owner; it also simplified Old Captain's business, his apparently straight papers arousing no suspicion in port officers or consignees. He delivered his cargo, as he had others to the same parties, taking moneys therefor as always, and accepting the usual

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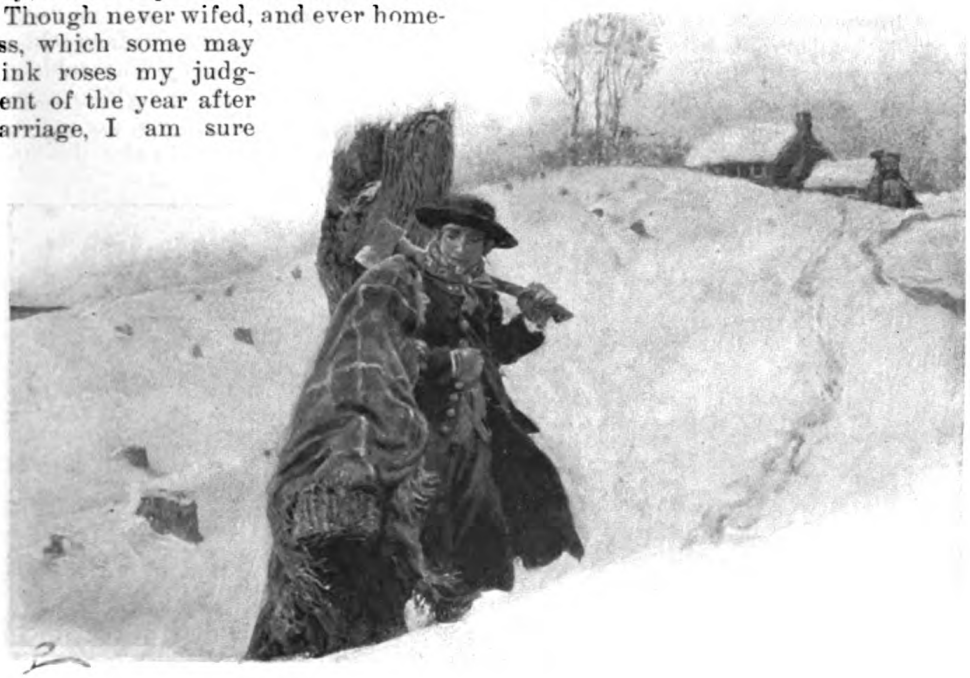
hospitalities — more profuse this time, in honor of his wife.

Hearing much of Maine, which was being settled by Revolutionary soldiers, and minded to go there, Old Captain discharged all the *Sally's* crew with double pay, none of them consenting to so tame a venture, and refitting for coaster trip and emigration, sailed again, crewed by a number of those restless spirits of whom America is always over-full, and passengered with wives and children. They stopped often on the way, but never landed until they reached the Bay and Three Foxes. Liking this wild land, grandfather picked its single jewel for his wife and colony, anchoring one August day in our pocket of a harbor.

He builded in the middle of the island's slope, instinctively aware the maple roots digested vigorous farm-land, hewing the great trunks into roomy lodge, shingled with pine from the sandy western point, now named for him. Before the following spring their axes had eaten great holes into the forest, piled, in their settler's fury, with heaps of refuse brushwood.

Though never wifed, and ever homeless, which some may think roses my judgment of the year after marriage, I am sure those first winter days in the settler's lodge were the happiest of grandfather's life. The solemn storms brought much snow, and cold that froze sky and wind and sea together: but the moss-chinked walls, hung with stuffs from the snug *Sally*, and floors piled with bear-skins, helped by great fires lit in wide-throated chimneys, kept them warm, gray night and day. Housed with such comfort, in the dim light of those old-fashioned nights, that gave the fire a chance to rosy-paint a cheek and left the room corner for its gentle ghost, the two would sit, and softly talk of those common things which sweeten life, or in a softer silence.

I cannot understand how a slip of a girl, torn from her rootage in parental life and suddenly transplanted upon a husband's unknown heart, can live, less grow, but she does; and grandmother, after the days of wilt, when tears are easy in the eyes and lips quiver at life's unusuality, clung to grandfather, his strength, so rough to us, being her protection. The grim old demon's gentle speech to her sounds queer in my ear's recollection, much as bull would singing, but it was always his manner to her. I sometimes think he was afraid of her, not as men commonly fear, of course, but as the bull might fear a startled lark.



That spring, the child she had carried

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all winter underneath her heart was born —my father, her first born, and the island's. They baptized him John in water drawn through the first ice-crack in our little harbor, Old Captain saying salt water was the proper thing for sailor's son. Since then it has been a family custom, every man child of our wandering race "passing through the sea," as grandfather named the rite.

Soon after the baptism, Old Captain sailed the *Sally*, refurnished and provisioned, on his first voyage out of North Haven, carrying fish and lumber. The island was soon out of sight, but long located by pillars of blue smoke from the brushwood fires, which those left behind set the same day to clean the ground before they mattocked its rooty soil for their small planting of corn, potatoes, and sown barley. Boston was again the voyage end. There he reloaded with general stores for the West Indies, and back again with sugar and molasses, gathering everywhere his own cargo for North Haven, which was ready with home harvest in the early fall.

So Old Captain passed eleven years, wintering on the island, summering in Southern waters, the tough old sailor not trying to keep himself at one temperature, after the new fashion, but choosing the two extremes. Once he had fever, but over him like a little ghost, but he opened his eyes with such a smile she soon forgot. A sailor's wife must forget, or there would be no sane sailor wives.

Meanwhile the stumpy clearings were becoming little farms, cultivation and the humble growth of wild things softening the rude gash of man's first touch of nature. There were more children in grandfather's and other homes, and on the highest hill a few stones for the dead.

Late in the spring of 1812 Old Captain sailed for Havana, carrying shooks. Calling at Boston, for some purpose, he was delayed by dirty weather, and lay two days alongside an Englishman of thirteen guns. There had been impressments and an embargo, but the *Sally* had minded neither. If a vessel chased, she sailed away. Deceived once by a vessel asking water, Old Captain lay to for a boarding party; but when the lieutenant asked if he had any British seamen, he knocked him overboard and bore off.

Nothing passed between him and the Englishman, and he took his watch below, the second night, without alarm. An hour after the cold end of a pistol barrel thrust against his face startled him into consciousness. The cabin was full of men from his neighbor, among them Graybeard and half a dozen others of his original crew, with the lieutenant



wrote home regularly, in lucid intervals, of perfect health. Once he danced with Hatteras three days in a storm, but told his wife he had not lost a sail the voyage. Once she saw him knocked overboard in our harbor by a boom. It took four hours to get the water out and life into him, but all he said was that a sailor-man must have occasional pickling to keep. Grandmother was dreadfully frightened, bending

of previous acquaintance at the other end of the pistol.

"I have seen you before," Old Captain said, taking in the situation without raising an eyebrow. The lieutenant flushed, but only demanded the captain's papers.

"My papers are for myself and the proper officers," said grandfather, hard as steel.

"Very well; read mine," and the lieu-

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tenant handed him a warrant authorizing any English officer to take one Captain Crabtree, of the brig *Sally*, anywhere on the high seas, in England, or the colonies, and bring him before the admiralty for barratry: signed and sealed.

"This is not high sea," Old Captain objected, soberly, seeing the only loophole, and realizing its insufficiency.

"It is high enough to-night," the lieutenant laughed. "The irons, men!" and in a trice grandfather was bound and taken to the Englishman, accompanied by two-thirds of the *Sally's* crew, "who ought to make good English sailors," the lieutenant sneered.

Eleven years had brought the *Sally's* owner no consolation for the loss of ship and daughter. He had dinned the admiralty with his injury until half the navy was on the lookout for his brig. Many times her unconscious master had sailed out of the jaws of capture, his very unconsciousness, such is the nature of tricksy human luck, being greater safety than precautions. The lieutenant's first interview had been a piece of guile for Old Captain's inveigling, abruptly spoiled, as we have seen. But tricksy luck would not be the fickle jade she is if she were partial with her favors—and now she smiled on the lieutenant.

Old Captain was chained between decks to the mainmast, a single seaman with buckled cutlass standing guard. This done, and the *Sally's* men distributed among the watches, the two ships left the harbor at the first easing of the gale in each other's company, a crew from the Englishman navigating the *Sally*.

If Old Captain minded the dubious situation he did not show it. He ate his grub from a pan between his knees with as hearty relish as if off the captain's table. The sailors stood their guard in terror, teased into choking with fury at his jeers. At night he leaned against the quivering mast and slept as soundly as in the *Sally's* cabin.

He soon discovered that the officers of the Englishman were ignorant of Graybeard's and his companions' connection with the *Sally*. All of the men had stared at him in the *Sally's* cabin with solemn unconsciousness, and passed him with apparent indifference after he was aboard their ship. He fell into their mood at once, and when one happened



to be assigned his guard, jeered him impartially as the others, but by no accident touching anything relating to the *Sally*. Finally the duty fell upon Graybeard. Seating himself upon a

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powder-keg, with his cutlass across his knees, that worthy looked straight into Old Captain's eyes, and blinked.

"Your glims are weak, old man," grandfather sneered.

A blink.

"How are your ears?"

A blink.

"Half blind, stone-deaf! The press gleans fine these days."

A blink.

"Gathering straw here and there, sometimes whole bundle dropping from ship-tail."

A blink.

"Getting this way, with a score of rebel Americans, a crew of rascals."

A blink.

"Why," and grandfather looked so deep into those blinking eyes there was no corner in them, or in the great soul beneath, he did not see, "if I, the next time you stand guard, should crack these chains and cry, 'Your captain and the *Sally!*' half this crew would mutiny!"

A solemn blink.

"The fools!" grandfather shrilly laughed, and, without another word, fell back against the mast and slept.

Graybeard's next night on guard was dark as pitch, and made no lighter by an apparently accidental falling of the ship's lantern, as he hung it in the beams above the prisoner's head. As it fell, Old Captain leaped, and straining mightily against the mast, snapped his chains. When they broke, the cry, "Your captain and the *Sally!*" rung through the ship. Knocking a dazed man into the stanchions, Old Captain and Graybeard sprung on deck, to meet half the crew shrieking the cry deliriously. Before the startled other half found their wits, a cutlass at their individual heads made good sense of submission.

The cabin had to be stormed. Grandfather's awful blows, his arms bit into agony of passion by the broken chains, soon drove in the door, and they rushed through, unmindful of the ripping bullets. In half an hour the unwilling living had taken Old Captain's place below, and the dead were in the sea.

At dawn the *Sally* was brought to by a shot across the bows, her watches rearranged, and the course of the two ships changed for North Haven. Old Captain's intention was never known. The island would have been no refuge. Possibly he sailed for his wife, planning another home in farther seas. This is only guess, Old Captain himself pacing the quarter of his new vessel in gloomy silence. Every sail was crowded on the spars. The ship was put into spickest fighting trim, all of the faces of the men slowly turning into iron reflections of the master's. There was no singing and little talk. The luck or folly of their deed belonged to all.

The fight occurred in mid-ocean, and it was two weeks before they saw the Bay. Old Captain had slept none for a half-dozen watches, keeping deck and course in the cold light of his gray eyes. Hurricane and the lower Fox chanted their usual chorus with the sea as the ships went by. The hills looked on with wonted silence. When they swung into the reach, every islander began to cry, "North Haven!" but stopping, stared with blank surprise.

The little farms lay black upon the tilted landscape. Every house was burned to the ground.

"The war has come!" some one muttered; another, "The English have been here!"

Something crossed Old Captain's face, moving the rocky features into an awful terror, but passing, left them inscrutable as before. He made the little harbor, and anchoring, took all the islanders, and, alone with them, went ashore. They found nothing—not a baby's shoe, or a woman's handkerchief. It was like inquiring of a grave. At dusk they returned, every man climbing heavily upon the deck, and pacing out his watch in the dumb way of man's sorrow.

The next day Old Captain piped all hands aft, and spoke:

"Lads," he began, "we are going to fight England. Some of you have fought her before, others will quickly take the chance to revenge the cruelty of her press-gangs. If there are any here who love England more than we have cause to do," and he stretched his hand convulsively toward the fire-scarred island, "I will put them aboard the *Sally* and let them go."

There were no cheers, but the sombre silence was too like Old Captain's temper to be misunderstood, and when the *Sally* sailed, only the prisoners went in her. When she was gone, they overhauled the Englishman. Graybeard, now first mate,

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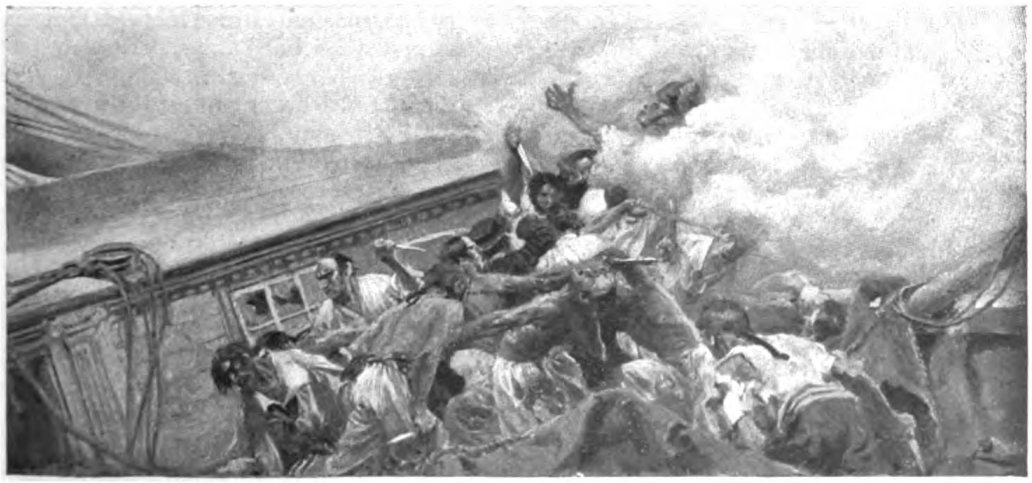


scraping off the original name with his own hands, and afterwards recleping the ship with hot iron, the smoking pen in his hand spelling another *Sally*. Recleped and clean, they caught a midnight wind, and, hurried by it, had left the Bay, the islands, and the hills far behind by morning, and in another day made Boston.

There, Old Captain learned that the English occupied everything to the Bay, and that his wife and colony, if alive, were probably aboard some prison-ship at Halifax or the Bermudas. As everything that could fight was welcome, there was no difficulty obtaining *letters of marque*. Armed with them, and better of shot and powder in full lockers, he cleared again, provisioned for two months.

The course was north by east. Old Captain minded to try Halifax first. Off Monhegan, the third day, they fell in with a lime-coaster, shot-ripped and yawning, with five cutlassed dead men in her scuppers, and a gutted cabin held by another gaping body. Thin feathers of gray smoke blew from the hatches, accompanied by crackling sibilance. Sewing up the dead in their own sails, with doleful countenances they buried them with shot for company, and went on, leaving the vessel to the fires. The ship was kept in silence that afternoon, but when they caught the pirate Englishman in the dusk, the gunners pumped her with incessant shot until she sank with every man aboard. Afterward they put the crews of their prizes ashore or into boats, but always sunk the ships — "cleaning the sea," as they hoarsely said among themselves.

All was not easy fighting. Half-way between Cape Sable and Manan they ran against an Englishman of sixteen guns anchored in the fog. Both were surprised, but instantly took hold, their grapples clashing as they fell together. It was too sudden for the guns, so they



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fought with singing cutlasses and knives. For a quarter of an hour the dead fell on their ship's deck or into the sea between. Up and down the rails the agonizing struggle surged. A dozen of the *Sally's* crew were under foot, Graybeard among them. The second mate's sword hand was gone, Old Captain's face was split; but the men kept their hold, panting, streaked with blood and sweat, pressed by men as resolute as themselves. They would have died hanging to each other's throats, but suddenly Graybeard stood up from among the dead, with face awful as a ghost's, and cried, "Your captain and the *Sally!*" When he heard Graybeard, Old Captain flung his cutlass to the Englishman, and with great blows of naked fists opened a way through which his mad men followed him to victory, winning it before death-struck Graybeard dropped from the bloody rail.

They kept this ship for another and better *Sally*, burying the second of the name with her great-hearted dead in state upon her deck, Old Captain himself ripping a plank from her bottom to let in the loving sea.

When the fog lifted they made sail again, and keeping from shore far enough to be unseen, anchored a day or two later off Halifax, waiting for dark. With nightfall they made the harbor, and ran alongside the prison-ship, that cursed craft, familiar with the one-time Englishman's lines, thinking nothing of such action. Before her officers found their mistake her deck swarmed with the *Sally's* men, and they were tied up in gagged silence. But wife nor islanders were on the ship, and Old Captain, pale as death, ordered his men back upon the *Sally*, the whole thing being done so quickly no prisoner was aware of its significance. All aboard, the *Sally* bore about, and crowding sail, escaped, being far from the offing when a booming gun told the alarm.

Aware he must be at the Bermudas before despatches conveyed the story of his audacity, Old Captain set a straight course, and never reefed a sail. The second day out he ordered the ship to be put into original shape. Among the former captain's papers he had found, upon examination, one ordering the commander of the Bermuda prison-ship to turn over a certain number of his prisoners for transportation to England. Emboldened by this discovery, he resolved to play the Englishman and demand the execution of the order for his own advantage. The crew, taken into his confidence, soon had the ship looking as she did the day they ran against her between Cape Sable and Manan. Many of them were already togged in the enemy's clothes, and enough were found for all. They would run the chance of meeting old friends of the former officers, but the story of the fight, of which there were plenty of tokens about the ship, could explain their taking off. A worse danger was recognition by the prisoners, provided those they sought were found. This emergency they must wait, and did, remembering they could always fight.

The ticklish adventure went through without a hitch. They reached the Bermudas in a week, threaded St. George's narrow passage in blazing mid-day, and dropped their anchors under the fortress's guns as if in love with them. The Englishman and her officers had been strangers at Bermuda, but Old Captain took no unnecessary chances, hurrying his business with close-mouthed despatch. The islanders were there, and he received them under his own eye, but with such apparent savagery the broken-hearted creatures did nothing to attract attention.

"That is all," the English officer in charge reported when the third boat-load was aboard.

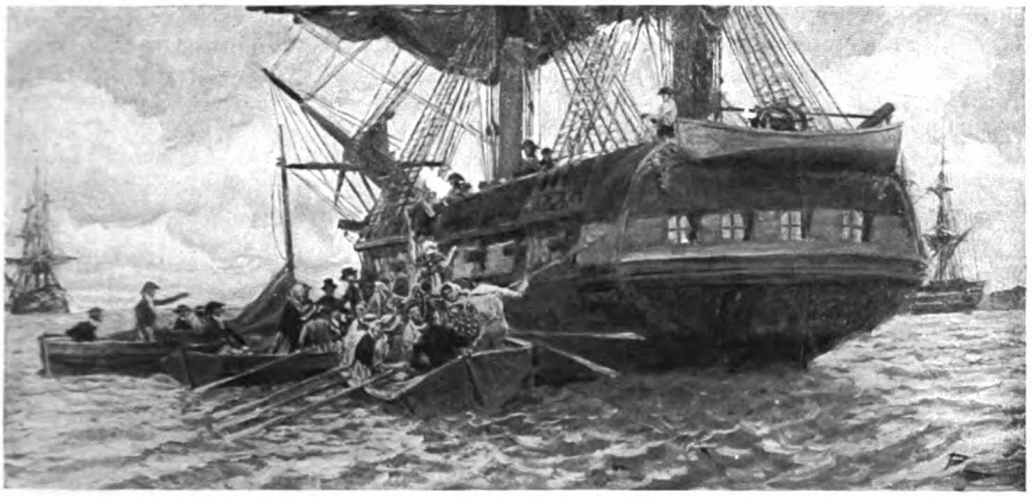
"All!" Old Captain hoarsely cried, for his wife and children had not come. "Was there not another woman and her children in this party?" Seeing the officer's surprise, and instantly realizing his mistake, he gathered himself together, and continued, with hard voice, "Some report of the affair at North Haven reached Halifax, and I do not mind telling you I know the woman."

"Ah!" exclaimed the officer. "I am sorry; but we received a special requisition for her, and she was sent, the day before you came, in the *Petrel*"—naming a vessel of twice as many guns as Old Captain's.

Grandfather bowed, but said no more, and his features were as silent of emotion.

When the officer had taken leave they hove anchor, and making sail, moved slowly out of port, saluting as they went. Outside, the islanders fell into one anoth-

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er's arms with tears, and there were many low-voiced narratives and wan smiles, joy going quietly in the presence of Old Captain's sorrow.

"Men," he said, to their inquiring looks, "some of you saw me win my wife, others know her as they know me, and love her more. You have found your wives, and I am going to find mine, in the *Petrel*, in England, or"—and his face darkened in their sight—"among the dead."

The *Petrel* had the advantage of two days' start, but Old Captain hoped her officers' ignorance of the chase would allow him to overtake her. Gales the *Petrel* would close-haul to meet, he rode heavy-sailed. His ship strained under such driving, every rope and timber groaning fearfully; but her suffering was song to him, and he urged her on, his daring crew bending canvas to the reeling spars in winds all knew might blow spars and themselves away.

When the *Petrel's* peak pricked the horizon, as it did after a week of the mad racing, and her bulk slowly rose to view, Old Captain headed for her in stern silence, as if he meant to run her down. The gunners wonderingly waited by their pieces. A half-dozen huddled officers on the *Petrel* showed their surprise at unanswered greetings, the English flag in the *Sally's* rigging forbidding fire.

Old Captain held the wheel himself, and with that subtle sympathy between all drivers and driven things, steadied his vessel's chase. They closed. The *Sally* crept past the *Petrel's* stern, along her side, and touched. At the touch the English token fell upon the *Sally's* deck, and an American ran up in its place. Ordering the grapples, Old Captain let go the wheel, and leaped upon the *Petrel's* deck, alone.

"You have a woman and three children from the Bermuda prison-ship?" he demanded of the *Petrel's* first officer.

"Yes," that dazed individual replied.

"Hand them over in three minutes, or I will blow you out of the water!" And the *Sally's* gunners lit their matches at the word.

The helpless officers could do nothing but obey.

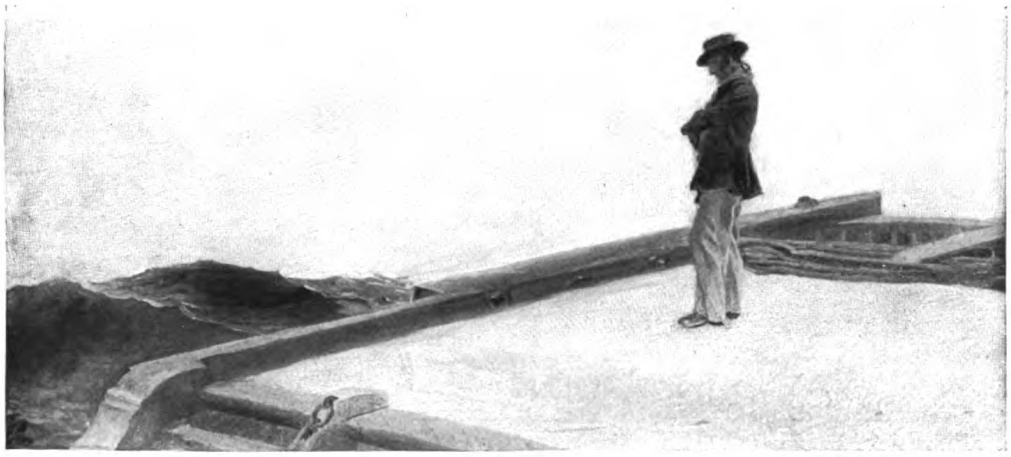
When his wife was in his arms, and still upon the *Petrel's* deck, Old Captain ordered them to spike their own guns. Whether under terrific spell, or in paralysis of fear, the thing was done. Saluting sarcastically, Old Captain returned to the *Sally*, leading his wife and children. The grapples were let go. He ordered the *Petrel* to make way, and coolly watched her off while his crew took turns taunting her and madly cheering him.

They sailed at once for Boston. Leaving wives and children there, Old Captain and his islanders set out to restore their lost fortunes. How they found them, their battles, the names of their dead, are part of the unwritten history of privateering.

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After the war, those left came back to North Haven and built these low-walled houses, now grayer than the sea. Some staid ashore, Old Captain among them for a time; but the wandering came on him in a little, and he refitted, this time for deep-water voyages. While grandmother lived, he always wintered here. After she died, he rarely landed anywhere, daringly tempting the stormiest seas, as if he sought a grave.

Where his grave is, no man knows.



## AN ESMERALDA OF ROCKY CANYON.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT is to be feared that the hero of this chronicle began life as an impostor. He was offered to the credulous and sympathetic family of a San Francisco citizen as a lamb, who, unless bought as a playmate for the children, would inevitably pass into the butcher's hands. A combination of refined sensibility and urban ignorance of nature prevented them from discerning certain glaring facts that betrayed his caprid origin. So a ribbon was duly tied round his neck, and in pleasing emulation of the legendary "Mary," he was taken to school by the confiding children. Here, alas! the fraud was discovered, and history was reversed by his being turned out by the teacher, because he was *not* "a lamb at school." Nevertheless, the kind-hearted mother of the family persisted in retaining him, on the plea that he might yet become "useful." To her husband's feeble suggestion of "gloves," she returned a scornful negative, and spoke of the weakly infant of a neighbor, who might later receive nourishment from this providential animal. But even this hope was destroyed by the eventual discovery of his sex. Nothing remained now but to accept him as an ordinary kid, and to find amusement in his accomplishments—eating, climbing, and butting. It must be confessed that these were of a superior quality; a capacity to eat everything from a cambric handkerchief to an election poster, an agility which brought him even to the roof of houses, and a power of overturning by a single push the chubbiest child who opposed him, made him a fearful joy to the nursery. This last quality was incautiously developed in him by a negro boy-servant, who, later, was hurriedly propelled down a flight of stairs by his too proficient scholar. Having once tasted victory, "Billy" needed no further incitement to his performances. The small wagon which he sometimes consented to draw for the benefit of the children never hindered his attempts to butt the passer-by. On the contrary, on well-known scientific principles he added the impact of the bodies of the children projected over his head in his charge, and the infelicitous

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pedestrian found himself not only knocked off his legs by Billy, but bombarded by the whole nursery.

Delightful as was this recreation to juvenile limbs, it was felt to be dangerous to the adult public. Indignant protestations were made, and as Billy could not be kept in the house, he may be said to have at last butted himself out of that sympathetic family and into a hard and unfeeling world. One morning he broke his tether in the small back yard. For several days thereafter he displayed himself in guilty freedom on the tops of adjacent walls and out-houses. The San Francisco suburb where his credulous protectors lived was still in a volcanic state of disruption, caused by the grading of new streets through rocks and sand hills. In consequence the roofs of some houses were on the level of the door-steps of others, and were especially adapted to Billy's performances. One afternoon, to the admiring and perplexed eyes of the nursery, he was discovered standing on the apex of a neighbor's new Elizabethan chimney, on a space scarcely larger than the crown of a hat, calmly surveying the world beneath him. High infantile voices appealed to him in vain; baby arms were outstretched to him in hopeless invitation; he remained exalted and obdurate, like Milton's hero, probably by his own merit "raised to that bad eminence." Indeed, there was already something Satanic in his budding horns and pointed mask as the smoke curled softly around him. Then he appropriately vanished, and San Francisco knew him no more. At the same time, however, one Owen McGinnis, a neighboring sand-hill squatter, also disappeared, leaving San Francisco for the southern mines, and he was said to have taken Billy with him—for no conceivable reason except for companionship. Howbeit it was the turning-point of Billy's career; such restraint as kindness, civilization, or even policemen had exercised upon his nature was gone. He retained, I fear, a certain wicked intelligence, picked up in San Francisco with the newspapers and theatrical and election posters he had consumed. He reappeared at Rocky Canyon among the miners as an exceedingly agile chamois, with the low cunning of a satyr. That was all that civilization had done for him!

If Mr. McGinnis had fondly conceived that he would make Billy "useful," as well as companionable, he was singularly



"BOMBARDED BY THE WHOLE NURSERY."

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mistaken. Horses and mules were scarce in Rocky Canyon, and he attempted to utilize Billy by making him draw a small cart, laden with auriferous earth, from his claim to the river. Billy, rapidly gaining strength, was quite equal to the task, but, alas! not his inborn propensity. An incautious gesture from the first passing miner Billy chose to construe into the usual challenge. Lowering his head, from which his budding horns had been already pruned by his master, he instantly went for his challenger—cart and all. Again the scientific law already pointed out prevailed. With the shock of the onset the entire contents of the cart arose and poured over the astonished miner, burying him from sight. In any other but a Californian mining-camp such a propensity in a draught animal would have been condemned, on account of the damage and suffering it entailed, but in Rocky Canyon it proved unprofitable to the owner from the very amusement and interest it excited. Miners lay in wait for Billy with a "greenhorn," or new-comer, whom they would put up to challenge the animal by some indiscreet gesture. In this way hardly a cart-load of "pay gravel" ever arrived safely at its destination, and the unfortunate McGinnis was compelled to withdraw Billy as a beast of burden. It was whispered that so great had his propensity become, under repeated provocation, that McGinnis himself was no longer safe. Going ahead of his cart one day to remove a fallen bough from the trail, Billy construed the act of stooping into a playful challenge from his master—with the inevitable result.



"ON THE APEX OF A NEIGHBOR'S NEW ELIZABETHAN CHIMNEY."

The next day McGinnis appeared with a wheelbarrow, but without Billy. From that day he was relegated to the rocky crags above the camp, from whence he was only lured occasionally by the mischievous miners, who wished to exhibit his peculiar performances. For although Billy had ample food and sustenance among the crags, he had still a civilized longing for posters; and whenever a circus, a concert, or a political meeting was "billed" in the settlement, he was on hand while the paste was yet fresh and succulent. In this way it was averred that he once removed a gigantic theatre bill setting forth the charms of the "Sacramento Pet," and being caught in the act by the advance-agent, was pursued through the main street, carrying the damp bill on his horns, eventually affixing it, after his own peculiar fashion, on the back of Judge Boompointer, who was standing in front of his own court-house.

In connection with the visits of this young lady another story concerning Billy survives in the legends of Rocky Canyon. Colonel Starbottle was at that time passing through the settlement on election business, and it was part of his chivalrous admiration for the sex to pay a visit to the pretty actress. The single waiting-room of the little hotel gave upon the veranda, which was also level with the street. After a brief yet gallant interview, in which he oratorically expressed the gratitude of the settlement with old-fashioned Southern courtesy, Colonel Starbottle lifted the chubby little hand of the "Pet" to his lips, and, with a low bow, backed out upon the veranda. But the Pet was astounded by his instant reappearance, and by his apparently casting himself passionately and hurriedly at her feet! It is needless to say that he was followed closely by Billy, who from the street had casually noticed him, and construed his novel exit into an ungentlemanly challenge.

Billy's visits, however, became less frequent, and as Rocky Canyon underwent

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the changes incidental to mining settlements, he was presently forgotten in the invasion of a few Southwestern families, and the adoption of amusements less practical and turbulent than he had afforded. It was alleged that he was still seen in the more secluded fastnesses of the mountains, having reverted to a wild state, and it was suggested by one or two of the more adventurous that he might yet become edible, and a fair object of chase. A traveller through the Upper Pass of the canyon related how he had seen a savage-looking, hairy animal like a small elk perched upon inaccessible rocks, but always out of gunshot. But these and other legends were set at naught and overthrown by an unexpected incident.

The Pioneer Coach was toiling up the long grade towards Skinners Pass when Yuba Bill suddenly pulled up, with his feet on the brake.

"Jimminy!" he ejaculated, drawing a deep breath.

The startled passenger beside him on the box followed the direction of his eyes. Through an opening in the way-side pines he could see, a few hundred yards away, a cuplike hollow in the hill-side of the vividest green. In the centre a young girl of fifteen or sixteen was dancing and keeping step to the castanet "click" of a pair of "bones," such as negro minstrels use, held in her hands above her head. But, more singular still, a few paces before her a large goat, with its neck roughly wreathed with flowers and vines, was taking ungainly bounds and leaps in imitation of its companion. The wild background of the Sierras, the pastoral hollow, the incongruousness of the figures, and the vivid color of the girl's red flannel petticoat showing beneath her calico skirt, that had been pinned around her waist, made a striking picture, which by this time had attracted all eyes. Perhaps the dancing of the girl suggested a negro "break-down" rather than any known sylvan measure; but all this, and even the clatter of the bones, was made gracious by the distance.

"Esmeralda! by the living Harry!" shouted the excited passenger on the box.

Yuba Bill took his feet off the brake, and turned a look of deep scorn upon his companion as he gathered the reins again.

"It's that blanked goat, outer Rocky Canyon beyond, and Polly Harkness! How did she ever come to take up with *him?*"

Nevertheless, as soon as the coach reached Rocky Canyon, the story was quickly told by the passengers, corroborated by Yuba Bill, and highly colored by the observer on the box-seat. Harkness was known to be a new comer who lived with his wife and only daughter on the other side of Skinners Pass. He was a "logger" and charcoal-burner, who had eaten his way into the serried ranks of pines below the pass, and established in these efforts an almost unsurmountable cordon of fallen trees, stripped bark, and charcoal pits around the clearing where his rude log hut stood—which kept



ESMERALDA.

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his seclusion unbroken. He was said to be a half-savage mountaineer from Georgia, in whose rude fastnesses he had distilled unlawful whiskey, and that his tastes and habits unfitted him for civilization. His wife chewed and smoked; he was believed to make a fiery brew of his own from acorns and pine nuts; he seldom came to Rocky Canyon except for provisions; his logs were slipped down a "shoot" or slide to the river, where they voyaged once a month to a distant mill, but *he* did not accompany them. The daughter, seldom seen at Rocky Canyon, was a half-grown girl, brown as autumn fern, wild-eyed, dishevelled, in a homespun skirt, sun-bonnet, and boy's brogans. Such were the plain facts which sceptical Rocky Canyon opposed to the passengers' legends. Nevertheless, some of the younger miners found it not out of their way to go over Skinners Pass on the journey to the river—but with what success was not told. It was said, however, that a celebrated New York artist, making a tour of California, was on the coach one day going through the pass, and preserved the memory of what he saw there in a well-known picture entitled "Dancing Nymph and Satyr," said by competent critics to be "replete with the study of Greek life." This did not affect Rocky Canyon, where the study of mythology was presumably displaced by an experience of more wonderful flesh-and-blood people—but later it was remembered with some significance.

Among the improvements already noted, a zinc and wooden chapel had been erected in the main street, where a certain popular revivalist preacher of a peculiar Southwestern sect regularly held exhortatory services. His rude emotional power over his ignorant fellow-sectarians was well known, while curiosity drew others. His effect upon the females of his flock was hysterical and sensational. Women prematurely aged by frontier drudgery and child-bearing, girls who had known only the rigors and pains of a half-equipped, ill-nourished youth in their battling with the hard realities of nature around them, all found a strange fascination in the extravagant glories and privileges of the unseen world he pictured to them, which they might have found in the fairy-tales and nursery legends of civilized children—had they known them. Personally he was not attractive; his thin pointed face, and bushy hair rising on either side of his square forehead in two rounded knots, and his long, straggling, wiry beard dropping from a strong neck and shoulders, were indeed of a common Southwestern type; yet in him they suggested something more. This was voiced by a miner who attended his first service, and as the Reverend Mr. Withholder rose in the pulpit, the former was heard to audibly ejaculate, "Dod blasted!—if it ain't Billy!" But when on the following Sunday, to everybody's astonishment, Polly Harkness, in a new white muslin frock and broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, appeared before the church door with the real Billy, and exchanged conversation with the preacher, the likeness was appalling.

I grieve to say that the goat was at once christened by Rocky Canyon as "The Reverend Billy," and the minister himself was Billy's "brother." More than that, when an attempt was made by outsiders, during the service, to inveigle the tethered goat into his old butting performances, and he took not the least notice of their insults and challenges, the epithet "blanked hypocrite" was added to his title.

Had he really reformed? Had his pastoral life with his nymphlike mistress completely cured him of his pugnacious propensity, or had he simply found it was inconsistent with his dancing, and seriously interfered with his "fancy steps"? Had he found tracts and hymn-books were as edible as theatre posters? These were questions that Rocky Canyon discussed lightly—although there was always the more serious mystery of the relations of the Reverend Mr. Withholder, Polly Harkness, and the goat towards each other. The appearance of Polly at church was no doubt due to the minister's active canvass of the districts. But had he ever heard of Polly's dancing with the goat? And where in this plain, angular, badly dressed Polly was hidden that beautiful vision of the dancing nymph which had enthralled so many? And when had Billy ever given any suggestion of his Terpsichorean abilities—before or since? Were there any "points" of the kind to be discerned in him now? None! Was it not more probable that the Reverend Mr. Withholder had himself been dancing with Polly, and been mistaken for the goat? Passengers who

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could have been so deceived with regard to Polly's beauty, might have as easily mistaken the minister for Billy. About this time another incident occurred, which increased the mystery.

The only male in the settlement who apparently dissented from the popular opinion regarding Polly was a new-comer —Jack Filgee. While discrediting her performance with the goat—which he had never seen—he was evidently greatly prepossessed with the girl herself. Unfortunately he was equally addicted to drinking, and as he was exceedingly shy and timid when sober, and quite unpresentable at other times, his wooing—if it could be so called—progressed but slowly. Yet when he found that Polly went to church, he listened so far to the exhortations of the Reverend Mr. Withholder as to promise to come to "Bible class" immediately after the Sunday service. It was a hot afternoon, and Jack, who had kept sober for two days, incautiously fortified himself for the ordeal by taking a drink before arriving. He was nervously early, and immediately took a seat in the empty church near the open door. The quiet of the building, the drowsy buzzing of flies, and perhaps the soporific effect of the liquor caused his eyes to close and his head to fall forward on his breast repeatedly. He was recovering himself for the fourth time when he suddenly received a violent cuff on the ear, and was knocked backward off the bench on which he was sitting. That was all he knew.

He picked himself up with a certain dignity, partly new to him, and partly the result of his condition, and staggered, somewhat bruised and dishevelled, to the nearest saloon. Here a few frequenters who had seen him pass, who knew his errand and the devotion to Polly which had induced it, exhibited a natural concern.

"How's things down at the gospel shop?" said one. "Look as ef you'd been wrastlin' with the Sperit, Jack!"

"Old man must hev exhorted pow'ful," said another, glancing at his disordered Sunday attire.

"Ain't be'n hevin' a row with Polly? I'm told she slings an awful left."

Jack, instead of replying, poured out a dram of whiskey, drank it, and putting down his glass, leaned heavily against the counter as he surveyed his questioners with a sorrow chastened by reproachful dignity.

"I'm a stranger here, gentlemen," he said, slowly; "ye've known me only a little; but ez ye've seen me both blind drunk and sober, I recken ye've caught on to my gin'ral gait! Now I wanter put it to you, ez far-minded men, ef you ever saw me strike a parson?"

"No," said a chorus of sympathetic voices. The barkeeper, however, with a swift recollection of Polly and the Reverend Withholder, and some possible contingent jealousy in Jack, added, prudently, "Not yet."

The chorus instantly added, reflectively, "Well, no; not yet."

"Did ye ever," continued Jack, solemnly, "know me to cuss, sass, bully-rag, or say anything agin parsons—or the church?"

"No," said the crowd, overthrowing prudence in curiosity, "ye never did—we swear it!—and now, what's up?"

"I ain't what you call 'a member in good standin','" he went on, artistically protracting his climax. "I 'ain't be'n convicted o' sin; I ain't a 'meek an' lowly follower'; I 'ain't be'n exactly what I orter be'n; I hevn't lived anywhere up to my lights; —but is thet a reason why a parson should strike me?"

"Why? What? When did he? Who did?" asked the eager crowd with one voice.

Jack then painfully related how he had been invited by the Reverend Mr. Withholder to attend the Bible class. How he had arrived early, and found the church empty. How he had taken a seat near the door to be handy when the parson came. How he jest felt "kinder kam and good," listenin' to the flies buzzing, and must have fallen asleep—only he pulled himself up every time—though, after all, it warn't no crime to fall asleep in an empty church! How "all of a suddent" the parson came in, "give him a clip side o' the head," and knocked him off the bench, and left him there!

"But what did he *say*?" queried the crowd.

"Nuthin'. Afore I could git up, he got away."

"Are you sure it was him?" they asked. "You know you *say* you was asleep."

"Am I sure?" repeated Jack, scornfully. "Don't I know thet face and beard? Didn't I feel it hangin' over me?"



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"ALL ROCKY CANYON GATHERED."

"What are you going to do about it?" continued the crowd, eagerly.

"Wait till he comes out—and you'll see," said Jack, with dignity.

This was enough for the crowd; they gathered excitedly at the door, where Jack was already standing, looking towards the church. The moments dragged slowly; it might be a long meeting. Suddenly the church door opened and a figure appeared, looking up and down the street. Jack colored—he recognized Polly—and stepped out into the road. The crowd delicately, but somewhat disappointedly, drew back in the saloon. They did not care to interfere in *that* sort of thing.

Polly saw him, and came hurriedly towards him. She was holding something in her hand.

"I picked this up on the church floor," she said, shyly, "so I reckoned you *had* be'n there—though the parson said you hadn't—and I just excused myself and ran out to give it ye. It's yourn, ain't it?" She held up a gold specimen pin, which he had put on in honor of the occasion. "I had a harder time, though, to git this yer—it's yourn too—for Billy was laying down in the yard, back o' the church, and jest comf'bly swallerin' it."

"Who?" said Jack, quickly.

"Billy—my goat."

Jack drew a long breath, and glanced back at the saloon. "Ye ain't goin' back to class now, are ye?" he said, hurriedly. "Ef you ain't, I'll—I'll see ye home."

"I don't mind," said Polly, demurely, "if it ain't takin' ye outer y'ur way."

Jack offered his arm, and hurrying past the saloon, the happy pair were soon on the road to Skinners Pass.

Jack did not, I regret to say, confess his blunder, but left the Reverend Mr. Withholder to remain under suspicion of having committed an unprovoked assault and battery. It was characteristic of Rocky Canyon, however, that this suspicion, far from injuring his clerical reputation, incited a respect that had been hitherto denied him. A man who could hit out straight from the shoulder had, in the language of the critics, "suthin' in him." Oddly enough, the crowd that had at first sympathized with Jack now began to admit provocations. His subsequent silence, a disposition when questioned on the subject to smile inanely, and, later, when insidiously asked if he had ever seen Polly dancing with the goat, his bursting into uproarious laughter, completely turned the current of opinion against him. The public mind,

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however, soon became engrossed by a more interesting incident.

The Reverend Mr. Withholder had organized a series of Biblical tableaux at Skinnerstown for the benefit of his church. Illustrations were to be given of "Rebecca at the Well," "The Finding of Moses," "Joseph and his Brethren"; but Rocky Canyon was more particularly excited by the announcement that Polly Harkness would personate "Jephthah's Daughter." On the evening of the performance, however, it was found that this tableau had been withdrawn and another substituted, for reasons not given. Rocky Canyon, naturally indignant at this omission to represent native talent, indulged in a hundred wild surmises. But it was generally believed that Jack Filgee's revengeful animosity to the Reverend Mr. Withholder was at the bottom of it. Jack as usual smiled inanely, but nothing was to be got from him. It was not until a few days later, when another incident crowned the climax of these mysteries, that a full disclosure came from his lips.

One morning a flaming poster was displayed at Rocky Canyon with a charming picture of the "Sacramento Pet" in the briefest of skirts, disporting with a tambourine before a goat garlanded with flowers, who bore, however, an undoubted likeness to Billy. The text in enormous letters and bristling with points of admiration stated that the "Pet" would appear as "Esmeralda," assisted by a performing goat, especially trained by the gifted actress. The goat would dance, play cards, and perform those tricks of magic familiar to the readers of Victor Hugo's beautiful story of the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and finally knock down and overthrow the designing seducer, Captain Phœbus. The marvellous spectacle would be produced under the patronage of the Hon. Colonel Starbottle and the Mayor of Skinnerstown.

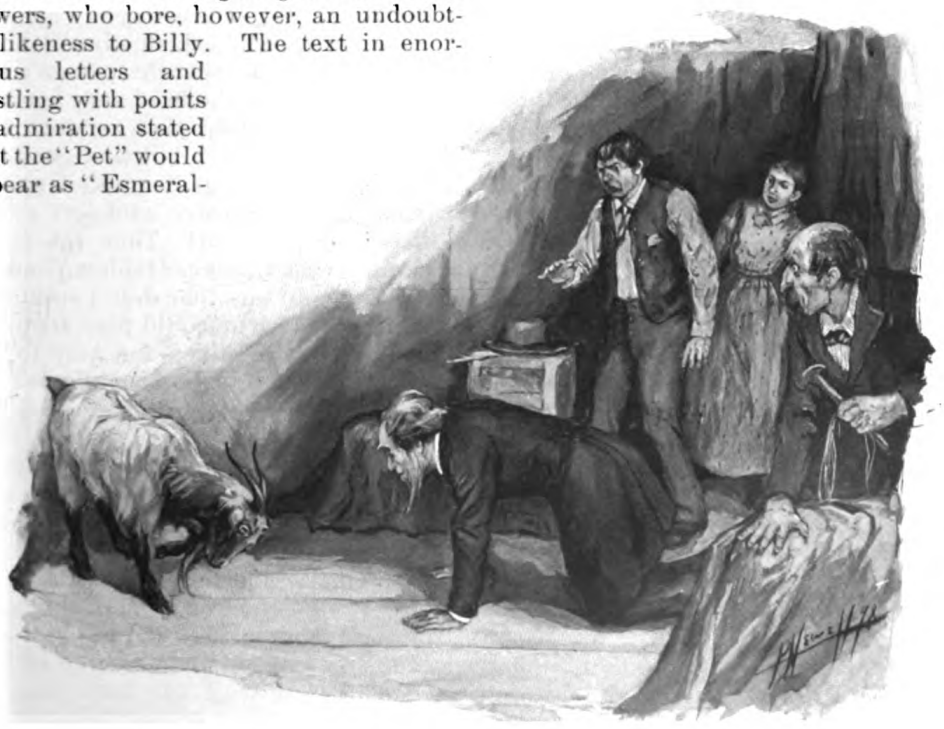
As all Rocky Canyon gathered open-mouthed around the poster, Jack demurely joined the group. Every eye was turned upon him.

"It don't look as if yer Polly was in *this* show, any more than she was in the tablows," said one, trying to conceal his curiosity under a slight sneer. "She don't seem to be doin' any dancin'!"

"She never *did* any dancin'," said Jack, with a smile.

"Never *did!* Then what was all these yarns about her dancin' up at the pass?"

"It was the Sacramento Pet who did all the dancin'; Polly only *lent* the goat. Ye see, the Pet kinder took a shine to Billy arter he bowled Starbottle over thet



THE ENCOUNTER.

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day at the hotel, and she thought she might teach him tricks. So she *did*, doing all her teachin' and stage-rehearsin' up there at the pass, so's to be outer sight, and keep this thing dark. She bribed Polly to lend her the goat and keep her secret, and Polly never let on a word to anybody but me."

"Then it was the Pet that Yuba Bill saw dancin' from the coach?"

"Yes."

"And that yer artist from New York painted as an 'Imp and Satire'?"

"Yes."

"Then that's how Polly didn't show up in them tablows at Skinnerstown? It was Withholder who kinder smelt a rat, eh? and found out it was only a theayter gal all along that did the dancin'?"

"Well, you see," said Jack, with affected hesitation, "thet's another yarn. I don't know mebbe ez I oughter tell it. Et ain't got anything to do with this advertisement o' the Pet, and might be rough on old man Withholder! Ye mustn't ask me, boys."

But there was that in his eye, and above all in this lazy procrastination of the true humorist when he is approaching his climax, which rendered the crowd clamorous and unappeasable. They *would* have the story!

Seeing which, Jack leaned back against a rock with great gravity, put his hands in his pockets, looked discontentedly at the ground, and began: "You see, boys, old Parson Withholder had heard all these yarns about Polly and thet trick-goat, and he kinder reckoned thet she might do for some one of his tablows. So he axed her if she'd mind standin' with the goat and a tambourine for Jephthah's Daughter, at about the time when old Jeph comes home, sailin' in and vowin' he'll kill the first thing he sees—jest as it is in the Bible story. Well, Polly didn't like to say it wasn't *her* that performed with the goat, but the Pet, for thet would give the Pet dead away; so Polly agrees to come thar with the goat and rehearse the tablow. Well, Polly's thar, a little shy; and Billy—you bet *he's* all there, and ready for the fun; but the darned fool who plays Jephthah ain't worth shucks, and when *he* comes in he does nothin' but grin at Polly and seem skeert at the goat. This makes old Withholder jest wild, and at last he goes on the platform hisself to show them how the thing oughter be done. So he comes bustlin' and prancin' in, and ketches sight o' Polly dancin' in with the goat to welcome him; and then he clasps his hands—so—and drops on his knees, and hangs down his head—so—and sez, 'Me chyld! me vow! Oh, heavens!' But jest then Billy—who's gettin' rather tired o' all this foolishness—kinder slues round on his hind legs, and ketches sight o' the parson!" Jack paused a moment, and thrusting his hands still deeper in his pockets, said, lazily, "I don't know if you fellers have noticed how much old Withholder looks like Billy?"

There was a rapid and impatient chorus of "Yes! yes!" and "Go on!"

"Well," continued Jack, "when Billy sees Withholder kneelin' thar with his head down, he gives a kind o' joyous leap and claps his hoofs together, ez much ez to say, 'I'm on in this scene,' drops his own head, and jest lights out for the parson!"

"And butts him clean through the side scenes into the street," interrupted a delighted auditor.

But Jack's face never changed. "Ye think so?" he said, gravely. "But thet's jest whar ye slip up; and thet's jest whar Billy slipped up!" he added, slowly. "Mebbe ye've noticed, too, thet the parson's built kinder solid about the head and shoulders. It mought hev be'n thet, or thet Billy didn't get a fair start, but thet goat went down on his fore legs like a shot, and the parson give one heave, and jest scooted him off the platform! Then the parson reckoned thet this yer 'tablow' had better be left out—as thar didn't seem to be any other man who could play Jephthah, and it wasn't dignified for *him* to take the part. But the parson allowed thet it might be a great moral lesson to Billy!"

And it *was*—for from that moment Billy never attempted to butt again. He performed with great docility later on in the Pet's engagement at Skinnerstown; he played a distinguished rôle throughout the provinces; he had had the advantages of Art from "the Pet," and of Simplicity from Polly, but only Rocky Canyon knew that his real education had come with his first rehearsal with the Reverend Mr. Withholder.

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# MARY.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

TO Judah's maid an angel came.
Prepare, dear heart, prepare.
When the angel came to the little maid,
And she heard his voice, she was sore afraid
At the sorrowful, beautiful words that he said:
"O Mary, maid, prepare."

Maid Mary waits at the stable door.
Prepare, dear Lord, prepare
A little bed for Thy maid to rest,
For she stands without by Thy strange behest—
Begs but a place to lay Thy guest—
For Mary, Lord, prepare.

A mother-maid lies white within,
God's circle round her hair.
Dumb kneeling brutes the wonder see;
A star attests the mystery;
While sage and shepherd reverently
Bring praise and incense rare.

A virgin-mother-queen's in state,
Her ermine robe her hair.
The stable dim a palace is;
Its moss-rimmed troughs are chalices;
There lips whereon no malice is
Drink to the royal heir.



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# ERE CHRIST, THE FLOWER OF VIRTUE, BLOOMED.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

ERE Christ, the Flower of virtue, bloomed,
On Mary's breast the Blossom lay.

'Twas on a still and golden day—
Some glamour not of earth was there—
When Mary knelt alone to pray
That she The Child might worthy bear.

Her loving bosom heaving fast
With pure emotion, soft she cried,
Nor saw the angel as he passed,
Nor felt the angel at her side.

. . . . . .

"Awake! Arise! And oh, Rejoice!
For unto you a Lord is born.
Hear'st not the chanting Heaven-voice,
The harp, and the resounding horn?"

The star leads on, the shepherds rise
From midnight vigil, solemn, still.
With crook upraised, with 'raptured eyes,
They follow over vale and hill.

They follow till the angel-star
Doth stay, and looking down they see
A humble shed where cattle are,
Wherein they enter, curiously.

When lo, a mother and a Child. . . .
Pallid she lay, as lilies lie
Upon an altar. They, most mild,
Knelt down before the Mystery.

About the mother's youthful head,
About the Babe's, the golden ring
A glow ineffable did shed
Upon the shepherds worshipping.

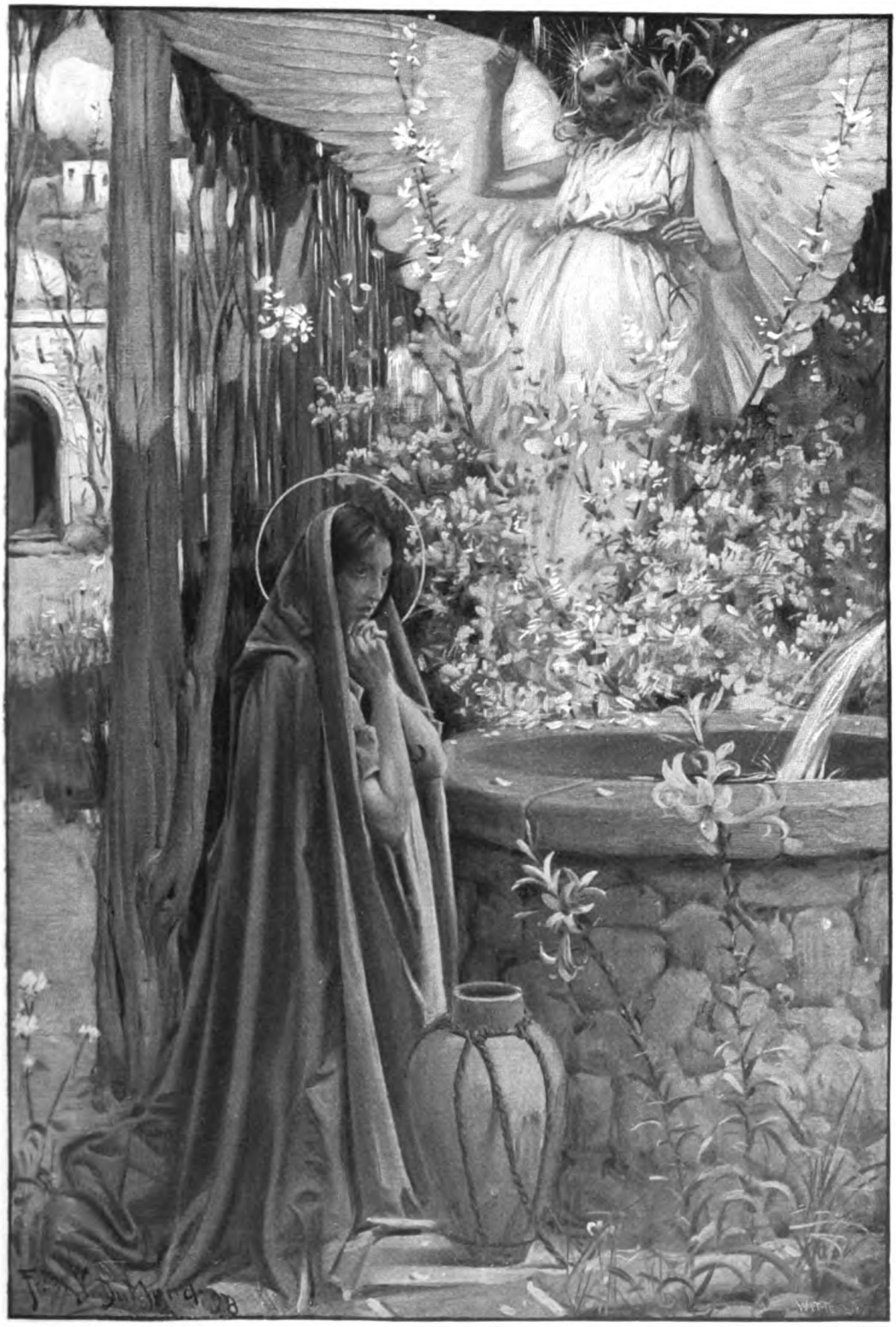
"What marvel," said they, "that our Lord
Doth come as humble-born as we,
As stark, as poor!" And they adored
And yearned for him unspeakably.

With joy they lingered at his feet,
Then to the wondering flocks returned,—
But oh, the homeward way was sweet,
And their glad eyes with visions burned.

Thus came the King, Divine and Doomed,
Unto His own: and thus we say
Ere Christ, the Flower of virtue, bloomed,
On Mary's breast the Blossom lay.

And for that she the Tidings bright
Bore, with a saint's humility,
So beautiful upon the height
Should woman's feet forever be.

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"ERE CHRIST, THE FLOWER OF VIRTUE, BLOOMED"

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# REVELATION

*"O mother!..I dreamed of a little fair child in the dark, in the dark to-night!"*
But the mother she folded him close to her breast and swathed him so warm and so white.
*"O mother!..I hear the lowing of kine, beyond in the stable bare.."*
"Nay, child, the viols and flutes are fine, and the pomegranate flowers are fair."

*"Mother, my mother, I dreamed again, that down in the market-place*
*Wanders a Child with eyes of Pain, and grief in His lovely face!*
*With never a rest for His little white feet, nor a place for His weary head...*
*O let me but go to that Child so sweet, and bring Him to my warm bed!"*

"Nay, sleep, my son, for the hour is late; there are none unhoused, unfed.
The watchman calls from the village gate, and the feast of the Inn is spread."
*"O listen!....My mother, I heard a song....so sweet and strange on the wind!....*
*I would go!....I would go 'mid the throng below that wandering Child to find!...."*

"Hush, little one, sleep! 'Tis the viol again. All children are sheltered and warm,
For dew lies white on Bethlehem's plain as thou on thy mother's arm;
The shepherds are guarding their little soft sheep, and the skies so silent are...."
But the child of the Inn he smiled in his sleep...*"O mother.. the Star!... the Star!...."*

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD



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# HOW SANTA CLAUS WAS SAVED.

BY MARY T. VAN DENBURGH.

MAMMY and Joe, her husband, had taken care of their "Miss Sallie" and her little boy and girl since Marse George went into the army, and the faithful servants had borne many a burden and found a way out of many a difficulty without letting their beloved mistress know how hard it was for them; for she was sad and troubled, and they tried to spare her as much as possible.

But now, as mammy prepared the table for the evening meal, sighing over the plain food she must set before Miss Sallie, her heart was full of a new worry, which she could not keep to herself.

"Laws, Miss Sallie, I do suttinly dislike ter trubble you, but I don't see nohow what I's gwine do 'bout dem chillun."

"Why, mammy, what is the matter? They are usually so good."

"Dey's jes de best chillun de sun shines on; dey ain't one mite ob trubble; but Christmus is comin', an' dey shualy expec's some gif's like dey useter have; an' no boxes gwine come from deir aunts an' deir gran'ma dis yeah, an' Marse George he off wid Marse Lee, an' we 'ain't got no gif's fer dem pore babies. Dey kem in my kitchen, an' dey whispered up de chimbly ter Santy Claus what dey wanted; an', Miss Sallie, dey wants right smart ob things, an' we got nuthin', an' how we gwine git 'em wid de country full ob Yanks? I study an' study, an' 'pears like I don't see no way out."

"Well, mammy, I will explain to them; they are so thoughtful and considerate I think they will understand; and when this war is over, if my husband comes back—"

"Marse George gwine come back, honey; he come back suah."

"Then we shall be so happy that they will forget the horrors of this dreadful time. I think we can trim the house with greens, and perhaps have a Christmas tree; and there is the white sugar I have saved—you may take that and make some candy for them."

"Jes a lill' candy fer dem chillun dats had eberything money could buy! But we cyan't do no bettah;" and mammy went to call the two innocent little causes of her dilemma to supper.

While she was washing the dishes, a half-hour later, she thought how little was required, after all, to make the children happy, and she brightened up considerably. However, like many other conspirators, she overdid the matter, and in her anxiety to have the surprise a complete one, she determined to lead the children to expect nothing at all. So when she was putting them to bed she stopped their chatter about Christmas and Santa Claus with—

"What you-all talkin' 'bout? How you think Santy Claus gwine git t'rough dem Yanks' lines? Spec's dey gwine catch him an' kill him, suah;" and she took the light and hurried away to escape their questions.

"Oh, brother, how dare they?" came, with a sob, from one little bed.

"They won't," in tones that tried to be manly, came the answer from the other.

"But mammy said so."

"Well, mammy was wrong about the butterfly—she didn't know it changed from a caterpillar—so she don't know everything: and I don't believe even Yankees are so dreadful bad," asserted the little boy.

"But, brother—my gracious, he's asleep!" and poor Ruth tried to shut her eyes up tight and forget her trouble; but she was wide-awake an hour afterward, in spite of her efforts.

"Oh," she said, suddenly, "I think we ought to. I think it's our duty. Brother, *brother*, wake up! We have got to go to the Yankee captain and beg him not to hurt Santa Claus."

"Why, sister, how could we get away? Besides, you would be afraid and cry. When are you going?"

"We can't tell mammy, 'cause she wouldn't let us go, and mamma would worry; but when we get back and tell them we have saved Santa Claus's life, they will be so glad. I think it's not wrong for us to go."

"What are you going to say to the Yankee captain?"

"He is a soldier, like papa, and I'm sure my papa would be good to little girls and boys; but we must save Santa Claus anyway."

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The very next day the opportunity they were watching for came. Their mother had a severe headache, and while mammy was busy caring for her, the two children slipped off. It was a long walk to the Yankee camp, but they trudged bravely on.

"How tired papa must be when he marches!"

"Yes. Sometimes they walk all day. Oh, Teddy, there are the tents! I think I am afraid."

"You promised you were not going to cry."

"I'm not. That big soldier is coming over here."

A tall soldier came to the children, now frightened and trembling, but who had no idea of giving up the object of their visit to the camp.

"Well, my hearties, what brings you here?" His cheery voice and the twinkle in his eyes reassured the little ones.

"Please, we want to see the captain," gasped Teddy.

They were led past rows of tents, the other soldiers joking with their guide as they went by, and after a while, they never knew quite how, they found themselves talking with the Yankee captain and telling him their story.

"The captain had a cold," said Ruth, in telling about it afterward: "he coughed and wiped his eyes, and he said to us:



"HOW YOU THINK SANTY CLAUS GWINE GIT T'ROUGH DEM YANKS' LINES?"

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"WELL, MY HEARTIES, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?"

"'You have saved Santa Claus, and all the little children in the world will be grateful to you; but we were not going to kill him. Oh no, we are not so hard-hearted; we were just going to take him prisoner for a while. Trot along home now. Your soldier friend is going with you to take you safely back.'"

A couple of weeks later, on the day before Christmas, the tall soldier came to the house again. He was driving, and from his cart he took a large box. On the cover was written, "Santa Claus is in a great hurry this year, so he left this with the Yankee captain, and asked him to forward it to Ruth and Teddy."

So the children had a grand Christmas, and even the marvellous things that came out of the box did not make them neglect mammy's candy.

"Dey's de won'erfulest chillun!" said mammy. "What deir pa gwine say when he gits dat letter what Miss Sallie a-writin' ter him? Spec he eyes 'll open when he reads 'bout dem babies a-runnin' off ter der Yanks. Dat cap'n ain't no pore w'ite trash, suah's yer bawn."

Long afterward, when the little brother and sister were grown up, and the questions which had caused the war were settled, and the North and South were at peace and friends again, Ruth and Teddy met their friend the captain, and had a good laugh, mixed with a few tears, as they recalled their first encounter with him.

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# HOW THE OTHER HALF LAUGHS

BY JOHN CORBIN

THE East Side is scarcely the place in which one would look to find much heed paid to the shows and the gayeties of life. We have heard of the terrors of the tenements, and of sweat-shops where workman and sweater alike risk body and soul for a few pieces of silver, whole families sewing day and night amid squalor and disease; but the reports of organized charity have neglected to remind us that the people who support the theatres of the Bowery get as much fun of their sort out of life as most of us. You may pity the people of the East Side, if you must, ten hours a day, but when the arc-lights gleam beneath the tracks of the elevated, if you are honest you will envy them.

To any one who cares for the stage and for the art of the player in America, the theatres of the lower Bowery are of special interest. Once the haunt of Mose, the Bowery boy, and Lise, his "steady," they are now the homes of foreign actors, who will give you a good time in almost any language. And whereas our plays in English are apt to be either imported or stupid, and are often both, many of these foreign plays are written in New York, and—sure sign of a genuine artistic impulse—they treat the life and the history of the people who swarm to see them. They are crude and often absurd enough, but when the curtain rings down, a candid observer will admit that the artistic spirit is more vital and spontaneous in them than in the plays of the most prosperous uptown theatres.

The Americans who are familiar with the Teatro Italiano might almost be counted on one's fingers. The theatre is closed now, and the company is disbanded; but for those who knew it, it has a curious and very intimate interest that still keeps its memory warm. This was due in the first place, I think, to the Italians we met. They were bootblacks, and banana-venders, East-Side barbers, and ex-members of Colonel Waring's Street-cleaning Brigade. In some theatres the people you sit next are reserved, and conscious of distinctions, but these men were more truly in sympathy with life. They would speak to you on the slightest pretext, or on none, and would relate all that was happening on the stage, which was useful of them, for the plays were for the most part in popular dialect. The only visitor I ever knew to be neglected was a lady who carried a bottle of smelling-salts. The reproach of this was scarcely obvious, but it was not as the Romans do. In the end we came to think very well of the Italian plays and actors; and if we thought unduly well of them it must have been because, in some unconscious fashion, our neighbors imparted a measure of the grace and ease with which they succeeded in having a good time.

They were for the most part men. If this fact had any special significance I was never quite sure what it was; yet it is certain that the arts in their more primitive stages have always been masculine, and one can find fair warrant for saying that when women have come in for a share, they have lost primal force. It is also true, no doubt, that in Italian communities women are apt to be mothers at an early age: babies are sad impediments to many kinds of gayeties and shows. Yet there was always a sprink-

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ling of women, and no audience I ever saw was without a baby or two. They were good babies, and never made the least disturbance. While they were awake, they looked at the lights and the brilliant people on the stage with those marvelling eyes we would all give so much to have back again; and when the tired little head toppled over, as it soon did, its mite of an owner was passed from one to another of a party, so that no one was very much put out. If a baby grew peevish, it was sure to be for hunger, and the simplest thing in the world was to nurse it quiet again. There are so many more troublesome things in the world than babies, even when you have the full Italian complement. Or if you don't quite feel so, it is still the part of philosophy to recognize that life could not be without them.

Between the acts trays of penny candies were passed round, the brilliant colors of which were alone worth the price, and highly charged soft drinks, equal in glamour, which even the women drank out of the bottles. They were not half bad—that is, if one was well resolved not to strain at a microbe in swallowing the camel. The orchestra was scarcely less a feature than the players. In the American theatres on the Bowery the concord of sweet sounds is to be explained only on the assumption that the conscientious band plays the fly-specks as well as the notes. Even if they did not do this, they would still be jeered at. But the Italian audiences hung on every bar, whether it was *Faust* or a patriotic air; and when the tunes one has a right to were over, they implored for more. "Let's have another, now! Come on, we'll give you a hand, all right!" And they held forth the bribe of a pair of eager palms.

When the curtain was up, they gave way to the full gamut of human emotions. In the American theatres of the East Side the audiences shout and whistle their appreciation; but a handful of Italians can give them cards and spades in the matter of mere noise; and it has, besides, infinite shadings of expression. If one was pleased, he laughed softly; and if the actors stumbled over their lines, or over the crude entrances and exits of the scenery, he laughed softly too, but with what a difference! When it came to really stirring passages, everybody made a row, and then on the instant everybody hissed himself quiet again, even though this took several seconds, while the actors complacently waited.

As the plot developed, the audience discussed it in brief sentences. "This play is *Otello*, the Venice nigger," one man explained to us. For though scholars may differ as to whether Shakespeare meant the Moor for a white or a blackamoor, no doubt was permitted in the Teatro Italiano. Iago was a prime favorite. The horror with which his villany was resented disturbed my conventional ideas



"THERE ARE SO MANY MORE TROUBLESOME THINGS THAN BABIES."

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SIGNORA MAJORI.
The leading lady at the Teatro Italiano.

of Italian wickedness. "If that nigger knew what man-a that is, he would-a not trust heem," said one worthy, with a grave shake of the head. His companion replied, "Ain't he a *son-a-gun-a!*" and again, with increasing horror, "*Ain't* he son-a-gun-a!" I am not saying that this gentleness of instinct always went the full length of our moral code; even in the horror at Iago there was a keen spice of delight. A striking example of Latin morals occurred in a play written by a member of the Mulberry Street colony, *O' Tuocco*, which took its name from the game the Romans call *mora*, that one sees Italian bootblacks playing with their fingers. The husband here quarrels with his wife because she interferes with his gambling and carousing; and when he finds that while he was in prison for his misdeeds she has proved unfaithful, he stabs her in the back. "That's the way," he cries; "when a woman betrays you, stab her. And I've stabbed her." The curtain rang down amid loud and unqualified applause. A flash of this kind now and again is suggestive. The instinctive strength and delicacy of Italian affections may be more nearly allied to the animal than a sympathetic observer suspects.

The scenery was old-fashioned and tattered, and not too varied or appropriate. The drama of *O' Tuocco* began in a backwoods log house, with bear-skins stretched on walls that trembled to shouts of *cinque*. It was doubtless the derelict of some long-forgotten Bowery melodrama of American frontier life, and had trembled in ages past to the shouts of quarrelsome cowboys and to the rifles of whooping Indians. The second act of this play took place before a Grecian portico that might have stood on the Acropolis; and the husband stabbed his wife in an East Side parlor, above which downy clouds floated in blue ether. In *Otello*, while Desdemona and Emilia were awaiting their cues, they could plainly be seen through a hole in the castle wall seated on soap-boxes and gossiping companionably. In the bed scene we noticed that Desdemona's gown was inconveniently long in front; but until as she was going up stage to her couch her heels and ankles showed, we did not see that she had got it on wrong side before. When Brabantio was mounting to his window to answer Iago's summons, the whole wall quaked with his misguided struggles; and we quaked too, for we had heard of a Brabantio who missed the shutters and stuck his head out of the chimney.

Our main joy was the prompter's box in the front-middle. The bill was changed

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every day, according to the Continental custom, and there were sometimes two and even three plays in an evening; so that, as happened in similar circumstances on the Elizabethan stage, the prompter was commander-in-chief. His long brown finger could often be seen indicating where the actors were to stand, and whose cue it was to speak; and throughout the evening his tired and raucous voice could be heard, eagerly galloping half a line ahead of the actors. Iago managed his lines with great astuteness. In his long argument with Roderigo, when he wanted the word he would put his palm to his ear, and with one eye devouring his victim and the other on the prompter, he would whisper, "Ascolto!"—(I am listening!)

Notwithstanding all this—and one very soon gets used to it and accepts it like any other stage convention—the acting had surprising quality. Its virtue was simplicity and unconsciousness, traits which, in whatever surroundings, are allied to the best in art. In *O' Tuocco* the gamblers in the log-hut café were simply gamblers in a café. Whether they were supers and drank their wine in silence, or took the leading parts and quarrelled vociferously over who should pay for it, the conviction of their acting was so great that one forgot the logs and the bearskins.

The comedian of the troupe had the genius of his quality: he could not move a foot or a shoulder without getting a laugh, and his occasional speeches were greeted with roars. One of his favorite devices was to spit on the shoes of the people he was talking with, which, as he did not speak a word of our language, could scarcely have been an Americanism.

Of the leading man it is hard to give a just idea. He owed much beyond question to the Italian convention of acting, which is said by those who know to be on the whole the best in Europe. In *Otello*, which is the most successful classic part I saw him in, he doubtless had profited by the example of the elder Salvini. And the very limitations of his stage and his support may have emphasized by contrast his passages of real power. Yet the fact remains that he played throughout with intelligence and dignity. In the scenes in the Venetian council-chamber his presence was fine, and his manner full of repose; his delivery quiet and impressive. His voice is rich and flexible and strong, and he does not squander it. It rose to whatever volume or pitch the lines required. In the scenes




ANTONIO MAJORI.
The leading man at the Teatro Italiano.

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ly set aside. "A reporter came here the other day," the cashier explained, "and wrote this about me. I pay no attention to it." He handed me a carefully folded newspaper and pointed to a passage which told, among other things, how the cashier staid in the box-office all day and wrote stories of life in the Bowery. "He turns us into ridicule," he repeated.

I pointed out that it is a reporter's business to speak of the amusing things he finds, and added that I was interested to know what he had to say about the life of the foreign people in America. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with quick intuition, "I see you will turn me into ridicule! I don't care. By-and-by I will write about you." I accept the challenge; and if I am unable to disguise the fact that I was provincial enough to find keen delight in the strange people and strange sights I met, I stand in danger of swift retribution. If we laugh first, it behooves us to laugh as heartily as we can, for these Yiddish people are hot on our trail in the arts as well as in commerce.

The racial instincts of the audience are as plain as the nose on your face—or on theirs. If you leave your seat between acts, the probability is that you will find a standee in it when you come back. No array of checks will save you. The usher will plead and argue in your behalf, but the standee sits it out in defiance. If you persist until the curtain rises, you speedily realize that you have become a public nuisance. The people will shout "Sit down!" "Get out!" "Put him out!" There is scarcely a murmur of sympathy. If the usurper says a word, it is, "I paid to get in!" or, "Didn't I give my fifty cents?" I seldom went to a Jewish theatre that some such row did not take place. At the afternoon performances the disturbance is continual. The babies who cannot be left at home to sleep are amply in evidence. They are not like the polite Italian babies, who are nursed quiet in an instant. They whine, and squall, and kick. The neighbors say "'S-s-s-h!" The people in the balcony cry "Shut up!" And from the gallery there are shouts of "Put him out!" until finally, the mother gets up and walks her offspring quiet in the foyer. When she comes back she gets her seat, perhaps. At one matinée the noise was so loud and continual that, though I stood in the flies, I could not hear what the actors were saying, and finally they stopped talking and waited, with the utmost *gemüthlichkeit* for the baby to be put out.

The revelation of Yiddish traits in the plays has the frankness and intimacy of spontaneous artistic expression. The prevailing theme is perhaps the immemorial strife against the golden idols of the Gentiles. In two very popular operas I saw, *Rabbi Shabshi's Daughter* and *Zirele the Rabbi's, or the Beauty of Krakow*, a Yiddish maiden becomes alienated from her people and tastes all the splendor and the power of Christendom. Rabbi Shabshi's daughter is torn from her people during a religious persecution, and becomes an adoptive princess in Bohemia. Zirele is betrayed by a Christian student, afterward a Russian priest, and is sent on the scarlet way of the Babylonian. I own that I was delighted to find that for the Yiddish maiden the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire had so many primroses. It seems as if there is no end of bouquets to be thrown at almost any young Yid who goes out from among her people. But the foretaste of the bonfire was proportionately bitter. Fate haled the wanderers back, humbled and suppliant, to the people and the religion of their childhood, with its sweet and sacred rites, its homeliness and severity. "Ein Yid bleibt ewig ein Yid!" exclaims Rabbi Shabshi's daughter at the last, and the sentiment rouses boundless enthusiasm. The fundamental tragedy of this historic race lies here: the mainspring of their life is in a faith that was old when history began, and is still one of the purest and noblest of religions, rich in the mystery of the East; yet the very Oriental luxuriance of their temperament makes them respond to the glamour of the Gentile world about them. Like Mr. Zangwill's child of the Venetian Ghetto, born and bred in the awful simplicity of the synagogue, they awake some day to find themselves in the gayety of the Piazza of Venice and in the splendor of the Cathedral of St. Mark. The Yiddish playwright had a right, perhaps, to make his villain a Christian priest. And the audience was right to hiss him and hoot him. At the end of each act he came out to receive his ovation of groans and jeers, and the audience was not to be placated until he gave a very un-Christian shrug of deprecation, and—or so at least it seemed to me—thrust forward his nose in evidence.

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A YIDDISH ADAPTATION.

There is no end of plays and operas drawn from Josephus and the Old Testament, plays which bear the same relation to Jewish national life that the Chronicle histories of the Elizabethan stage bore to the life of England. Such plays are often produced on appropriate feast-days, celebrations of which are to be witnessed in this odd corner of New York in precisely the form in vogue since hundreds of years before the Christian era. One of the most popular themes is afforded by the persecutions of the Yiddish peoples in their homes across the sea. There are struggles between labor and capital, with strikes and riots enough; and there are Nihilists who are dynamiters, and suffer for it. But with all this there is a strong infusion of the life of the Bowery. The first time I made inquiries at the theatre I found that the historical opera of *Bar Kochba* was to be given, and that on the following night there was to be "a play by one of the managers' wives, called *Annie the Finisher*." It was "about a girl here in New York what finishes." A *finisher* is the technical name for the sweat-shop woman who "finishes" or puts the last touches on the garments they call "pants," which they make and finish at four or five dollars a week. Annie, I found, was an operative with whom the son of her employer fell in love. There is much in the play about poor Yids and rich Yids, about love and plutocracy. After the usual course of true love the young people are happily married. The play is very popular.

In a melodrama called *The Aristocracy of a Province*, a humble serving-man in Bessarabia is bequeathed a fortune of two million dollars by a relative who had become rich in America. His landlord—the provincial aristocrat—finds this out, steals the vital documents, comes to America, impersonates his old servant, and enjoys his stolen millions. The action takes place in New York, where the thief is marrying his son to the daughter of a Broadway merchant, while the true heir lives in poverty as an East Side coal-man. On the one hand is shown the life of the struggling Yiddish people—tenement life, street life, the brutality of the New York police; while on the other is shown the life of a prosperous resident of Fifth Avenue. The leading juvenile is the son of the merchant, and a student in Columbia University. When he makes his first entrance, the friends of the fam-



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"A VOCIFEROUS COLUMBIAN YELL."

ily—that is to say, the chorus girls—welcome him with a vociferous Columbian yell. The usurping villain is utilized also as a comic character. His favorite gesture is to stroke the forks of a long black beard, displaying beneath his chin a diamond solitaire somewhat smaller than an egg. No gesture could have been funnier than the Yiddish audience thought this. His pet vanity was that he could "speken Engleesch." I jotted down some of the flowers of his speech on my programme. "Ich danke dir, dear, dear Mr. Blumenfeld. Tankaiou [thank you]." "Oh du, my swittest. Oh du, meine lufly goil,"—and other like phrases. When his foolish son makes love to a poor tenement girl instead of to the Fifth Avenue heiress, he storms at him: "Was ist de matter mit you?" "Gunnisht [gar nicht]," answers the son, defiantly. "Shut up!" the villanous father retorts; "I break your nuis [nose]." Once, when hungry, he exclaims, rubbing his waistcoat, "Kom on, und let's have a little lunch-room!" On another occasion he says, urbanely: "Ah, there! Was willst du, Mister High-tone Sport?" At all of these essays the audience howl with laughter, for they talk the English of the Bowery fluently, and, in addition to their Yiddish newspapers, read the yellow journals.

An interesting example of the influence of the life about them is in the play of *Trilby*. The plot is from the American play, and many passages are almost identical. The local color and character, however, have suffered as complete a translation into Yiddish terms as the language. Trilby's name easily becomes Tilly. Taffy is Herr Gottlieb, and Little Billee is Herr Werner. Svengali is Herr Hartmann, and the racial distinction of which Du Maurier made so much is perforce ignored. The characters seem all to belong to one family, and Svengali is Little Billee's uncle. Yet the permanence of stage tradition crops out in his nose. Not content with what nature had lavished on him, he built it a story or two higher on the bridge.

I hoped to see all the best Yiddish plays, and asked my friend the cashier to book me and let me know whenever Herr Adler, the leading man at the Windsor Theatre, was to appear, for I was helpless before the Yiddish announcements. He failed me; and when I spoke of my regret, he said he had been so interested in the stories he had been writing that the matter had quite slipped his mind. The explanation was more than adequate, and I make no apologies for the fact that I can speak of some of Herr Adler's best plays only by name. *Kabale und Liebe*, *Der Schwartze Yid*, and *Die Rauber* are all, I believe, adaptations of classical German

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plays. *Der Odessa Bettler* is an adaptation of the *Rag-Picker of Paris*. *Solomon Caus*, or *Cardinal Richelieu*, turns on the theft of Caus's invention of the mechanical use of steam. *The Russian Jew in America* explains itself. I was especially sorry to miss it, because it is said to be full of local color, many of the scenes being presented in English. There is also a Yiddish adaptation of *King Lear*, which, from all I could find out, is most interesting. It is a tragedy in four acts, and, as in *Trilby*, not only the language, but the scenes and characters have been translated into terms of modern Yiddish life. King Lear wears a long Yiddish beard and gown. Herr Adler considers Lear his best part. In the first act, he explains, Lear is a king; in the second, he has given away his throne; in the third, he is an outcast; in the fourth, he dies a beggar, and blind. "Every act is worse than the other," he says. "When I give it, there is sobbing and weeping all through the house. It is better than Shakespeare."

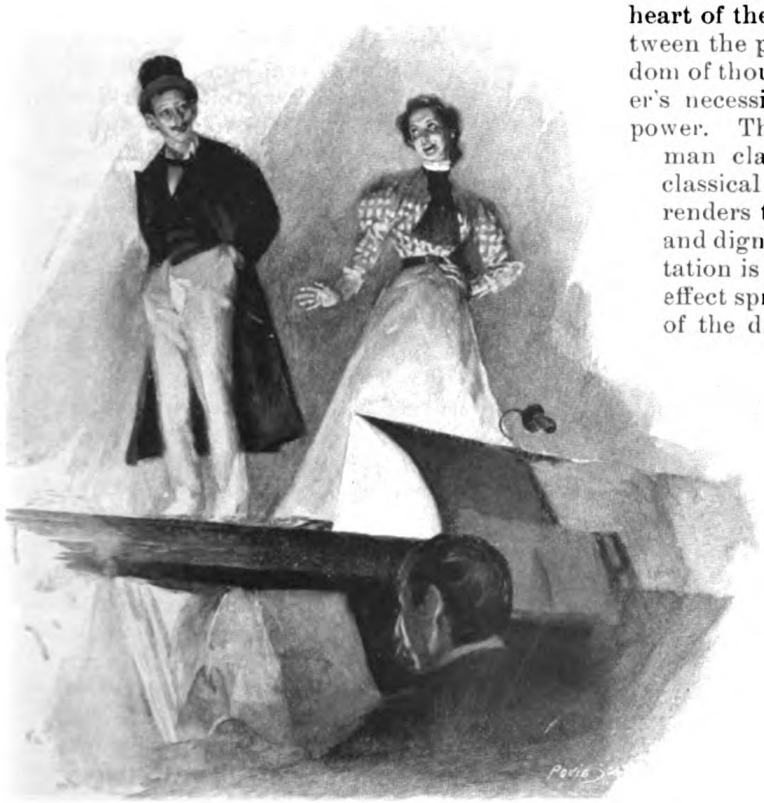
*Uriel Acosta* is founded on the life of Gabriel da Costa, a Portuguese philosopher,



"IF I HAD MY FIDDLE, I COULD PLAY IT."

whose romantic love-story Mr. Zangwill has told in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. The heart of the situation is in the strife between the philosopher's loyalty to freedom of thought and action, and the lover's necessity of bowing to rabbinical power. The play is taken from a German classic; the lines are largely classical German; as Herr Adler renders them, they are full of the fire and dignity of intellect; his interpretation is broad and simple, and every effect springs directly from the heart of the dramatic situation. I found that the play had been several times acted during the winter, and always to audiences rapt in enthusiasm. I know of no American theatre where so nobly intellectual a theme would meet with so keen an appreciation.

A play called *Der Wilde Mensch* (The Madman) was as intellectual a bit of drama, and in many ways was more sug-



"HIS SON MAKES LOVE TO A POOR TENEMENT GIRL."

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gestive of the æsthetic medium of the Yiddish theatres. The theme bears a resemblance to the theme of *Hamlet*, which is all the more curious because quite unconscious. The father of a family marries a young woman who deceives him in the face of his children. A daughter is driven into the streets by her bad influence; and a son, a student, remains with the utmost abhorrence. There is a third child, an idiot son, who, despised because of his infirmity, witnesses the step-mother's full guilt. In spite of the incoherence of his reason he has a certain fulness of nature and flashes of intuition that make him instinctively rebel against his step-mother and her accomplices, and strive to bring them to justice. Like Hamlet, fate has given him a task too great for his powers. His mind is incapable of grasping the offence, and when he tries to report it to his elder brother he is tortured by his inability to speak coherently. In its outlines the tragedy has a simplicity and breadth that is Elizabethan; and though it differs widely from *Hamlet* in the circumstances of the sin, as also in the fact that the hero is actually mad, the similarities in the situation are striking. The madman's reverence for his dead mother is as strong as that of Hamlet for buried Denmark. He holds deep and agonized discourse with his student brother, questioning him as to life and death, the past of the soul and its future. Most striking of all, the hero's madness, like Hamlet's, is made the theme for grotesquely comic relief, which the audience gave ample evidence of relishing, and which Mr. Hitchcock and I found it impossible not to laugh at. This treatment of madness is more nearly related to the lost *Hamlet*, presumably by Thomas Kyd, than to Shakespeare's play; but there are passages in the text as it stands to-day—for instance, Hamlet's incoherent passages with the ghost ("truepenny," "old mole") and with Ophelia ("to a nunnery")—which cannot be rightly read without remembering that such incoherences could not fail to strike an Elizabethan audience as grotesquely amusing. Altogether *Der Wilde Mensch*, like the Italian *Otello*, is more nearly related æsthetically to the crude strong youth of the English drama than to modern English or American plays.




A LEADING LADY AT THE THALIA.

Adler's conception of the leading part was at times illuminating. He told me that when studying it he haunted mad-houses and mimicked the inmates; and when he produced it, he had in the physicians and medical students of the Yiddish community to criticise him. As first acted, I was interested to find, he conceived the part as wholly tragic. He found, however, that the audience was disposed to laugh at the madness, and that when they did so they were more appreciative of the tragic scenes. Little by little he has developed passages of genuine comedy.

In our efforts to see more of the people behind the scenes we were aided by an American scene-shifter with whom we scraped acquaintance. He was a son of the ancient Bowery, and though he had lived so long among the Yiddish actors that he had learned their language,

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THE PATHETIC IN THE PARTERRE.

he was only the more American. His account of the company was loud, and so broadly satirical that I feared he might give offence. He laughed at my fears, and let me see how he got on with the Yids. Alone and unabetted he assailed the entire chorus with Rabelaisian opprobrium, to all of which they had only the old reply that he could not be of their people if he wanted to. In the end he routed them, every mother's girl of them. It was not nice, but it was very funny, and it gratified my Saxon pride to feel that this derelict of our people had through all these years maintained his racial pride in the face of the immigrating people. It is almost compensation for our lack of the sympathies and the assimilative powers that make up an artistic people.

There were other respects in which these chorus girls were under American influences. They mostly spoke English; and those who have grown up in the country had been to our public schools. They are to be seen at Coney Island in swarms as great as the swarms of their richer kinswomen who resort to the roof gardens of Fifth Avenue hotels. One of them evinced such a mingling of the traits of her native and adopted country-people while Mr. Hitchcock was sketching her that I jotted down a word or two of what she said. She had taken a position square in front, and Mr. Hitchcock moved about so as to get the eyelids, nose, and lips more in profile. "What's the matter with taking all of my face?" she objected with primeval vanity, and was quieted with difficulty. When the sketch was finished she tossed her shoulder in a way worthy of Lise of old, and said, "Come again to-morrow and take the other side." For the life of me I could not say whether her tone held more of the ancient irony of the Bowery or its modern instinct for getting all there is in a transaction.

The leading actors and singers were all from the old country, and some of them had not yet learned English. The story of their lives is, in a general way, the story I heard of Adler's wanderings. His first theatre, in Odessa, was closed by reason of the Russian hatred of the Jews. He opened it again as a German theatre, was discovered, and again put down. As a last resort he engaged a Russian to manage him and secure him against persecution. The shift succeeded, but the Russian laid hands on so large a proportion of the proceeds that the company rebelled, and left the country. After wandering through the Continent, he brought up in

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the London Ghetto, where he made his longest stand. Six years ago he came to America, and travelled through the West as far as Denver and San Francisco, playing chiefly in Chicago. In New York he began at the modest theatre lately occupied by the Italians, prospered, and took the Windsor. Every year in the early summer he travels about among his people in the cities of the Atlantic States, and even in those of the middle West, so that his reputation is virtually national. It was not unnatural to suppose that Adler is recognized as the leading Yiddish actor in America, but, though he may be, I could not make certain that this is the case. There are Yiddish theatres also in Philadelphia, Chicago, and spasmodically in San Francisco, in any one of which, I suppose, much the same kind of plays and acting are to be found. It is Adler's ambition to come out in an uptown theatre before American audiences. I cannot imagine a more amusing experiment; and it would be interesting to discover whether it would teach us more of Yiddish art or of the limitations of an American audience.



HERR ADLER AS THE WILD MAN.

The manager of the Thalia, which is the rival theatre of the Windsor, has written some fourteen plays and operas, among them *The Aristocracy of a Province*. He has translated the leading tragedies of Shakespeare, and gives them at intervals every season. The new plays are written by Gordin, who wrote *Der Wilde Mensch*, by Latainer, and by Horwitz. Much of the music for the operas is adapted from operas well known in New York by the conductors and some of the actors. Both of these Yiddish theatres are in effect stock companies. At the Windsor, where the talent is on the whole greater and more varied, there are, besides Herr Adler, nearly a dozen actors of distinct artistic power; and at least one of the singers, Mrs. Kalisch, has a voice not unworthy of the Metropolitan stage.

The importance of the theatres of the Yiddish colony are best seen in their auditoriums. The Windsor is the equal of most of the theatres of Broadway. The Thalia, which is directly opposite in the Bowery, is one of the very best in the city; the prices of the seats range from a quarter of a dollar to

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AT CONEY ISLAND—THE BOWERY BOY OF TO-DAY AND HIS STEADY.

a dollar, and the rental is eighteen thousand dollars a year. To hundreds of thousands of Americans who travel in the East-Side elevated trains perhaps no sight is more familiar than the four cream-colored Roman columns that uphold the entablature on which is written in letters of gold "Thalia Theater"; but only a score or two of them, I suppose, are aware that the building is the most interesting theatrical monument in America. The first theatre on this site was opened in 1826, when, according to the records of Ireland, "the vast improvements made in the eastern section of the city, .... and its great increase of population, including many wealthy and fashionable citizens," led to the building of a theatre, in comparison with which, it was hoped, all other theatres "would sink subordinate." The opening of the theatre was revolutionary enough. "The brilliant experiment of lighting the stage with gas, then first attempted, was hailed with the greatest satisfaction." The early history of the theatre is curiously prophetic. The opening address proclaimed the high ambition of the managers.

At last Hope, bright, sandalled Hope, went by,
She [illegible] on Shakespeare, and her throne is won!
And [illegible] Shakespeare.

In the following year, however, the dominance of our classic drama was gravely threatened. "After a performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*, a grand *pas seul*—'La Bergère Coquette'—was executed by Madame Francisquy Hutin, her first appearance in America, and the first introduction of the modern French school of dancing on the American stage. The house was crowded, and an anxious look of curiosity and expectation dwelt in every face; but when the graceful *danseuse* came bounding like a startled fawn upon the stage, her light and scanty drapery floating in air, and her symmetrical proportions liberally displayed by the force of a bewildering *pirouette*, the cheeks of the greater portion of the audience were crimsoned with shame, and every lady in the lower tier of boxes immediately left the house. But time works wondrous changes, and though for a while Turkish trowsers were adopted by the lady, they were finally discarded, and the common ballet dresses, indecent though they be, were gradually endured." To-day the Americans who care for the classic English plays and can judge of them are a handful; the disciples of Madame Hutin number hundreds of thousands; but, by a curious trick of fate, the Old Bowery has remained true for the most part to its traditions.

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The Germans, who first took the place of the elder American managers, and called the theatre The Thalia, prospered in presenting their national plays, light and serious; and when the elevated road and the gradual shifting of the German population made its situation less desirable, they moved up town to the Irving Place Theatre. Here they continue the traditions of the Thalia, and to-day present a range and variety of interesting performances as great perhaps as those of any theatre in America. During the holidays the theatre is given over to dramatic fairy-tales, and to operas by Humperdinck and others, founded on the lore of the nursery; for the rest of the season the mainstays of the Irving Place Theatre are the German classic drama, Ibsen, and Sudermann. The actors are frequently the leaders on the German stage. In 1897–8, Frau Sorma held the theatre for months.

The Yiddish troup that took the Thalia from the Germans are working along the same general lines. Every spring, after the Passover, which the Yiddish people refer to as "our Easter," light plays are brought out, filled with characteristic songs and dances. For the rest of the year serious drama holds the boards.

Their performances are not yet up to those of the Germans, but for all who are interested in bringing American influence to bear upon our foreign populations, I can imagine no better field of study, nor one more likely to alter some of their fundamental preconceptions with regard to sweat-shop existence. "Life itself," says Mr. Jacob A. Riis, in his epoch-making book, *How the Other Half Lives*, is here "of little value compared



A PRIMA DONNA OF THE WINDSOR.

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with even the meanest bank account.... Over and over again I have met with instances of these Polish and Russian Jews deliberately starving themselves to the point of physical exhaustion while working from daylight until eleven at night to save a little money.... In no other spot does life wear so bald and materialistic an aspect." Night after night I have seen the two Yiddish theatres swarmed with men, women, and children largely from the sweat-shops. I referred the question to my friend the cashier. "That is how you all misrepresent us!" he exclaimed. "There are many poor Jewish families that spend sometimes three, four, five dollars a week here at this theatre." A brief calculation will show that, compared with their earnings, this represents a patronage of art infinitely beyond that of the families uptown who parade their liberality in supporting the Metropolitan Opera House. In the Yiddish version of *Trilby*, Svengali shows his hardness of heart by scoffing at art and artists, insolently crying: "Die Kunst ist für Narren. Ich will Geld haben—Millionen, *Millionen*." It is the simple and sufficient evidence of villany, as the lack of music in one's soul was to Shakespeare.

The artistic life of the Ghetto is not confined to playwrights and actors, composers, musicians, and singers. There are five Yiddish newspapers, which Yiddish newsboys cry daily through the streets. One paper, *The Dramatic World*, is devoted to the Yiddish theatres. There are novelists whose tales are hawked from tenement to tenement, and sell in great numbers. Of the most popular of the novelists, Schorner, it is related that in order to meet the demand he has to keep three or four tales under way at once; and to keep all his printers supplied, he goes almost daily from shop to shop, writing only long enough in each to meet the present demand for copy. There are poets, too, one of whom, Morris Rosenfeld by name, is said by those capable of judging to have the native gift for song. In all the artistic output of the Ghetto there is the same correspondence between the life and history of the people and their art that is evident in the theatres; and, by means of it, Russians and Galicians are, as in the theatres, made known to Poles, Austrians, and Prussians. The arts of the Ghetto, as is usually the case when arts spring from the masses, are imbuing their patrons with a sense of the community of their life and interests. In the truest sense of the word, they are national arts.

If you are a philanthropist, you will of course be distressed to find people whose fortunes are so wretched so light of heart. A truly charitable person, I suppose, would advise them to buy soap instead of theatre tickets. But if you are a lover of your kind—which has somehow come to be very different from a philanthropist, and not at all so respectable—you will perhaps wonder whether we have not a thing or two to learn from these pitied foreigners. It is worth questioning, for instance, whether there is not a pretty definite tie between the primitive, the elemental, in life and the beautiful in art. The people that built the cathedrals lived in no grander state than these peoples of the East Side; and the age of Shakespeare had gone some two hundred years and more before Englishmen found out that life is not worth living without the daily bath. Even in the court theatre of the time, it would seem, cleanliness and ventilation were not always to be looked for. "Some sweet odors suddenly coming forth, without any drops falling," says Bacon, in the essay on "Masques and Triumphs," "are in such company, as there is steam and heat, things of great pleasure and refreshment." The "company" were, of course, Elizabeth and her court. The "steam and heat" would doubtless find their modern parallel in a sweat-shop. If one had his choice between carving an angel in the stone of a cathedral portal, or tuning an Elizabethan song, and his morning tub,—but life has solved the problem for us; and, after all, much as this Yiddish community resembles in outward conditions the great artistic generations of our past, it may not be relevant.

It is a fair question, though, whether the artists of the Ghetto, if allowed to develop spontaneously, would produce any really great works of art. Unfortunately it is one that can never be answered. On all sides American life is pressing in on them; in every corner children are coming under the spell of its outward glamour. It is Morris Rosenfeld's badge of fame among his people that he was discovered by a Harvard professor, and has read his poems before the leading literary men of New York. Even the



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language he uses is affected by the outlying idiom. Mr. W. D. Howells, who speaks very highly of the poems, tells me that many of the words were plain English. A resident of the Ghetto, Abraham Cahan, has written stories of Yiddish life in New York for American magazines, and has published two successful books. In describing the influence of American life, he told me of a mother who said: "I don't speak English, but I shall soon learn. There" (pointing to her son), "that is my teacher." The children mostly go to the public schools, and, except in their homes, have discarded the Yiddish language. "I like to talk about the old country," a Yiddish mother said to me one evening at the Windsor, "and some day I think I go back; but my children make fun of me and call me 'Dutchman.'" Here the father chirped in: "Yes, they say, 'What hell good the old country? This here is United States.'" He confessed to me that he preferred Proctor's to the Windsor. This was during the Spanish war, and the Windsor was draped with American flags and banners, some of them wrought in silk. The orchestra began with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes." I found that the Yiddish people were proud of the fact that they had sent a larger proportion of soldiers to the front than any of the other colonies. For all the minglings of outlandish jargons, the bits of quaint life and character on the stage, the insistence of Jewish customs and religious usages, those Yiddish sons were right—that was United States. In a generation or two the native color of Yiddish life will fade, and the theatres with them.

It would be pleasant to think that in change for the cleanliness and comfort we teach we may receive a part of the love of pleasure, the sympathy with merely amusing things, the aspiration for an ampler life, that have cheered these downtrodden people. Something of their spirit we may of course imbibe, but not all, for nature is apt to work things out on a different plan. In a democratic community the genius for artistic creation is most likely to be manifested when the community falls heir to aspirations above its worldly condition—as occurred when these Yiddish people reached our shores. If in the course of years our souls should cease to fulfil their largest hopes in out-of-door sports and porcelain baths, is it more than reasonable to suppose that the longing for ampler life can be satisfied only by something very beautiful?

## SERENADE.

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

WHO is it sings the gypsies' song to-night
To muted strings,
Deep in the linden shade, beyond the light
My casement flings?

Can it be Death who sings? Ah no, not he,
For he is old,—
His voice is like the murmur of the sea
When light grows cold.

Who is it sings once more, once more again
The gypsy song?—
Song of the open road, the starry plain
Estranged so long:—

"Come to the woods, come, for the woods are green,
The sweet airs blow,
The hawthorn boughs the forest boles between
Are white as snow. . ."

The wet leaves stir; the dim trees dream again
Of vanished springs;—
Out in the night, out in the slow, soft rain,
My lost youth sings.

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# THE SECOND WOOING OF SALINA SUE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

IT all came about through the investigations of the Reverend Saul Sanders, of the Buckeye Conference. Other evangelists had come to the plantation and conducted revivals, adding to the church militant a goodly number of souls. Then things had gradually settled down in the old ruts. But with the advent of the good brother from the Buckeye Conference there began a new order of procedure.

Brother Saul was a man of power, with that magnetic quality that insures leadership, and his words were those that thunder. After proceeding along the old emotional lines until he had worked the people up to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm, he calmly stepped down from the pulpit, and assuming the awful and solemn tones of the divinely commissioned, he delivered for their edification what he was pleased to call "a settin' fo'th o' de 'mortal law, accordin' to de dispositions o' de Christian Chu'ch military." It would be vain to attempt to quote with effect from this discourse, which, as he himself freely claimed, "didn't confine itself to no one tex', bein' rich in textes tooken berbatum, word for word, f'om de Holy Scriptures."

The good people of Mount Zion Chapel had many times heard maledictions against the evil-doer hurled from its pulpit, and they were, moreover, familiar with some of the best-known scriptures bearing upon retributive justice as well as the communion of saints, and it was their wont to listen with becoming equanimity —the equanimity of the presumably innocent—to frequent allusions to such special numbers of the code as were most often ignored. Until the coming of the apostle Saul of the Buckeye, however, none had had the temerity to particularize as to personal infringement. But Saul was a man of prowess. His lips were strangers to fear: and the gospel, as he dared to expound it, was not only retrospective in its leadings, it was restitutional.

It is a hard word, restitution, and a troublous, and it fell like a bomb upon the hitherto peaceful bosom of the body social of the plantation. Not that its application was particularly widespread. But there were cases, well-known cases whose comfort its enforcement would so palpably disturb, that more than two or three or even four persons in the congregation felt, from the time of this preaching, that they were the objects of special notice. Indeed, the turning of turbaned, befeathered, and even of bald heads in special directions was for a time so marked that the august brother felt it necessary to call them to order, which he did by an open rebuke to the effect that those brothers and sisters who found it amusing to turn their heads to find motes in their brothers' eyes would do well to keep their backs to the congregation to hide the beams in their own. From which it appears that Saul was a man of some humor.

But Saul's chief strength lay in his absolute fearlessness. When he had declared that appropriation of a neighbor's goods without consent was a breaking of the law for which no repentance would avail without restoration of the stolen property, he did not hesitate to shout, while he shot an accusing glance of fire at a chosen offender, "Yas, Brother Jones, I'm a-lookin' at you," or, "Sister Smith, I trus' you's a-listenin'."

This was hard to bear, but it was not the worst. The law of restitution is broad, and it reaches far.

It was not enough—so the man of God proceeded to expound the law—that such of God's people as should in future seek matrimony should find it only at the consecrated hand of the regularly ordained for the holy bestowal, but if some had, either through blindness or hardness of heart, already achieved it outside the fold, they must hasten to forswear the stolen blessing, and come humbly and penitently forward and receive it with the benediction of the Church. This they were exhorted to do, or to have their names dishonorably erased from the rolls of the sanctuary. And in this application of the ordinance Brother Saul had the temerity to particularize even to the calling of names, loudly challenging the persons indicated to produce certain non-existent documents, or else come under the ban.

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This was the bomb whose bursting had caused consternation even to the remote corners of the bit of earth which felt the tremors of the explosion—and for good cause.

The conditions of restitution are nearly always difficult and embarrassing. Even in the lesser case of the stolen shoat, for instance, it was sometimes quite impossible—and for obvious reasons. But it was in its bearing upon the more vital issue that he who essayed its enforcement had need of much wisdom. To confirm at random all existing relations was not always consistent with the teachings of holy writ, even as "feebly interpreted" by the humble brother from the Buckeye. Indeed, the simple law of restitution occasionally required the unequivocal undoing of such, and, in some difficult instances, a redoing under embarrassing protests from those most concerned. And again there were instances, simple enough in their outward seeming, that developed annoying features under pressure.

Such, for instance, was the well-known case of cross-eyed Steve and Salina Sue, two quiet and otherwise well-ordered folk who had been for many years in good and regular standing in both church and community, notwithstanding certain alleged early omissions.

Salina, the cook on the plantation, a portly black woman of forty or thereabouts, was mother to all the happy group of pickaninnies who tumbled over each other in the back yard, and Steve was their father. Salina as a cook was a genius—which is to say that she seemed to have somewhat the touch of the magician in the practice of the art which she loved. Steve was also endowed beyond the common, but his gift was chiefly for paternity. Indeed, his whole nature had developed for so long along fatherly lines that he seemed to have paternal relations toward all living things on the place. The sick calf realized in him a benefactor, and homeless dogs who chanced along were observed to lift their tails above the courage line as they looked into his face and followed him to troughs of refreshment.

He was a faithful drawer of water and hewer of timber for his much-demanding spouse, and from the arrival of his first-born until now he had been a walker by night and a rocker by day of his ever-increasing family.

But with it all he had been happy. His little wizened face, kindly in its original mouldings, was in as broad a grin when he went to the well for water, carrying one of the twins astride each hip, while he balanced the pail upon his head, as it was during the long hot afternoons in summer while he rocked the cradle, or fanned the flies off the "teethers" asleep on the patch-work quilt spread for them on the ground under the mulberry-trees outside the kitchen door.

But of late—which is to say for several days before this narrative begins—the little man had worn an air of utter dejection. His old misfit clothes, which in former days had seemed to impart a spice of the grotesque to his otherwise appealing figure, were shown to be inadequate now. The grotesqueness had lain in his smile, and it was no more. The slope of his narrow shoulders was the slope of the forlorn. Even the little children saw that something was wrong, and followed him curiously with questioning glances as he crossed the yard, and in the evenings when he sat on the end of the porch opposite his spouse, at whose feet it had been his life habit to recline, the dog was seen to go from one to the other before he took sides finally by lying down at Steve's elbow.

Steve and I had been good friends from the first. I soon recognized in him a prodigal and unreckoning contributor of kindly energies on the place; and besides, he amused me. I think he amused me about equally in all three of his relations—father, husband, and servant. I believe I place them in their proper order. I smiled the first time I saw him—and his first words gave me a story and won me completely.

He was crossing the cow-lot, leading a calf to water. A fretting child toddled at his heels, and while he stooped to take him in his arms, another sprang to his shoulders, straddled his neck, and took the ride to the spring mounted in this way, while the little father, struggling with the reluctant calf, staggered beneath his load. He was laughing, though, when I overtook him, and seeing his face, I laughed too, as I said, jocosely, "Well, old fellow, I suppose you are a sort of factotum, aren't you?" To which he instantly replied, with an amused glance at the child on his arm: "Yas, sir, I s'pec' I is. I sho does *tote 'em* for a *fac'*." And I loved him from that minute. The name

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"THE SICK CALF REALIZED IN HIM A BENEFACTOR."

factotem was his from that day, and if he did not hesitate to interpret it for the benefit of his numerous family, I was pleased to have it so.

But something was wrong now. That was evident. We had realized the shadow for several days, but had not taken it seriously. The domestic landscape needs its clouds to give value to the blue, and there had always been hazy days in the mulberry shadows for little Steve; but the mists had risen in clearing showers. Even an occasional storm cloud that had been spent in the bursting had darkened an occasional day—only for the glorification of evening.

My wife and I usually selected such uncertain weather to hunt through our wardrobes, and we usually found something for Steve first. And so I had done to-day, with a polka tie and a silk hat as results. I had laid them on my bed and strolled out in the yard, intending to call the fellow in to get them when next I should see him, when, chancing to glance toward the wood-pile, I saw him drop limply down upon a heap of chips, burying his face in his arms against a pile of logs. The soft rim of his hat hung over his sleeve, and his whole pose betokened utter woe. As I approached him he lifted his face, and I saw that he had been crying. His eyes were sunken and wet, and his cheeks besmeared with grime from his dusty shirt sleeves.

I sat down beside him on the log.

"Why, old fellow, what's the matter?" I began, somewhat playfully; but, seeing him quail, I instantly repented, and my next words were in quite another tone. "Never mind, old boy; tell me all about it." I laid my hand upon his arm as I spoke. This exhibition of sympathy was too much for him. He fell to sobbing.

"I-I-I-I don' know, boss," he began to stammer—"I-I don' know wha' to say to you, b-b-but I mought as well jes *out wid it.* Hit's my ole 'oman—Saliny Sue." He fairly wailed as he spoke her name, giving me the key to his heart-sorrow. "I-I-I don' know wha' she gwine do—she's so obstropulous an'—an'—an' fickle-minded. I can't keep up wid her."



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"I SAW HIM DROP LIMPLY DOWN."

I was relieved. If this were all, the cloud would soon break—or pass.

"Why, if that's all," I laughed—"if that's all, don't worry; just tell me about it."

The little man wiped his eyes.

"Well, s-sir, hit's dis-a-way," he began—"hit's dis-a-way: Y-y-y-you know when me an' Saliny Sue, when we married, we—we—we didn't bother nobody about it. We—we—we jes married private, 'twix' ourselves, an'—an' settled down public, same as heap o' we plantation folks does. An' we been livin' man an' wife now since long 'fo' de s'render—an' dey ain't no yether 'oman to me in all de worl'; an' Saliny Sue she knows it; an' likewise, I'm jes as sho she loves me as good as I loves her. An' de chillen"—at this he was obliged to stop and sob his sorrow out a little—"an' de chillen—look like we 'ain't nuver is knowed which loved 'em de best, her or me. I know I'm sof' on dem wha' favor her, an' she's clair sp'iled dem three yaller-complected ones wha' got my favor. Dey nuver was no mo' lovin'er couple on Gord's roun' worl' 'n wha' Saliny Sue an' me is; an' now look like—look like"—he was sobbing again—"look like to me, deze heah chu'ch folks mought find some'h'n' better to do 'n to stir up fam'ly troubles." He drew his sleeve across his eyes and steadied his voice. "You see, dis heah preacher f'om de Buckeye—Brer Saul Sanders—he kin read. An' you know readin'—not sayin' nothin' agin it for sech as kin stan' it—hit clair sp'iles some niggers—jes nachelly turns dey heads. An' dis heah book-reader an' Bible-twister seem like he ain't satisfied to preach 'ligion same as we-all been used to, callin' out mo'ners, an' scrupulatin' on divine grace, an' passin' roun' de hat, an' lettin' saved sinners fin' peace,—an'



"HE P'INT AT ME."

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"EF SHE WAS TO STUDY ABOUT GITTIN' MARRIED, SHE'D MARRY SOMEBODY."

'tendin' to dey own private business. He ain't satisfied wid dat, but arter stirrin' up de folks tell he got half on de mo'ners' bench an' de yether half shoutin', an' a few left-overs standin' roun' de chu'ch do's smokin' deze heah little paper-kivered ciggars, seem like dat ought to satisfy him—but it don'. Seem like he see a chance to make a little money by upsettin' things right an' lef', an' so he say dat everybody wha' been married accordin' to dey own private jedgment is boun' to step out an' git married over agin in de presence o' de congergation, an' wid dat he p'int at me and start a-readin' out Scripture textes to prove it. An' dat's all de trouble. He's a-marryin' 'em off at two dollars a couple cash, ef dey kin raise it, an' ef not, he's takin' it out in anything—from fryin'-size chickens to a split hoe-handle. An' dem wha' refuse, he gwine turn out'n de chu'ch."

He wiped his face and began fanning himself with his hat; and as it seemed to me that the situation had resolved itself into a question of marriage-fee, I laughed a little as I said: "Well, Steve, I'm glad to know that's all. You and Salina shall pay him in cash, and I won't charge it up to you. We'll consider that a little wedding-present." (His and Salina's wages were always much overdrawn.) "You and she can go quietly into church on Sunday and have the ceremony over, and be done with it; but I don't see why you—"

He was sobbing again, more than ever, and now he blubbered. "Da-da-dat what I say to Saliny Sue; b-b-but she—she—she say *she won't have me!*"

"Not have you, boy? I don't understand." The little fellow was fully ten years my senior, but there was something so pathetically childlike in his grief that I unwittingly called him boy.

"Yas, sir," he blubbered; "dat what she say. Sh-sh-she say ef she was to study about *gittin' married*, she'd marry *somebody*—not a po' little cross-eyed, scrooched-up someth'n' 'nother like me. Yas, sir; dat wha' she say; an' she stickin' to it. Jes as soon as de preacher tol' her she was requi'ed to marry 'cordin' to de chu'ch, seem like she took 'n' took a distas'e to me. She al'ays is plegged me consider'ble about my cross-eyes. When

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she'd put me to min' de chillen, she'd say Gord set my eyes dat-a-way 'caze I was intended to min' twins—keep my eye on bofe at oncet—an' all sech as dat. Saliny Sue al'ays was a mighty proud lady, an' I know it 'd pleg her to walk up de island o' de chu'ch wid a little slope-shouldered man no purtier 'n I is, an' my bow-legs too. So I tol' her ef it would ease her min' I'd git a pair o' loose breeches an' a long coat; but 'tain't no use, sh-sh-she won' lis'n to reason, no ways." He was crying again.

"Why, she doesn't mean it, Steve; she's only trying you," I urged, and, indeed, I felt sure that this was true, though I was angry enough with her for her folly.

"No, sir, she ain't," he wailed. "She ain't puttin' me to no tes'; no, sir, she mean it. She's de high-mindedest 'oman I ever see, Saliny Sue is, an' dat's one thing I al'ays is praised her for—her proudness—an' now she practisin' it agin me.

"Dis ain't de fus' time dis subjec' is been brung up betwix' us; no, sir. Every now an' agin I'd sort o' hint roun' about she an' me gittin' married, outspoke, wid a preacher, an' she'd al'ays turn it off—say ef she ever took a notion to marry she'd git a man wid looks an' behavior, an' all sech as dat; but I nuver paid no 'tention in p'tic'lar. I 'lowed she was havin' her own fun out o' me; but now I see she mean it—my Gord, I see she mean it!

"An' not on'y dat. Hit's got out on me. An' one or two o' deze heah low-life niggers dat's a-sp'ilin' for a better joke, dey threatenin' me to turn in an' co't her—an' dey ain't a bit too good to do it, nuther. You know Saliny Sue she's a mighty good-lookin' 'oman to have dat yardful o' chillen, let alone eve'ybody knowin' dat she's been fo'ordained to cook for de angels. She kin git any man she want. But dey's one thing I wants to state right now. I ain't, to say, built for wrastlin', but I'm a sho hand wid a sling-shot, an' ef one o' dem dare-devils tries to pass Saliny Sue's row o' hen-coops, you'll have me on trial for my life. An' dat's put down in de book o' Revelations—dat's my intention."

I talked with the little fellow for quite an hour, hoping to help him to a more optimistic view of the situation; but seeing that my words counted for little on this plane, I veered a bit.

"Well, I tell you what I should do," I said, finally. "If I were in your place, I should play the independent too. Tell her that you think maybe she's right, and that, when it comes to marrying, you can get lots of pretty young women —which, no doubt, you could," I added, mischievously.

"Oh, yas, sir," he interrupted—"yas, sir, I sho could say dat. No less 'n fo' peart-lookin' gals curtsied to me a-Sunday, comin' out o' chu'ch—de same day de news got out on me—an' one gal—one gal, she even axed me is I choosed my company for de bobbecue yit—which I consider no less 'n a clair insult, an' she knowin' me an' all my fam'ly. Yas, sir."

It was hard for me to keep my countenance, the picture of the little fellow in the new rôle was so absurd.

"Well, and what did you say to her?" I asked.

And now, for the first time, he grinned.

"Oh, I didn't tell her nothin' in partic'lar. Of co'se I couldn't let her outdo me in manners, an' she a lady, an' so—an' so I jes curtsied back, mannerly, an' presented her wid de flower I had in my coat collar, an'—"

"And what were you doing with a flower in your coat collar, I'd like to know?" I laughed outright at this. But Steve was quite serious.

"Well, sir"—he spoke in an even voice—"I b'lieve in every man dressin' accordin' to his station. D'rec'ly Saliny Sue united wid de preacher to declare dat I was a single man, I stepped out an' twis' off de bigges' chrysanthe'um on de yaller bush, an' I stuck it in my collar, an' walk out in her presence—yas, sir. Of co'se I was des a-devilin' 'er, an' it was my intention to present it to de lady o' my heart in de co'se o' de evenin'; but Saliny Sue she ac' so 'bove-ish an' biggoty dat, somehow, long as I been knowin' her, I didn't have de courage to walk up an' present her wid dat chrysanthe'um. So I lef' it in my collar jes for spite, and Saliny Sue she seen me when I give it to Nancy, too; an' I was glad of it—on'y she was so mad she whupped de baby, an' he not doin' a thing. Dat was de on'ies' thing I hated."

He stopped talking here for a while, and seemed to be reflecting. But presently, looking down at himself deprecatingly as he spoke, he said, slowly, "Of co'se, ef I'm boun' to do it, I'll start out an' cot'

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"SHE EVEN AXED ME IS I CHOOSED MY COMPANY FOR DE BOBBECUE."

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'er agin, b-b-but look like I 'ain't got no fitten clo'es, sca'cely—all dem you gimme she knows by heart, an' dey purty well wo'e out, anyhow. You 'ain't got nair ole pair o' white breeches, is you, marster—or maybe a pair wid a plaid pattern on em, please, sir? Lucy, our ol'es' gal, she's toler'ble handy wid her needle, an' she'll get 'er ma to show her how to cut 'em down for me. Saliny Sue she love to see a man in white—I often heerd 'er sesso—so ef you got air pair o' ducks—"

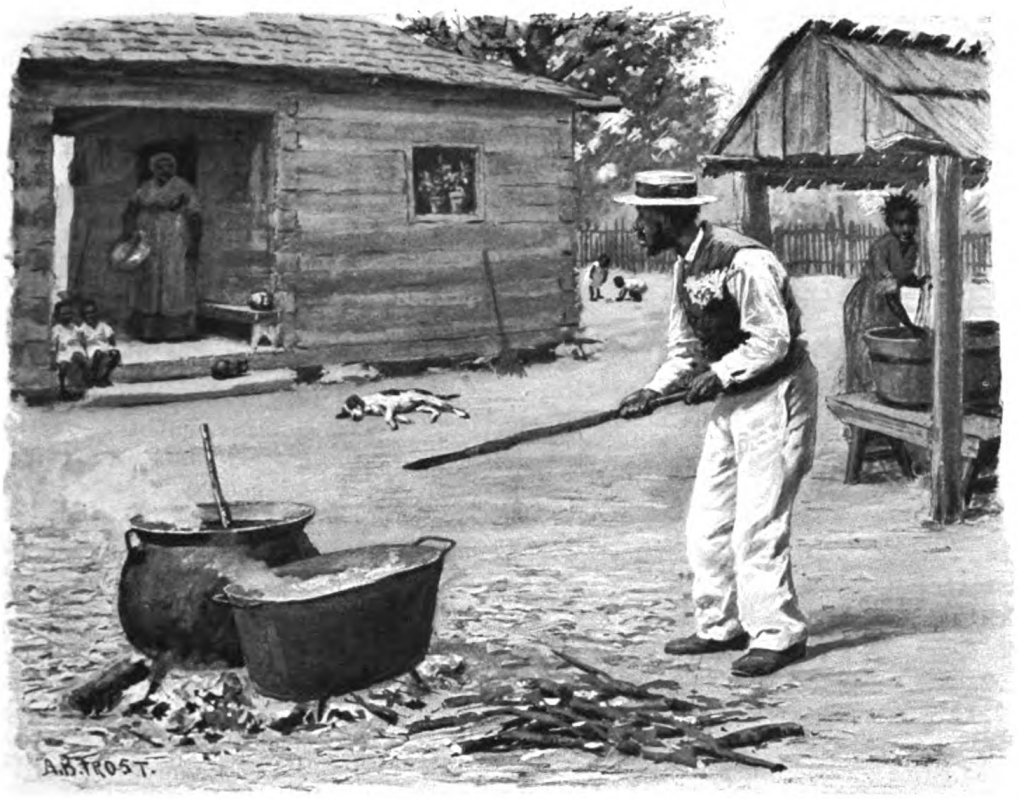
It seems to me yet, as I recall it, although it all happened many years ago, that I have never seen a more pathetic little figure than that of the diminutive rejected husband, Steve, during the fortnight following my interview with him on the wood-pile. Arrayed in second-hand clothes much too large for his slim figure, although they were more or less "tooken in" at some points by the dutiful daughter Lucy, and sometimes wearing a flower upon his breast, he might be seen at any time of the day crossing the yard in performance of some eager service to the lady of his life. Occasionally he carried a baby in his arms, but more often, in respect to his courting clothes, he led the little ones by the hand in these days. He was courting his old wife again with all the ardor that years of devotion had kept warm, and he brought to the task all the arts he knew. Indeed, he even summoned to his aid some that he did not know, and was constrained to borrow, as, for instance, the writing of numerous love-verses, for whose form the writer of this pitiful little comedy is responsible, and into which he tried to infuse a devotion so loyal and sincere as to dignify the novel service. Most of these "pomes" were casually brought into the body of certain prose effusions which he frankly called "love-letters," written up to the rhyming point literally by his own dictation, and, barring the fact that there should be in them no allusion to any family relations—he declared that she should be co'ted same as any fresh gal—he left me quite free. And as I knew that the little fourteen-year-old daughter, Lucy, would have to read them to her mother, I was always conscious of a certain educational responsibility in the matter. In the beginning of sorrows these missives came into being about every three or four days, but they soon repeated themselves daily. This is the way of the impetuous lover, it is true, and could hardly have obtained in the situation but for the tension of circumstances. Imminent loss is one of the surest magnifiers of values, glorifying the threatened possession even beyond its intrinsic merit sometimes, perhaps.




"IN RESPECT TO HIS COURTING CLOTHES."

During this period of hopeful and timed probation the little husband saw the great wife-mother-woman of his life as an incarnation of blessedness. He was a mighty serious lover these days. And, for the first time in the history of his kindly life, he was oc-

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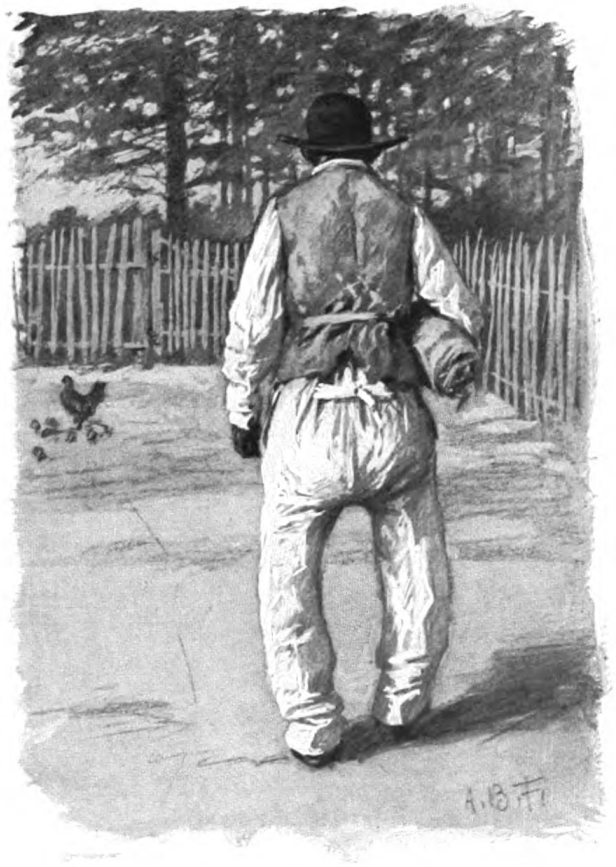



"WALK RIGHT IN AN' TECK OFF DEM BROGANS."

casionally a petulant father. Things were hard for him sometimes, as, for instance, when the twins sat and grinned at him when Salina ordered him to "walk right in an' teck off dem brogans," and he was constrained to obey in silence. It goes without saying that he had always obeyed her, but in the old days he had felt free to quarrel a little over it in manly fashion, as is a way with husbands who feel their dignity jeopardized. Of course, in the case of the shoes, he knew that she was right. It *was* foolish to be wearing out shoe leather on week-days. Besides, his earth-loving feet were punished in their imprisonment, and he was glad to have them free. This, however, did not mitigate his humiliation in the eyes of the children whom he had nurtured, and to see them gloating over it was more than he could stand; and it is said that in this interval he twice shook the twins until they whimpered, and that once when "the triplers" climbed to his shoulders he suddenly stood up, letting them fall as they might, remarking, as he walked off, "I ain't no stepladder." But when they tumbled in a heap, bumped and bawling, he relented to the extent of playing horsy for them on all-fours all the forenoon.

Nearly three weeks passed without any apparent change in the situation, and the revival meetings were drawing to a close. Their probationary period of church membership was nearly over. Salina and Steve were still regular attendants at the evening meetings, but they sat in separate pews, and though both joined lustily in the singing of the hymns, their voices were as two. Steve had a voice that always stood alone in any ordinary congregation, no matter how many sang the same words to the same tune, and the result was that he seemed to lead the singing, which was far from the truth. Steve never led in anything in his life. The fact was that, as is often the case with small men, his voice, a high tenor, was much too large for his body, and when he sang with his might the veins in his high forehead stood out in knots, and his face bore the lines of physical pain, so that one seeing him, even though his

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"EF STEVE ON'Y HAD A NOBLER SHAPE."

song were worthy, would be more apt to be sorry than glad when he sang.

Salina, in no wise a sensitive soul, had always taken great pride in his singing, and she had a way of throwing her velvety voice all around the sharp edges of it as they sang together, standing side by side in the church, filling the roof with a pleasing harmony, so that it was true, in a sense, that she and Steve together had for years led the singing. Perhaps she would have led it without him.

But now, in the very crisis of things, it irritated her to hear Steve's voice ring out clear and strong. It seemed to proclaim him superior to the situation, and this angered her. Nor was she one to decline a challenge. If Steve could sing, so could she—so did she. She sang for all she was worth—sang her best and loudest; but she sang away from Steve, no longer protecting, but betraying him by every artful turn of her flexible voice, which struck his angles at hurtful points. The singing was never at once so fine and so poor in Mount Zion as now. And yet, although some felt it vaguely, no one could complain, for how could they understand?

The truth of the situation was this:

Steve knew that Salina had always liked his singing, and he sang *to her*—only to her—as truly as ever he-bird sang to his mate. But even Salina—not being a sensitive soul—could not know this. And yet she was sensitive to some things. For example, although Steve sat beyond the range of her vision in a side pew, she discerned his face with her mental eyes. It seemed always before her as he sang—strenuous, distorted, and, for the first time in their lives, defiant. She even knew the places in the up notes where his heels left the floor, and the long stretches where he clutched the back of the pew before him with his nervous little hands, and it gave her a savage pleasure to sail in, anticipating him disastrously in some of his reaches, or to lag behind, leaving his slender thread notes bare, while she followed majestically, like Cleopatra in her barge.

This little comedy was enacted night after night during the three weeks' services—Steve singing for Salina, Salina singing against Steve—and inversely, as she won in the race, was she loser in popular sympathy. Indeed, everybody was on Steve's side from the first, and the few who, either for lack of interest or through discretion, had not expressed themselves hitherto, declared that when they heard Steve's pitiful "thrill notes," they were too mad to look at Sister Salina Sue.

There is no telling how long Salina's obduracy would have held out, or, indeed, how the story would have ended—though in the nature of things there seems but one natural conclusion—but for the fact that just at this time something happened.

Little Minervy, commonly known on the place as the "middle tripler," was one day sitting on the cane-carrier, where she had climbed for a ride, and came so near being drawn to her death in the ma-

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chinery of the sugar-mill that old shouting Sam, one of the chief dignitaries on the place, to save her life, thrust her off with a hoe-handle. In the fall her collar-bone was broken, and she was brought home for dead, followed by a procession of excited women and children.

When he heard the news, Steve forgot that he was a single man, and rushing into the cabin, he snatched up the child from Salina's lap and held her on his own, covering her with kisses and tears while restoratives were applied.

Steve was not seen to come out of the cabin when the crowd dispersed—and that is all that any one knows on the subject.

It was on the second morning after this casualty that Salina herself trudged up to the house and asked to see her mistress. As soon as my wife saw her she knew that the cloud had passed, for she bore herself with beaming complacency as, having curtsied at the door, she approached the empty rocker facing her mistress.

"Please, ma'am, ax me to set down," she began, with a glance at the chair. "I got a lot to talk about dis mornin'."

When she dropped into the chair she closed her eyes for a moment, swaying back and forth, as if to collect her thoughts.

"Well, honey," she said, presently, stopping the motion of her chair, "what kind o' bride you reckon I gwine be?" She chuckled merrily as she said it, but only for a second. "Sho 'nough, missy, I'm gwine git married, Steve an' me, an' I come a-beggin' dis mornin'—an' a-borryin'. I al'ays is said dat ef I ever married, I'd marry in style, an' so I got to have a whole bride's outfit, f'om de veil down, an' less'n you kin hunt me up some'h'n' white to rig out in, I boun' to git a little mo' advance on my wages."

"Well, Salina, I'm glad to see that you have come to your senses." My wife, knowing the ways of the plantation—or rather knowing that there is no knowing them—expressed no surprise or amusement at the picture suggested, of fat old Salina in a bridal dress. We had known similar instances, differing only in circumstances, and it was the part of wisdom, as Steve's friend, to treat the matter delicately. And so, paying no heed to her allusion to her dress, she said again: "Yes, I'm glad you have come to your senses. I don't see how you hesitated."

"Well—of co'se—baby—it's too late to talk about it now," she faltered. "Hit's too late to talk about it now, but ef I'd 'a' knowed it 'd come to dis, I'd 'a' picked out *somebody* whilst I was a-pickin'—but it's too late now. Ef I'd try to sen' Steve away now, look like de chillen 'd all turn on me—besides, Steve ain't to say well. He ain't fitten to turn out, a widder-man or a bachelor, wid dat col' on his lungs. An' de preacher say dat ef I was to sen' 'im off, I couldn't pass for a widder. He say I wouldn't be no mo'n a ole maid, w'ich, it seem to me, wid all dem chillen, would be a disgrace.

"But it's all settled now, an' we gwine be married nex' Saturday week. I had to put it off a week or so, so's me an' Lucy 'd have time to git our clo'es ready. I done took up de seams o' dem pants marster gin Steve; an' his christenin'-coat, I'll vinegar it over an' press it good; an' de



"HE SANG TO HER."

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preacher he's got marryin' hat an' gloves to hire for ten cents, an' rings either to hire or sell. Steve done bought de ring, at fifteen cents a week f'om now tell Christmas. An' so de ole man he's fixed —but me an' Lucy, of co'se we mus' git our white frocks an' gloves, an'—"



"PO' LITTLE LUCY!"

"I'll attend to your dress, Salina," my wife said, rather resenting the double request, "but really I don't see why your daughter need have a white gown too."

"'Caze she gwine stan' bridesmaid, mistus—dat's de on'ies' reason. Yas'm, she gwine stan' up wid us, an' she's tickled all but to death over it. She's purty nigh fifteen, I s'pec', an' hit'll be jes de same as comin' out in s'ciety. Yas'm, she gwine be de bridesmaid, an' pull off my glove whilst her pa put de ring on my finger; an' hit'll be a mighty good an' 'ligious thing for her to remember in after-years —yas'm. 'Tain't every yo'ng gal dat kin ricollec' her pa an' ma gittin' married. Come to think it over, I s'pose I'll feel mo' cancelized in my min' when it's did an' over 'cordin' to de requi'emints. Sev'al couples wha' been th'ough it say dey feels a heap mo' consolated in dey hearts.

"But, tell de trufe, missy, I'd give five dollars—ef I had it—right now ef Steve on'y had a nobler shape an' some *git-up* to him, jes for de passage up de island o' de chu'ch. Hit's worse 'n a cake-walk, de way our folks passes remarks on bridal couples when dey step up in chu'ch. An' po' little Lucy she got her pa's build too; an' so Steve he say I sho is gwine be belle o' de weddin', ef I is gittin' ole an' got a yardful o' chillen.

"Po' little Steve! When it come to a 'oman passin' heart-jedgmint on a man, I b'lieve pitifulness pleads for him stronger'n good looks — yas'm. Des de glimsh o' Steve's little slope-shouldered back when he'd cross de yard deze las' two weeks, an' his little bow-legs in dem white breeches—dem inside starched seams al'ays tickles him tur'ble—I 'clare, some days when I'd look at him my heart would be so teched dat, 'cep'n' for de lump in my th'oat, I'd 'a' called him in an' eased his mind.

"Po' little Lucy! She had her hands full deze las' few weeks ironin' her pa's co'tin' outfit; an' she deserve to stan' bridesmaid to compliment her for her trouble—yas, she do."

She leaned back in her chair and began rocking softly, and presently she said:

"All de chillen's in favor o' de weddin' —all dat kin talk, an' I mought as well say de rest too, 'caze de one wha' made up de riconcilemint she can't talk yit, on'y two or three words. But she knowed some'h'n' was wrong, Minervy did—"

I had slipped into the room unobserved some moments before, and seeing her hesitate here, I said, "Go on, Salina, and tell us all about it."

"I 'clare, Marse Joe!" She was really embarrassed for a moment, seeing me there, but it passed quickly, and she turned to me as she went on: "Well, hit was dis-a-way, marster. You know de yether day, time Minervy got th'owed off de cane-carrier, of co'se we-all 'lowed she was kilt; an' quick as her daddy heerd tell of it he come a-runnin' in an' snatch her off my lap an' hol' her whilst we-all dowsed her wid cold water, an' ole Aunt Mimie helped bring her th'ough wid mustard an' prayer; an' I nuver said nothin', on'y set down on a stool by him an' moan in'ardly, tell d'rec'ly she opened her little eyes —you know Minervy she got deze heah

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cunnin' little squir'l cross-eyes, jes like her pa—an' dat teched me. But look like my heart was so hardened I couldn't say nothin', jes set still. But quick as she open her eyes an' see her pa, what you reckon she done, an' her little collar-bone all fractioned too? She lif' her little arm up an' put it roun' her pa's neck, an' den she re'ch over wid de yether an' pull my face down to him, an' hol' us tight jes so—"

She paused here and wiped her eyes.

"I tell you, marster an' mistus, ef little Minervy, ef she had a-died an' lef' me uncancelized wid 'er pa, I nuver would 'a' forgive myse'f on earth—never would. I'd 'a' took it for a heavenly vengeance on me—yas'm—yas, sir.

"But of co'se she see in a minute dat hit was all right 'twix' her pa an' me—de way we cried—an' she laugh a little weak laugh. For a while look like de whole yardful was cryin' under de mulberries—cryin', laughin', bofe togedder."

She wiped her eyes again, and said some really womanly things touching her life and its responsibilities—simple resolutions they were—wifely and maternal, which perhaps it were more delicate to pass over in this light telling of her story, lest it seem a betrayal. But we liked her better for it.

"Well, I mus' go," she said presently; "I mus' go to my cook-pots; an' I gwine leave de white frock an' de veil an' de wreath all to you, you say, missy? An' Lucy's frock too? Thanky, ma'am; thanky truly, ma'am. Lucy an' Steve will sho be proud when I tell 'em. But I does wish you could see Steve's face dis mornin'. He got de dry grins so bad he's ashamed to come up to de house. You say whar is he? He out behin' de kitchen mindin' de chillen—'Nervy an' de twins. Look like de whole crowd's a-waitin' on 'im.

"De fust thing I done when we got engaged over agin was to meck him go in an' teck off dem duck breeches an' put on some woollen clo'es. I b'lieve he's sneezed mo' sence he's started a-co'tin' 'n he's sneezed all his life. A co'tin' man 'ain't got a bit o' sense. Well, I mus' go—an' don't forgit de orange-flower wreath, mistus, an'— What dat you say? Yas, I know we mought git fresh flowers off de trees now, but—but—but dey'd look mighty cheap, seem like. Hunt me up some real superficial rag flowers, please, ma'am. An' I'll be glad when it's all over. But after waitin' so long, for Gord sake, lemme git married right. I don't teck much stock in marryin', nohow.

"I wouldn't min' totin' a big bo'quet o' orange blossoms in my hand ef you sesso—wid a white ribbin on 'em—jes as you say. We gwine leave it all to you, missy, an' marster. Well, I'm gone. So long."

She had started out, and when she got to the door she burst out laughing.

"For Gord sake, missy," she chuckled, "come heah an' look at Steve; jes look at him settin' in de baby's ca'iage, an' de whole crowd harnessed up draggin' him round de yard—an' he grinnin' like a chessy cat. He sho is earned dat one ride.

"How could I ever thought about sendin' 'im off!"



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## THE WHITE FOREST.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



FROM the mid-winter mist and mush of New York it was a transformation to us standing there in the smoking-room of the Château Frontenac at Quebec, looking down across the grand reaches of the St. Lawrence, where the ice ran in crashing fields through the steaming water of the flood-tide. It was a cheerful view from a cheerful place, though the frost was on the pane, and the wood-work popped with the cold. Down in the street the little Canadian horses, drawing their loads, were white with rime, while their irrepressible French drivers yelled at each other until we could hear them through the double windows. There is energy in this fierce Northern air.

"Why Florida in winter? Why not Quebec?" said the old Yale stroke.

"Yes, why not?" reiterated the Essex trooper.

But the coziness of the château did not suggest the seriousness of our purpose. We wanted to get out on the snow—to get in the snow—to tempt its moods and feel its impulses. We wanted to feel the

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nip of that keen outside air, to challenge a contest with our woollens, and to appropriate some of its energy. Accordingly we consulted a wise mind who sold snow-shoes, blankets, moccasins, and socks, and he did a good business.

"Shall we dress at St. Raymond or in the château?" said my companion, mindful of the severity of convention in New York, as he gazed on the litter of his new garments spread out on the floor of our room.

"We will dress here, and leave so early that Quebec will not be out of bed until we are away; but if Quebec were awake and on the streets, Quebec would not turn its head to honor our strangeness with a glance, because it would see nothing new in us;" and dress we did. We only put on three pairs of socks and one pair of flannel-lined moccasins, but we were taught later to put on all we had. As the rich man said to the reporter, when trying to explain the magnitude of his coming ball, "There will be ten thousand dollars' worth of ice-cream," so I say to you we had forty dollars' worth of yarn socks.

We had bags of blankets, hunks of fresh beef and pork, which had to be thawed for hours before cooking, and potatoes in a gunny sack, which rattled like billiard-balls, so hard were they frozen. We found great amusement on the train by rattling the bag of potatoes, for they were the hardest, the most dense things known to science.

The French drivers of the burleaus who deposited us at the train took a cheery interest in our affairs; they lashed the horses, yelled like fiends, made the snow fly around the corners, nearly ran down an early policeman, and made us happy with the animation. They are rough children, amazingly polite—a product of paternalism—and comfortable folks to have around, only you must be careful not to let them succeed in their childish endeavor to drive their horses over you. Anyway, they cheered us off through the softly falling snow of that early winter morning, and made us feel less like strangers.

At St. Raymond were the guides and little one-horse burleaus all ready for the trip to the "bush," or at least for the fifteen miles, which was as far as sleighs could go, up to old man O'Shannahan's, which is the first camp of the club. There were nearly four feet of snow on the ground, so that the regular road between the fences was drifted full, compelling the *habitants* to mark out another way with evergreen trees through their fields.

Far apart over the white landscape are set the little French cottages, with their curved roofs. They are so cozily lonely, and the rough hills go up from the valley to further isolate them. Coming along the road we met the low hauling-sleds of the natives, who ran their horses off the road into the snow half-way up their horses' sides; but the sledges were flat, and floated, as it were. Picturesque fellows, with tuques, red sashes, and fur coats, with bronzed faces, and whiskers worn under their chin, after the fashion of the early thirties. The Quebec *habitants* don't bother their heads about the new things, which is the great reason why



THE OLD YALE STROKE.

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THE ESSEX TROOPER.

they are the most contented people in America.

The faithful watch-dog barked at us from every cottage, and, after the manner of all honest house-dogs, charged us, with skinned lips and gleaming eye. We waited until they came near to the low-set burleau, when we menaced them with the whip, whereat they sprang from the hard road into the soft snow, going out of sight in it, where their floundering made us laugh loud and long. Dogs do not like to be laughed at, and it is so seldom one gets even with the way-side pup.

At O'Shannahan's we were put up in the little club cabin and made comfortable. I liked everything in the country except the rough look of the hills, knowing, as I do, that all the game in America has in these latter days been forced into them, and realizing that to follow it the hunter must elevate himself over the highest tops, which process never became mixed in my mind with the poetry of mountain scenery.

We essayed the snow-shoes — an art neglected by us three people since our boyhood days. It is like horseback-riding — one must be at it all the time if he is to feel comfortable. Snow-shoes must be understood, or they will not get along with you.

Bebé Larette laughingly said, "Purty soon you mak de snow shoe go more less lak dey was crazee."

Having arranged to haul the supplies into the "bush" next day, we lay down for the night in the warm cabin, tucked in and babied by our generous French guides. The good old Irishman, Mr. O'Shannahan, was the last to withdraw.

"Mr. O'Shannahan, what do the French say for 'good-night'?"

"Well, som' o' thim says 'Bung-sware,' and som' o' thim says 'Bung way';" but none of them, I imagine, say it just like Mr. O'Shannahan.

With the daylight our hut began to abound with the activities of the coming day. A guide had a fire going, and Mr. O'Shannahan stood warming himself beside it. The Essex trooper, having reduced himself to the buff, put on an old pair of moccasins and walked out into the snow. The New Jersey thermometer which we had brought along may not have as yet gotten acclimated, but it solemnly registered 5° below zero.

"Bebé, will you kindly throw a bucket of water over my back?" he asked; but Bebé might as well have been asked to kindly shoot the Essex trooper with a gun, or to hit him with an axe. Bebé would have neither ice-water, rifle, nor axe on his pious soul.

I knew the stern requirements of the morning bath, and dowsed him with the desired water, when he capered into the cabin and began with his crash towel to rub for the reaction. Seeing that Mr. O'Shannahan was perturbed, I said,

"What do you think of that act?"

"Oi think a mon is ez will aff be the soide av this stove as to be havin' the loikes av yez poor ice-wather down his spoine."

Mr. O'Shannahan reflected and hunched

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nearer the box-stove, saying: "It's now gaun a year, but oi did say a mon do mooch the loikes av that wan day. He divisted himself av his last stitch, an' dayliber*ate*ly wint out an' rowled himsilf in the snow. That before brikfast, moind ye. Oi've no doobt he's long since dead. Av the loikes av this t'ing do be goan an, an' is rayparted down en the Parlamint, they'll be havin' a law fer it—more's the nade."

After breakfast a hundred pounds of our war material was loaded on each toboggan. We girded on our snow-shoes and started out to break trail for the sledges. I know of no more arduous work. And while the weather was very cold, Mr. O'Shannahan nearly undressed us before he was satisfied at our condition for bush-ranging. We sank from eight to ten inches in the soft snow. The raising of the snow-burdened racket tells on lung and ankle and loin with killing force. Like everything else, one might become accustomed to lugging say ten pounds extra on each set of toes, but he would have to take more than a day at it. The perspiration comes in streams, which showed the good of O'Shannahan's judgment. Besides, before we had gone three miles we began to understand the mistake of not wearing our forty dollars' worth of socks. Also we had our moccasins on the outside, or next to the snow-shoes. They got damp, froze into something like sheet-iron, and had a fine ice-



THE CABIN.

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glaze on their bottoms, which made them slip and slide backward and forward on the snow-shoes.

After three miles, Bebé readjusted and tied my moccasins, when Oliver, the cook, who was a very intelligent man, mopped his forehead with his shirt sleeve, and observed:

"Excuse me, I t'ink you bettair go back dose cabain—you are not fix hup more propair for dees beesness. Ma dear fren', dose man een Quebec what sol' you dose t'ing"—and here his quiet, patient personality was almost overcome, this human reflection of the long Northern winter could not calm himself, so he blurted, in his peaceful way—"dose man een Quebec dey weare know not'ing."

We were in the light of a great truth—the shoes would not stay on—the thongs cut our toes—we had outlived our usefulness as trail-breakers, and we succumbed. The back track was one of my greatest misfortunes in life, but it was such a measly lot of cold-finger, frozen-toe, slip-down detail that I will forbear. My companions were equally unfortunate; so when we finally fell into the arms of Mr. O'Shannahan, he said:

"Ah, a great hardship. Oi will make that matter plain to yez."

The sledges had deposited their loads half-way up the trail, the guides coming back for the night.

Next morning the remainder of our stuff was loaded, and with renewed faith we strode forth. The snow-shoes were now all right, and, with five pairs of socks apiece—one outside the moccasins—the thongs could not eat our toes. We took photographs of our moccasins—unwholesome, swollen things—and dedicated the plates to Mr. Kipling as "the feet of the young men."

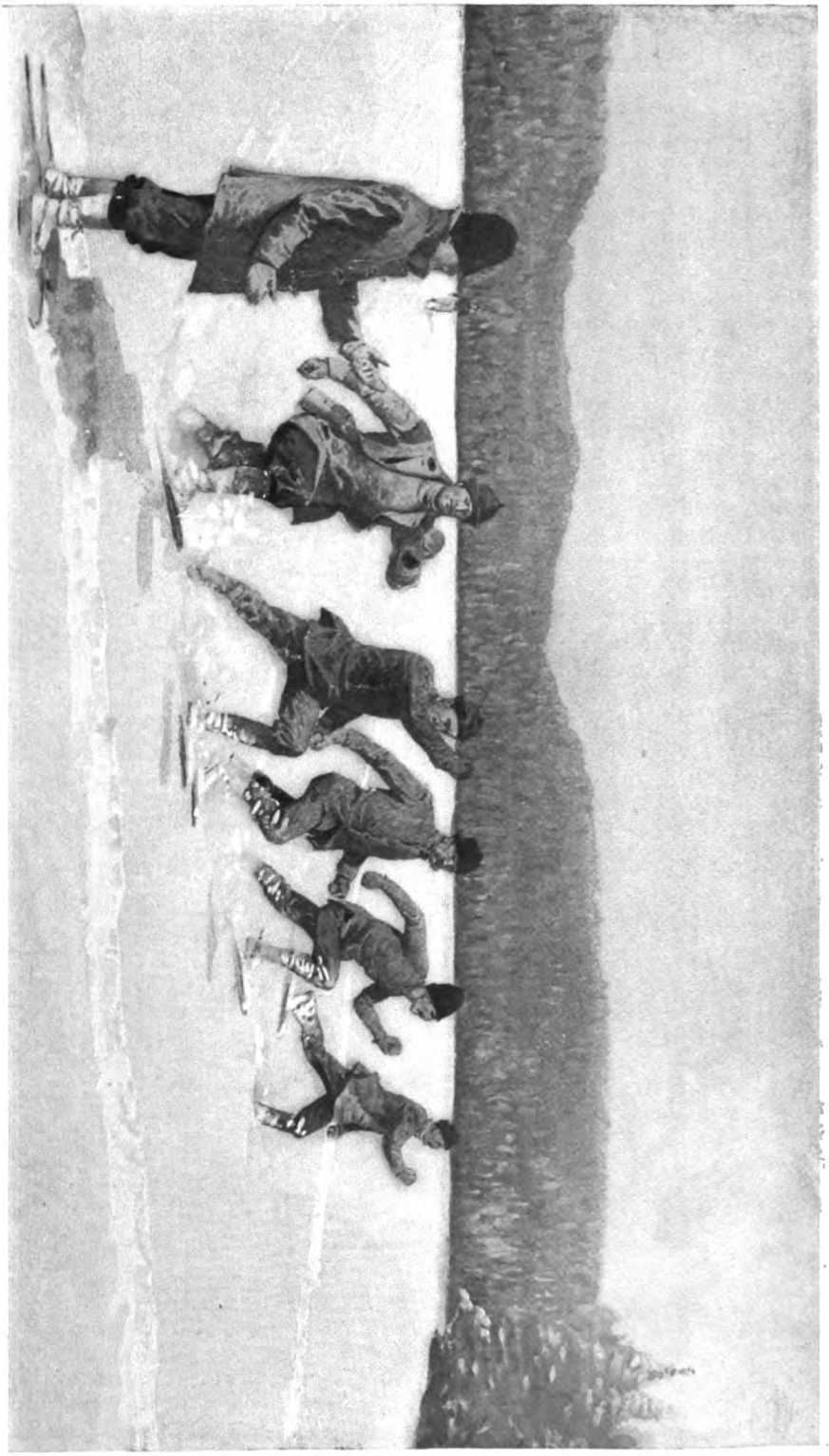
The country of the Little Saguenay is as rough as any part of the Rocky Mountains. It is the custom to dress lightly for travelling, notwithstanding the 20° below zero, and even then one perspires very freely, making it impossible to stop long for a rest, on account of the chill of the open pores. Ice forms on eyebrow, hair, and mustache, while the sweat freezes in scales on the back of one's neck. The snow falls from the trees on the voyager, and melting slightly from the heat of the body, forms cakes of ice. Shades of Nansen and all the arctic men! I do not understand why they are not all pillars of ice, unless it be that there are no trees to dump snow on them. The spruce and hemlock of these parts all point upwards as straight as one could set a lance, to resist the constant fall of snow. If one leaned ever so little out of the perpendicular, it could not survive the tremendous average of fifty feet of snowfall each winter. Their branches, too, do not grow long, else they would snap under the weight. Every needle on the evergreens has its little burden of white, and without intermission the snow comes sifting down from the sky through the hush of the winter. When we stopped, and the creak of the snow-shoes was still, we could almost hear our hearts beat. We could certainly hear the cracking of the tobacco burning in our pipes. It had a soothing, an almost seductive influence, that muffle of snow. So solemn is it, so little you feel yourself, that it is a consciousness which brings unconsciousness, and the calm white forest is almost deadening in its beauty. The winter forest means death.

Then came the guides dragging their toboggans, and we could hear them pant and grunt and creak and slip; how they manage the fearful work is quite beyond me. Used to it, I suppose. So are pack-mules; but think of the generations of suffering behind this which alone makes it possible. The men of the pack, the paddle, snow-shoe, toboggan, and axe do harder, more exhausting work than any other set of people; they are nearer to the primitive strain against the world of matter than are other men—they are the "wheelers," so to speak.

The last stage up the mountain was a lung-burster, but finally we got to a lake, which was our objective. It was smooth.

"Let us take off these instruments of torture and rest our feet on the smooth going," said we, in our innocence, and we undid a snow-shoe each. The released foot went into the snow up to our middles, and into water besides. We resumed our snow-shoe, but the wet moccasins coming in contact with the chill air became as iron. Our frozen snow-shoe thongs were wires of steel. Our hands were cold with the work of readjustment, our bodies chilled with the waiting. It was a bad half-hour before the cabin was reached. We built a fire, but the provisions had not come up, so we sat around and gazed with glaring eyes at each oth-

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THE HOT FINISH IN THE SNOW-SHOE RACE.

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er. The Essex trooper and I talked of eating the old Yale stroke, who was our companion, but we agreed he was too tough. I was afraid for a time that a combination might be made against me on those lines, but luckily the toboggans arrived.

The log cabin was seventeen feet square, so what with the room taken by the bunks, box-stove, our provender and dunnage, the lobby of the house was somewhat crowded. There were three Americans and five Frenchmen. The stove was of the most excitable kind, never satisfied to do its mere duty, but threatening a holocaust with every fresh stick of wood. We made what we called "atmospheric cocktails" by opening the door and letting in one part of 20° below zero air to two parts of 165° above zero air, seasoned with French bitters. It had the usual effect of all cocktails; we should much have preferred the "straight goods" at, say, 70°.

In the morning we began a week's work at caribou-hunting. It is proper to state at this interval that this article can have no "third act," for success did not crown our efforts. We scoured the woods industriously behind our India-rubber, leather-lunged guides, with their expert snow-shoeing, and saw many caribou; but they saw us first, or smelled us, or heard us, and, with the exception of two "clean misses," we had no chance. It may be of interest to tell what befalls those who "miss," according to the rough law of the cabin. The returning hunter may deny it vigorously, but the grinning of the guide is ample testimony for conviction. The hunter is led to the torture tree. All the men, cook included, pour out of the cabin and line up. The "misser" is required to assume a very undignified posture, when all the men take a hack at him with a frozen moccasin. It is rude fun, but the howls of laughter ring through the still forest, and even the unfortunate sportsman feels that he has atoned for his deed.

Bebé Larette killed a young caribou, which was brought into camp for our observation. It was of a color different from what we had expected, darker on the back, blacker on the muzzle, and more the color of the tree trunks among which it lives. Indeed, we had it frozen and set up in the timber to be photographed and painted. Standing there, it was almost invisible in its sameness.

Its feet were the chief interest, for we had all seen and examined its tracks. If one puts his hand down into the track, he will find a hard pillar of snow which is compressed by their cuplike feet; and more striking still is it that the caribou does not sink in the snow as far as our big snow-shoes, not even when it runs, which it is able to do in four feet of snow with the speed of a red deer on dry ground. In these parts the caribou has no enemy but man: the wolf and the panther do not live here, though the lynx does,



THE SERIOUSNESS OF FOUR FEET OF SNOW.

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CARIBOU TRACK.

but I could not learn that he attacks the caribou.

From Mr. Whitney's accounts, I was led to believe the caribou was a singularly stupid beast, which he undoubtedly is in the Barren Grounds. For sportsmen who hunt in the fall of the year he is not regarded as especially difficult—he is easily shot from boats around ponds; but to kill a caribou in the Laurentian Mountains in midwinter is indeed a feat. This is due to the deathly stillness of the winter forest, and the snow-shoeing difficulties which beset even the most clever sportsman.

This brings to my mind the observation that snow-shoeing, as a hunter is required to do it when on the caribou track, has the same relationship to the "club snow-shoe run," so called, that "park riding" does to "punching cows." The men of the "bush" have short and broad oval shoes, and they must go up and down the steepest imaginable places, and pass at good speed and perfect silence through the most dense spruce and tamarack thickets, for there the caribou leads. The deep snow covers up the small evergreen bushes, but they resist it somewhat, leaving a soft spot, which the hunter is constantly falling into with fatal noise. If he runs against a tree, down comes an

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avalanche of snow, which sounds like thunder in the quiet.

I was brought to a perfectly fresh track of three caribou by two guides, and taking the trail, we found them not alarmed, but travelling rapidly. So "hot" was the trail that I removed the stocking from my gun-breech. We moved on with as much speed as we could manage in silence. The trees were cones of snow, making the forest dense, like soft-wood timber in summer. We were led up hills, through dense hemlock thickets, where the falling snow nearly clogged the action of my rifle and filled the sights with ice. I was forced to remove my right mitten to keep them ice-clear by warming with the bare hand. The snow-shoeing was difficult and fatiguing to the utmost, as mile after mile we wound along after those vagrant caribou. We found a small pond where they had pawed for water, and it had not yet frozen after their drink.

Now is the time when the hunter feels the thrill which is the pleasure of the sport.

Down the sides of the pond led the trail, then twisting and turning, it entered the woods and wound up a little hill. Old man Larette fumbled the snow with his bare hand; he lifted toward us some unfrozen spoor—good, cheerful old soul, his eyes were those of a panther. Now we set our shoes ever so carefully, pressing them down slowly, and shifting our weight cautiously lest the footing be false. The two hunters crouched in the snow, pointing. I cocked my rifle; one snow-shoe sunk slowly under me—the snow was treacherous—and three dark objects flitted like birds past the only opening in the forest, seventy-five yards ahead.

"Take the gun, Con," I said, and my voice broke on the stillness harshly: the game was up, the disappointment keen. The reaction of disgust was equal to the suppressed elation of the second before. "Go to camp the nearest way, Larette."

The country was full of caribou. They travel constantly, not staying in one section. New tracks came every day into our little territory. We stalked and worked until our patience gave out, when we again loaded our toboggans for the back track.

At Mr. O'Shannahan's we got our burleaus, and jingled into St. Raymond by the light of the moon.



ICE-FISHING.

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IAN MÒR, at your wish, send to you, who are my friend, this tale of remembrance, because you, who have written of her, loved Mary Maclean, that sweet and serene spirit, though you knew her only when she was old.

And with it are other pages, which are for no eyes but yours: the opening pages of a book that shall never be read of any, for it is little more than begun, and now perforce must be relinquished. I know that the bird who sings in lonely hearts has, for one heart, sung his last song. He is blind, the little one; yet, for all that, sings his most poignant bitter song when loneliness itself is no more a starless dusk, but its own infinite night.

The book was to be called *The Man Who Dreamed;* and it was to be yours. A gift of sand and foam. But you, I know, will remember that with sand I built palaces that were to withstand winds and tides, and that foam is the visible breath of the broken wave.

Long ago I told you the tale out of which you wrought your island romance, *Pharais.* Not that it was all an echo of things heard, for there upon Innisròn you yourself hearkened often to the ancient threnodies of the sea; once you saw Alasdair, before love filled with dusk his dreaming mind; and Lora you saw, fawn of beauty; and with Mary Maclean you dwelled for many days, when she was wont to go often to two graves where the tangled sea-grasses whispered the secret of the moaning wave.

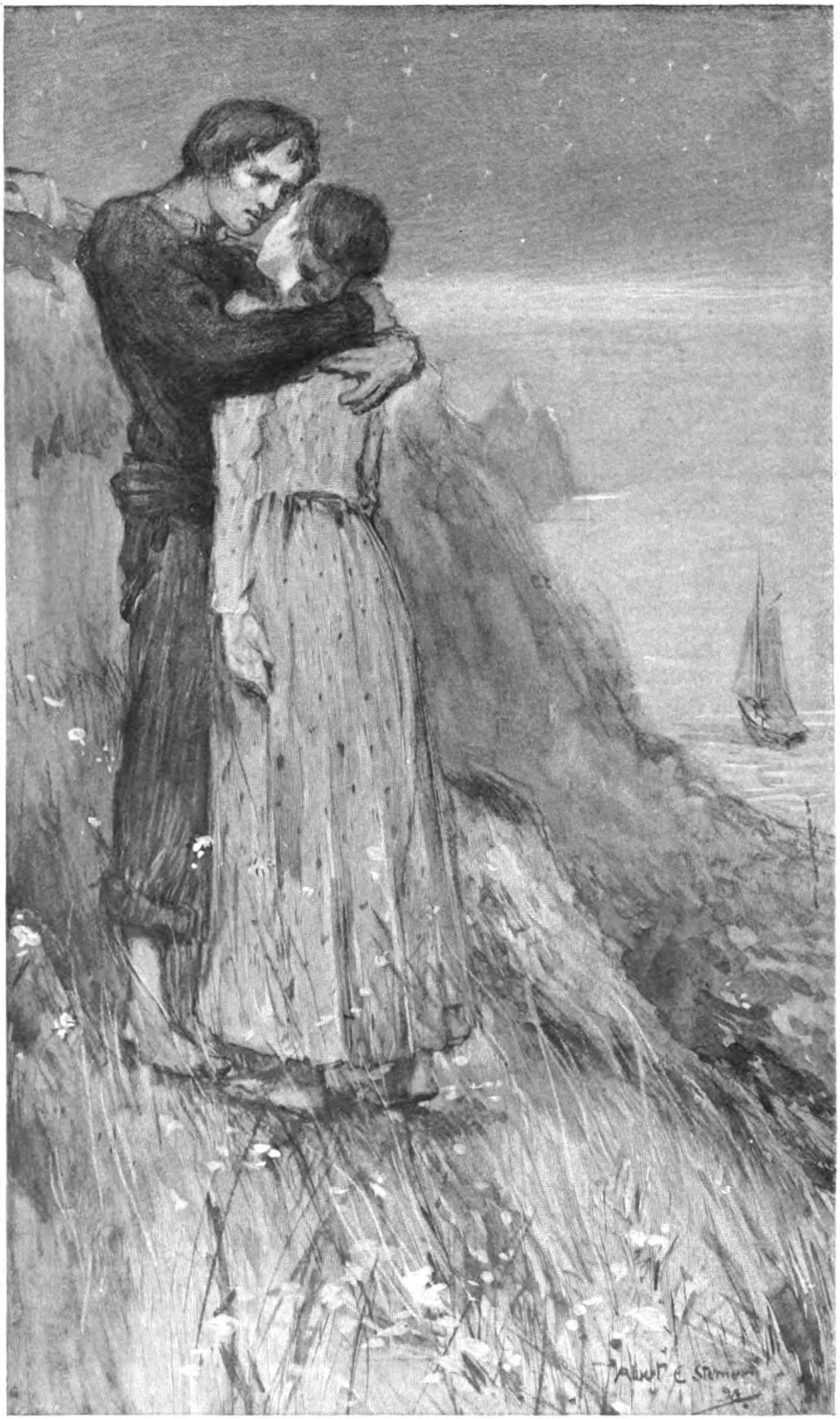
You knew Mary Maclean and her deep eyes of love, and the white peace that was upon her, and the Sabbath stillness on her face because of the greatness and the wonder of the hushed tenderness that was there. She has quiet now, where she lies in a green hollow, a stone's-throw from where Alasdair's twilight has long become darkness itself, and where Lora's shadowy hair, that he loved, interwinds in the fibres of the sea-pink and the poignant thyme.

But, as I know, you never heard the story of how Mary came to put her life into the life of Eachain Maclean, so that they were made one. I will tell you that now.

When Mary Macleod was a girl she had eyes so large and brooding, and of a blue so shadow-woven, that Pòl the Freckled, the young island poet, who sailed in among the sea-caves of Miuley and never sailed forth from them again, made a song about her, wherein he called her Mary of the Tarns. Another than Pòl the Freckled thought so too, and loved to look into those dark pools of dream, and to see there the shadow of immemorial beauty. This other was Angus Macleod. He was a youth, till one night, as he hauled in the herring-nets in the moonshine, he heard a voice that was continuously lost in a myriad faint echoes — heard with each wave that lifted a momentary torch out of the dark, only to pass in a universe of foam bells and dancing stars. It was the voice of Mary of the Tarns, or thus was he persuaded.

In that hour he was suddenly become a man.

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"THEY SAID NO MORE."

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It is in some shadowy vale in the dreamland of sleep that Love oftenest whispers his first word. There, night after night, under the star of dreams, Mary put her hand into the hand of Angus, whom in the shy silences of her waking hours secretly she loved; and there, often and long, Angus looked into the eyes of Mary of the Tarns.

Then the day came when a silver trumpet was blown from a high tower, and banners and the noise of an army filled the air, and the stars leaped, and a new sun and a new moon flamed in the sky.

Ah, sweet hyperboles of love, how wild as any falling star! And yet, how sweet the dear hyperboles of truth!—for is not the awakening of the triumphant passion of love great and moving as a marching army with banners, as abruptly clamant as the blast of a silver trumpet blown suddenly from over the bastions of the towers of silence?

It was in summer, when there is no night among these Northern isles. The long hot days waned through a sustained after-glow of rose and violet, and when the stars came it was only to reveal purple depths within depths.

Mary was walking, barefoot, through the dewy grass, on the long western slope of Innisròn, and looking idly at the phantom flake of the moon as it hung like a blown moth above the vast disclosure of the flower of sunset. Below it, beyond her, the ocean. It was pale, opalescent; here shimmering with the hues of the moonbow, here dusked with violet shadow, but for the most part pale, opalescent. There was no wind, but a breath arose from the innumerous lips of the sea. The cool sigh moved inland, and made a continual faint tremor amid the salt grasses. The skuas and guillemots stirred, and at long intervals stridently screamed.

Mary looked long seaward. The illimitable, pale, unlifted wave; the hinted dusk of the quiet underwaters; the unfathomable violet gulfs overhead: these silent comrades were not alien to her. To them she was a moving shadow on an isle; to her they were the veils of wonder beyond which the soul knows no death, but looks upon the face of Beauty, and upon the eyes of Love, and upon the heart of Peace.

Amid these silent spaces two dark objects caught the girl's wandering gaze. Flying eastward, a solan trailed a dusky wing across the sky. So high its flight that the first glance saw it as though motionless; yet, even while Mary looked, the skyey wayfarer waned suddenly, and that which had been was not. The other object had wings too, but was not a bird. A fishing-smack lay idly becalmed, her red-brown sail now a patch of warm dusk. Mary knew what boat it was—the *Nighean Donn*, out of Fionnaphort in Ithona, the westernmost of the Iarraidh Isles.

There was no one visible on board the *Nighean Donn*, but a boy's voice sang a monotonous Gaelic cadence, indescribably sweet as it came, remote and wild as an air out of a dim forgotten world, across the still waters. Mary Macleod knew the song, a strange *iorram* or boat-song made by Pòl the Freckled, and by him given to his friend Angus Macleod of Ithona. She muttered the words over and over, as the lilt of the boyish voice rose and fell:

"It is not only when the sea is dark and chill and desolate
I hear the singing of the queen who lives beneath the ocean:
Oft have I heard her chanting voice when noon o'erfloods his golden gate,
Or when the moonshine fills the wave with snow-white mazy motion.

"And some day will it hap to me, when the black waves are leaping,
Or when within the breathless green I see her shell-strewn door,
That singing voice will lure me where my sea-drown'd love lies sleeping
Beneath the slow white hands of her who rules the sunken shore.

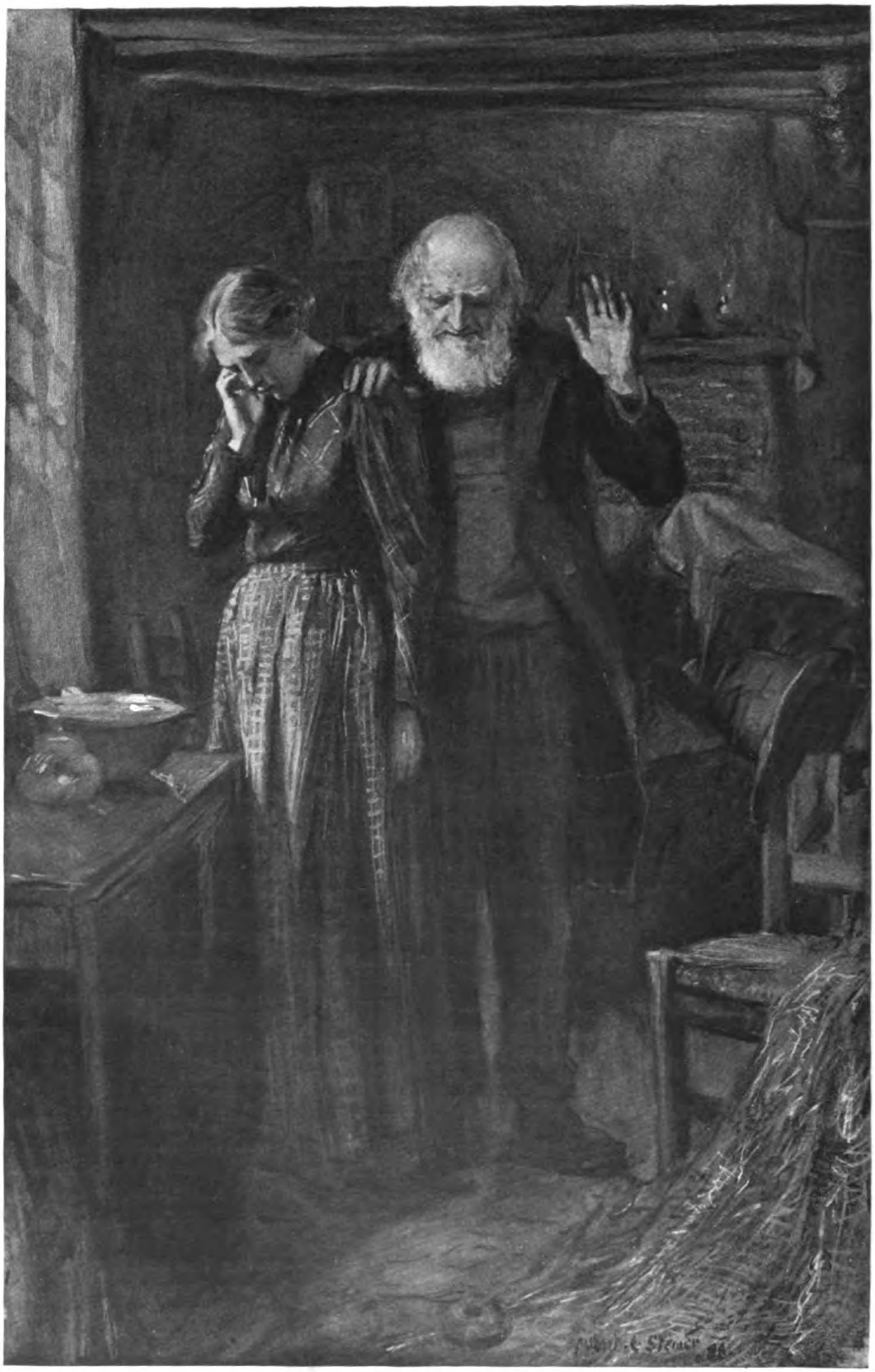
"For in my heart I hear the bells that ring their fatal beauty,
The wild, remote, uncertain bells that chant their lonely sorrow:
The lonely bells of sorrow, the bells of fatal beauty,
Oft in my heart I hear the bells, who soon shall know no morrow."

The slow splashing of oars in the great hollow cavern underneath her feet sent a flush to her face. She knew who was there—that it was the little boat of the *Nighean Donn*, and that Angus Macleod was in it.

She stood among the seeding grasses, intent. The cluster of white moon-daisies that reached to her knees was not more pale than her white face: for a white silence was upon Mary Macleod in her dreaming girlhood, as in her later years.

She shivered once as she listened to

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"WHAT HAD BEEN, WAS NOT."

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Angus singing, while he secured his boat, and began to climb from ledge to ledge. He too had heard the lad Uille Ban chanting as he lay idly upon a coil of rope, while the smack lay derelict on the unmoving waters; and hearing, had himself taken up the song:

*"For in my heart I hear the bells that ring their fatal beauty,*
*The wild, remote, uncertain bells that chant their lonely sorrow:*
*The lonely bells of sorrow, the bells of fatal beauty,*
*Oft in my heart I hear the bells, who soon shall know no morrow."*

Mary shivered with the vague fear that had come upon her. Had she not dreamed, in the bygone night, that she heard some one in the sea singing that very song—some one with slow white hands which waved idly above a dead man? A moment ago she had listened to the same song sung by the lad Uille Ban; and now, for the third time, she heard Angus idly chanting it as he rose invisibly from ledge to ledge of the cavern underneath her. Three idle songs; yet is not death but the final, the interrupted, refrain of an idle song?

When Angus leaped on to the slope and came towards her, she felt her pulse quicken. Tall and fair, he looked fairer and taller than she had ever seen him. The light that was still in the west lingered in his hair, which, yellow as it was, now glistered as with the sheen of bronze. He had left his cap in the boat, and as he crossed swiftly towards her she realized anew that he deserved the name given him by Pòl the poet—Angus Ogue Gruagach—the yellow-haired god. They had never yet spoken of their love, and now both realized in a flash that no words were needed. At midsummer noon no one says the sun shines.

Angus came forward with outreaching hands. "Dear, dear love!" he whispered. "Mhairi mo rùn, muirnean, mochree!"

She put her hands in his; she put her lips to his; she put her head to his breast, and listened, all her life throbbing in response, to the leaping pulse of the heart that loved her.

"Dear, dear love!" he whispered again.

"Angus!" she murmured.

They said no more, but moved slowly onward, hand in hand.

The night had their secret. For sure, it was in the low crooning of the deep when the tide put its whispering lips against the sleeping sea; it was in the spellbound silences of the isle; it was in the phantasmal light of the stars — the stars of dream, in a sky of dream, in a world of dream. When, an hour—or was it an eternity, or a minute?—later, they turned, she to her home near the clachan of Innisròn, he to his boat, a light air had come up on the forehead of the tide. The sail of the *Nighean Donn* flapped, a dusky wing in the darkness. The penetrating smell of sea-mist was in the air.

Mary had only one regret as she turned her face inland, when once the invisibly gathering mist hid from her even the blurred semblance of the smack: that she had not asked Angus to sing no more that song of Pòl the Freckled, which vaguely she feared, and even hated. She had stood listening to the splashing of the oars, and, later, to the voices of Angus and Uille Ban; and now, coming faintly and to her weirdly through the gloom, she heard her lover's voice chanting the words again. What made him sing that song, in that hour, on this day of all days?

*"For in my heart I hear the bells that ring their fatal beauty,*
*The wild, remote, uncertain bells that chant their lonely sorrow:*
*The lonely bells of sorrow, the bells of fatal beauty,*
*Oft in my heart I hear the bells, who soon shall know no morrow."*

But long before she was back at the peat fire again she forgot that sad, haunting cadence, and remembered only his words—the dear words of him whom she loved, as he came towards her, across the dewy grass, with outreaching hands:

"Dear, dear love!... mhairi mo rùn, muirnean, mochree!"

She saw them in the leaping shadows in the little room; in the red glow that flickered along the fringes of the peats; in the darkness which like a sea drowned the lonely croft. She heard them in the bubble of the meal, as slowly with wooden spurtle she stirred the porridge; she heard them in the rising wind that had come in with the tide; she heard them in the long relinquishing rush and multitudinously gathering inroar as the hands of the Atlantic tore at the shingly beaches of Innisròn Haven.

After the smooring of the peats, and when the two old people, the father of her father and his white-haired wife, were asleep, she sat for a long time in the warm darkness. From a cranny in the



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peat ash a smouldering flame looked out comfortingly. In the girl's heart a great peace was come, as well as a great joy. She had dwelled so long with silence that she knew its eloquent secrets: and it was sweet to sit there in the dusk, and listen, and commune with silence, and dream.

Above the long, deliberate roar and resurge of the tidal waters round the piled beaches she could hear a dull, rhythmic beat. It was the screw of some great steamer, churning its way through the darkness: a stranger, surely, for she knew the times and seasons of every vessel that came near these lonely isles. Sometimes it happened that the Uist or Tiree steamers passed that way; doubtless it was the Tiree boat, or possibly the big steamer that once or twice in the summer fared northward to far-off St. Kilda.

She must have slept, and the sound have passed into her ears as an echo into a shell; for when, with a start, she arose, she still heard the thud-thud of the screw, although the boat had long passed away.

It was the cry of a sea-bird which had startled her. Once—twice—the scream had whirled about the house. Mary listened, intent. Once more it came, and at the same moment she saw a drift of white press up against the window.

She sprang to her feet, startled.

"It is the cry of a heron," she muttered, with dry lips; "but who has heard tell of a white heron?—and the bird there is white as a snow wreath."

Some uncontrollable impulse made her hesitate. She moved to go to the window, to see if the bird were wounded, but she could not. Sobbing with inexplicable fear, she turned and fled, and a moment later was in her own little room. There all her fear passed. Yet she could not sleep for long. If only she could get the sound of that beating screw out of her ears, she thought. But she could not, neither waking nor sleeping; nor the following day; nor any day thereafter; and when she died, doubtless she heard the thud-thud of a screw as it churned the dark waters in a night of shrouding mist.

For on the morrow she learned that the *Nighean Donn* had been run down in the mist, a mile south of Ithona, by an unknown steamer. She came out of the darkness, ruining; she passed into the darkness again, leaving ruin behind. Perhaps the officer in command thought that his vessel had run into some floating wreckage; for there was no cry heard, and no lights had been seen. Only one body was found—that of the boy Uille Ban.

When heart-breaking sorrow comes, there is no room for words. Mary Macleod said little; what, indeed, was there to say? The clansfolk gave what kindly comfort they could. The old minister, when next he came to Innisròn, spoke of the will of God and the Life Eternal.

Mary bowed her head. What had been, was not: could any words, could any solace, better that?

"You are young, Mary," said Mr. Macdonald, when he had prayed with her. "God will not leave you desolate."

She turned her white face, with her great, brooding, dusky eyes, upon him.

"Will He give me back Angus?" she said, in her low still voice, that had the hush in it of lonely places.

He could not tell her so.

"It was to be," she said, breaking the long silence that had fallen between them.

"Ay," the minister answered.

She looked at him, and then took his hand. "I am thanking you, Mr. Macdonald, for the good words you have put upon my sorrow. But I am not wishing that any more be said to me. I must go now, for I have to see to the milking, an' I hear the poor beasts lowing on the hill-side. The old folk too are weary, and I must be getting them their porridge."

After that no one ever heard Mary Macleod speak of Angus. She was a good lass, all agreed, and made no moan; and there was no croft tidier than Scaur-a-van, and because of her it was; and she made butter better than any on Innisròn; and in the isles there was no cheese like the Scaur-a-van cheese.

Had there been any kith or kin of Angus, she would have made them hers. She took the consumptive mother of Uille Ban from Ithona, and kept her safe-havened at Scaur-a-van, till the woman sat up one night in her bed, and cried in a loud voice that Uille Ban was standing by her side and playing a wild air on the strings of her heart, which he had in his hands, and the strings were breaking, she cried. They broke, and Mary envied her, and the whispering joy she would be having with Uille Ban. But Angus had no near kin. Perhaps, she thought, he would miss her the more where he had gone. He had a friend, whom she had never seen. He was a man of Iona, and was named Eachain

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MacEachain Maclean. He and Angus had been boys in the same boat, and sailed thrice to Iceland together, and once to Peterhead, that maybe was as far or farther, or perhaps among the stranger-folk further east. Mary knew little geography, though she could steer by the stars. To this friend she wrote, through the minister, to say that if ever he was in trouble he was to come to her.

It was on the third night after the sinking of the *Nighean Donn* that Mary walked alone, beyond the shingle beaches, and where the ledges of trap run darkly into deep water. It was a still night and clear. The lambs and ewes were restless in the moonshine, for their bleating filled the upper solitudes. A shoal of mackerel made a sputtering, splashing sound beyond the skerries outside the haven. The ebb, sucking at the weedy extremes of the ledges, caused a continuous bubbling sound. There was no stir of air, only a breath upon the sea; but, immeasurably remote overhead, frayed clouds, like trailed nets in yellow gulfs of moonlight, shot flame-shaped points into the dark, and seemed to lick the stars as these shook in the wind. "No mist to-night," Mary muttered; then, startled by her own words, repeated, and again repeated, "There will be no mist to-night."

Then she stood as though become stone. Before her, on a solitary rock, a great bird sat. It was a heron. In the moonshine its plumage glistened white as foam of the sea; white as one of her lambs it was.

She had never seen, never heard of, a white heron. There was some old Gaelic song—what was it?—no, she could not remember—something about the souls of the dead. The words would not come.

Slowly she advanced. The heron did not stir. Suddenly she fell upon her knees, and reached out her arms, and her hair fell about her shoulders, and her heart beat against her throat, and the grave gave up its sorrow, and she cried:

"Oh, Angus, Angus, my beloved! Angus, Angus, my dear, dear love!"

She heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, knew nothing, till, numbed and weak, she stirred with a cry, for some creeping thing of the sea had crossed her hand. She rose and stared about her. There was nothing that she need fear. The moon rays danced on a glimmering sea-pasture far out upon the water; their lances and javelins flashed and glinted merrily. A dog barked as she crossed the flag-stones at Scaur-a-van, then suddenly began a strange furtive baying. She called: "Luath! Luath!"

The dog was silent a moment, then threw its head back and howled, abruptly breaking again into a sustained baying. The echo swept from croft to croft, and wakened every dog upon the isle.

Mary looked back. Slowly circling behind her she saw the white heron. With a cry, she fled into the house.

For three nights thereafter she saw the white heron. On the third she had no fear. She followed the foam-white bird, and when she could not see it, then she followed its wild plaintive cry. At dawn she was still at Ardfeulan, on the western side of Innisròn; but her arms were round the drowned heart whose pulse she had heard leap so swift in joy, and her lips put a vain warmth against the dear face that was wan as spent foam, and as chill as that.

Three years after that day Mary saw again the white heron. She was alone now, and she was glad, for she thought Angus had come, and she was ready.

Yet neither death nor sorrow happened. Thrice, night after night, she saw the white gleam of nocturnal wings, heard the strange bewildering cry.

It was on the fourth day, when a fierce gale covered the isle with a mist of driving spray. No Innisròn boat was outside the haven; for that, all were glad. But in the late afternoon a cry went from mouth to mouth.

There was a fishing-coble on the skerries! That meant death for all on board, for sure, for nothing could be done. The moment came soon. A vast drowning billow leaped forward, and when the cloud of spray had scattered, there was no coble to be seen. Only one man was washed ashore, nigh dead, upon the spar he clung to. His name was Eachain MacEachain, son of a Maclean of Iona.

And that was how Mary Macleod met the friend of Angus, and he a ruined man, and how she put her life to his, and they were made one.

Her man .... yes, he was her man, to whom she was loyal and true, and whom she loved right well for many years. But she knew, and he too knew well, that she had wedded one man in her heart, and that no other could take his place there, then or forever. She had one husband

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only, but it was not he to whom she was wed, but Angus the son of Alasdair—him whom she loved with the deep love that surpasseth all wisdom of the world that ever was, or is, or shall be.

And Eachain her man lived out his years with her, and was content, though he knew well that in her silent heart his wife, who loved him well, had only one lover, one dream, one hope, one passion, one remembrance, one husband. For the women who love out of the depths of life may love many deeply and truly, but below all, through all, above all, is the one love. For there is but one love, and that is the love which passeth knowledge, and goeth down into hell or into the depths of heaven, and is crowned, and is immortal, with a deathless star above it for evermore.

And if Mary Maclean knew this, so also did Angus, where he waited afar. They lie who say that love perisheth.

God give us flame to endure!

## THE GIRL AND THE GAME.

### A FOOTBALL STORY.

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

THE rest of the team are down in the banquet-room. The dinner is over, and they are singing now; I can hear them away up here, and I am all alone in a hotel bedroom, stretched out on a sofa, away from everybody, and that is where I ought to be. My right foot is in a bandage, and I'm glad of it. Sometimes it throbs like the dickens. Let it throb.

It was near the beginning of the second half, while the score was still 0 to 0, that this play happened—not the other play (I'll tell you about that later), but the one that really caused the other. The score was still nothing to nothing, and we were still sticking to the kicking game. And they were trying mass-on-tackle and guards-back plays, and the ball still staid in the middle of the field, and all of you thousands of people were staring at us, I suppose, though we didn't know nor care about that. Then this play was made.

They had the ball. "Twenty-nine—seventeen—forty-five," yelled their captain.

Now something inside of me said that that signal meant a kick. "Here's where I block it," I said to myself, gritting my teeth; and the instant the ball was put in play—bang—I went through my man, yelling as I did so to the rest of the team, "It's a kick, fellows!"

He is a lighter guard than I, and I went at him with all my might; but, great Scott! I didn't expect him to fall back that way; but he didn't fall, he jumped back, just as I came at him, and pulled me with him, and *I* was the one that did the falling. I had misunderstood the signal. Instead of a kick, it was— You know what happened. It was a hole big enough to drive one of the yelling four-in-hands through! But it wasn't made by their system; it was my foolishness. At any rate, straight through the opening shot their interference in beautiful compact form, while I was sprawled out on the grass like a wooden man, and by the time I was on my feet again they had got past our entire line (my yelling "kick" had helped the cause), and there I saw the man with the ball scudding diagonally across the field with only two of our backs between him and the line—well, I needn't tell you how they each missed him; nor how the field looked when the subs came running up the side lines shrieking, "Touch-down!—a touch-down!" waving blankets and sweaters in the air. (Oh Lord!)

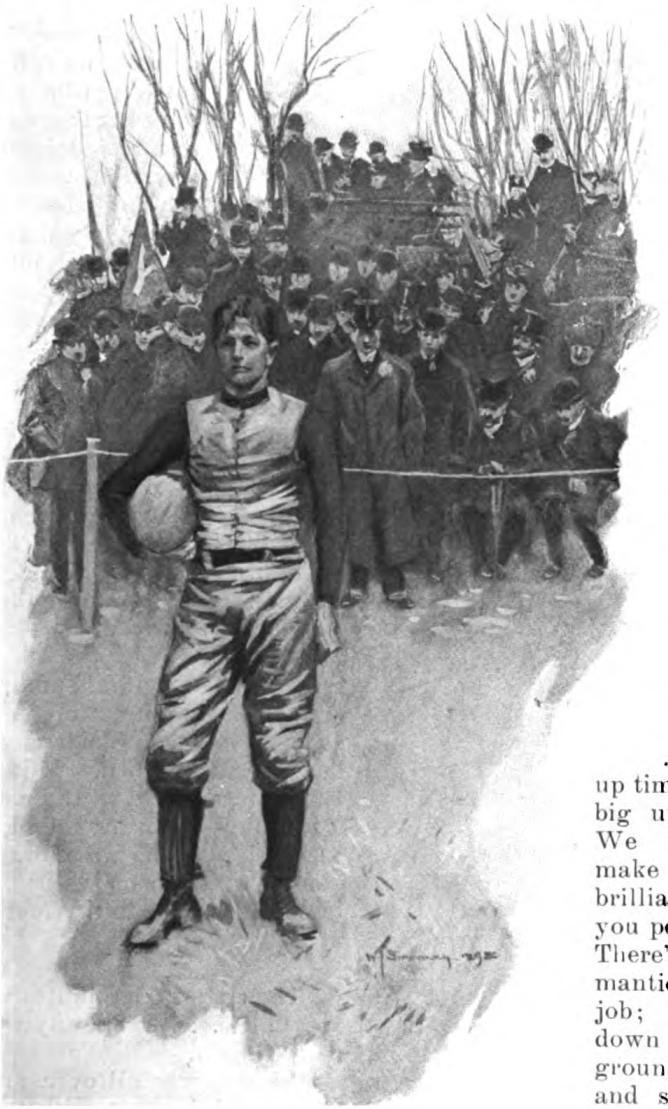
I saw and heard and felt all this, and it was my fault, and I knew it; and up there some place in the crowded grand stand, sitting in the same section with some of you, she saw it all, too, and she understands football better than you do. And she knew it was all my fault! And I knew she knew it. So I turned my back on the grand stand and kicked myself, and swore I would redeem that mistake.

Jack, the trainer, is right—football men have no business thinking about girls; it makes them worry, and then they get off condition. I went into the game in good enough condition, but I knew she was there, and was looking critically at me,

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and I knew that she wasn't surprised to see me make a fool mistake. I remembered what she had said to me in the morning. "Oh," she said, "so you haven't got over your big head yet, have you? You will this afternoon." It was only this morning she said that: it seems years ago. It was right here in this very hotel; and I only grinned like a big awkward fool, and tried to be nice to her aunt to show I didn't care. Then little Howland came in. He was the one I wanted to spank all last summer. He came in with some nice clothes, and a big bunch of flowers in his hand. They were *his* college flowers. So then I guessed why she hadn't put on the ones I had sent up to her room. I went away without saying good-by. Sort of an ass, wasn't I?

But I sneaked down stairs to the team, and swore that I'd put up such a game that I'd make her proud to be my friend—that I'd make 'em all cheer for me, and get wild over me, and carry me off the field on their shoulders, while nobody stopped to look at little Howland with his nice clothes and his New York manner, who would be sitting beside her—so close beside her—on the grand stand. Wasn't that like a kid, though!



ON THE SIDE LINES.

"Ten minutes more!" shouted the time-keeper.

You'll remember this play, I know—when the ball was on their thirty-yard line and they dropped back for a kick? You remember we had worked the ball steadily up the field from our twenty-yard line chiefly by that series of tandem-mass plays. Somehow Cap was sending them all through on my side. But we were moving together in great shape, and we were desperate. Great Scott! how we were smashing their line, and how those fellows tried to use up time! I'm only a big ungainly guard. We fellows don't make any of the brilliant dashes that you people yell over. There's nothing romantic about our job; we just get down close to the ground and work and sweat. It isn't much to my credit that it was on my side that the ball was gradually lurching forward towards their goal, yard by yard, for I think I was sort of drunk. I didn't know anything, except to tear holes in their line, and I felt that nothing could stop me.

Anyhow they couldn't, I noticed. So they began banking several men there



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"SO CLOSE BESIDE HER ON THE GRAND STAND."

opposite me. Did you notice that? Then, you know, Cap tried the other side, and then—we lost the ball on downs! For Heaven's sake! what made us do that? Now came the play that I started to tell you about.

It was their ball on their thirty-yard line, first down. I was nearly crazy at our losing the ball, and we had only a few minutes' play left. And just here came my chance.

Their captain gave the signal, and their full-back dropped back as if for a kick; and "Look out for a fake kick!" suddenly called Shorty, our quarter, to all of us.

Now though there wasn't time to say so, I felt sure they weren't going to try any fake kicks on the thirty-yard line, with their score six to our nothing; so, with a sort of wild yell—whiz! bang!—I tore my way through the line (they didn't even seem to try to stop me), and—sure enough I was right this time—there was their quarter socking back the ball. I heard him grunt. Boyle tried to block me; I brushed him over. The full-back was now catching the ball. He drew back his foot to kick; high up in the air I jumped in front of him. I heard a double "thump, thump!" I felt the ball bounce off my chest; saw it bounding and rolling innocently off to the right, ten yards away, all alone, with nobody between it and the good goal-posts. I swerved toward it—on the next bound I would scoop it up; I thought of Ann; it bounded crooked. (Why?) I grabbed at it, juggled it, dropped it, dropped on it. Then they began dropping on me, and for the first time that day I heard the roaring of the many thousands around the field. My chance was over!

When the pyramid untangled itself and got off, I did not get up, you'll remember. That was because a tendon in my right ankle was smashed. If it had only been a sprained ankle, as these evening papers say, why— At any rate, I was carried off the field. I am a Senior. There are no more games in my college course. That was the ending to my football career. I blubbered.

The rest of the minutes were over after a while. . . . Well, anyway, they didn't score again.

After it was all over, and the coaches began driving out, with the horns blowing and the flags waving and the thousands cheering, those of our team that could, walked over to the dressing-room, while past us rushed a mob of subs and coachers from the other college, carrying on their shoulders the other team, who looked happy—oh, but they looked happy!

I was carried off the field too, but not on anybody's shoulders. A couple of rubbers carried me between them. I

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didn't look over towards the grand stand. I didn't care to....Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime!

You probably don't know what it was like in the dressing-room after the game. We all got rubbed down for the last time. Nobody said much except one of the coachers. Most of us smoked. Shorty stood on a stool, naked, getting rubbed down, and puffing on his first cigarette since August. A couple of tears dropped down from his cheeks on to the wrist of the rubber. Maybe you think it's funny; but we didn't. It was all so different from the way we thought we were going to break training.

"Cap, we'll do 'em next year," said the head coach.

Cap only sniffled, and— But never mind all this. It's all over now, and the fellows downstairs are cheering themselves up with songs and things, and cursing me betweentimes, I suppose. And I'm all alone in my room, with my right ankle bound up, and sometimes it throbs like the dickens, and I'm glad of it.

Jack, the trainer, was with me for a while, but he went down to the dinner again. He said I could come, but I wouldn't. I deserve to be left alone. I lost the game for the college, and I'm a big awkward kid, and— But I haven't been alone all the time! Did you think I had? Listen.

I think I was groaning to myself. I didn't mind the pain much, but it feels better to make a noise. I'll bet you do too, when you are alone. At any rate, the door was open, and I heard some one say (it's a smooth voice), "Does it hurt *very* much?"

I looked around. There she was, standing in the middle of the hall, just outside my room. I looked away again. "I'm sorry I disturbed you," I said.

She didn't seem to hear that. "Doesn't it hurt awfully?" she said, twitching her shoulders and pinching her left hand with her right; for I had looked round again.

I watched her a minute. Then I said, "I don't want your pity." That was a lie.

"But it does," she said. "I am so sorry." She came nearer. "Oh, don't get up; you mustn't," she said, backing off down the hall. "I was—was just passing by, and— Don't try to get up, please! Oh, Billy, what have you done?"

What I had tried to do was to stand on one foot, but it wouldn't work. I lost my balance, and like a fool stuck out the other foot. I would have gone over if I hadn't caught hold of the table. I hung there, gripping the table, the sweat breaking out on my face, and my hair sticking in my eyes. (I hadn't had my hair cut yet, like some of the fellows.)

"You'd better run along before anybody sees you," I said, trying to lift myself up.

"Billy, don't you move! Do you hear me? Stop it! I say stop it!" And the next thing I knew she had hold of my arm up near the shoulder (I don't believe both hands reached around), and she was saying, "Now, then, slowly; lean on me, Billy; I'm strong—once you told me so yourself. Now—am I hurting you? Come down easy. There, now."

"Thank you," I think I said. "Now you had better go."

I suppose she ought really to have gone, oughtn't she? Well, be shocked, all you nice little New York people. Be just as shocked as you please. I don't care. She wasn't thinking about you just now; she had other things to do. She smoothed the pillow, then pulled the sweater down from my chin, so it wouldn't scratch, and dipped her hand into the pitcher of ice-water and touched my forehead with it—twice, I think.

"Now I must go," she said, energetically.

"But, Ann—" I began.

"Good-by," she said. "Would you like some of these?"

"These" meant the flowers she was taking from her belt. I looked at them. They were the flowers I had sent. It was after the game now, and we didn't beat. Just think of that a minute.

"Will you have some of them?" she repeated, "'cause it's sort of dreary in this room, I should think. Are you better?"

But I wasn't looking at the flowers now.

"Ann," I said, "don't go just yet."

"Oh, but I must." She started for the door.

"No, you mustn't," I said.

"I'll bring Aunt Sue to nurse you."

"But I don't want Aunt Sue."

She had reached the door. I groaned. And she came back, running.

"Ah, Billy, is it very bad?" She was at my side.

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"'ANN,' I SAID, 'I AM AWKWARD AND OVERGROWN.'"

"Ann," I said, "I am awkward and overgrown—"

She wouldn't look at me, but shook her head.

"And ignorant, and have the big head—"

She kept on shaking her head.

"And we would have won to-day if it hadn't been for me, and—"

"Keep still," she said: "if they had all played as well as you, we would have won by ten points."

Ann said that, and she knows football. But I only asked,

"Who do you say would have won?"

"We—you—we." Then she turned her back on me and started for the door.

Again I groaned. She came back again.

"Oh, what is the matter, Billy?" She came nearer to me.

Do you know what I said then? "Ann," I said, "I love you." Yes, I did, right out that way.

"Oh, Billy, do you still?" She seemed glad about it. "Are you sure you do? Let me go!"

But I didn't just then. She's such a little bit of a thing.

"But, Ann," I called, as she was leaving the room, "wouldn't it have been awful if we had won the—the game to-day?"

Ann turned at the door and looked at me. "You're very unpatriotic," she said. Then she hurried off down the hall.

The rest of the team are singing down in the banquet-room, and I am up here in a dreary hotel room, stretched out on a sofa, with my right foot in a bandage, and I'm glad of it. Sometimes it throbs like the dickens. Let it— Oh, come in.

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# THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

## PART III.

## MARGARET'S STORY.

"The heart leadeth whithersoever it goeth."—*Old Proverb.*

### CHAPTER XII.

### WHAT HAPPENED IN THE BAIE DES CHALEURS.

NEVER, never shall I forget the elation which filled my heart as I stepped ashore with Lucy that September day in the Baie des Chaleurs in Canada. After weeks of unrest my feet once more were on the sure, unchanging earth, in the land that held what was more than all else to me, "my dear and only love," my Hugh.

As we strolled along the clear, hard sands beyond the sound of the men toiling at the water-casks, I felt tempted to cry: "Lucy, Lucy, can you not see my happiness? I am no Madame de St. Just, but Margaret Nairn, the happiest woman in all the world, because my feet press the same ground that bears my love." This, poor Lucy, with her cramped Methodistical ways, would have held savored only of lightness, or worse; she could never understand the longing that had worn at my heart all these years, and, most of all, she could never conceive of a love such as that of my Hugh. Crowning all my joy came back the words of his dear, dear song,

> The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
> Nor deep eneugh the sea,
> Nor braid eneugh this weary warld
> To part my Love frae me.

No, nothing should part us now. Poverty and pride had kept him silent when my heart was yearning for him, but now poverty did not exist, for I was here to make him restitution, and the pride was all mine now in claiming a love that belonged to me alone. Love was King, and

> "The King shall have his own
> Once more!
> The King shall have his own!"

I sang, mimicking his manly tone as best I might, to the great astonishment of Lucy.

Delighted as we were merely to feel the sands beneath our feet, the soft, fresh green of the forest which edged them close attracted us, and we timidly made our way under the first scattered trees. Then seeing no wild animals, of which we were greatly in dread, and hearing the reassuring voices of the seamen, we ventured in far enough to gain the thick, sweet-smelling carpet of pine needles, and at length seated ourselves by a little stream, but near enough the sands to see the waters of the bay glinting between the trees.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, I am so happy!" I said, in the fulness of my heart, giving her my hand, for I looked on her more as a companion than a waiting-woman; but before she could reply a hand was clapped over my mouth, and I saw Lucy struggling in the arms of a savage. An overwhelming terror crushed all life and sense out of me, and I swooned away.

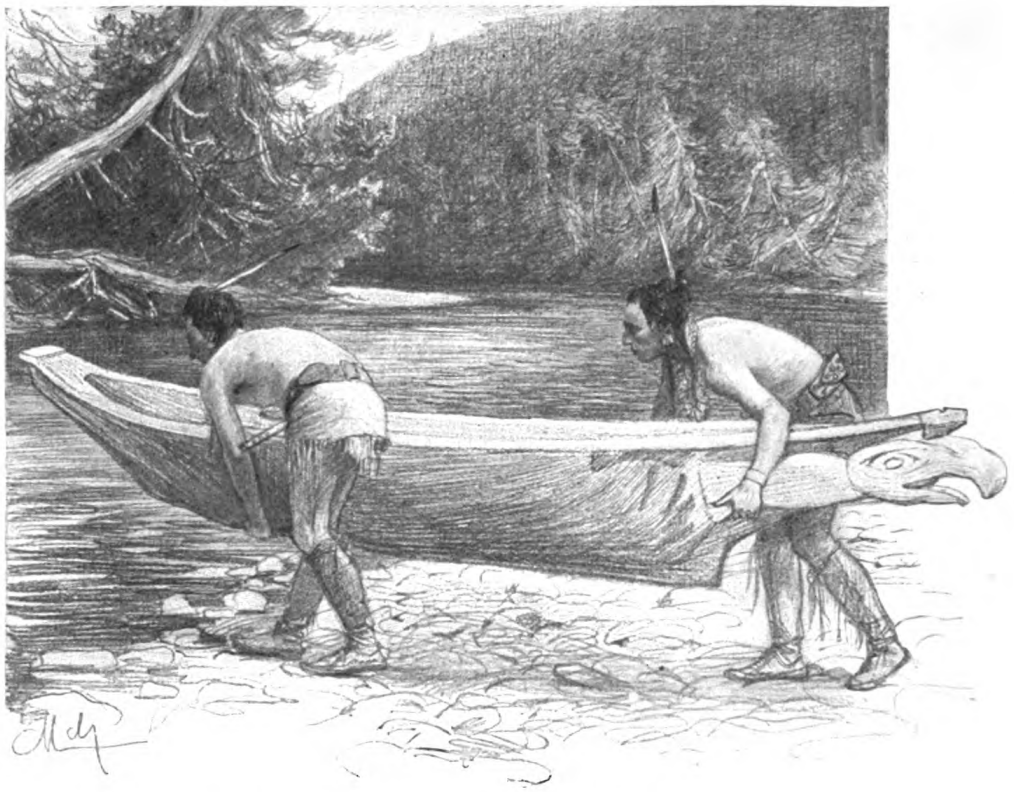
When I recovered I found I was being carried swiftly by two savages, one at my shoulders and another at my feet, but my terror was so great upon me that I dared not make a sound. How long or how far we went I could not even conjecture. I saw the trees passing before my upturned eyes as in some horrid dream, but it was not until I began to catch glimpses of the sky through the thinning branches, and my captors halted in an open space, setting me on my feet, that my senses came back in some degree.

We were beside the water again, dark and empty. The Indians immediately brought forth three of their light canoes, which they had cunningly concealed amongst the bushes, and laid them gently on the stream. No one molested me, nor, indeed, paid me any special attention as I sat and watched them.

The pictures in such works as *La Hontain* and others I had seen were unreal, and I could not recognize their models in the men about me. They were painted,

* Begun in October number, 1898.

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THEY LIFTED THEIR CANOES INTO THE WATER.

it is true, but in a manner more grotesque than affrighting; their hair was black and lanky, plastered close to their heads, with but one or two long plaited braids escaping, ornamented with beads. Their only clothing consisted of leather leggings more or less tattered, and the belts for their weapons, which crossed their naked bodies; each one was shod with soft moccasins neatly ornamented, and I could not but admire the ease and agility of their movements. Strangely enough, I was no longer possessed of my former terrors, my only anxiety being for Lucy; but I could not doubt she was in safety, as the Indians were evidently expecting the arrival of the rest of the band.

Before long we heard sounds of their approach, and my poor Lucy appeared. "Oh, my dear, dear mistress," she cried, "I was afraid I should never see you again!" and the faithful creature clasped me in her arms and kissed me as if I had been a child. Once she was convinced of my safety, she straight recovered her serenity, for it was more than composure. Her absolute faith and trust that we were in the hand of God—of "Our Heavenly Father," as she always said—was so complete that I leaned upon her strength and was comforted.

All was now ready for the embarkation, but, to our dismay, we were directed to different canoes. No force was used. Indeed, my captor, who appeared to be the leader, or chief, for he wore somewhat more of their tawdry finery than the others, and his face was decorated by a broad band of white below the eyes, seemed anxious to add to my comfort, directing me how to dispose of myself in the bottom of the canoe. But once separated from Lucy, I lost the courage with which she had inspired me, and I trembled at the rough, guttural voices of the savages, who talked their loudest, filling me with the greater apprehension as it betokened they held themselves beyond pursuit or discovery.

But Lucy, dear courageous soul that she was, divined my fears, and sent back

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her message of reassurance to me in one of her people's hymns, which I learned to love on board the ship:

> Thou very present Aid
> In suffering and distress,
> The mind which still on Thee is stayed
> Is kept in perfect peace.

At length, when the clear September day began to fade, we landed, and Lucy and I were again together. No one seemed to pay any special regard to us, but though we had apparent liberty, I felt sure that any attempt at escape would be futile; indeed, the black forest about us held more terrors, to our minds, than even our captivity.

It was not long before the savages had kindled a fire and the work of clearing away the brush and making a camp was begun. In spite of our fears, we could not but admire the readiness of those at work, while the chief, with the principal warriors, lay about, smoking, and staring at us with their fixed eyes.

In a little while a fish was broiled on the hot stones, and a portion of it laid before us, cleanly enough, on sweet-smelling bark freshly peeled from one of the great birch-trees near by. It was flat for the want of salt, but we were too hungry to be over-nice, and our spirits revived with the comfort of our meal. Then, wearied out, I laid my head on Lucy's lap and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by the sound of voices raised in discussion, and, to my amazement, I saw in the light of the fire a man in the garb of a priest. Instead of a hat he wore a tight-fitting cap, his soutane was rusty and patched in many places, and his feet were shod with moccasins like the Indians. To my dismay, instead of the accents which I expected, he was speaking to the chief in the same guttural tongue as his own; yet his very gown was a protection, and I rose and went to him without hesitation.

"Oh, father! You have been sent in answer to our prayers. Thank God, we are safe!"

He started at the sound of my voice, and stared at me for what seemed a long time without a word. "Yes, you are safe," he said at length, but in halting English; "these Indians will do you no harm. They will carry you to some post farther south, whence word will be sent to your friends among the English, and you will be ransomed. Yes, you are safe."

"Oh, mon père," I implored, breaking into French, for I saw that was his tongue, "do not speak so! You will not leave us with them! For the sake of the mother who bore you, listen to me!" and I threw myself on my knees and stretched out my hands to him, but he drew back as if my touch would have hurt him. "Do not forsake us; take us with you! We are women, and are helpless. I do not desire to reach any English post. I have no friends amongst the English. Do not abandon us to these men; we are both women, and I am a lady."

"I see that," he said, more softly. "Where do you wish to go?"

"To Louisbourg, mon père; our ship was bound there when we were carried off."

"Had you any friends on board the ship?"

"My woman had her son."

"Have you a husband or a brother in Louisbourg?"

My face flamed scarlet at the unexpected question, but I answered that I had not, without further explanation.

"Then you cannot go to Louisbourg. It is quite impossible," he declared, with authority. "Louisbourg is no place for women at any time, least of all now. The important matter is to get you free from these savages, but you may rest without alarm to-night, and I will decide what is to be done before morning."

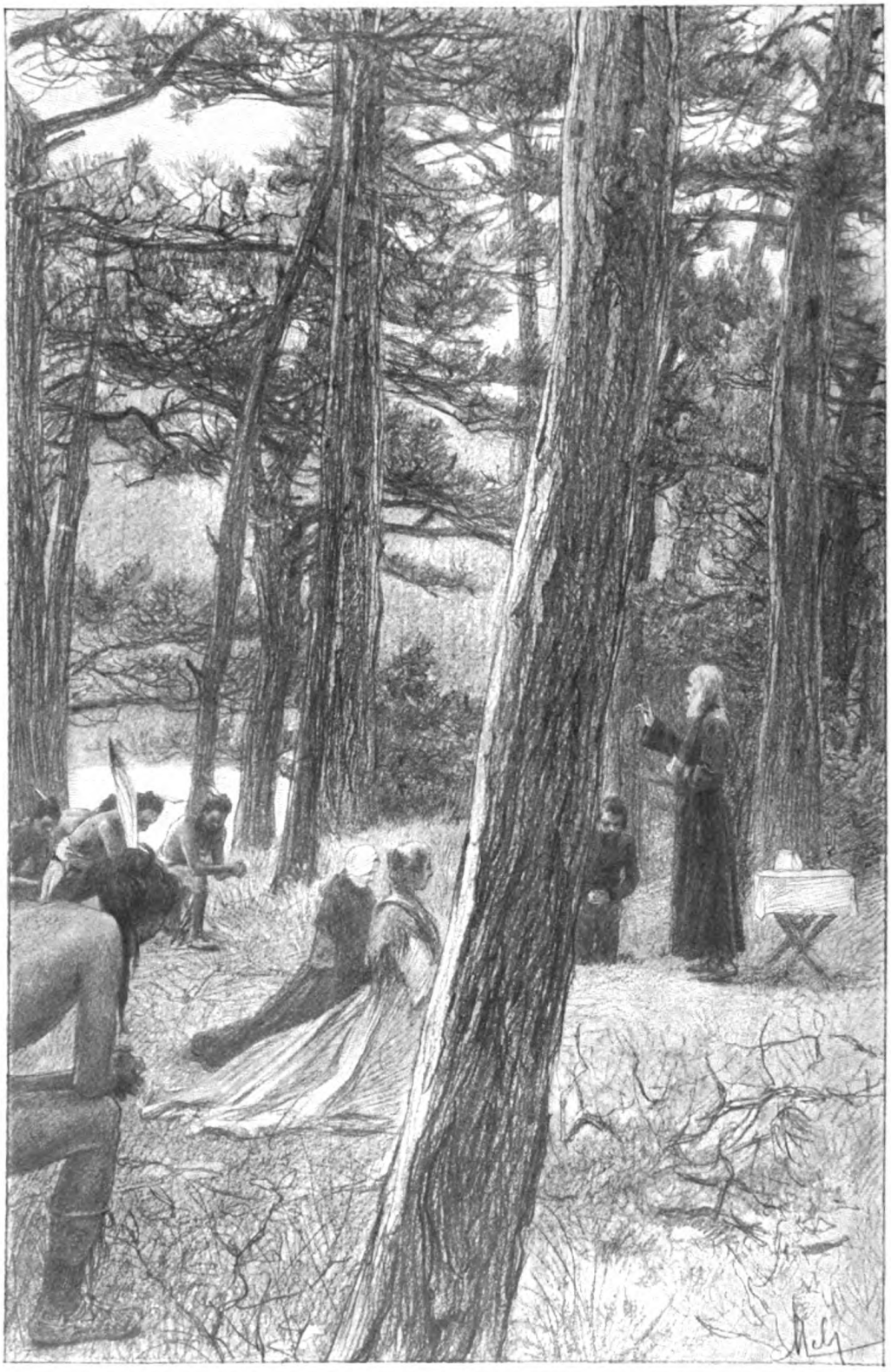
He spoke these last words wearily, like a man who had received a hurt, which moved my heart towards him in quick pity, and I waited to see if he would speak again, but he only raised his hand and blessed me.

Lucy received my report with her usual quiet; even the tidings that we were not to go to Louisbourg did not disturb her. "He knows better than we, and he will be guided in all his decisions."

Despite the assurances of our safety, we neither of us closed our eyes that night. Apart from the anxiety as to our destination, the strangeness of our situation, the crackling of the fire, and the uncanny noises of the forest kept us at such a tension that sleep was impossible, and we were awake before any of our captors were astir.

I looked eagerly for the priest, and saw him kneeling at a little distance, absorbed

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"THE PRIEST RECITED THE HOLY OFFICE OF THE MASS."

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in his morning devotions. Thereupon we withdrew quietly to the river, and soon returned, greatly refreshed, to find the whole camp astir, and the priest awaiting us at the water's edge. Going directly to him, I asked, "Mon père, what have you decided?"

"That you go with me," he said, quietly. And I turned to Lucy, but she had already caught the joyous message of our deliverance from my face.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### LE PÈRE JEAN, MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS.

THOUGH the priest spoke with confidence, I judged he had no small difficulty in persuading the savages to part with us, for there was much discussion and apparently grumbling on the part of the chief; but at length the obstacle, whatever it was, was overcome, and the priest announced we were free to depart.

"My canoe is small for four people, and would be too heavy when we begin the ascent of the Matapediac," he said, "but I will borrow another from the savages, with two men to paddle. Explain to your woman that she is to go with my servant André in the one, and you will follow in the other with me. She need have no fear; André is to be trusted in all things."

These matters being settled, we were made spectators to surely the strangest sight my eyes had ever looked upon. André brought forth a small folding-table, and the priest, still in his rusty soutane, recited the holy office of the mass to the kneeling savages under the shade of the great pines, and only the ripple of the water broke the pauses in the service. To my astonishment, the Indians recited the Venite, but this was the extent of their knowledge, apart from the Pater-Noster, the Confiteor, and some of the responses.

When the service was ended we breakfasted heartily, and as soon as the priest's preparations were made we embarked, with, oh, such different hearts from yesterday!

Now that our anxiety was at rest, I had time to observe the priest more closely. Though his figure was slight, it moved to the dip of his paddle like that of a man vigorous in all exercise; his long, thin hands were full of strength; and his face, though worn, and burned to almost as dark a color as that of an Indian, was that of a man who must have been handsome in his youth. At his age I could not even guess, beyond that he looked old with his scanty beard and long white hair, which fell almost to his shoulders. We sat face to face as he paddled in the stern of the canoe, and I marvelled at the wild grandeur of the river and forest, which I had barely marked before.

"It is beautiful—yes, very beautiful," he said presently, noticing my admiration; "but it wears another face in winter; it is then even terrible."

"Have you been long amongst these people, mon père?"

"So long that I know their tongue like our own; I know their faults and virtues, which are also like our own, but more simple, more direct; so long that sometimes I forget I ever knew anything different. But come, my daughter, I can tell my story at any time, whilst you cannot have a better opportunity than the present to tell me yours, which I must know if I am to be of service to you. The man behind you cannot understand a word of French, so you may speak freely."

Though I foresaw some explanation on my part would be necessary, I had so far hardly looked upon the man before me as other than our rescuer, one of our own blood and habit and tongue; but now it was the priest, and, more than that, my equal, for he invited my confidence not by right of his office but by right of his equality, for gentle I divined him to be; and at his demand I was sore confused, for I knew that questionings must follow which had been spared me on shipboard.

"My father," I said, after a moment's hesitation, "I do not know that you will understand my story, but I am sure that as a gentleman you will believe it, and as a priest you will respect my confidence."

"I know many secrets; I have listened to many stories, my daughter; yours will be none the less sacredly guarded that it comes of your own free will, and not under the pressure of confession."

Once I began, it was a relief. Since Lady Jane's death I had not spoken freely to a human soul, and before I had gone far I knew I spake to one who understood.

When I told him of my guardian's death, of my utter loneliness, of my longing to



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be near him who stood nearer to me than all else in the world, I caught the murmur, "Poor child! poor child!" as he bent over his dipping paddle, and these low words of sympathy unsealed the last door of my heart, and I told him all without reserve: how Lady Jane had diverted her inheritance from her natural heir, Hugh, because he was withheld from writing to her by a sense of delicacy which would have been felt by few; how she had taken such offence at this during her illness that, unknown to me, she had altered her will in my favor, depriving him even of her former provision; how the same delicacy which had prevented him approaching his wealthy kinswoman separated him from me, her heir; how his first separation from Lady Jane had been a voluntary renunciation of his own interest, to ensure what he supposed would be my happiness; how he had for my sake performed a hundred sacrifices, which in happier days had been the delight of Lady Jane, his cousin; how all these things so worked on me that, knowing my love would neither speak nor come to me, I had thrown aside all other considerations save that I was bound to make restitution to one so unjustly wronged, and who had so suffered for my sake. For this I had broken through every barrier convention had set up, and, sure in his affection, I had come forth alone under an assumed name; "for I am no Madame de St. Just, mon père, but Margaret Nairn, and he whom I love is Hugh Maxwell, in garrison at Louisbourg.

"I know, mon père, that many will point the finger of shame at me; will say I am without decorum and without pride. But, my father, I had been living without the love for which my soul has hungered all these years, until the want became so strong that it swept away all the petty rules of life and humbled my pride in the dust. I came because I could not stay, and now my one prayer is to find him."

When I had finished, he was silent for a long time. "My child," he said at last, "that you have greatly dared, I need not tell you. But you know nothing of the pain, the misconstruction, the evil report, to which you have exposed yourself.

"These 'petty rules,' as you style the barriers which society has established, are the safeguards of men and women in all their relations, and these you have chosen to disregard. For this sin against the social law you will suffer as surely as you would for any infraction of that law which, because it is higher, we call divine. You have only begun to realize it, because you have now met with one of those disarrangements we name 'accident.' Your plan, had it not been for this, would have carried you safely to Louisbourg, where you were to have met and married M. de Maxwell; but now your whole design is overthrown; Louisbourg is an impossibility; you are going in an opposite direction. Again, up to the present you have only met with your inferiors, to whom you owed no explanation of your position, but now the first man you meet happens to belong to your own class, and your isolation is no longer possible. Being a woman of high courage and principle, you have revealed to him your position in all its helplessness. But are you prepared to do the like when you meet the next person to whom an explanation is due? Can you again say, 'I am Margaret Nairn come out to meet my lover'?"

"Oh, my father, my father!" I cried, with a bewildering shame at my heart, and tears which I could not repress filling my eyes. "How could I foresee this? Everything seemed so plain. I was no longer a young girl, but a woman grown, with all a woman's strength of love, when the death of Lady Jane left me without a soul to whom I could turn, save him to whom I had given my first and only love. I had been denied all its expression at the time I most longed for it; I was deprived of its support when I most needed it, through the mistaken sense of honor which drove into exile the gentlest and most devoted of men. He was not one to push his own interest at any time, and now that I am burdened with this undesired fortune, his pride would fasten the door between us. It seemed to me—I thought—that I could come to him and say, 'See, I bring back what was yours by right.' Then, I had no doubts, no hesitations; but now they crowd in upon me when I am alone, and at times I cannot keep my heart from sinking. I am not afraid, but I am in a dark place, and I know not where to turn for light."

"Go to Her who has known sorrow above all women, my daughter. Each of us will think this over in such light as we may find, and will decide as we may be guided. Meantime do not waste your

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strength or courage in unavailing regrets or reproaches. Remember this poor woman with you has her own trial and anxiety. Give her your sympathy and your help. I am a firm believer in the solace of work."

When we made our camp that night, Lucy and I were allowed to take a share in the preparation of the meal, much to our delight, and afterwards we sat before the blazing fire, while the priest told us of his life amongst the roving Indians, of their strange customs and stranger beliefs, of their patient endurance in times of want, of their despair when disease made its appearance in their lodges, and of the ruin wrought amongst them by the white man's traffic in strong waters. "For the Indian it is no question of French or English; whichever conquers, he must go—nay, is passing even now—with only such feeble hands as mine to point the way of his going." And there were tears in his voice as he spoke.

Before we parted for the night I asked by what name we might address him.

"Le père Jean," he answered.

"That is not difficult to remember," I said, smiling.

"Which is important, my daughter, for it has to serve me from Gaspé to Michilimacinac. There is but little danger of confusion in the names of missionaries," he added, sadly; "the laborers are few."

When we left him I was glad to find that even Lucy's strict views were not proof against his simple goodness. I had feared the very fact of his priestly office would have prejudiced her, for I knew her sect made little of much the older religions held sacred; but in speaking of him afterwards she simply said:

"The Lord is wiser than we. He knows what vessels to choose for His service."

We were so tired, and there was such a sense of security in our new keeping, that we were asleep before we knew; but during the night I fell into a strange dream, which so distressed me that I awoke, with tears streaming down my face. What it was I could not clearly gather, but with the awakening came my sorrow afresh, and I lay staring up into the blackness with wide-open eyes.

Presently I heard Lucy's soft whisper, "Dear heart, what is the matter?"

"Lucy, why are you awake?"

"Christopher," she answered. "I know my boy is in sore trouble on my account, and, alas, he has not my faith to support him."

"Lucy," I whispered, after a pause, "I have been selfish. In my own trouble I have not remembered yours."

"Why should you, mistress?" she said, simply. "You have been good to me beyond what one in my condition has any right to expect. My trouble can have no claim, when you are burdened, perhaps even beyond your strength."

It was strange she should remember the difference between us at such a time. To me we were simply two women suffering a common sorrow in our severance from those most dear to us, and I longed to take her in my arms and tell her all my pain. Had she been a mere servant, I might have done so, if only for the comfort of crying together; but she was too near my own class, and yet not quite of it, to permit me to take this solace. So we talked quietly for a space, and then fell once more to sleep.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### I AM DIRECTED INTO A NEW PATH.

THE following morning, when we resumed our quiet way in the canoe, le père Jean asked, "Well, my daughter, did any light come to you through the darkness?"

"No, my father, but I have found a little quiet."

"That is much. Now I shall ask you to listen to me patiently, for I may say much with which you will not agree, but you will trust me that I only say that which I know to be best. We have every reason to believe a serious descent will be made on Louisbourg in the spring, so that, apart from any other reason, your presence in a town which will in all probability suffer a bombardment would be unwise and undesirable in the last degree. You have no idea of what war actually means; it is a horror that would haunt you to your dying day."

"But, my father, in that case I should at least be by his side. That in itself would mean everything to us both."

"That is a point I had not intended to touch on, my daughter. I know the world. I know that men banished to such exile as that in which M. de Maxwell has lived change much with the years. Think how you have changed

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yourself, in happier surroundings than he has known. Think what new connections he may have formed. Did you never think that he. . . ."

"Oh, my father, what would you tell me? Do you know M. de Maxwell?"

"I have never been in Louisbourg," he answered, somewhat coldly, as if my earnestness had hurt him.

"But you do not mean that he may be married?"

"He may be. It would surely not be unnatural."

"It might not in another man, but in him it would be impossible. He is not as other men."

"May I ask, my daughter, if he ever asked you in marriage?"

"No, my father; I told you how he was situate. Besides, my guardian then wished me to marry another."

"And you would not?"

"I did not," I answered, with some little hauteur, for I held this was beside the matter, and a subject on which even he had no right to question me.

"Well, that can make but little difference now," he said, after a short pause. "What does make the difference is that Louisbourg is an impossibility for you at the present. Your best course is to go on to Quebec. I shall give you letters to M. de Montcalm, who is so old and intimate a friend that I may ask him any favor. He will see that you have passage in the first fitting vessel for France. In order that you may not be subject to embarrassing surmises, I hold your best plan is to continue to style yourself Mme. de St. Just; in fact, that has now become a necessity. Once in France, you can, with the influence at your command—for I will see that M. de Montcalm furthers your desire—procure the recall of M. de Maxwell in the spring, and so realize the dream which has now led you so far astray.

"Do not think I am blaming you overmuch," he added, quickly; "you have been led astray because you could not see as the world sees. Your heart and motive were pure, were generous, but none the less are you subject to those rules which govern so rigorously the class to which you belong, whose very existence depends on their observance. In a romance, the world would no doubt have wept over your perplexities; but in real life it would crush you, because you have sinned against the only code it acknowledges. Your purity and faithfulness would count for nothing. Believe me, my child, I know it and its ways."

So it was decided; and at once I began to plan with new hope for the desire of my heart; and such was the change it wrought in me that the whole world took on a new interest to my eyes.

For the first time I realized the grandeur of the river into which we had now fully entered; the sullen sweep of black water in the depths, the dance of silver over the shallows, the race of waves down the rapids between its ever-changing banks, now like imprisoning walls with great sombre pines, now open and radiant with the gold and scarlet of the maples, marshalled in order by the white lances of the slender birches.

At times Lucy and I were allowed to walk along the reaches of level sand to relieve the strain on the paddlers, where the river ran swift and strong, and when we at length gained the great stretch of the lake called Matapediac, like the river, my heart was full of the beauty and charm about me.

> "The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
> Nor deep eneugh the sea,
> Nor braid eneugh this weary warld,
> To part my Love frae me. . . ."

I sang in my heart, for was it not all so wonderful, so beyond all planning, this way of Love? It might be long, it might be wearying, but it would lead aright in the end.

When the head of the lake was reached, the canoes were lifted from the water; that of the strange Indians was left behind, but ours they raised on their shoulders, and André carrying the scanty baggage of the priest, we set off on a long carry, or portage, as they call it. This occupied two days, as the path was difficult, and we found a sad encumbrance in our skirts, which suffered much in the traverse. We took the water again at a tiny stream, and finally gained another, called the Metis, leading to the St. Lawrence, our highway for Quebec. At the Metis the strange Indians left us and returned to join their fellows.

Late one afternoon le père Jean ran the canoe inshore, and, nothing loath, we left her in charge of André, to follow the priest up the high bank and take our way on foot under the great pines.

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A low breeze was moving almost silently among the trees, bringing an unwonted freshness we could almost taste. Soon we marked the screen of undergrowth which hid the sun grow thinner and thinner, until his rays came shining low through a halo of golden leaves, with gleams like to glancing water. Breathless, we hurried on until we swept aside the last veil and found ourselves on the open cliff, overlooking mile beyond mile of dancing water, which the setting sun covered with a trail of glory breaking in ripples on a beach of golden sand, which stretched below the cliff on which we stood.

"Oh, the sea! the sea!" I cried, sinking to the ground, overwhelmed by the flood of feeling which broke upon me. It was the promise of a new world of light and safety after the black swift river and the sombre forest from which we had escaped.

"No, my daughter, not the sea; la Grande Rivière, the St. Lawrence!" said le père Jean, almost reverently. "Do you wonder these poor Indians worship it?"

"Oh, it is blessèd! blessèd! It means home! It is like to heaven!" I whispered, and then I fell a-crying with very happiness.

Presently Lucy touched me on the shoulder. "See! there is André!" And below we saw the Indian paddling out into the open. He went cutting through the golden water until he was some distance from the shore, when he stood upright, gently rocking as he balanced, gazing up the river. Suddenly he crouched down again and made all haste toward us, crying, as he came within call: "Mon père! Dufour! Dufour! Gabriel Dufour!"

"This is fortunate, most fortunate," exclaimed the priest. "It will save us many a weary mile, and perhaps weeks of waiting. Gabriel is a pilot with one of the best boats on the river, and your way to Quebec is now easy. It could not have fallen out better."

"'One of those disarrangements we name accident,' mon père?" I said.

"No, my daughter; when we are schooled sufficiently to read aright, we name it 'Providence,'" he returned, gravely.

We took our places in the canoe once more, and with deep, long strokes she was forced through the current across the mouth of the stream. We disembarked on the farther side, and all made our way out to the end of the low point, which stretched far into the wide river. My disappointment was great when I could make out nothing of the object to which André triumphantly pointed, but this the priest pronounced, without hesitation, to be the pilot's boat.

"André, dry wood," he commanded; and to us he added, "You can help, if you will."

We ran back to where a fringe of bleached drift-wood marked the line of the highest tides, and returned with our arms laden with the dry, tindery stuff. Carefully selecting the smallest pieces, the Indian skilfully built a little pile, but so small I wondered at his purpose. The priest, kneeling by it, soon had it alight, and kept adding to it constantly, while André ran off again to return with a supply of green brush; by this time a heap of glowing coals was ready, and on this the Indian carefully laid his green branches, one after another. In a few minutes a strong, thick smoke arose, and went curling out in a long, thin line over the now quiet waters of the river.

Meantime le père Jean had a second pile of coals in readiness, and at his word André quickly smothered up the first with sand, and after waiting for the smoke to drift completely away, soon had a second thread trailing out after the first. This was repeated again, and the fire extinguished as before.

"There, my daughter! that is the manner in which we sometimes send a message in this country, and the answer will be the appearance of Maître Gabriel himself by the morning."

We then withdrew to the shelter of the wood, for the smoothest sand makes but a sorry bed, and made our camp for the night.

After our meal, le père Jean bade André pile more drift-wood on our fire, and producing the little journal in which he kept the brief record of his labors, as required by his Order, he fell to writing.

"Here," he said, when he had finished, handing me the folded paper, "is your letter to my good friend M. de Montcalm. It is not over-long, as paper is much too precious to waste in compliments; I have used so much, as it is, in fully explaining your position, so that you may not be exposed to embarrassing inquiries in demanding his fullest assistance, and that

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you may be under the lightest personal obligation, that I have left no space to set forth your future movements; these you must yourself lay before him, and so spare me the sacrifice of another page of my precious journal."

The next morning, as the priest had foretold, we were awakened by André's announcement of the pilot's arrival, and before long, Gabriel Dufour was presented in due form. He was a stout, thick-set man, much reddened by exposure, with his dark hair gathered into a well-oiled pigtail, comfortably dressed in gray homespun jacket and breeches, with bright blue stockings, and a short canvas apron, like to the fishermen in France.

He at once expressed himself ready to take us to Quebec.

"What day have you chosen for your return, Gabriel?" asked le père Jean.

"Qui choisit, prend le pire, mon père. All days are alike for me. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, I find much the same as Thursday, Friday, Saturday. I can start to-day, to-morrow, or the day after that, as madame may say."

"Then I will speak for madame, and say to-day," returned the priest; and added, in his quiet way: "I bid you beware of Master Gabriel's fair words, madame. To quote from his favorite proverbs, 'il est né dimanche, il aime besogne faite,' he will promise you anything."

"'Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut,' mon père," he answered, laughing. "Well, I am ready at once, if madame can support the poverty of my poor cabin."

"Ah, Maître Gabriel, if you knew how much your care will mean to us, you would make no apologies."

"Come, come, Gabriel! No more proverbs, no more delays," exclaimed le père Jean, and, as the pilot hurried off to his shallop, he took both my hands in his.

"My child, remember God goes with you by land and water, by day and night, and He will surely bring you to the goal which He alone can see," and then he raised his hand, and I knelt while he blessed us both.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MARQUIS DE ST. VÉRAN.

In Maître Gabriel I found a type I could readily understand; he was very shrewd, very curious, with a passion for questioning, but so honest and childlike that he took no offence at any rebuff. He was a thorough sailor, a martinet to his little crew, vain of his skill and boastful of his courage, and confident of the showing he and his fellow-Canadians would make against "les goddams," should they venture to appear.

He insisted on hearing the story of our capture in detail, and seemed much more amused at the address of the Indians than distressed at our misfortune.

"They were good fellows, after all, madame. If it had not been for them, you would not have fallen into the hands of le père Jean. But, bedame! I cannot understand why he should send you to Quebec when he knew you were bound for Louisbourg. A priest, no doubt, knows much, but I can tell you, madame, if you came to me and whispered 'Louisbourg,' it would not be by way of Quebec I should send you. If you have any reason to be there, there is no time like the present, for the English are on their way thither even now; and if they are frightened away by our ships, they will be back in the spring; take my word for it!"

"But, Gabriel, le père Jean spoke as if nothing was to be feared from any attempt they might make at present."

"Perhaps not, but they may try it, all the same. They have been in Halifax for months past, and only sailed in August. I do not think it will come to anything myself, but in the spring all the music will be on hand, and the dancing before Louisbourg will begin in earnest. But pardon, madame; I forgot you had friends there, or I would not have let my tongue run on so."

"No, no, Gabriel; I wish to hear all you have learned. Why is it impossible to go to Louisbourg?"

"Bedame! I never said it was impossible to go to Louisbourg, madame; mais, 'qui se tient à Paris, ne sera jamais pape,' and your face is not in the right direction. If you would be there, madame, I would engage to find you a way in the teeth of all 'les goddams' who ever chewed rosbif. But I forget; we are going to Quebec," he ended, slyly, evidently desirous that I should talk.

This, however, I would not do, but he had given me matter enough to keep me awake by night and set me anxiously dreaming by day.

Why had the priest been so determined

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to keep me from Louisbourg? Now that I thought it over, I saw that I had never urged my wish at all. I had allowed my whole purpose to be swept aside at his first firm refusal to consider my request. And all this time Hugh was in danger, whilst I had turned my back upon him. If not in danger now, he certainly would be in the spring, and all my effort, with those weary miles of sea again between us, would be unavailing for his recall. Indeed, he would probably refuse to leave his post if it were threatened by an enemy. Why had I consented? Why was I even now lengthening the heart-breaking distance between us with every coward mile I travelled? Why had I not pleaded with le père Jean, instead of obeying blindly like a child? He had not known the real danger, perhaps, or his advice would have been different.

Could I have spoken freely with Lucy, I might have gained some comfort; but, alas! my lips were sealed towards her. How could I expect her to understand even if I could speak? My distress she would readily comprehend, but she could not possibly know anything of such a love as Hugh's; so I was forced to take the sympathy of her silent companionship, making her such return as I might.

Gabriel I grew almost afraid of; he questioned me so cunningly, without seeming to do so, that I was in constant dread lest I should betray my secret and declare the desire which was consuming me. It was a relief when I could turn his curiosity and lead him to talk of his own life and the places we passed; for the wilderness of hills of the North Shore, to which we had crossed, was broken here and there by settlements, as at Les Eboulemens, where the tiny church and village nestled by the water's edge at the foot of mountains rising and rolling back to purple heights behind. We were here shut out from the main river by the wooded shores of the Isle aux Coudres, which Gabriel regarded with peculiar pride, as somewhere on its farther side stood his whitewashed cottage, where his wife kept her lonely guard during his long absences, and spent sleepless watches on wild nights in autumn, entreating the protection of St. Joseph and Our Lady of Good Help for her man, fighting for life somewhere on the dangerous waters.

"She must be very strong with her prayers, ma bonne femme, for every time I have come safe home—eh, madame?"

It was a pleasure to me to confirm him in his belief.

The next morning we passed the wide mouth of the Gouffre at Baie St. Paul, but fortunately without experiencing its formidable wind, and early in the afternoon we saw rising before us the purple mass of Cap Tourmonte. We stood well out here to escape the strong current; in the distance before us lay the green shores of the island of Orleans, and behind it to the north Gabriel pointed out the beautifully rising slopes of the Côte de Beaupré, with the pride of a man who is in love with his country.

But soon his attention became fixed on a boat of better appearance than any we had as yet seen, standing in for the main shore.

"No fishing-boat that!" he exclaimed. "It must be some of the officers down from Quebec." He altered our course so that we stood in to intercept her. His excitement grew as we approached. "I am right," he shouted. "She is the yacht from Quebec. I must go on board. They will wish to hear what news I carry from below."

As soon as we were within a reasonable distance he made some signal with his sail, and both boats staying their way, he launched his shallop over the side, and quickly rowed to the stranger. We watched him with keen interest, especially as we saw there were officers on board. Before long he was on his way back to us, and as soon as he was within speaking distance he called, in the greatest excitement:

"Oh, madame! On board there is his Excellency M. de Montcalm. He wishes to see you. Pardon, madame, pardon if I say hurry. Do not keep him waiting."

It was indeed a startling summons, and the last I was expecting, but I accepted it without hesitation, and making such slight preparation as was possible, Gabriel helped me carefully into the tossing boat; and put such heart into his rowing that in a few moments we were safely alongside the yacht, and a strong hand was held down to me. "Courage, madame, hold firmly and step slowly," and, as the shallop lifted, I stepped lightly to the deck, where I was surrounded by a group of gentlemen.

"Madame," said one of them, bowing,

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"I am Monsieur de Montcalm, and, believe me, my best endeavors are entirely at your service. We have heard something of your adventure from our good Maître Gabriel here."

"Monsieur le marquis, it is to your friend le père Jean we owe our safety, and he has added to my obligation by commending me to your care in this letter," I said, handing him the precious billet.

"Any lady in your position, madame, would command my service of right, but such a recommendation makes it obligatory; there is little I would not do to please my friend le père Jean."

As he glanced over the note, I had opportunity to observe him more closely. I had often heard of him from Gaston in the old days, for they had been friends from boyhood, and had done much campaigning together in Germany and elsewhere. He looked worn, like a man who had grown old before his time, but I could trace the likeness to the warm-hearted, hot-headed young officer whom I had so often pictured, in his large eyes, which had lost nothing of their youthful fire, and in his smile, which had the charm that does not disappear with years.

"Madame de St. Just," he said, when he had finished reading, "I can spare you the necessity of even asking my help, and must not lay you under any obligation greater than this little voyage from your boat to mine, to which you would not have been subject had I known of your relation to my friend le père Jean. He tells me your intention was to have gone to Louisbourg. If that be still your desire, madame, I can at least spare you the journey to Quebec, and can promise you an easy passage to Louisbourg as soon as the snow makes good travelling, for in Canada, summer is no time for a long journey across country. But let us be seated and talk this matter over quietly," and he waved his hand towards the stern of the yacht, where some of the officers hastened to arrange their cloaks into comfortable seats.

My heart was in the strangest commotion as I saw the drift of circumstance that was sweeping me onward, without effort on my part, towards the end I most desired; I had not spoken, and here was the arbiter of my fate putting into words all that I dared not ask. I resolved not even to think, but to leave the issue in his hands.

"Had you ever met le père Jean before, madame?" he resumed.

"No, monsieur. How could I? But I cannot help feeling I have met you. I was wont to hear your name very often when a young girl."

"Indeed? And to whom did I owe that favor?"

"To your friend the Vicomte de Trincardel."

He stared at me as if in great amazement, and when he spoke his tone was that of a man deeply puzzled.

"You know the Vicomte de Trincardel?"

"Assuredly, monsieur—that is, I did know him. He was a frequent visitor at my guardian's both in Paris and London," and then I stupidly fell to blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Strange, very strange," he muttered in an absent manner.

"No, monsieur, not strange," I answered, for I could not bear he should misunderstand; "my family name is Nairn, and my guardian was the late Lady Jane Drummond."

"Oh, pardon me, madame; it was only the odd chance of my meeting with you that I marvelled at. But it is a narrow world, after all, for a few years ago, when in Italy, I heard of your brother from the Cardinal York; he spoke of him in terms of the warmest affection."

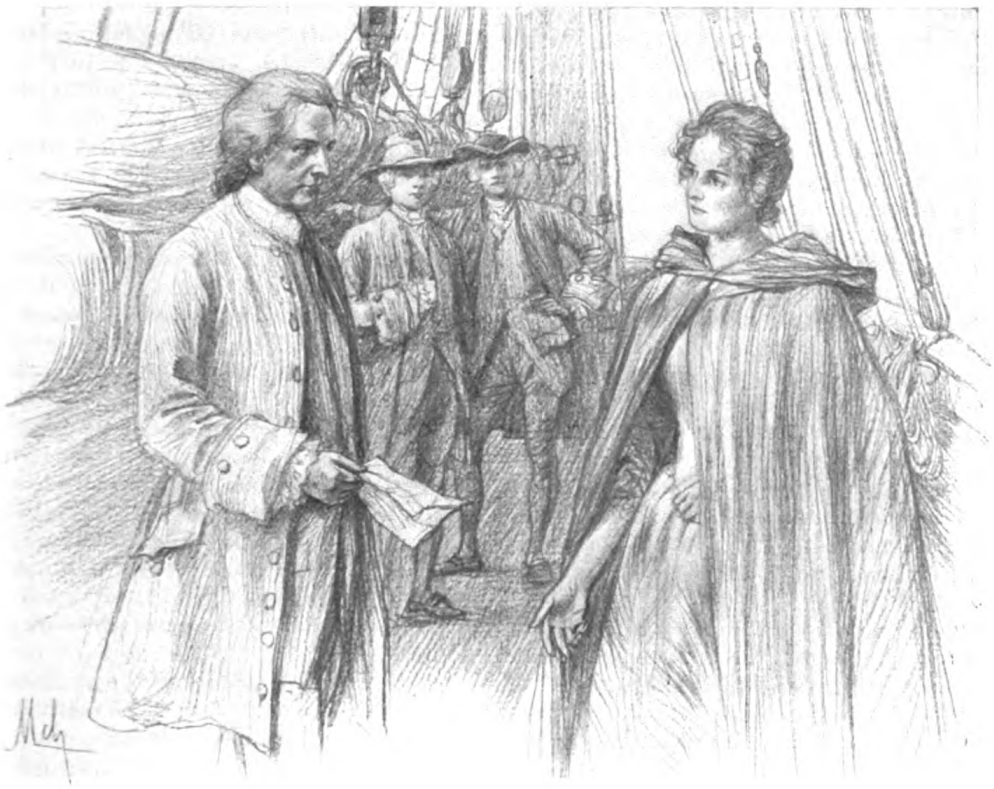
"Hélas! monsieur, my brother is dead to me. He has deserted the cause to which I and mine have been faithful; he now holds a commission in the English army."

"Again I must ask for pardon; but to come back to your plans. Now as to Louisbourg, there is no danger, madame, either on the journey or when you reach there, provided you leave again before spring. You can be safely back in Quebec before the snows go, and on your way to France by the first ship long ere any serious danger threatens. I am taking for granted, however, that you will hardly choose to remain in this enchanting colony longer than may be necessary. Would it meet your wish if you were to return by the spring?"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly, monsieur!" I exclaimed, overjoyed to answer a question which presented no difficulties and opened out a way before me.

"Then, madame, I would recommend the following plan: instead of going on to Quebec, by which you will lose little save

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"THERE IS LITTLE I WOULD NOT DO TO PLEASE LE PÈRE JEAN."

a glimpse at a society which is not without its charm, you should go back across the river and down as far as Beaulieu, where you will find Mme. de Sarennes and her charming daughter Angélique. I shall give you letters which will ensure you a welcome and a shelter for such time as you may have to remain under her care. Her son Charles, who is a noted figure in the colony, will be up and down between Louisbourg and Quebec during the winter, and I will see that he takes charge of you and conducts you safely on your journey.

"And now, madame, it is very probable that you are but ill supplied with money, if indeed you have any. Pardon my frankness, but I am old enough to be your father, and I know the awkwardness of such a position. If I am correct, I am sure you will not deny me the pleasure of helping you."

"Monsieur, your kindness needs no excuse: but, with a thousand thanks, let me assure you I am well, even abundantly supplied, as I had nearly all my money sewn in my clothes before leaving, and I do not foresee any want of that kind, even though my stay be longer than now appears probable. But I shall be most grateful for your letter to Mme. de Sarennes, and it shall be my endeavor not to prove a burthen on her hospitality."

"M. de Bougainville," he said, beckoning to one of his officers, "will you come and tell Mme. de St. Just something of this charming country while I write some letters?" So saying, he introduced his aide to me, and stepped into the cabin, leaving me to the amusing society of his officers. The moments passed quickly until the Marquis reappeared bearing two letters.

"Do not disappear, gentlemen, unless it be to seek a glass of wine in which to wish madame 'bon voyage.'

"This, madame," he said handing me one of the letters, "is to Mme. de Sa-



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rennes; but with it I have taken care to enclose that of le père Jean, for our good Canadians, as you will find, attach more value to the simple word of a priest—and in this instance I will not say they are wrong—than to the command of any civil authority. His letter will spare you all explanations with the mother, and this other will serve as an order for that gallant coureur des bois, her son, when he puts in an appearance, in the event of his visiting Beaulieu before I see him in Quebec. Let me assure you, further, that you have only to command my services, should you need them, either before or after you may reach Louisbourg. The Chevalier de Drucour, I am persuaded, will be only too ready to do me a service, should I ask it either on my behalf or on that of another. I shall esteem it if you will consider yourself as under my protection."

"But, monsieur, what claim have I to all this kindness?" I asked, overwhelmed at the possibilities I saw before me.

"You are the friend of my friend; I would do anything for his sake," he answered, simply, disdaining any of those compliments which would so readily suggest themselves to a man of less nice breeding.

"I am sorry we cannot offer you any fitting hospitality here," he said, as he rose. Then, turning towards the others, he added: "Gentlemen, I am apologizing for our scanty larder, which prevents our detaining Mme. de St. Just for supper. M. de Bougainville, as a mathematician, might have seen to a less exact but more generous provision."

"His head was among the stars," explained a jovial-looking officer in a rueful tone, "and we less-exalted mortals are the losers, alas!"

"But surely we have somewhat to drink to the success of madame's journey?" said M. de Montcalm, in mock alarm.

"Assuredly, mon général! I at least was not star-gazing when I laid in the Bordeaux. I can even provide a glass of Frontignan for madame," responded a little bright-eyed officer.

"Bravo, Joannès!" laughed the general. "Frontignan! That brings back the whole South, madame; its very name makes me homesick. Homesickness makes us all young, makes us all little children again. Ma foi! I believe that is why the Spaniard pretended the Fountain of Youth was to be found in the New World. I defy any one to remain here and not have perpetual youth, if my theory be correct."

"But at least madame did not come to seek it," responded M. de Bougainville, gallantly, "and we are keeping her standing."

Thereupon they touched my glass in order, each with a prettily turned wish for my good fortunes, and I tasted the sweet wine of Frontignan in return to the toast they drank together. No wishes could have been more welcome, and the little friendly ceremony meant much to me; indeed my heart was very full when M. de Montcalm bent over and kissed my hand as he helped me into the shallop and we pulled off into the dusk. Did I need anything further to set my uneasy mind at rest, I found it in the quiet words of Lucy when I told her of the outcome of my visit.

"Oh, my dear mistress," she exclaimed, in a voice full of feeling, "He hath made our path straight to our feet!"

### CHAPTER XVI.

### AT BEAULIEU.

GABRIEL altered his course with the satisfaction of a man confirmed in his superior judgment. "Il y a remède à tout fors à la mort, madame, and this has come at the last hour," he cried, in great satisfaction. "I suppose le père Jean would say you were going to Louisbourg all the time, only it would look to an ordinary sinner like a precious long way round," and he chuckled at his jest as he bustled about, filling every one with somewhat of his brimming content.

Favored by the tide and a strong wind, we made a good run during the night, and when we awoke we were again coasting along the peaceful reaches of the South Shore with its frequent settlements and clearings—a pleasant change after the wilderness of the North.

Early in the afternoon Gabriel pointed to a long point stretching out into the river.

"That is the Beacon Point of Beaulieu, madame. A beacon is piled there, ready for firing, winter and summer. The entrance to the river is just on this side, and on the other is the great bay where the porpoise fishery takes place. The manor

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cannot be seen from the river; it is safe and snug from the storms, a little inland."

Before long we entered the mouth of the little river, to the right of which stretched a broad expanse of tidal meadow, dotted with small platforms, each supporting its load of coarse salt hay, safe above the reach of the highest tides; to the left was the dense pine wood covering the Beacon Point. Fields and woods wore the sombre colors, the browns and purples of autumn, though here and there a sturdy maple still hung out its banner of yellow or red, lighting up the dark greens of the unchanging pines. As we advanced, the windings of the river disclosed stretches of bare meadow and empty fields, for the harvest had long been gathered. The whole was set in a background of low purple hills. But soon we caught a new interest as a windmill, and then a long wooden house having a high-pitched roof, broken by a row of pointed dormer-windows, with a detached tower at each end, came into view.

"There, madame, that is the manor!" Gabriel announced with evident pride, to which I made suitable return, for despite its humble form, like a substantial Norman farm-house, its great length and the two towers gave to it an appearance which removed it out of the common.

Our boat was made fast to a little landing-place, and we disembarked; but, to my surprise, no one appeared to welcome or to question us. Gabriel led the way up to the house through a garden, which must have been a model of neatness in summertime, but was now stripped and blackened by the early frosts. Though the door of the house stood hospitably open to us, no answer came to our echoing knock.

Going round to the back proved equally fruitless, but I espied two women working in a field at a short distance, and bidding Gabriel await me, I took my way towards them. I found them engaged, with spade and fork, digging up reddish-looking roots, which they piled in little heaps.

"I bring letters to Mme. de Sarennes," I said, addressing the younger woman, who seemed confused, but whose face I could barely see for the great bonnet which covered her head like a cowl, "but I find no one in the house. Can you tell me what to do?"

"If madame will return and find a seat in the house, I shall bring some one," she answered, prettily enough, and dropping her fork, she ran towards the house.

"What are those things you are digging up?" I asked the elder woman.

"Potatoes, madame."

"But do the people eat them?" I inquired, for I knew they were not used in France.

"'Only the Bostonnais and cattle,' we used to say, madame, but now the Intendant has ordered them to be planted and eaten by all."

"And they will obey?"

"'Le miel n'est pas pour les ânes,' madame; those who do not, will go hungry," she answered, laughing.

I was interested in the news, as well as in the calm philosophy with which the innovation was accepted, and after a few more questions I returned to the front of the house.

The room into which the entrance gave —for it was more of a room than a hall— was large and low, with a ceiling painted white, supported by heavy beams; it was carpeted and furnished with much comfort—much more than one would find in a similar house either in Scotland or France.

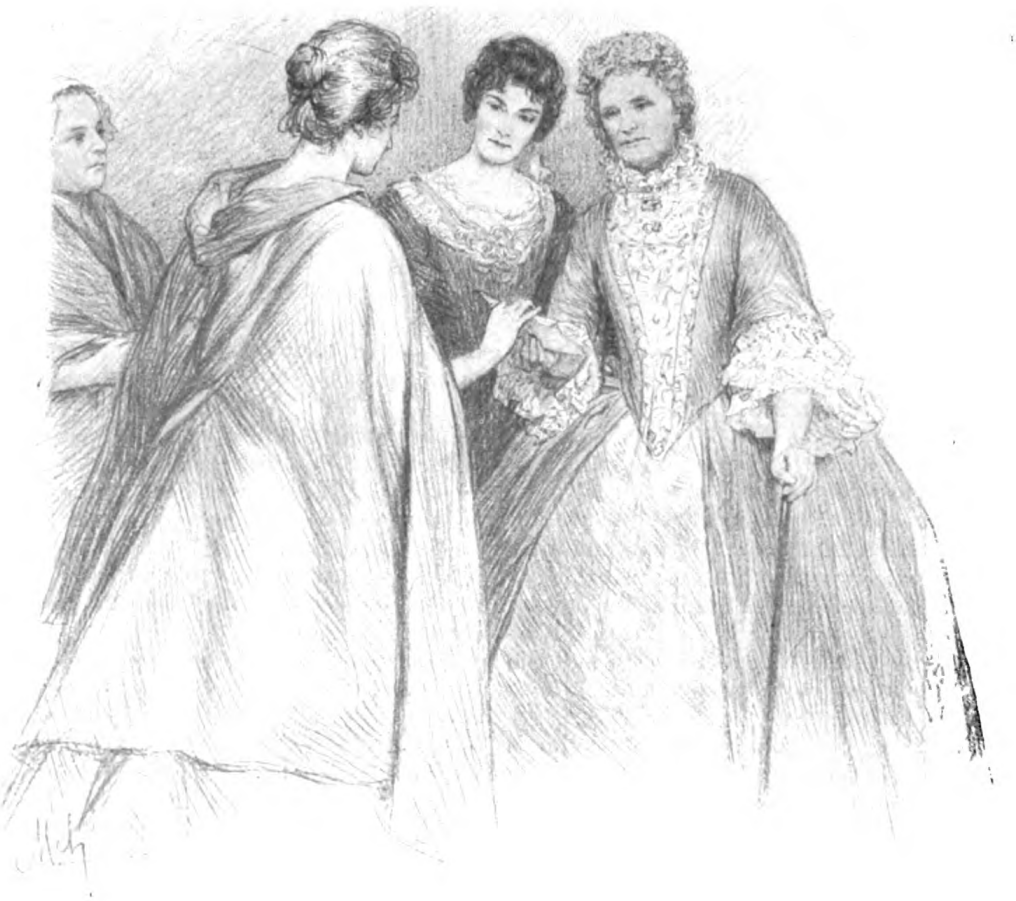
In a short time a young lady entered, her dark olive face well set off by her brown hair, becomingly though simply dressed, and her light girlish figure showing to advantage in a flowered gown.

"I am Mlle. de Sarennes, madame, and I regret that you should have been kept waiting." She began gravely enough, but catching some wonderment in my face, she continued, laughing merrily: "Oh, 'tis of no use; I can never masquerade! I am Queen of the Fields, madame, and you surprised me a moment ago, sceptre in hand," whereupon she made me a grand courtesy, nearly sinking to the floor.

"And I am Mme. de St. Just," I answered, joining in her girlish fun, "a poor rescued prisoner seeking for shelter; and this is my waiting-woman and very good friend, Lucy Routh. I come to you with letters from M. de Montcalm, trusting our presence may not prove a burthen to you."

"But here is my mother," said the young girl, quickly. "Not a word to her of how you discovered me; she will never acknowledge that such a thing as field-work is necessary, though there is not a

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"THESE LETTERS CHANGE A DUTY INTO A PLEASURE."

man left to share it, except myself. We hide it from her as we would a sin."

At the words a gray-haired lady supporting herself on a cane entered. In a few moments all explanations were made, and I received from her a welcome scarcely less warm than that of her daughter, but with the difference that it was only given after she had carefully read the letter of the Marquis de Montcalm and its enclosure.

"Your own presence would command my hospitality in any case, madame; but these letters, and especially that of le père Jean, change a duty into a pleasure; it is much to have gained the friendship of such a man. I fear, though, you will have to put up with our poor company for some time, as my son has but left for his post in Acadie, and I do not look for his return until the snows come; but we will do all we can to make you happy until such time as you can leave to join your friends."

Nothing could be more charming than her address, even though it bore a trace of condescendence; but that was merely the reflection of an older school of man-

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ners, to which I had been well accustomed in Lady Jane.

As soon as we had settled these matters, I agreed with Gabriel that he should go on to Quebec, there to obtain some necessaries of which I stood in much need, as did poor Lucy.

"You do not expect to find shops there, surely!" laughed mademoiselle. "But my friend Mme. de Lanaudière will gladly undertake the buying of the material, and we will make such shift for the fitting as is possible here."

So we were installed as guests, and on the morrow Gabriel was despatched on his important errand; before he returned we had taken our places as members of the little household.

Mlle. de Sarennes—Angélique, as she insisted on my calling her—would not consent to my helping in the fields, so Lucy and I took charge in the house, where Lucy did marvels in the kitchen, even to eliciting approbation from Mme. de Sarennes, which Angélique assured us was praise indeed, for her mother was a housekeeper of the school which did not acknowledge that excellence of performance called for anything beyond a refraining from criticism. How could I be other than content? I was surrounded by a daily round of interest, almost of affection, and, most precious of all, by a gentle courtesy which accepted me as a guest without question or curiosity as to my past. Le père Jean had answered for me, and that was enough.

When Gabriel returned I paid him for his services, though it was only when I had assured the honest fellow I was amply able to do so that he consented to receive anything from me. When he was leaving me he charged me with great earnestness:

"Madame, should you need me at any time, either by day or night, all you have to do is to light the beacon. If by night, let it burn brightly; if by day, do as you saw le père Jean, and go on repeating it until you see the answering smoke from the island, or my sail."

"But, my good Gabriel, I am not likely to trouble you, as when I go from here it will be by land, and in a different direction."

"Qui dit averti, dit muni, madame; no one can tell what may happen, and it may do no harm to know you have one near who would be proud if you called on him for help."

I was greatly touched by his thoughtfulness, a frank offer coming direct from the heart of a brave man towards a woman he fears may some day be in need of his service.

"Gabriel, is every one kind in Canada? I do not know why I should meet with such care."

"We are all saints, no doubt, madame; but that is not the reason," he returned, gayly, and set off for his boat.

After his departure our life together went on without interruption. By the end of November the whole country was covered with snow, which we hailed with delight, for it meant the speedy arrival of M. de Sarennes, and then — Louisbourg! I had often seen snow as a child at home in Scotland, but there it meant storm and desolation, and, alas, only too frequently suffering and death to man and beast; but here it came as a beauty and a blessing, welcomed by all. Angélique took us over miles of snow-covered fields and through woods that had a charm of softness unknown in summertime, until we could manage our snowshoes without clumsiness.

"You must harden your muscles and exercise your lungs for the journey you have before you," she declared, "and not shame my training when you take the highroad with Charles."

Like her mother, she was never tired of talking of M. de Sarennes. He was their only pride, and never was son or brother more precious than was their Charles to them, so I looked forward with keen satisfaction to the day I should start under his care.

They hoped for him by the New-Year, and we all busied ourselves in preparation for the little feast which we agreed should be delayed if necessary to welcome his return.

On the last night of the year we sat together about the fire, Angélique laughing and chattering incessantly; her mother sitting with her spinning-wheel, her wedding-gift from the Marquis de Beauharnois — a dainty construction of mahogany tipped with ivory and silver— whirring peacefully as with skilful fingers she guided the fine flax from her spindle; Lucy at a little distance was knitting methodically; and I expectant, excited by Angélique's unrest.

"Ah, Marguerite, what a shame Charles



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must tack on that odious 'madame' every time he addresses you!" exclaimed Angélique, merrily. "Had I my way, I'd banish the 'madame' as I would banish every one who has a claim on you, and keep you all for our very own. What nonsense to have other people in the world when we want you so much! Stay with us! I'll marry you myself; I'm sure I'm worth all the men in the world put together!"

"Be sensible, my daughter, be sensible!" interrupted Mme. de Sarennes, in her unruffled voice. "I cannot think how you find such nonsense amusing."

"Now, maman, be fair! Do you know any man in the whole world, except Charles, you like better than me? There! There! I told you! And my mother has the very best taste in the world—eh, 'Mademoiselle' Marguerite?" And the madcap jumped up, and running over to her mother, embraced her in spite of her remonstrances.

In the midst of this turmoil a soft knock was heard, and we all sprang to our feet.

"Come in! Come in!" called Angélique, running to the door; but it opened before she could reach it, and there in the bright light stood an Indian holding his snow-shoes in his hand.

As soon as I saw him I could not repress a cry of terror, for he was the very chief from whom le père Jean had rescued me.

"Do not be alarmed, Marguerite. He is Luntook, my son's man. He always brings word of my son's return."

The Indian explained to Angélique in his broken French that his master had but sent him to announce his coming, and paid not the slightest attention either to Lucy or myself. As soon as he had answered Angélique's eager questionings he took himself off again, and we began our preparations.

"He will be here in an hour!" sang Angélique, as she danced about the room like a mad thing. Fresh wood was piled on the fire; the table was set with the best linen and silver, and loaded with every delicacy we had prepared; candles were placed in each window, of which the heavy wooden shutters were thrown back, and soon the whole house was a blaze of light.

Into all this entered the long-expected guest, who, after tenderly embracing his mother, was caught in a whirl of kisses and questionings showered on him by Angélique. Suddenly she released him, crying: "But stop, Charles, you make me forget myself! Here is Mme. de St. Just, for whose sake, most of all, we have been waiting for you."

Whilst I acknowledged his salutation, Angélique rattled on: "She has waited for you all this time to take her to Louisbourg, she and her waiting-woman. Where is Lucie? Oh, she has gone—frightened by the Indian, no doubt. She—I mean Marguerite—is so glad you have come. When do you go back?"

"Not to-night, at all events, ma belle. I'm sure that even madame would not ask that. In any case not until I've tasted some of these good things. We cannot boast such a table at Miré."

With much laughter we gradually settled down. When M. de Sarennes had doffed his outer wrappings and appeared in a close-fitting suit of some dark blue stuff, I thought I had seldom seen a handsomer type of man, and did not wonder at the pride his womenkind displayed. He was very tall, had a dark olive face like his sister, great flashing eyes, and black hair that rolled handsomely off his well-shaped forehead; and I could easily imagine that more usual clothing would transform him into a prince among his fellows.

Before taking his place at table he left us for a little to see after his men, who were provided for in the kitchen. When he returned, he said:

"Luntook, my Indian, tells me that it was he who carried you off, madame. He had taken you for English women, and even now can scarce be persuaded he was mistaken, though he gave you up to le père Jean."

"We are English women, monsieur."

"And you would go to Louisbourg?" he asked, I thought sharply, with a flash of his great eyes.

"Yes, monsieur," I said, quietly.

But he said nothing further beyond assuring me that the Indian was thoroughly trustworthy, and I need be in no fear of him.

Thereupon we sat down to table, and as her brother ate, Angélique related to him our story, or, rather, a merry burlesque of our adventures, at which he laughed heartily.

"Well, madame, I have news for your

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waiting-woman, at least; though why she should run away when she must be dying to hear it is more than I can imagine. Tell her that her son arrived safely at Louisbourg, where he was soon a hot favorite with every one in the garrison, and most of all with the Chevalier de Maxwell." Here he paused to raise his glass, looking hard at me the while. To my distress, the telltale blood leaped to my face at the unexpected mention of that dear name. "Being a stirring lad and much attached to me," he continued, without apparently noticing my confusion, "he begged to be allowed to join me on an expedition. We were surprised by the English, and he was slightly wounded—oh, nothing, I assure you, madame, a mere scratch!—and carried off a prisoner, but no doubt is even now as great a favorite with them as he was with us. Should they come to look us up in the spring, I doubt not he will be found in their ranks. At all events, he is with his friends, and is safe."

So rejoiced was I to hear this news for Lucy's sake that I excused myself and withdrew to my room, where I found the dear patient soul on her knees, awaiting whatever tidings I might bring.

"Oh, dear mistress," she said, quietly, when I had told her all, "I have prayed and hoped, but at times my poor faith would almost fail me; and even now, when trembling at what I might have to bear, His message comes that all is well with the child."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### I FIND MYSELF IN A FALSE POSITION.

THE rest of the week passed quickly, in one sense, though every hour of it dragged for me. I was burning with impatience to hear M. de Sarennes speak some word of his intended departure, and yet could not bring myself to put the ungracious question when I saw the dear pleasure his stay meant to his mother. Never had I seen more tender, respectful attention than that with which he surrounded her. He would sit by her for hours listening to her tales of his father, or in relating his own adventures and successes against the English.

"Have a care, my son," she would say, with an anxiety not unmixed with pride; "they will not forget these things. They may try to work us evil for it some day."

"No fear, ma mère! not while I am by to defend you," he would answer, with a protecting love that redeemed his confidence from mere bravado.

He accompanied Angélique and me on all our walks, explaining to us the simpler mysteries of his wonderful woodcraft, and keenly enjoying our ready admiration. But my mind was uneasy. With the assuredness of a man accustomed to facile conquest, he pressed his attentions upon me in a manner to which I was unaccustomed, greatly to my embarrassment.

No woman of my day could, in ordinary circumstances, be at a loss to interpret any attentions she might receive. In our world gallantry was a science well understood; as exact as war, its every move had its meaning; its rules were rigidly defined, and no one ever thought of transgressing them; so there reigned a freedom which made society a pleasure, and the intercourse with men was exactly what the lady chose it should be.

But now I was brought face to face with a man who, whatever might be his birth, had neither breeding nor education; who was accustomed to see his desire and attain it, if possible; who could not understand that freedom was a compliment to his quality, not an acknowledgment of his personality; and who, in consequence, misinterpreted mere courtesies in a sense humiliating to the bestower.

Our life was necessarily so intimate, my need of his good-will so great, and my regard for his mother and sister so warm, that I was bound to conceal my annoyance; but at length he forced me to a declaration, when, hoping that frankness might avail me better than evasion, I spoke so plainly that I left him in no doubt as to the manner in which I received his attentions. He resented it with all the bitterness of a man unaccustomed to rebuke, and my heart failed me as I thought of the weeks I must pass in his company.

This made me the more anxious to push matters to a conclusion, and my opportunity came one afternoon, when Angélique snapped the end of her snow-shoe, and was forced to return, leaving us to finish our walk together.

We moved on in silence for some time before I could summon up courage to venture the question on which I felt so much depended.

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"Have you decided on your return to Louisbourg, monsieur?"

"I must first go to Quebec and report to M. de Montcalm," he began, in an ordinary voice, and then, to my surprise, he suddenly broke into invective. "We have a new order here now; everything must be reported to a quarter where nothing is known of the needs of the country or the character of the service. If those idiots in Paris would only mind matters in their own country and leave Canada to those who know it best, if they would send us troops and not generals, if they would send us money and not priests, we should do better. What can you expect of men who think of nothing but parade and their own precious dignity? Who never speak of a Canadian but with derision? But I forget. Madame is too recently from Paris herself to take an interest in such matters; to her, doubtless, we are all 'colonists,' and M. de Montcalm is Pope and King."

He stopped and faced me at his last words, and though not unprepared for some outburst, I was appalled at the fierceness of his tone and the bitterness he threw into his charge. Before I could reply, he went on:

"My sister has handed me the orders which M. de Montcalm, Marquis de St. Véran, has been pleased to lay on my mother and myself concerning you, but she tells me nothing of your friends in Louisbourg. May I ask whom you would join there?"

"M. de Sarennes, your mother and sister have treated me with a consideration beyond words. They have subjected me to no questionings, to no inquiries, beyond what I have chosen to reveal myself, and surely I can look for the same courtesy from you."

"Oh, madame, madame, I am no courtier from Versailles. Your M. de Montcalm will probably tell you I am a mere 'coureur des bois,' and if that be the case, you must lay it to my condition if I ask again: Who is it you go to meet in Louisbourg? Is it, by chance, Mme. de St. Julhien?"

I remembered the Chevalier de St. Julhien was Hugh's colonel, and eagerly caught at the opening, for I had begun to be seriously frightened.

"Yes, monsieur, since you must know, it is Mme. de St. Julhien."

"Oh, ho! ho! Nom de Ciel! But that is a good one!" He roared like a peasant, and I almost screamed in terror. "That is a good one! I have been in and out of Louisbourg for the last ten years and more, and I have yet to hear of a Mme. de St. Julhien. Come, come, ma belle! I'll wager my head you are no more Mme. de St. Just than I am. You have been playing a pretty comedy to these simple spectators, who were too scrupulous to venture a question. It took the barbarous coureur des bois to see through the paint! There! There! Don't look so frightened. I can guess readily enough what brings a pretty woman to the walls of a garrison town."

Oh, the shame, the miserable shame and degradation which overwhelmed me at the brutal insinuations of this well-born clown! and to crown it all, he stepped close beside me, and before I had a suspicion of his intent, he threw his arm about my waist and kissed me.

"You wretch! you cowardly hound!" I cried, beside myself at this last insult. "How dare you treat me thus? I will appeal to M. de Montcalm, and you shall rue this day beyond any you have ever lived. I will appeal to your mother—"

"Oh, là, là, là, my charming little Mme. Je-Ne-Sais-Quoi, you can complain to M. de Montcalm when you see him. As for my mother, I hardly imagine you will dare to tell her anything which will not excuse my action. But come, madame, we are not getting on with our conversation at all. Believe me, I am not a bad fellow at bottom. Tell me who it is you are really going to meet in Louisbourg, and we shall see if it be not possible to further your plans."

"Let me go, M. de Sarennes, let me go!" I implored.

"Now, madame, let us talk sensibly. Consider how awkward it may be if I have to pursue these inquiries before others. In any event, I can guess fairly well. Let us see: Madame is an English woman; is well-born, wealthy, and, if she will not resent my saying so, is of a certain age. Good! Monsieur is an Englishman; well-born, poor, and also of a suitable age. Good! Monsieur is unfortunate in his present position; is practically in exile. Madame comes overseas alone, save for a chance waiting-woman she picks up. Why? Surely not for the delights of travel. Monsieur's name is le Chevalier Maxwell de Kirkconnel. Madame's name

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is— Ma foi! I haven't the slightest idea what it is. There! madame, have I not drawn the outline of the comedy cleverly enough, for a mere coureur des bois, a mere Canadian?"

"Let me go, monsieur, let me go!"

"Tell me first, are you not Madame de Maxwell?"

"Yes, yes," I cried in desperation, eager to seize any chance of escape.

"Then, madame, believe me, you were very foolish not to say so at once. I guessed it the very first night I saw you. Now I know the Chevalier intimately; in fact, I am under obligation to him for much good advice; but I will confess he has never seen fit to impart to me the fact of his marriage, which will be a surprise to many."

"Oh, monsieur, I beg of you that you will never mention it," I cried in an agony of shame and self-reproach.

"Never, madame; believe me, it was too disappointing a piece of news in my own case, for me to have any desire to place others in the like unhappy position. But allow me first to apologize for frightening you; pardon me that I cannot look upon it as an insult; and now that I have made the *amende honorable*, I will go back and answer your first question. I shall start for Quebec in two days; I shall be back in a week, and then leave for Louisbourg at once, if you feel you can trust yourself with me."

I was so completely in his power that I mustered up all my courage, and replied, bravely enough: "M. de Sarennes, I cannot but believe I am safe in the charge of one whom I know as so loving a son, so fond a brother. I trust you, too, as the friend of M. de Maxwell; and I trust you most of all because you have learned my secret, and being a gentleman, I believe you will not betray it."

"I don't know how far I accept the compliment, but at all events, madame, I shall say nothing of your affairs. Remember, though, it rests chiefly with you to prevent suspicion. You must keep the same free intercourse with me, and never allow my mother or sister to gather by word or sign that the nature of our conference to-day has been otherwise than pleasant. Now that we have come to an understanding, no doubt some news of Louisbourg will be welcome."

As he spoke we turned back towards the manor; his whole bearing so changed in a moment that it was hard to believe the bright, pleasant-spoken man by my side was the same creature of rough, brutal instincts and feelings who had tortured and alarmed me so cruelly. Little by little I recovered my composure as he told of the life in the fortress, of the probable investment by the English in the spring—if they could then muster a sufficient fleet—of M. de Drucour, of M. Prévost, and best of all, of Hugh, though he tried to disturb my peace by hinting at some understanding between him and Madame Prévost.

"It all depends on you now, madame," he said, significantly, as he held the door open for me to enter, and fortunately I had firmness enough to control myself through the long evening and until I could gain my room.

There I broke down utterly, as I knelt beside my bed, unable to rise, or to control the sobs which shook my whole body.

Lucy was beside me in a moment.

"Dear heart! Dear heart! Let me help you," she murmured, raising me to my feet, and beginning to undress me like a child, crooning over me and quieting me with tender touches and gentle words.

"Oh, Lucy, speak to me, say something to comfort me. I am the most unhappy woman alive."

"My dear, dear mistress, no one can be so unhappy that our Father cannot comfort her. This is the time of all others when He is nearest to you. You have but to stretch forth your hand to touch His robe; you have but to open your heart to have Him come in and fill it with the Peace which passeth understanding. I am an ignorant woman, but I have this knowledge. I went through a sorrow, and what I believed to be a disgrace, helpless and alone, and knew of no comfort till He sent me His.

"I do not know your sorrow, I might not understand it if you told me, but beside this bed is standing One who knew what it was to be alone more than any other, and He is saying to you, 'Come, and I will give you rest.'"

"Dear Lucy, you are such a comfort to me. I do not understand these things in the way you do. I have never heard them so spoken of; but oh! I feel so safe while you speak!"

"Now, mistress, I will sing to you,"

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and she sang her sweet songs of comfort in trouble, of deliverance in danger, of love awaiting us, until my sorrow was stilled and I fell asleep.

M. de Sarennes kept his word in so far as further annoyance was concerned, but he displayed a familiarity towards me which called forth laughing comments from Angélique, and kept me constantly on the rack. At the end of the week he left on his mission to Quebec, promising to return within ten days, and charging us to prepare for our long journey.

I was at my wits' end to know what to do. I could not refuse to go with him, no matter what my distrust. I could not make any explanation to his mother or sister which would not expose me to a position I shuddered even to contemplate. Would Charles, their idol, behave towards any woman worthy of respect as he had behaved to me? I was completely in his power; no matter what he had done or might do, he had but to appear and say, "Come," and I must follow, no matter how my heart might fail me.

All too late I realized what I had brought upon myself by my cowardly evasion of le père Jean's commands. I had deceived myself, or, rather, I had pretended to be led by outward chance instead of honestly following our compact, and now I was reaping my reward. That this man was in love with me I could not doubt, but it was a love that made me sick to my very soul when I thought of it. Yet he was a gentleman, by birth at least; he was answerable to the General for my safe-keeping; and no matter what uneasiness or unquiet I might suffer on the journey, he would not dare to offer me any indignity with Lucy by me and Hugh awaiting me at its end.

With this I was forced to be content, and busied myself with Angélique and Lucy in our preparations. Angélique chattered merrily, regretting she could not take the journey with us; her brother knew the woods as others knew the town; he could tell every track, whether of bird or beast; he was so cunning that no storm surprised him, and so tender he would care for us like children.

"No one is so good to women as Charles; he never gets out of patience with me or maman. Let me tell you, you are a lucky girl, 'Mademoiselle' Marguerite, to have such a beau cavalier for your escort. Really, I am jealous of your opportunity; my brother is nearly as fine a man as I am, and I am sure any woman would be proud of my attentions." Thus she ran on, whilst I listened, heart-sick at the thought of being in the power of that brother, whom I knew far, far better than she.

But my fortitude was not put to any test, for on the very evening of M. de Sarennes's arrival Lucy fell ill of some violent fever, and by the morning it was clear that our departure was an impossibility.

"Never mind, madame," said M. de Sarennes, evidently not ill pleased; "I can as well go to my post at Miramichi. I have business there which will detain me about a month; no doubt by that time you will be ready to start."

"Will you take a letter for Louisbourg?" I asked.

He laughed. "You are like all Paris-bred folk, madame! Miramichi is a good hundred leagues from Louisbourg as the crow flies, and more than twice that as a man can travel. No, no, madame! You must keep your letter until you can deliver it in person."

He made a pretence of laughing heartily at my discomfiture, and Angélique innocently joined in, thinking the jest to be my ignorance of the country, while my heart was bursting with indignation that he should thus make a mock of my helplessness, for he knew well what it meant to me that Hugh should be ignorant of my whereabouts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WORDS WE DO NOT SAY.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

DEEPER than chords that search the soul and die,
Mocking to ashes color's hot array,—
Closer than touch,—within our hearts they lie—
The words we do not say!

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# A TRANSIENT.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

'TWAS when I was keeping the Banks House, over to Bentley Centre, more'n thirty year ago. Mr. Harris had been dead quite a spell, and I was running the house alone, and doing well. Mother lived with me, but she was too old to do much, and feeble anyway. 'Twas the only tavern in the Centre, and open all the year round, but we didn't have many folks except in summer. But from the last of June 'way into September I had a nice lot of summer boarders every year, and we had a good many transients, stopping over for dinner, and often all night too, with supper and breakfast. There wasn't much to bring business people. You've been there, haven't you? It's just a quiet little place, but it's got the mountains all round it, making it sightly and nice, and plenty of green, cool, woodsy spots to walk or sit in. And that's what summer boarders like.

The transients was most generally folks that was travelling for pleasure, through the mountains and on their way to the Gorge or back. Sometimes farmers come along on their way to Westboro to 'tend the county fair, or horse men for the races, and then again there'd be a runner or two travelling for some city store or other.

But the transient you asked me to tell you about—put up to it, as you said, by Dr. Little—was another sort. The first time I saw him—I remember it as well as if 'twas last week—was the summer Mis' Haskins's folks boarded with me. You know they're among the first families, as to standing, in the State, and 'twas a great thing for my house, and for the whole town, for that matter, to have them put up there. Mis' Haskins wasn't well that year, and was dreadful nervous and whimsy. So they thought they'd go to some real quiet kind of place, instead of a big hotel, as they'd generally done. She was pretty hard to please, but I did my best, and she got along well enough, considering.

But one day everything appeared to go wrong, seem' 'sif. There wasn't any other boarders that time—'twas toward the last of June—but the Haskins folks and the Sperrys from Derby. And they set all together at meals to the long table by the south windows, where 'twas light and airy. There was twelve of 'em, five each side and one to each end, and 'twould have held sixteen comfortable. Well, that day the whole party'd been out driving in two wagons, over to the east village and Wells Pond. They'd had dinner put back to half past one, and 'twas all ready when they come in. They'd called at Miss Leonard's on their way home, and brought a young lady that was boarding there, a friend of Miss Ellen Sperry's, back with them. I was in the kitchen, dishing up, when I heerd 'em all trooping in together to the table, and then the chairs scraping as they pulled 'em out to set down. Then I heerd a kind of loud speaking out, and some talking back, and a sort of fuss, and next moment Sarah Willett, the table girl, came running out. And she says, a little flustered, "Mis' Haskins won't set down and won't let nobody else set down, 'cause there's too many folks to the table."

I knew she'd got it wrong some way, for, as I said before, the table would accommodate sixteen easy, and I went right in. They was all standing up by their chairs, looking real hungry and cross, and Mis' Haskins was talking in a kind of scolding, upset way. "No, I won't do it," she says; "it's a-tempting Providence; it's as much as my life's worth. No, no, no!" and she begun to sort of cry.

"Why, what's the matter?" says I. "Is anything wrong, Mis' Haskins?" And then two or three of them spoke up all to once, and I got to understand that there was thirteen to set at that table, and that was bad luck. I don't recollect that I'd ever heerd of that sign before, though I've often read about it late years, and seen a few folks that held by it. But it wasn't one of our sayings there in Bentley. Thirteen wasn't any worse than any other number there; a little better, maybe, for it went by the name of a baker's dozen, and generally meant something thrown in, which is always satisfying in this world.

But I see at once 'twas a sign Mis'

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Haskins believed in, and that she was terrible upset. But what in the world could I do? They was all one party and all hungry, and I couldn't ask any one of them to leave the table, and there wasn't another boarder in the house to call in. I was at my wits' end, and didn't know what I'd better do, when all of a sudden, but very quiet, a man come into the door that led out to the front hall and walked right up to the table. He was an under-size, homely-looking man, but he had a real pleasant kind of face, a mite freckled, and slick, thinnish red hair—a perfect stranger to me.

Everybody stopped talking directly, and turned to look at him. He sort of bowed to us all, and says, in a bashful kind of way but real friendly, "Don't let me put you to any trouble," he says; "I'm only a transient for dinner." Well, I never was so glad to see any one in all my life. And all the folks was tickled to death, and showed it. You'd have thought he'd been a bit surprised at the way they give him a welcome and made room for him, but he took it as calm as you please, and dropped right into the chair Sarah Willett set for him, without a word.

Sarah said afterwards that he didn't hardly say anything through the meal, but eat hearty, as if he enjoyed his victuals. Only once when young Mr. Sperry spoke to him direct and told him what a fix he'd helped 'em out of, and how much they was obleeged to him for happening in, he says, "Don't speak of it; 'tain't anything," and went on with his dinner. I meant to speak to him myself before he got away, but I was kept by one thing and another, and when I got into the office at last, he'd gone. He paid his half-dollar to Parker Smith, who was clerking for us that season, and went off. "Did he have a team," I says to Parker, "or was he afoot?" And Parker didn't know, hadn't took notice. Well, of course there isn't anything wonderful in that part of the story. 'Twas lucky he happened along just that minute, that's all. And I never should have thought of the man again but for what come after.

'Twas two or three weeks after that, one hot day in July, that I had the biggest scare of my whole life, I believe. Some ways or other I'd turned my ankle, and 'twas swelled up and stiff so's I couldn't put my foot to the floor. I was up in my bedroom, setting in my rocking-chair, with my foot all wrapped up with cloths wet with opedildoc and up on a cricket. All the boarders was off one way or other, except Mis' Skinner. She was in her room with Janie, her little girl. After a spell she come over to my room with her bonnet on and hold of Janie's hand, and asked me if she could leave the child there with me for a few minutes while she went over to the post-office. "She don't need any looking after, Mis' Harris," she says. "She'll play round the room real good and quiet, only I don't exactly like to leave her all alone." I always liked children, and Janie was a favorite of mine, so of course I said let her stay. Well, she trotted around and looked at my things and played with her dolly. I was knitting, hard at work on a new kind of bedspread with a real mixed-up pattern Miss Lee had been learning me. I got to the most ticklish place in it, where the holes come in, and I was looking close at it and saying over to myself, "Put your thread over and knit one, put your thread over and narrer, knit three plain," when I heerd a little noise.

I looked up quick, recollecting the child—oh, dear, dear, dear! My south window was wide open, and there was a morning-glory vine climbing up on some strings just outside. There was pink and blue and white flowers on it, all shut up and twisted, of course, at that time o' day, but they looked bright and pretty to Janie. So she'd climbed up in a chair and tried to reach 'em. The chair'd tipped, and she'd slipped out, and—oh! there she was hanging with her little white frock catched on the thing the green blinds fasten to.

Before the dress give way, before I could holler out, before—oh, anything, I see some one right in my room step up quick behind the child, catch her up in his arms, unhitch her frock, and put her down on the carpet close up to me. For a spell I didn't think of anything but Janie and her being safe and sound. I kept stroking her yellow head as she leaned it up agin' my dress, and I felt sort of sick and head-swimmy. Then I heerd the door creak, and when I looked up there was a man going out. He was an under-size, homely-looking man, with a real pleasant freckly face and thin reddish hair, and I see he was the transient that helped us out at the table that day I was telling about. I called out to him

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to stop, and begun to pour it all out how thankful and obleeged I was and all, but he only says, very quiet, "Don't speak of it; 'tain't anything," he says. Then he mumbles out sort of quick and bashful something about how he was passing, and see I needed a little help, and come in. I couldn't hear him very plain, and then he was gone.

I couldn't follow after him, 'count of my lame foot, and he didn't appear to hear when I called out to him again. So off he went without any more thanks from me or anybody.

Well, that time I did ask a heap of questions about him, but nobody seemed to know a thing. Folks had seen him coming along the street, and Mary Willey see him running like a streak through our front gate and into the house that afternoon. But nobody knew who he was, nor which way he come from or went to.

I disremember just what was the next time I saw him. Mebbe 'twas the day Hiram Merrit's cows broke into our cornfield. There wasn't any men folks about, but Aleck Brace, a little fellow not more'n twelve year old, was in the barn, and he run out to see if he could drive 'em out. I knew he couldn't do it alone, and I was just starting out myself, though my ankle wasn't strong yet awhile, when I see the cows was all running out o' the field, and there was a man helping Aleck drive 'em.

I didn't get a chance to speak to the boy till 'most night, and then I asked him who it was helped him get the cows out. He said 'twas a stranger to him, a man that was going by and see the trouble. Said he was a smallish man, with slinky red hair and freckled as a turkey egg, but a real friendly way with him. I guessed in a minute 'twas that transient again.

I don't know but 'twas afore that, after all, that he turned up just at the very minute the keeping-room chimney got afire. I was out myself, and there wasn't anybody downstairs but Sarah Willett and old Aunty Mills that was turning and sewing over the breadths of the carpet, and upstairs there wasn't any gentlemen, only two or three of the ladies. I heerd about it as I was coming up the street, and I run home as fast as I could.

But when I got there 'twas all out, and Sarah was sweeping up the soot. She said they'd had a dreadful scare, but just's they was 'most distracted somebody run in and emptied a bag of salt on the fire—'twas only a blaze of papers Sarah'd been burning to get 'em out of the way—and it put it right out. Neither she nor Aunty Mills had noticed who done it. But Parker Smith, the clerk, come in a spell afterwards, and he says, "I see that sandy-haired man just now, that was here to dinner the day Mis' Haskins had the tantrums." So I felt certain sure that transient had helped me out again.

'Twas the queerest thing. He never went anywhere else, never give assistance to any of the neighbors, and nobody knew who or what he was. But he was always and forever turning up in the very nick, yes, the nickest of time, when I needed help or got into any scrape or mess. They wasn't all big things he done, some was little; they wasn't all solemn things, some was real comical. Why, once I'd gone over to Petersville with Mis' Bryan to have a pictur' took of her baby. It was fretty with its teeth, and wouldn't look pleasant, all the pictur' man and the rest of us could do. 'Twas getting late, and I'd got to be home to make tea rusk for supper. I was real nervous, but just then a man come in, or was in, for I didn't see him open the door. He stepped up in front of the baby, just where the pictur' thing couldn't take him, and he begun to move his hands up and down, and wiggle his feet, and shake his head all covered with smooth stringy red hair, and twist his homely, freckled face in such a ridic'lous way that the baby, let alone the rest of us, just laughed right out, and I've got the pictur' of it with the laugh all sot on his little countenance. 'Course 'twas that transient. But he wouldn't stop to say a single word, and was off before we could thank him.

Another time I'd been out in the rain and got wet, and I catched cold. I felt sick all over, and that night I thought I'd take some hot peppermint tea. I went to the closet for the peppermint, and there was the bottle all empty; not a single drop left. Now if there's a thing I pride myself on, it's my never being out of peppermint. It's the one thing that every respectable family should keep in the house. Aunt Nancy Bartlett used to say that to be without peppermint in the house overnight was temptin' Providence, and I guess she was about right. It's the



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one thing I know that's hot and cold to the same time. So, nat'rally, it's good for folks that's hot-blooded and feverish, and for people that's peaked and shivery. But there I was without a drop in the house, and late in the evening too. Just then I thought I heerd a noise at the back of the house.

I went to my bedroom window and listened, but I couldn't hear anything. Pretty soon I felt sure there was steps in the yard, and all of a sudden I recollected I hadn't bolted the side door. I took a candle and run down stairs. I looked about a little, and see there wa'n't nothing wrong; then I fastened the door and started to go up stairs. I don't know what 'twas made me turn round and look at the clock that stood on a little shelf in the entry. Just as I done it I see a bottle standing there by the box of matches, and I reached up and took hold of it. It was a middlin'-size bottle, and 'twas brimful of peppermint right up to the cork, as if it had just come out of Deacon Hubbard's store.

Do you s'pose I didn't know, just as well as if I'd seen him, that 'twas that friendly transient done that?

But I tell you there was another kind of help that man fetched me once, and I'll never forget it to my dying day. I told you mother was living with me then. She was most eighty, and she failed up fast that summer. The hot weather was too much for her, and she grew weaker, and one day in August—'twas the 25th —we see plain she was a-dying. Dr. More had been and gone, saying she wouldn't last many hours, and there wasn't anything he could do. She hadn't sensed anything all day, and her eyes was shut.

I was setting close beside her, and Libby States, my niece-in-law, nigh by. There wasn't anybody else in the room. All of a sudden I see ma move her lips as if she was trying to speak, but she didn't open her eyes. I leaned over her and says, "What is it, ma?" She sort of whispers, "Sing 'How—firm—a—foundation,'" and I knew she wanted her favorite hymn. Now I never could sing a note in my life, hadn't any ear or voice or idee of tune, besides being all choky with sorrow now. Libby was crying so hard she couldn't raise a note. I tried to say the hymn over, instead of singing it, but I see that didn't satisfy ma. She'd always been fond of music, sung in the choir when she was young. Her poor dry lips moved again, and she says, "Sing, sing!" Oh dear, what wouldn't I've given to do what she wanted! Just then I heerd a voice begin the old hymn to the old tune, the very one ma wanted.

The door was on a jar, and somebody was singing outside in the entry. 'Twasn't much of a voice; it flatted terribly, and it cracked on every single high note, but it satisfied mother. She sort of smiled, and she kept her thin, wrinkled old hands —is there anything on this whole earth like your mother's hands?—moving a little on the sheet to keep time. The voice went right through the whole hymn—a real long one, you know; and just as it come to

"He'll never, no, never, no, never forsake,"

ma stopped moving her hands, and sort of whispers, "Never — forsake—" and then, "Ann" (that's my name), and a second after she says, very softly, "Nathan," and she was gone.

Nathan was my only brother, a little fellow dead and buried twenty year before, but mother'd never forgot him. I could just remember him—a cute, homely little fellow, with sandy hair that never would curl, and a pleasant little face tanned and freckled with being outdoors.

But ma thought there never was such a child, said he was too good to live, always doing things for folks, so helpful and self-denying. She said he was always talking of how he was going to spend his whole life just helping folks and getting 'em out of trouble, partic'lar his own folks. He died, poor young one, when he was nine year old; so he never had much chance to show what a helper he could be. But here was ma thinking of him, and saying his name over the very last thing.

I mustn't make this story too long and tire you all out, so I won't tell you how I felt to lose my mother, and the lonesome time that come afterwards. I found out what I'd felt pretty sure of all the time —that 'twas my friend the transient that had come in just the very minute he was needed and sung that hymn for ma. I didn't see him myself, but Sarah Willett met him on the stairs, and knew him right away. I didn't think of anything

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for a spell but mother and the last things I could do for her. But after the funeral I begun to remember what a comfort the hymn had been to her, and I was bound to find out something about that man.

But 'twasn't any good, all my questions and searching out. Nobody knew who he was, or'd ever had any talk with him, though a lot of folks had seen him one time or another, and always pretty close to my house.

'Twas a few weeks after that time, one day in September, that Dr. More stopped at my door in his buggy. He said he was going to see a sick woman over to North Bentley, and as he should have to pass right by the Red Hill burying-ground, where ma was, he thought maybe I'd like to go out there with him. I was glad of the chance, for I hadn't been there since the funeral, and I went up stairs to put on my things. As I was hurrying, so's not to keep the doctor waiting, I thought to myself that I wished I had some flowers to put on mother's grave. She was a master hand for flowers, could always make them grow and bloom. And she set a great deal by the wild flowers round Bentley, and knew 'em all apart. "It's just the time," I says to myself, "for blind gentian that ma always liked so, and the twisted-stalk, and everlastings. And golden-rod and blue daisies is out a plenty. But the doctor 'll be in a hurry, and I can't ask him to stop for me to pick any."

I run down stairs and out to the buggy. Just as I got in, Dr. More handed me a big bunch of posies, and says: "Here's your flowers. I'm glad you had them ready."

"Why, what in the world!" I says. "Where did these come from?"

Dr. More looked real surprised, and says, "Why, I thought you sent them out! A man fetched them here to me just now, and says, 'Here's some flowers for Mis' Harris.'"

"What man?" I says.

"He was a stranger to me," says the doctor, "and I didn't take partic'lar notice of him."

But I knew who 'twas well enough. There wasn't but one person on the whole airth that would 'a' happened along with just them posies at just that minute. 'Twas that transient again. I looked at the flowers as we rode along. There was blind gentians, purply blue, with their green leaves a mite streaky and spotty. Mother she was from Vermont, and she called them dumb foxgloves. You know what I mean—them flowers that's always buds and never open. And there was a lot of twisted-stalk, the big kind that comes late, with a spike of frosty-looking white flowers that smell just the way a peach pit tastes. And there was everlastings and golden-rod and blue daisies—all the things ma'd been fond of and I'd been wishing for.

Well, then I just had to tell Dr. More all about it. This last thing had somehow stirred me all up, and I begun to think there was something a good deal out of the common about this man and his doings. I was dreadful excited, and I let the doctor have the whole story. I told him all about it, all the things that had happened to me, and all the times this man had helped me out, and how I couldn't find out anything about him, and couldn't get a word with him, and nobody could, and all that. But, some ways or other, it didn't seem to make much impression on the doctor. He didn't appear to think 'twas no great of a myst'ry, nothing very amazing, after all. I guess I didn't tell it just right, mebbe. 'Tany rate, he said things only'd happened so; he dare say the man was all right, and we'd find out all about him some time. Said he was a respectable-looking man, and pleasant spoken, and he'd surmised at first he was some relative of mine that was staying to my house. I suppose he meant the man favored my family. He said women folks was given to imaginings and such. Dr. More was a single man, and they said he'd been disappointed when he was young.

I disremember how long 'twas before I see the man again, or whether I ever did see him more'n once after that time. But, anyways, I recollect the last time, and everything that happened then, as well as if 'twas last week. 'Twas in October, the very beginning of the month. All my boarders had been gone some time. I was doing my own work, for I didn't need any help when I was alone, except Wells Sanford for out-door chores. 'Twas after five o'clock one afternoon I see a team drive up to my door and stop, and there was a wagonful of folks come visiting.

They was my relations from Danby, Cou-

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sin Levi Bourne's folks—him and his wife and her mother, and Joshua and his wife and little Abigail. They'd come to have supper and spend the night. I was dreadful glad to see 'em, and made 'em real welcome. I had plenty of things in the house to do with, and I knew I could get 'em up a good supper in no time. But who was going to wait on them at table while I was cooking, frying their griddle-cakes and all? 'Twas kind of chilly that day, and I made 'em all set up to the wood fire in the keeping-room, and I went out to the kitchen to see what I could do.

I set to work beating up biscuit and making my batter for the cakes, and chopping up the cold beef and potatoes for hash, when I heerd a man's step in the back entry. Then some one come to the door and looked in. 'Twas kind of dark, and I couldn't see at first, but I heerd a man's voice say, "Don't put yourself out any, Mis' Harris; it's only a transient for supper," and I knew in one minute 'twas that man.

I was in such a hurry, and so nervy and flustered, that somehow I didn't think of how I'd wanted to see him, and all I wanted to say. But I just says, "Deary me, another for supper, and me with not a soul in the house to help me!"

He come in real quiet, set his hat down on the table, and says, very pleasant and soft: "Let me help ye, Mis' Harris. I'm quite a hand to help, I am."

And if you'll believe me, before I could say a word he set to work. He set the table, getting out the crockery without asking me a thing, going in and out very quick and still, laying the napkins around, and putting on the plates and knives and forks. He fixed it real nice, but in a kind of an old-fashioned way. When I went in to take a look at it, I declare it looked for all the world like my mother's tea table when I was a young one; all the more because he'd used the old blue and white crockery and some other odd dishes ma'd left to me. He helped me about every single thing; he was real handy for a man, and saved me lots of steps and trouble. Pretty soon he says, still just as easy and quiet: "I suppose you'd like to have me wait on table," he says. "I'm used to waitin', and there ain't nothin' I like so much as helpin' folks to things."

I tell you I was pleased. Seems queer now that I took it so easy and let a man that had come for his own supper work around so, but it seemed to come real nat'ral then. Well, he waited on table, and I never see any one do better, and so they all said. Levi told me afterwards that he waited on them more's if he was a friend doing for 'em than like paid help. He put a big book in one of the chairs for little Abigail to set on, and he lifted her up on it as if he was her pa, and pinned her napkin round her neck just as nice. Old Mis' Fish, Levi's wife's mother, was getting old and sort of childish, and when he passed the biscuit to her she looked up at him, and she says: "How air ye, sir? Your face is real familiar, but I disremember your name. How do you call yourself?" she says. "You can call me Nathan," he says, very pleasant and soft.

I didn't hear nor know anything about it till they told me afterwards. He was real attentive to the old lady, wrapping her knit shawl around her every time it slipped off, and picking up her specs when she dropped 'em. They said he had a real friendly way with him, urging 'em to eat, pressing the victuals on 'em, and doing a good deal more'n there was any call for.

Bime-by they finished, and I heerd their chairs scrape, and then they went into the keeping-room again. I run in for a minute to tell 'em I'd be ready pretty soon to visit with 'em, and they begun to ask me about the man that waited on table. Levi said he thought first he might be a relation—he had a kind of family look—and when he told 'em his name was Nathan, he was pretty sure of it, because that had been a great name among the Bourneses for generations. But I told him 'twa'n't so; the man was 'most a stranger, and I didn't even know till that minute his name was Nathan. But I said that bime-by I'd come in and tell 'em something remarkable about this transient and the time I'd had with him.

Then I went back into the dining-room. The man was there waiting for me, though I'd been dreadful afraid he'd go off in his aggravating way before I come back. He'd seemed real taken with my old chiny, and he was standing by the table with a piece of it in his hand. 'Twas a queer, old-fashioned thing—a mug—sort of yellowish-white, with a black pictur' on it, and it had been my little brother Nathan's; he'd always drunk

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his milk out of it. He set it down real careful 's I come in; and I says: "Now you and me, we must have our supper. I'll run out and put the griddle on and fry some hot cakes, and I'll be back in a jiffy. But first," I says, "I must know what to call you, for I 'ain't an idee what your name is."

He says, kind of bashful like, "You might call me Nathan."

"But that's your first name, I suppose," I says.

"Yes, ma'am," he says, with a real pleasant look on his face, "that's my very first name."

"And might I ask your last one," I says, "so's to call you by it?"

He waited a minute, and then he says, "You wouldn't know any better if I was to tell you; you wouldn't understand it; but Nathan's my first name."

I thought that was kind of queer, but I only said, "Well, when I bring in your supper we must have a little talk. For you know well enough," I says, smiling, and nodding my head at him, "that there's a good many things to be gone over betwixt you and me, and there's a sight of things I'm beholden to you for, and never a chance before to say obleeged to ye."

"Tain't worth speaking of, Mis' Harris," he says, in his softly way. "I was dreadful glad to help ye. There ain't nothin' I set by more'n helpin' people, partic'lar my own folks."

"What did he mean by that?" I asks myself, as I fried the griddle-cakes and drawed some fresh tea. "I ain't his folks as I know; mebbe he means his fellow-bein's or his neighbors. I mean to ask him."

But I never done it. He was gone when I went back into the dining-room, and, sure's I live and breathe, from that day to this I've never catched a sight of that man—never, never, never. Nobody see him go, but Levi heerd the side door shut, and then steps going down the walk. All my looking and asking and wondering and guessing come to nothing. All I ever knew about him you know yourself now.

Dr. Little, that told you to ask me about it, hasn't been here long. He's dreadful interested in folks' minds and heads—the inside of 'em—and what they believe, and why they believe it, and all that. They've got some name for that sort, but I disremember it; but, 'tany rate, he's one. He's made me tell him that story twenty times if he has once, and he goes over 'n' over it with me. He uses pretty big words, but I've got so I can follow him, after a fashion. He'll ask me what I really think about it myself. Well, I tell him I don't know; sometimes I think one thing and sometimes another, and then again I don't think anything at all. Then he asks me if I ever thought that maybe this man was my little brother Nathan come back in this form, and carrying out his idee of helping folks. Yes, I had thought of it, and the doctor knew I had, and more'n a little, too. But it don't seem a satisfyin' sort of the'ry. Seems 's if folks, if they're let to come back at all, would come lookin' kind of different from us poor folks that's never had their opportunities; they'd be more like angels or heavenly bein's, appears to me. But this man was just a real Bentley-lookin' kind of man, plain and homely, and dreadful bashful.

Then, if 'twas Nathan, why, he'd growed up. I wonder if they do grow up in that place. This man seemed just about as old as Nathan would have been if he'd lived. And he'd got the same idees as Nathan about helping folks and getting 'em out of trouble. And it was just me, his own sister, he helped. But then it don't stand to reason that a soul would come back to do such common kind of helping jobs as making a baby look pleasant to have its pictur' took, or fetching peppermint, or driving cows out of the corn, and all that. To be sure, it might come down to sing a favorite hymn to a dying woman, or to save a little child's life, but—no, I can't tell what I do think, and so I always tell Dr. Little.

"But," he says, in his solemn, book-word kind o' way that I've got by heart now—"but, Mrs. Harris, do you consider this visitant a supernat'ral being? Do you call it a spirit or ghost?"

And I always answer, "No, Dr. Little, I don't dast to say I hold that."

"Well, then, my dear Mrs. Harris," he says again, "what do you call this apparition?"

And I always answer, "Why, I just call him a transient."

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# A BALLAD OF MANILA BAY.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

YOUR threats how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared no more;
Your frowning guard at Manila gate,—
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide sea-room.
Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our passing line
The thunders broke not then.

Safe through the perilous dark we sped,
Quiet each ship as the quiet dead,
Till the guns of El Fraile roared—too late,
And the steel prows forged ahead.

Mute each ship as the mute-mouth grave,
A ghost leviathan cleaving the wave;
But deep in its heart the great fires throb,
The travailing engines rave,

The ponderous pistons urge like fate,
The red-throat furnaces roar elate,
And the sweating stokers stagger and swoon
In a heat more fierce than hate.

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,—
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavité stood to oppóse,—
Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
With a thousand shattering thunders there
Flapped and reeled. For the fighting foe—
We had caught him in his lair.

Surprised, unready, his proud ships lay
Idly at anchor in Bakor Bay;—
Unready, surprised, but proudly bold,
Which was ever the Spaniard's way.

Then soon on his pride the dread doom fell,
Red doom,—for the ruin of shot and shell
Lit every vomiting, bursting hulk
With a crimson reek of hell.

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CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

*Petrel. Concord. Raleigh. Boston. Baltimore. Olympia.*

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

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But to the brave though beaten, hail!
All hail to them that dare and fail!
To the dauntless boat that charged our fleet
And sank in the iron hail!

. . . . . .

Manila Bay! Manila Bay!
How proud the song on our lips to-day!
A brave old song of the true and strong
And the will that has its way;

Of the blood that told in the days of Drake
When the fight was good for the fighting's sake!
For the blood that fathered Farragut
Is the blood that fathered Blake;

And the pride of the blood will not be undone
While war's in the world and a fight to be won.
For the master now, as the master of old,
Is "the man behind the gun."

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow,—
It is Dewey's glory to-day, as Nelson's
A hundred years ago!

# THE COMING FUSION OF EAST AND WEST.

BY ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA.

## I.—WESTERN IGNORANCE OF THE ULTIMATE ISSUE.

THE character and meaning of the far, alien world we call the East have merely pricked the curiosity of stray scholars, or spurred the ambition of a few adventurous merchants. Most of us read of British diplomacy at Peking with vague curiosity, as an echo from another planet rather than as the crisis of modern history. Of those who have lived in the very theatre of the East, few were able to discern the plot of the unfolding drama, or attempt to warn their countrymen with pen and speech. The prophet is yet heard sneeringly who claims in Chinese culture vital import for all that our common civilization holds dear.

In England this apathy has gone to the point of paralyzing Anglo-Saxon will. Able to interpret words, not men, writers published the narrowness of their own souls in such misstatements as that "there is no vital human interest in Chinese and Japanese history, literature, biography, thought, and morals"; nothing that the West has not already worked out to better purpose; no new light thrown upon the supreme subject—man. And yet, under the blind eyes of these authorities, the most wonderful experiments in practical sociology were testing a unique flexibility of faculty, and a race's devotion that could be explained only from the concentration into character of its ancient ideals. Where should we study ideals but in the hearts of living men, and not in the desiccated imagination of mere linguists? And those who, like the author, have known Eastern peoples for years, face to face, in their home life, their inmost aspiration, know that the history and literature of these races are alive to-day as a working force, aglow with a romantic interest and an illumination of humanity that almost rival the records of ancient Greece.

But further danger has been lent to popular ignorance by the endorsement of certain English and American editors, whose judgment a streak of jealous scepticism seems to sour whenever they touch the cosmopolitan value of Eastern races.

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Of Japan, especially, they declare that the recent progress is a farce, a veneer over barbarism; that her people are liars, conceited, cruel, hungry to "wipe out" foreigners, and even to sweep Europe with a "yellow inundation"; that there is no family feeling among the Japanese, no sweet home life, no true patriotism, but a blind, habitual, animal loyalty; no word for "love" in their language, no chastity among their women, and nothing original in their thought and culture. Such cruel slanders have again and again disgraced the pages of papers like the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*, the latter of which goes on grossly to assure us that the Japanese takes no true delight in the peculiar beauties of his landscape. Such slanders palsied Lord Salisbury's hand after the Shimonoseki treaty, and again when Germany and Russia tricked him into sharing their partition of North China. Errors are crimes when they contribute to their country's downfall.

But the last year has witnessed an unexpected awakening on both sides of the Atlantic. The forcing together of the two halves of our race by the Spanish war, and the unfolding, if only for a glimpse, of a common, unheard-of destiny in the East, are like the very voice of Time suddenly made audible. Such changes come quickly, when the world is ready to reveal its vast, silent preparations. It is no accident, but an inevitable silting of currents as wide as the seven seas. The "balance of power" in Europe, so firm, that it paralyzed her boasted humanity amid Armenian massacres and Turkish triumphs, has split its little Continental shell, and dispersed over the world wild forces, like so many liberated gases, battling along lines of least resistance in Africa and central Asia, until they concentrate their whirling, angry masses over the focus of the China Sea. It is a drama more sudden and mighty than the Macedonian's transport of Greece to India. And if that former contact of East and West resulted in a union of cultures, from which sprang modern Europe, so must this latter-day meeting issue in a world-wide fusion, from which shall arise a broader manhood.

But if our young consciousness is at last to appropriate the East, we cannot have the foundation of our responsibility laid too deep. The crisis is too grave to be led by selfish ambition. It must be no conquest, but a fusion. We are not to court Japan for the number of her battleships, nor weigh China by the tonnage of her imports; rather to challenge the East soul to soul, as if in the sudden meeting of two brothers parted since childhood. It is primarily a test of *ourselves*, whether we are capable of expanding local Western sympathy and culture to the area of humanity. As clan-feeling merged into race-life, and this into Christian empire; as the discovery of America and India lifted feudal Europe to the enthusiasm of world-adventure, universalizing the keen mind of Elizabethan England, until it became the mirror of all humanity in Shakespeare—so to-day must we prove the absolute value of Western thought and institutions by their flexibility, by breaking through their selfish nationalism, dropping all mean sense of strangeness and jealousy, and exhibiting a sympathy that shall thrill to amalgamate with everything human, aspiring, and constructive in that wonderful Eastern world. We cannot shirk the responsibility if we would. Whether we like it or not, our lot is thrown with it, for good or ill, from now on, *and to all time.* The test is mutual. It is not merely that the West shall from its own point of view tolerate the East, nor the East the West; not even that the West shall try to understand the East from the Eastern point of view—but that both, planting their faith in the divine destinies of man, shall with co-operation aim at a new world-type, rich in those million possibilities of thought and achievement that exclusion blindly stifles.

For this fusion is to be not only world-wide, but final. The future historian will look back upon our crisis as unique, the most breathless in human annals. Heretofore race unions have existed for limited areas only—composite cultures whose defects and abuses outlying types might eventually rectify. Rome was regenerated by Teutonic character, and Hun tyranny by Tartar freedom. But to-day each of the pledged factors absorbs the power and hope of a hemisphere. The Western type of culture is marked, scarred, cast into a hard mould for all Aryan peoples; the Eastern is full, over-ripe, despairing of new expression in its worn-out words. Each has exhausted the separate fruitage of its seeds. If the union fail now, the defect must be consanguineous to

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the end; for there is no new blood, no outlying culture-germ for subsequent infusion. Such as we make it now, it must remain till the end. This is man's final experiment.

It follows that every available element now carelessly discarded will be an eternal loss. It is this fact that makes the immediate study and preservation of the East so important. Providentially has this double factorial wealth been guarded by the ages for a coming fusion. For it is to be no one-sided household, this world-marriage, whose troth was plighted two thousand years ago. And though bride and groom look strangely at each other, it is only by a free and equal contribution of their several talents that they can meet the responsibility of all time.

## II.—THE PROGRESS OF THE FUSION SINCE THE OPENING OF JAPAN.

It was knowledge of this issue that made residence in Japan between 1880 and 1890 of such romantic interest. In her struggle with herself one saw an advance phase of the fusion worked out under the eye. While Western journals appraised her solely for her blind copying, the crisis of her history was the effort to preserve her own ideals. By 1887, when the copying had culminated in the importation of Paris milliners, a revolution was at hand. The West, mistaking this intelligent attempt at self-development, led by graduates of Western universities, cried out, "A conservative reaction!" Yet it was no new thing. Japan's yielding to Commodore Perry was no miraculous conversion to Western taste, but the conviction that fire must be fought with fire. The very youth who rushed feverishly to Europe studied ship-building and cannon-foundry to hold off the intruders. It was not to revive Tokugawa anachronisms, but to block equally antiquated Western formalism. And though, for a moment, the radicals did their best to ape our defects, the Japanese patriots of 1850, 1890, and to-day, have seen clearly their unique mission to preserve the Asiatic best, and combine it with the European in a new composite type worthy of becoming a model for the world.

But the chief obstacle to Japan's playing her destined part was the West's misconception of her attitude toward China. Our journals proclaimed deadly rivalry between the two powers, Japan's ambition, lust for Corean conquest, and deliberate expansion of army and navy to crush the older empire. We credited her with vulgar ambition only. This was a radical error. Her desire from the first was for friendship and alliance. It was her government's stern resistance to the "Jingo" party—who wanted Corea in 1873—that brought on the Satsuma rebellion of 1877. In 1879 General Grant gave both China and Japan the advice embodied in his famous Nikko conferences. I was then living at Nikko, and had the privilege of conversing with him on the subject. He frankly asserted that the East was the theatre of coming events, in which the only barrier to European spoliation would be the union of the two nations. From this policy I have personal knowledge that Japan has never swerved. On two occasions, when Chinese pride had pushed her to the brink of war, Count Ito by personal persuasion averted the issue. And at home, be it remembered, the so-called "conservative reaction" was eagerly reviving the study of Chinese history and literature.

But the mistake of the West in this matter was nothing to the fatality of China's. In spite of General Grant, she would not believe in Japan's disinterestedness, nor in her denial of apostasy. The efforts of Li were ultimately fruitless, the cabal at Peking resisting all reform that might expose their own corruption; and, after twenty-five years of forbearance, Japan had no alternative but to bring her big bullying brother to his senses. She fought the war solely to win China over to her conservative policy. This can be proved from every genuine record.

When the first terms of peace gave Japan the right to regenerate China, I clapped my hands and cried, "This is the greatest news of the century!" Then came that threat of European coalition, which justified Japan's worst fears. Then was revealed that Germany and Russia had already planned spoliation as a block to Japanese reform, and that the exposure of China's weakness had but forced their hand. Oh, then, if England had but known the truth! But the spitefulness and jealousy of her merchants and journals denounced Japan as a robber, watched apathetically the real robbers throttle her one available ally, and helped them deceive their victim by encouraging her corruption and backing her stubborn in-



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sanity, while they boasted to Europe of themselves as the champions of Christian culture, and vilified Japan as the savage leader of a "yellow terror." How England could have been fooled by such supreme hypocrisy is beyond belief. It was the opportunity of her career. A word from her would have spurred the indignant Japanese to resistance and China to reform. We awaited it breathlessly, but in vain. No! The *Spectator* looked "in alarm at an alliance with a 'heathen nation.'" Error and prejudice paralyzed Anglo-Saxon will at the supreme crisis.

In 1896 I wrote: "Let us wake up before too late to the fact that little Japan is arming herself to stand, like the Greeks at Thermopylæ, as champions, against barbarians, of the widest human interests. The supreme problem of preserving Eastern factors for our world's future type has become, for the moment, a struggle of military forces. If China has already given Russia pledges that virtually undermine her, the last hope is England. She cannot afford to see Japan worsted in a contest that will make the North Pacific a Russian lake. The very gates of India would tremble. It would be the self-abdication of the Anglo-Saxon race. For if there be a threat to civilization, it is from the Muscovite. If, backed by France, we give him the utter prestige and wealth of Oriental expansion, then indeed may we see such an invasion of the West by Russian-led Asiatic hordes as there will be no Martel to repulse. The balance turns now with the British navy. Its junction with the Japanese can face any coalition of Russia's European dupes. It will expose a gigantic 'bluff.' It will give England eternal supremacy in the East, the privilege of sharing with Japan the reorganization of the oldest, the richest, and, in some respects, the most human empire of the world."

Thus writing and lecturing, I started again for Japan. In passing from Suez to Singapore it was most interesting to collect the opinions of every Englishman I could interrogate. Army officers in Cairo, or bound for Bombay, were unanimous in asserting that the moment's opportunity was a Japanese alliance. "We will send her our ships," cried Colonel Martin, "and welcome one hundred thousand of her soldiers as brothers in India!" "It is the sole salvation of England against Russia!" echoed a chorus of bronzed majors. But as we neared Hongkong, and rallied civilians and tea-merchants, the tune changed gradually to the old deadly treaty-port whine. It was all —"Poor China!" "That cocky little bloodthirsty Japan!" In Nagasaki, Yokohama, and Tokio even, I found the same blatant ignorance, the very English residents, whose future lay with Japan's success, siding with China.

A rapid investigation revealed where the shoe pinched. There was a new factor in the problem, namely, an extraordinary advance in Japanese industry and commerce. The land I revisited had become a new world. Where, before, poverty was grinding the farmer, green moss disintegrating the mouldering warehouses, and the apathetic populace content with Tokugawa conveniences, now two hundred great chimneys made the new manufacturing centre of Osaka look like Pittsburg, railroads checkered the provinces, wages had risen, and the people were everywhere adopting a higher standard of living. It would seem as if such expansion must interest the alien resident; but, in fact, it destroyed some of his old and unfortunate privileges. Japanese agents now bought directly in Western markets, new treaties were to do away with extra-territoriality, and the prestige of the foreign merchant as the haughty master of a superior and disdainful race was at an end.

It was clear that a new and powerful factor had entered into the Eastern problem, namely, the industrial. There was more than a diplomatic storm-centre at the scene of the Chinese war. It was the rise of Eastern manufacturers and commerce to world importance. In respect of these, at least, China was following in Japan's footsteps. Cotton-factories were rising, like mushrooms, at the mouth of the Yang-tse, Shanghai was already a metropolis, and the opening up of a fabulous interior trembled in the balance of negotiations. The supreme truth that China's wealth would form the core of the world's coming commerce, and that its controller would control that world, had dawned upon Germany, Russia, and Japan, but left England napping in self-content with outgrown methods. The fusion was not to be postponed to a coming century, but fought out in the immediate struggle for China's markets.

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Such was the situation up to the close of 1897. While the London *Times* flattered itself with ten years of reprieve, for Russia to build her transcontinental railway, the latter moved to the attack in swift secrecy. Germany, squeezed between France and Russia, and repelled by England's impotent coldness, had no choice but to join the conspirators. In vain did patriots and specialists like Colquhoun thunder their warnings after the "mailed-fist" episode; while secretaries ran about wondering if Russia's seizure of Port Arthur were a counter-stroke to Germany's of Kiao-Chau. He exposed the triple alliance to dismember China, denounced the meanness and folly of leaving Japan to fight England's battles, and laid the break-down of her diplomacy, as in 1895, to her fatal ignorance and inaptitude. Even our own conservative *Nation* ventured this in January: "The British naval force in the Eastern seas is so much greater than that of any other power, especially if supported by Japan, that a determined man at the Foreign Office can really do whatever he pleases." But the man was not there.

Then came the bitter fiasco of March, whose imbecility England will regret long after she has forgotten the idiocy of George III. Russia had issued her Port Arthur ultimatum, demanding reply by the 17th. On the 11th London merchants were rubbing their eyes and memorializing the government. China, in her last agony, appealed to Lord Salisbury. Japan awaited the decisive word. It would have baffled Russia's game once and forever. But Salisbury was content to beg guarantee that England might share in Port Arthur's commerce! And this when St. Petersburg was undermining Peking! On the 17th China yielded; and on the 19th came England's protest, but too late! So the "crime of a century" was committed. No subsequent concessions England has wrested can atone for the error. They are but joining the Russo-German game of grab. In thus playing Russia's hand against Japan, England violated the hope of civilization, and the sacred trust of maintaining her share in it.

Through those anxious and fatal days how we Americans in Japan deprecated the traditional policy of our own free land that held her aloof from all foreign responsibilities, when the cause of civilization, and of freedom itself, was jeoparded by England's cowardice! How dared we hide behind a selfish fear of European entanglement, while the world was ranging her power in hostile ranks to battle for her ultimate issue? Here was a planet's domination to be shared, a neighbor of four hundred millions to regenerate, a commerce to be wiped out or fought for that had grown fifty per cent. in a single year! Yet, as England was tearing her hair over a few naked Africans, so we had just enough philanthropy to weep for a handful of starving Cubans. It was a strange sight, these two little innocent Anglo-Saxon babes, smiling in the cradle of their virtue, at the robbery of a world!

Who could have foreseen the sudden revolution that has dazed ourselves in dazing Europe—the old bitter dislike between Anglo-Saxon brethren melted as wax, and the distrust of both for Oriental faith shattered like the "veneer" we thought it? Our strange war with Spain was a trumpet blast in our ears. It reawakened our ideality. It reveals the ungenerous mistake of "anti-imperialists," that our responsibility can possibly end with ourselves. To relinquish the Philippines on pain of "land-grabbing" is like refusing to disarm a ruffian for fear he may accuse us of stealing his knife. The entrance of America into the issue is a glorious pledge of its success.

### III.—THE FACTORS OF THE IMMEDIATE FUSION.

Such is the problem and its recent history. Let us look at its present chances for solution. The pivot on which they turn is Japan. Her calm independence is phenomenal. She awaits England's decision with a half distrust, that the latter's credulity, unfortunately, warrants. To-day she is willing to join an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Her journals politely advise us to retain the Philippines. But they hint, also, that the weak vacillation of our race may try her patience too long. Meanwhile she goes on promulgating new treaties, codes, and tariffs, preparing to enter on terms of equality the status of her possible allies. She is reforming her system of education, and straining every term of the treaties to accommodate the introduction of foreign capital. It is utterly impossible in the future that she should swerve into an

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untcosmopolitan course. On the other hand, her responsibility to mediate in China's coming enlightenment has led to new and more hopeful zeal. Perhaps it was well that Japan could not essay to be China's savior while her armies were at the gates of the Gulf. Her subsequent campaign has been one of peaceful persuasion. Her representatives at Peking are selected for their sympathy with the mother civilization. Japanese journalists, merchants, and savants have penetrated every explorable nook from the borders of Thibet to Tongking, and to-day their greatest veteran statesman, Marquis Ito, temporarily relieved of his premiership, departs on a semi-private mission to China, where his life-long sympathy, his friendship with Li Hung-Chang, and his representation of people ready to shed the last drop of their blood for Chinese independence, will work marvels of mutual understanding.

But the key to the situation is that China *has already waked.* The rash *coups* of Germany and Russia have rudely shaken her into her senses. She sees now that Japan was right and sincere. Her revolution is coming as rapidly as did the former's forty years ago. She is authorizing railroads and other capitalization all over her dominions; reorganizing army and navy; changing, by practical standards, the very key of her intellect, her vast system of education that culminates in the civil-service examinations; and, most wonderful of all, remodelling her court etiquette, in its seclusion and its treatment of foreign representatives. Such reforms are coincident with the waning influence of that coterie of selfish mandarins who have intrigued with Russia. The mass of the people is rising in intelligent clamor against the old deadly abuses. But the most striking feature of this movement is China's recognition of Japan's right and ability to lead it. As we predicted years ago, the gallant islanders are the only possible mediators between Asiatic thought and the thought of the West. It is not to despoil Chinese ideals that Japan comes and is welcomed, but to strengthen them. To-day China is buying up large numbers of Japanese text-books and translations of European literature, employing Japanese in many of her offices, and sending one hundred and fifty selected students not to Europe, but to the care of the Tokio government for education in Japanese universities. What this means to the world is incalculable. It introduces a fourth phase of the long-predicted fusion. Let no foreign ambition, however generous, reckon without this accomplished union between the two great Oriental races. It gives the East an independent policy and sphere of action. In either of the three phases of the fusion—diplomatic, industrial, and spiritual—it guarantees that it shall be fusion, and not conquest. As for the first, this Eastern union may not be strong enough to fight either Russia or England, but it will be the better able to dictate equal terms to whichever may claim its eventual alliance. Unquestionably it prefers the Anglo-Saxon, whose policy is the guarantee of political integrity and of industrial freedom. But if it be forced to throw in its lot with Russia, or the one strong power of the world willing to fight for her claim, it may hope yet to save something Oriental from ruthless destruction. From the point of view of Anglo-Saxon interest, too, this union is most significant. So long as China and Japan were misconceived to be enemies, there was small chance to do aught but thunder from battle-ships. But now the Japanese alliance means Chinese friendship also, and is an indispensable condition thereto. The fruit hangs ripe, ready to drop into our hands, if we have the "nerve" to seize it. One joint word from England and America can wipe out the mortal mistake of Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur by a forceful restitution of these and other booty to China. Doubtless it would mean a thorough reorganization of China's government and defences under Anglo-Saxon and Japanese supervision; but who could wish for a more generous opportunity for supreme influence in the greatest cause of history?

As for the second phase of the fusion, the industrial, the outlook is still more dazzling. Do what it will, the Oriental alliance cannot supply the needed capital, nor can it afford to mortgage its future to a diplomatic enemy. On the other hand, when the very thing the West fights for is markets, how futile to exploit barren continents when the empire of the world but waits a magic word to produce splendors of which Rome never dreamed! Wealth is the key to world control; and while England looks sleepily for an indefinite continuation of Chinese

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trade as a "fair" item in her teeming ledgers, Russia grabs for that golden key where it is really hidden—in the capitalization of Chinese industry. Let not timid English and American monopolists shrink from the prospect of rivalry in Chinese manufactures. Whether we like them or not, there is no possibility of suppressing them. The sole problem is whether the Russian or the Anglo-Saxon shall own them. The fact to face is that, in China's resources of raw materials, metalic wealth, fuel, water transportation, and a solid averdupois in labor that overweights the combined world, Great Britain and the United States will be outclassed. Would Manchester and Philadelphia rather brave Russian competition than control with their own capital that imperial realm to be had for the asking? If so, the Anglo-Saxon deserves to pass from the world, *as he will.* But if we do not realize the imminence of the crisis too late, there is hope. With his superb business methods, joined to Japanese aptitude, before the end of the next century Shanghai should become the metropolis of the globe, with a commerce rivalling New York's and London's. For the consuming capacity of four hundred millions, with standards raised by their own energies, implies an industrial demand barely conceivable. We must be imbeciles if there remain not room for our own energies at both ends of the trade. If America reject this opportunity, she will have no alternative but to erect a barrier of tariffs and navies so enormous as to render her an industrial island of the type of mediæval Japan.

The situation is a new one, unlike that of India, Siam, Java, and Central Africa in this important respect—that the latitude of China allows permanent European residence. England has sacrificed her generations to control the former regions, where there can be no true fusion of blood or personal influence. The handful of bleaching foreigners always remains exotic, whose stock must be perpetually recruited. But in China and Japan nothing can prevent us from coming to inhabit the soil, and mixing our lives and our thoughts with its destiny. As saviors, organizers, and fellow-laborers we shall be welcomed with every privilege. Not only our capital, but ourselves bodily—our families, our homes, our ideals—shall be transplanted freely to those genial climes. Already Japan, under the new treaties, is becoming a residence-garden for the world's leisure. China, with coming conditions, shall be the workshop for its energies.

In this fact lies a guarantee for the third and most important phase of the fusion—that of true civilization, its culture. If war and markets were not culture's pioneers, they would offer us but a shallow ambition. We must refuse to be dazzled. If we aim only at a stupendous glut of luxury, the empire we build will be but short-lived, rotting of its own double abuses. It is only the conservation and expansion of the world's choicest ideals that can justify and save it. All, of any source, that can thrill, free, and beautify human aspiration must be nurtured by its conscientious teaching. It is how types of manhood will fuse that challenges our anxiety. If co-living strengthen not the twofold morality, it will be a failure. Here also is infinite fuel to rekindle the world's imagination.

Would some challenge this claim that the East has aught to offer, out of her soul, worthy of our acceptance? I rest my final plea for fusion upon its assertion. Apart from war and trade, Western methods halt unsatisfied. For thirty years we have created very little, but asked many questions. An age of scepticism is like a fallow year for soil. In this union with the East, if ever, shall our questions be answered. I claim that the Chinese intellect is, on the whole, the equal of our own, defective in places, doubtless, as perhaps is ours, but capable, with our help, to bear the strain of equal responsibility. We shall find that it has won some advance stations in fields where our experience is yet raw. We shall regain in this East magnificent enthusiasm long grown cold, living ideals that shall lend wings to our own. There is hardly a mooted topic—art, literature, philosophy, morals, manners, family organization—that shall not find its parallax of computation wonderfully enlarged. We shall gain power for wider application of our own most sacred convictions, for we shall loosen the universal in our own experiences from its accidental accretions.

This prophecy, which is based upon a lifetime of first-hand study, might be enlarged upon, but here I have space for only one summary assertion of mutual benefit. If we compare the two civiliza-

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tions in their best types, we shall find that, while the strength of the Western has tended to lie in a knowledge of *means*, the strength of the Eastern has tended to lie in a knowledge of *ends*. This division goes to the bottom of values. If there be anywhere in human reach such absolute values as ends, the value of the longest and strongest chain of means is but relative—a reflection of the former. To mistake the means themselves for ends is to imprison a giant in the toils of his treadmill. It is the defect of our political economy that it looks little beyond accumulation. Few of our millionaires have the least conception how worthily to spend the enormous powers they control. This is one danger of our culture—that it tends to deify forces. If it assumes an end at all, it is but the vague outcome of an infinite series; it allows us to cultivate no garden-patches in our desert of mortal effort. This is the Puritan extreme. The other danger is our tendency to react toward personal pleasure as an end—our sole relief from the chain of nature's means. This is the Epicurean extreme. Between the two a large, dark, almost invisible, region lies, which holds concealed the great wealth of normal human ends—not a mere attenuated faith, nor a postponed heaven, but a rational measure of absolute fruitage here and now, while the stem still grows with the working seasons. Who has yet explored this noblest science of ends? Western consciousness almost ignores it; but to this it will be found that the East has some of its most precious discoveries to contribute.

If this be true, it is necessary to regard the fusion of East and West as indeed a sacred issue for which Time has waited. Each was doomed to failure in its isolation. Means without ends are blind; ends without means paralyzed. But each has the privilege to supply what the other lacks. The union of means and ends must vitalize every seed that man has sown. In this light the wrecks of history become prophecies. The aims that withered and the forces that rotted were not waste, but a proof of their mutual need. The races that shall realize the ideal and idealize the real shall be the culmination of humanity. On the Eastern side perhaps the worthiest candidate is the Chinese, for they alone are both idealists and practical. Their chief defect is that their practice needs to be instructed and led by ours. But, on the Western side, who is worthy to lead this world's final crusade?

We cannot trust France, Germany, or Russia to be true to the issue; they are constitutionally incapable. Of all races the French have, perhaps, the least sympathy with others. The dominance of their type in Cairo and Anam but stimulates the worst of native vices. The others are equally committed to a policy of destruction. If wealth itself were an end, it might be as well for them as for us to pamper themselves with its nauseating excess. But could they, if they would, do more, live more, yearn more, learn more, restrain more, than we? Either one of us can cast cannon or manage an oil trust. But who has preserved alive rich germs of individual character and free social institutions? Who is most tolerant, most humanitarian in his conservatism? Not Germany. There is a servility of tradition, a formalism in her spirit, a mechanical quality in her very intellect that unfit her for the charge. As for Russia, I do not know any guarantee of manhood in her local institutions, any generous aspiration in her personal, family, and social consciousness.

If it be, then, that the responsibility rests upon the Anglo-Saxon race, let us accept it in fear, prayer, and resolution. It alone can conceive of a fine balance between society and the individual, of a universal federation and arbitration, that shall sound the victory over war.

And now, a last word to Americans. We have awaked; let us awake enough! But last night we were narrow as Tudor feudatories, content with our local issues, our private curse of slavery, intent to erect a little island of silver coinage. How could we unify our scattered aims with no centrality of focus on the needs of a common humanity? This morning we have waked to find ourselves citizens of a new world, full of Drakes, and Sydneys, and Philips, and Armadas; rich in immeasurable colonies, investments, adventures; of an unlimited mind-expansion; of a race-sympathy new in human annals. Columbus and his discovery are but a four-century-old stepping-stone to it; for we were obstacles in his western path that had to be first mastered. To-day we enter literally into his dream, and carry the Aryan banner of his caravels where he aimed to plant it—on the heights of an awakened East.

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# THE RESCUE OF THE "WINSLOW."

BY LIEUTENANT ERNEST E. MEAD, U.S.R.C.S., NAVIGATING OFFICER OF THE "HUDSON."

THE engagement between the American vessels and Spanish gunboats off Cardenas, May 11, 1898, in no way quickened or retarded the natural outcome of hostilities; but to us it was the most sanguine naval action of the war, and it showed one phase of that reckless daring and cool effrontery displayed by American soldiers and sailors.

The town of Cardenas is on the south shore of the very shallow bay of the same name. Access to the bay from the north is obtained by a number of shallow and tortuous channels between the keys which form its northern and eastern boundaries. It is about nine miles across the bay from north to south. Four miles north of the main channel, Piedras and Mono keys form a partly sheltered anchorage, which we occupied during the day.

In the shallow waters inside the inner keys, safe from our heavy-draught vessels, the Spanish gunboats kept up an activity at once a threat and a challenge to the blockaders. Two or three times a day one or more of them would stand boldly out from the shallows until almost in range, and, after a long circle of inspection, steam slowly back to their shelter.

American blood could not stand such insulting actions, so one morning the torpedo-boat *Foote* made a dash at them, only to find that *these* Spaniards shot better than the average, and that three or four to one was too great odds. It was therefore determined to await the arrival of some of our light-draught gunboats.

Early on the morning of May 11 the *Machias* and *Hudson*, cruising off the keys, made out a strange smoke, to which they gave chase. The stranger was found to be the gunboat *Wilmington*. The *Machias*, which was commanded by the senior officer of those present, hoisting the signal, "Follow the motions of this vessel," led the way in, by the outer anchorage, to an anchorage close up to Diana Key. Here, shortly before nine o'clock in the morning, the *Machias* and *Wilmington* anchored, and, as it was known that the main ship-channel was mined, the *Hudson* was sent to explore a partly obstructed passage to the eastward of Diana Key. For over an hour the *Hudson* quartered the ground, sounding out a tortuous and almost impracticable channel.

On her return to the squadron, which had meanwhile been augmented by the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, the *Hudson* was directed to accompany the *Winslow* and take soundings in Surjidero Pass, while the *Wilmington* shifted her anchorage somewhat to the eastward to cover operations. After a rapid survey of the channel, the Cuban pilot, who was at this time on the *Winslow* directing operations, decided that this was the best entrance.

On the strength of this report, the *Wilmington*, after the Cuban pilot had been transferred to her, weighed anchor. Shortly before noon the American squadron, consisting of the *Wilmington*, *Winslow*, and *Hudson*, steamed into Cardenas Bay in search of the Spanish gunboats.

Preceded by the smaller vessels, the *Wilmington* picked her way slowly through the channel into the bay. Here she took the lead, and, with the *Hudson* on her starboard and the *Winslow* on her port quarter, well clear of her guns, proceeded toward Cardenas.

The day was of the lifeless kind, when the water looks malarious in its sleek stillness, and the air, in its quiet thickness, refuses to be seen through, even when attacked with the best of glasses. When about half-way across the bay, the *Hudson* was ordered to skirt the then invisible western shore, and attack and destroy, capture or drive in, any gunboats which might be hidden close under the land.

We were but fairly started when the sound of guns to the north caused our hearts to give a wild throb of joy. We took it to mean that an attempt to escape had been foiled by the *Machias*, and that on being driven back the enemy must fall an easy prey to the *Hudson*. What we heard was in reality the *Machias* shelling Diana Key previous to the landing of the party which raised the first American flag over Cuban soil. Proceeding at full speed on our way across the bay, the *Hudson* soon passed the buoys of the main ship-channel; and then, seeing nothing of the expected gunboats in

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retreat, we turned and followed the general curve of the shore toward the town. The officers searched, with their glasses, every little bay and creek in hopes of seeing a concealed gunboat. This profitless search was soon finished, and glasses and vessel were turned toward Cardenas, which the *Wilmington*, followed closely by the *Winslow*, was rapidly nearing.

The appearance of the town and surrounding country matched that of the sea and sky for haziness, laziness, and absolute quiet. Three or four good-sized stone wharves, covered with well-built storehouses, and a dozen wooden wharves, completed the water-front. Back of this, toward the hills, extended the town, very nearly in the form of a rectangle, and with sharply defined limits. To the westward, from the mangroves at the water's edge to the foot-hills, was a tangle of canebrake. More elevated and less thickly wooded country, thinly dotted with country houses, bounded the eastern side of the town; and on an elevation near the shore, about a mile and a half from the town, was the large, strongly built structure supposed to be the barracks. The wharves at the western end of the water-front were almost hidden by a cloud of little fishing-smacks and coasting-schooners, moored two and three tiers deep.

Prominent among them was a beautiful little white steamer, which caused us to puff with premature pride at the vision of towing her into Key West. More than a mile off the western end of the town, where the water was deep enough, were anchored two square-rigged vessels, showing no colors, and without a soul on board. Toward these the *Wilmington* was heading. Moving so slowly as to make scarcely a ripple, she steamed down close to them, and then changing her course to the eastward, ranged along parallel to the shore, about two miles distant from it. As there was still no sign of resistance, the *Winslow* closed in with the intention of drawing the Spanish gunboats from their hiding-places and inducing them to give battle in the open. Bravely she glided in, feeling her way as the water rapidly shoaled, until little more than half a mile from the wharves.

Then, from behind the corner of one of the piers, came a flash, followed by a faint puff of vapor, and a shell screamed past her. Before the *Winslow* could turn, from three or four other places came the smokeless flash, and again, and with greater precision, the destructive projectiles.

The *Hudson* was making her best speed to rejoin the squadron, and had still about four miles to go when those on board saw the flashes of the guns on shore. Before the report of the first gun had reached us, the *Wilmington* belched forth a sheet of flame. The clouds of smoke rising from it proclaimed that the fight had begun.

Following at full speed, as closely as possible in the wake of the other vessels, the *Hudson*, about ten minutes after the *Wilmington* opened fire, passed between the two sailing-vessels anchored off the western end of the town, and being then in range, opened fire with her bow gun. The dense smoke around the flag-ship made it impossible to read the signals, so the *Hudson* hauled up more to the eastward, thus bringing her after-gun also to bear, and ran down to within hailing distance of the *Wilmington*. Receiving orders to go in closer, we rounded the bow of the *Wilmington*, and moving in to about three thousand yards of the shore, turned to the westward, keeping up a constant fire on the largest wharf.

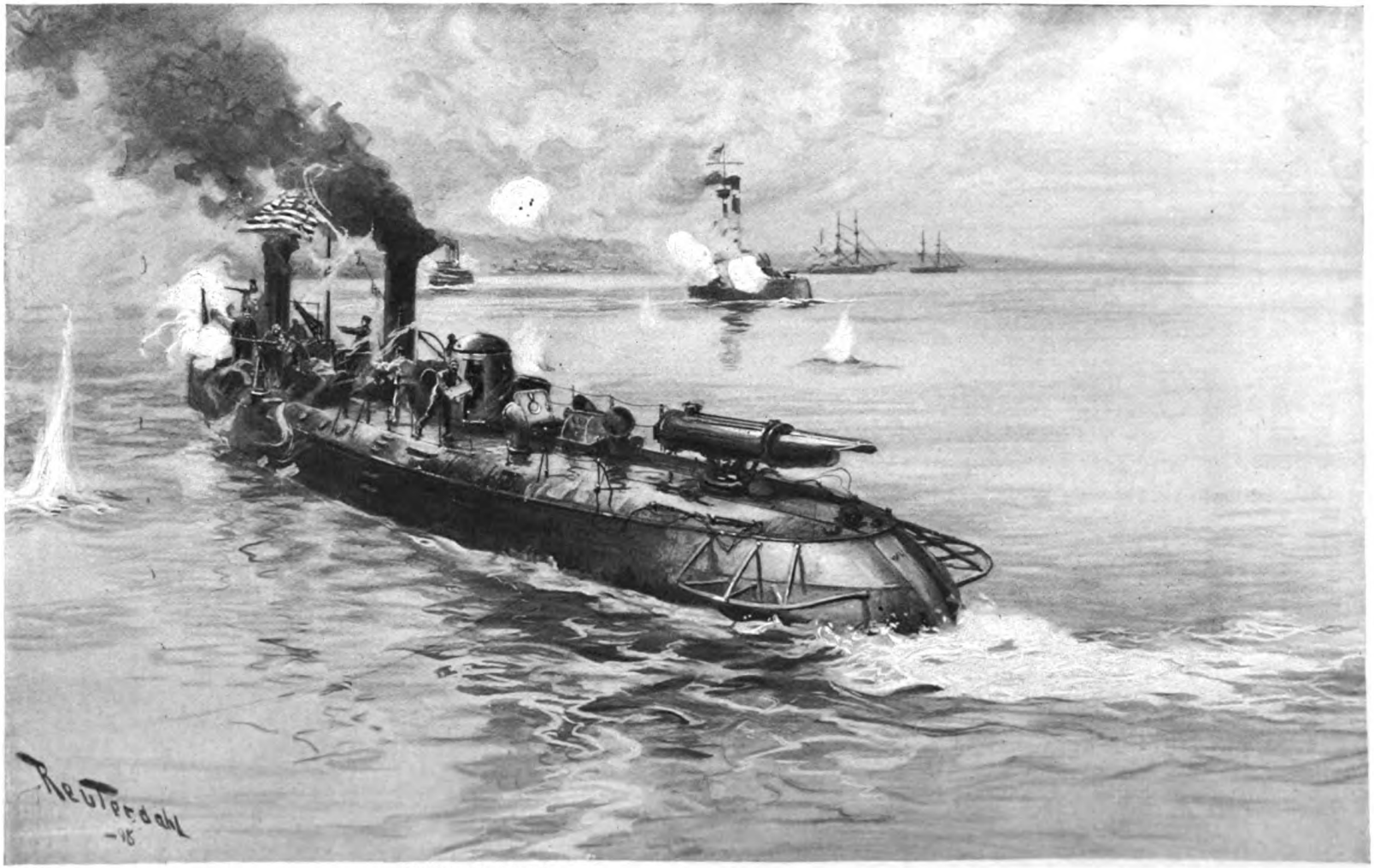
The smoke from our guns was so thick that the shore was often hidden, but a few hundred yards inshore, and somewhat to the east, an occasional glimpse was caught of the gallant little *Winslow* banging away with her 1-pounders.

Except for the flashes on shore, those on the *Hudson* would not have known there was an enemy. I do not think a shot was fired at us during the first twenty minutes of the action, and the noise of our guns dominated all other sounds. It was well indeed for the Spanish gunboats that they had the friendly shelter of the solid wharves behind which they were concealed, for in the open they could not have lived five minutes in the face of the *Wilmington's* terrific fire.

With the intention of escaping as much as possible from the dense clouds of smoke that were drifting from the *Wilmington* toward the shore, the *Hudson* now went well down to the western end of the town, and there manœuvred so as to keep both guns bearing. The sharp cracking explosion of the 6-pounders put an edge to the roar of the heavier guns, sounding often as one report. Each concussion of our little guns shook the *Hudson* from stem to stern, while to those serving them it was like a box on the ears.

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*Hudson.* *Wilmington.* Two abandoned vessels.



The torpedo-boat *Winslow.*

THE OPENING OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

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From the beginning of the engagement the sole efforts of the Spanish gunners had been to disable the torpedo-boat. One of the first shots fired struck her and partly lamed her. Fairly deluged with shot and shell, struck in a dozen places, she still fought on, and it was not until her steering-gear was injured and she became nearly unmanageable that her commander thought of withdrawing.



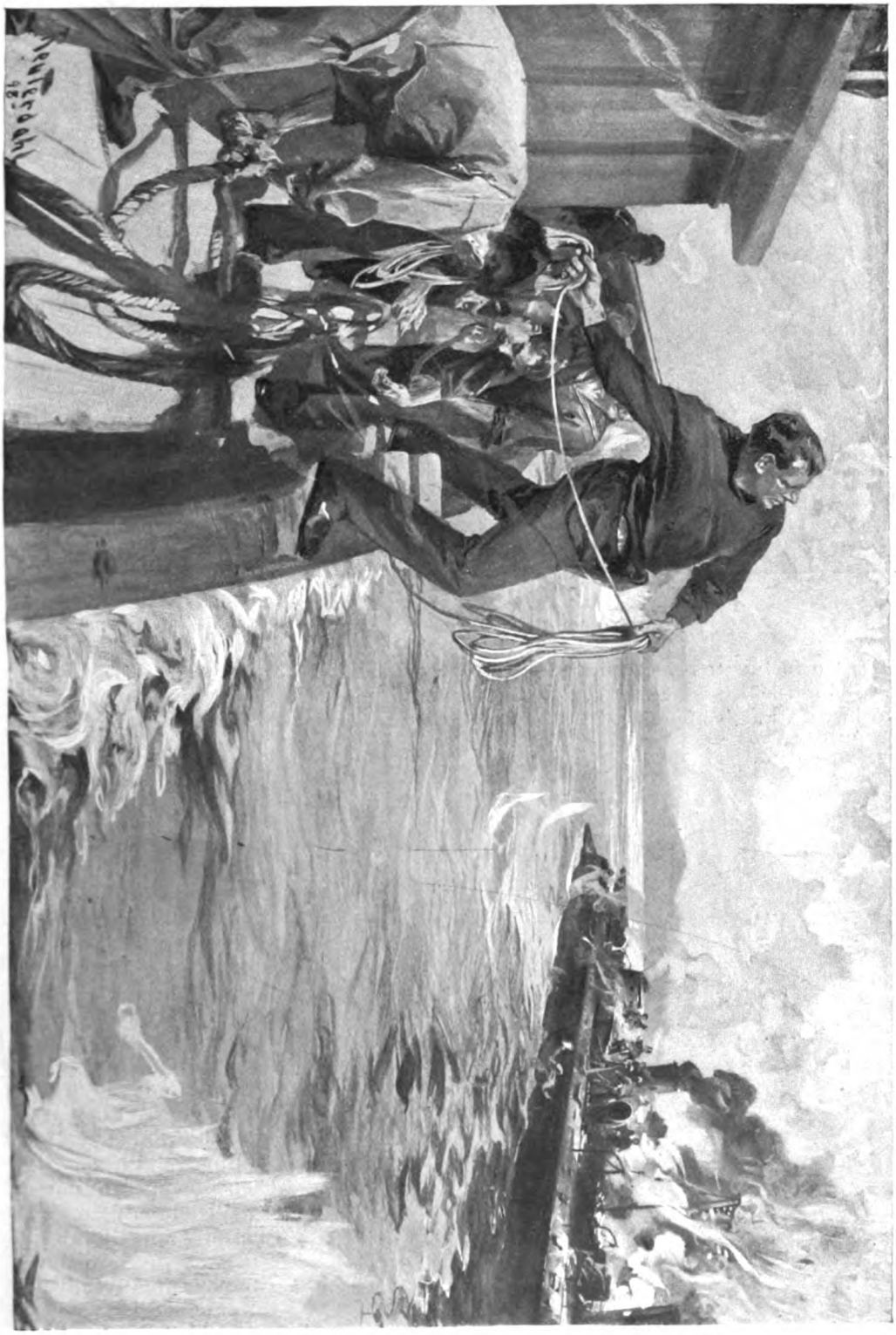
LIEUTENANT J. B. BERNADOU,
Commanding officer of the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, wounded in the action off Cardenas.

As we turned for the second time to the eastward, the *Winslow* came darting out of the smoke clouds directly toward us at such speed that for a moment collision was imminent. A slight shifting of the *Hudson's* helm allowed us to pass close to her. Hailing us, the commanding officer of the *Winslow* told us he intended to withdraw his crippled command from the fire of the Spanish guns. To our offers of assistance Lieutenant Bernadou gave answer with a gesture that was all-sufficient. All he wanted was room to work his crippled vessel. He got it.

Turning again to the eastward, we moved up toward the *Wilmington*, trying to give the *Winslow* sufficient room in which to turn and work out of the enemy's fire; but the near approach of the *Wilmington* forced the *Hudson* to again turn and work down to the western end of the harbor. As we turned, our attention was called to the *Winslow*. Her machinery was stopped, and she was rapidly drifting toward shore. Forward, a quartermaster was industriously wigwagging to the flagship. Unable to read the signal, we ran down within hailing distance, and at last heard Lieutenant Bernadou shout that his vessel was totally disabled. Even then, no request for assistance was made. None was needed.

We were now in line with the anchored sailing-vessels, about two thousand yards from shore, and the Spanish shells were hitting the water about us and flying overhead with nerve-destroying frequency. With the after-gun's crew ready to handle the lines, the *Hudson* was steered for the *Winslow*, close enough to throw a heaving-line to her. As we forged ahead across her bow, the heaving-line was thrown. It fell short. Reversing the engines, and putting the helm to starboard, the captain of the *Hudson* tried to back his vessel down to the *Winslow;* but working directly against her helm, the *Hudson* backed around until she was bows on to the *Winslow*, and moving away from her. The water was so shallow that the *Hudson* was almost unmanageable; and now fate, in the garb of the regular afternoon sea-breeze, was setting the *Winslow* every moment nearer the shore, and into a zone of more murderous fire. Backward and forward, swerving this way and that, the *Hudson* struggled for more than twenty minutes at a task that each moment grew more hopeless.

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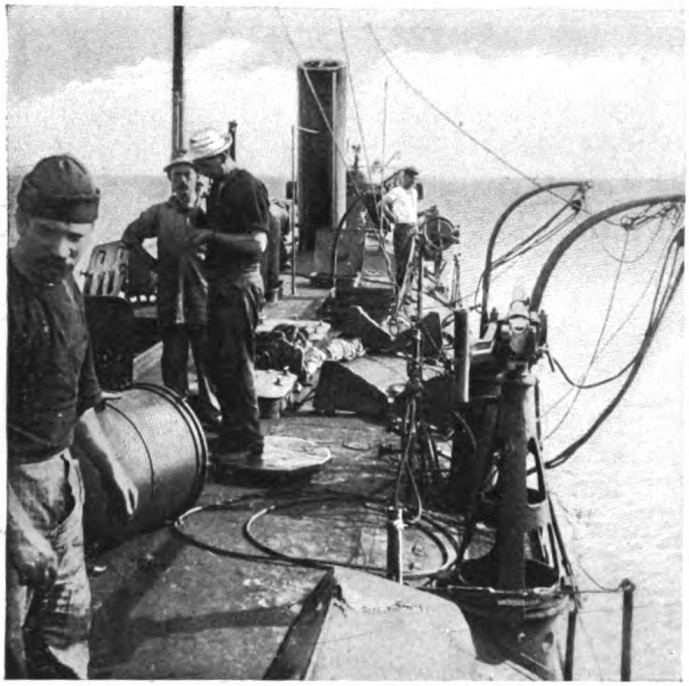


LIEUTENANT SCOTT THROWING THE LINE TO THE "WINSLOW."

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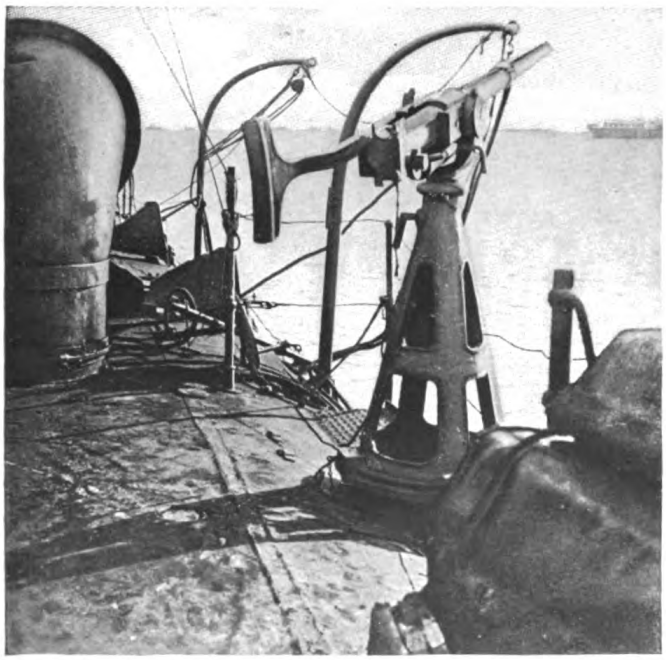


THE DECK OF THE "WINSLOW."

tle craft started to draw away from their most dangerous position.

As we were approaching the *Winslow* on our second attempt to close with her the tragic event which has given this engagement its sad prominence occurred. The officers and crew of the *Winslow* were gathered along her rail waiting to grasp the expected heaving-line. Grouped around the starboard gun were an officer and four men. They stood there, the men, expectant, every nerve taut, waiting to grasp the elusive line, which was their only chance to escape almost certain destruction—the officer, self-contained, smiling, a perfect antidote for nervousness in his calm bearing. The next instant they were gone. A flash, barely visible in the glare of the sun, a report, unnoticed in the noise of battle, a faint puff of vapor, and as it cleared away we realized that five of our comrades in danger had been wounded, killed, destroyed by an enemy's projectile. One poor fellow, falling on the curve of the deck, was slipping overboard, when he made a last despairing grasp at a stanchion and held on, calling plaintively for help. A shriek of horror rose from both crews as his shipmates sprang to his assistance. He never knew of their ready answer to his call. He was dead when they tenderly drew his body back on deck. One cry, a few muttered curses and the

At last a fortunate sheer, a quick shift of the helm, the line was thrown, caught, the hawser was bent on, and the two lit-



THE SPOT WHERE ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY AND THE FOUR SAILORS WERE KILLED

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crews hurried to their stations; some to their guns to work them as they had never been worked before, the others to the seemingly hopeless task of saving both vessels.

At last the line was made fast, and we started out toward the *Wilmington*, which had all this time been keeping up that terrific fire which eventually silenced the Spanish guns, and all but destroyed the water-front of the town. As we drew near her, feeling that we were now reasonably safe, she ceased firing, and turning, led the way toward the outer bay.

Fearing that the *Wilmington* would get away from us, the speed of the *Hudson* was increased, and, while still in range of the shore, the *Winslow* took a heavy sheer and the line parted. Now, fortunately, we were in deeper water, and the *Hudson* was soon alongside and a new line attached. As a temporary arrangement had been made by which the *Winslow* could be steered, we went ahead again at full speed, using all efforts to attract the attention of the *Wilmington*.



Lieut. Scott.

AFT-GUN CREW OF UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "HUDSON."

While securing the *Winslow* the second time, an incident occurred which forces itself through the crush of sad memories and causes a smile. One of the *Winslow's* crew was conspicuous for his quickness, knowledge, and adaptability. He knew where everything was, and how to do everything, and he was usually there to do it. But, from the time the first line was made fast until we were miles out of range of the shore, his sole idea was to get another shot at the Spaniards. The minute he could drop the work before him he would jump to a gun, throw in a shell, elevate the gun as far as it would go, and let drive, caring nothing of where the shot landed so long as it went in the direction of the shore.

As we drew away from the town a small tongue of flame stole up one corner of the largest warehouse. It spread rapidly, and before we were out of sight the whole structure was in flames. Other columns of smoke showed where fires had been started, but as they quickly disappeared, they must have been kept under control. Weeks afterward we learned from deserters from the town that fifteen minutes more of our fire would have caused the surrender of the town, gunboats, and all the shipping.

At last our signals to the *Wilmington* were understood, and she sent a doctor to do what he could to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. This caused another wait, during which we tried to stop up some of the holes in the *Winslow*, and arranged a heavier towing-hawser. About four o'clock we went ahead again for the outer anchorage, where we anchored shortly after dark, the *Winslow* still towing astern.

Later that night the *Hudson* started for Key West with the sad tidings, bearing as her witness the dead and wounded, —the wounded to the loving care of their countrymen, the dead to a resting-place in their own country.



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# THE MARTYRS' IDYL.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I.

*Sunset. A high rocky pasture above Alexandria. In the year of Our Lord 304.*

Didymus, *a young soldier, enters and throws himself down.*

*Didymus.* This mound is sweet to me. All my blood aches,
Since driven onward like a dark hill-cloud,
Dizzy with secret lightnings nowhere spent,
I chase yon happy sun to his bright death,
Alas, I know not whither; but I know
I shall not see the myriad shields uphung
In camp to-night, nor on the cypresses
Smoke rise and sink in loath blue fountain-spray.
So far, so far I drift from even them
Who fill one gourd with me, who cheer my heart,
Who come in, warm and singing, to the tent,
And miss me who am gone away, I think,
Forever, though a day; out of their world,

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Though over a few leagues of upland grass!
Why hast Thou laid on me magic of pain,
God unrevealèd? Was I drawn from sleep,
Man's duty, body's health, to be mere wind,
Wind undirected over fallow wastes?
What wouldst Thou ask of me, no sword of Thine,
No ark of service? Yet aware of Thee
I am, and shall be. All my thought, outspread,
Is open unto Thee: a lonely beach
Where the wide sobbing surf ebbs everywhere,
And, hard upon each moon-encolored wave,
Flutters the wavy line of drying sand
Back to the verge: the white line, shadow-quick,
Thrilling there in the dark: an earthen gleam,
Vain huntress of the sea. Suffer me now
To follow and attain Thee, fugitive,
And be my rest, who hast, my whole life long,
Been mine unrest: implored, immortal Love!

A Child *enters, with a reed, wearing a wreath of thorns in his hair.*

*The Child.* Soldier, pipe up for me, a herd-boy, glad
Because his flocks are folded.

*Didymus.* Ah, not I!
My star is withered; I am man no more.
Sigh after sigh the builder Grief takes up,
To heighten over me her gradual arch.

*The Child.* An arch of entrance to a generous garden,
Where spirits and the moonlit waters are.
Take comfort!

*Didymus.* Thou art a strange child, methinks,
To say that too wise word.

*The Child.* Remember, then,
'Twas breathed to thee at Alexandria,
In early-dying April's golden air.

*Didymus.* Do I lie here, who deemed myself afar?
I had forgot; I am foolish, lost, bewildered.

*The Child.* O mine elect: be patient! . . . . Listen now.
There is an evening anthem in my reed;
And while the laurels sparkle, and sunlit,
The mother-swallow dips into her cave,
And doves move close along their bridal bough,
Murmuring sorrow, I will play to thee.

*Didymus.* I thank thee, boy, for I may fall asleep.

*The Child.* Rather shalt wake, and from thy doubt be born!
Lean so, against my knee.

[The Child *plays a long time.*

O Didymus,
With thy shut eyes, thy youth undedicate,
Tell me the name of this new pastoral.

*Didymus* (*asleep*). He said: "My yoke is sweet, My burden light."
O light, O sweet, perchance, as it was said!

*The Child.* True heart! The hour rounds up; thy wine-press waits;
And so this music fades: the silver tones
Thin out, and faintly drip delight, and cease.
No willing man nor bird hears how. Good-night,
O soon-made-perfect!

## II.

*Night. The same fields.* Didymus *wakes, alone.*

*Didymus.* It is black, and chill.
My little piper's gone. . . How I have dreamed,
How I have dreamed! Lord, gather quietly
All wild hearts like mine own into Thy hand.
Yet on the look of these fresh-kindled stars
I feed, as if their bright benignant lips
Betimes had kissed the fever out of me,
And I were given their seat in warless air,
Their naked majesty, their poignant calm.
Not less remote my spirit, not less free,
After this unimaginable sleep;
Having changed place, indeed, poor moth that was!
With vast abiding things: for now are cast
Old bonds, old ardors, expectation, ease,
Glory and death, belovèd land and sea.
Even as walled frost, that feels the solar ray,
Curls up, impermanent, and reels far down
In long blue films, elfin, processional,
While the built stones fall to their first grave hue,
De-silvered: so the awful powers of earth
Exhale from me who stand the same; for these
Are vain, these are phantasmal, but not I.
At last I know myself, and know my need
As simply as a young child might, who cries
For honey from his father's liberal hive.
I will go down at dawn; I will seek out
The Christian bishop, who shall lift me up,
A soul baptized. Some lanthorn is beyond,

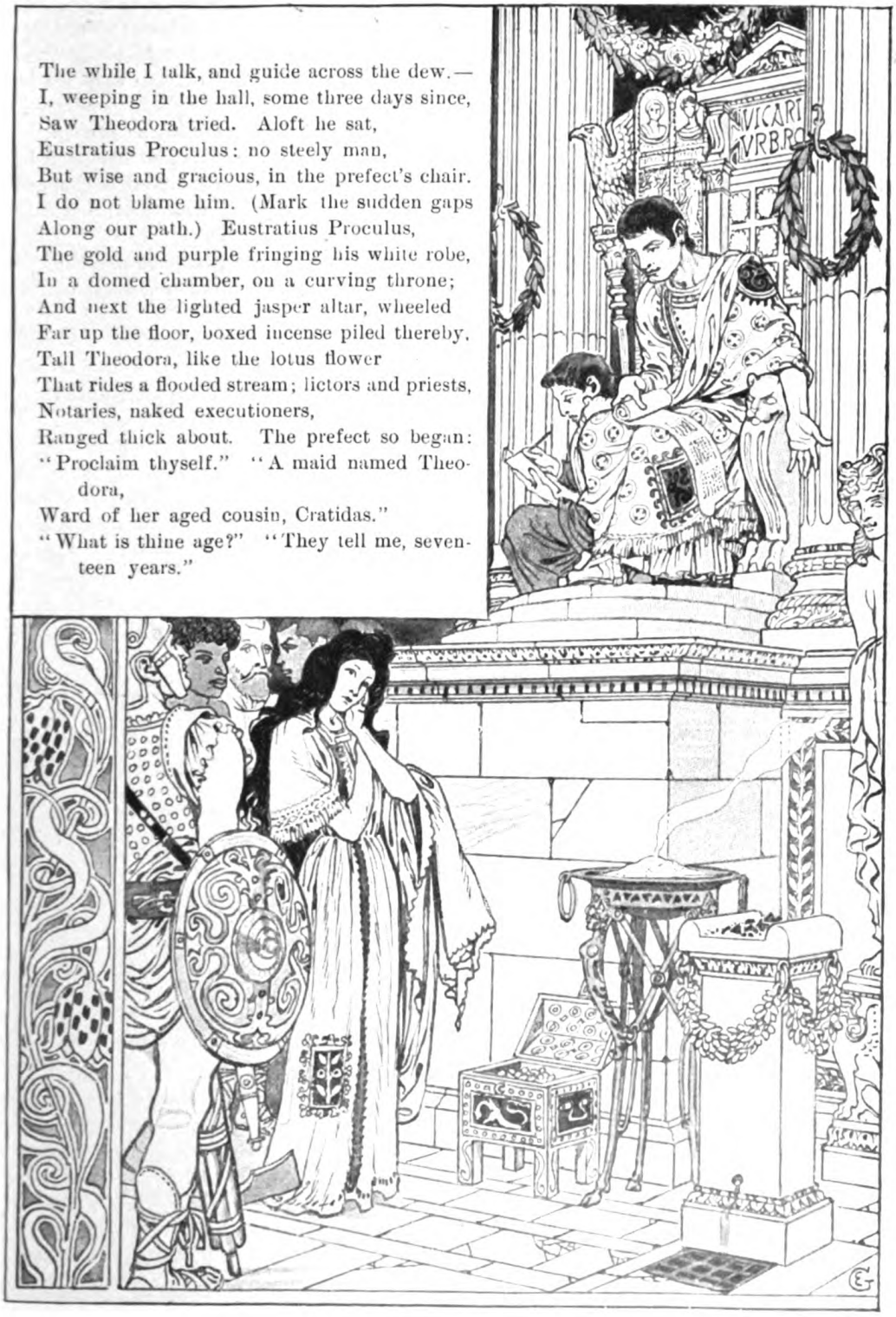
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And moving. . . . Hail, there! Would that I could say,
"The gods be kind to thee!"
*A Voice.* And why not, friend?
Thou greetest Cratidas, an old sad man,
On his home-going track.
*Didymus.* I too would house
A head as sad as thine: pause but a space;
I'll find thee on the road. Now pray thee, tell
Whose farms are these? His little herd-boy passed,
And spake or sang to me: Oh, if he were
An angel, or a Greater!
*Cratidas.* What art thou?
*Didymus.* One from the camp Nicopolis.
*Cratidas.* I ask,
Leal to the State, or Christian?
*Didymus.* In this dark,
Imperial Diocletian's telltale dark,
And even to the sober ears of eld,
What danger in the word! But now and here,
Danger I love as if she were my fawn.
Turn the lamp full this way: I'll answer thee.
A true-accounted Christian I am not:
Afar from them my nurture; but I heard
How my young mother, long now in her urn,
Received them: whence aroma of their prayers
Haunted our dwelling ever. In the wars,
I have been sick with longing and half-faith,
Last year and this; that prickle has lived on,
Till every natural mirth is dead in me.
In the shunned name of Christ, I know not how,
Some harvest of mine innermost desire
Is sown, is springing up. Art satisfied,
Father who servest Jove?
*Cratidas.* Accursèd creed!—
Sir, there my hasty tongue spake for my heart.
A rebel girl I loved forsook me late,
Bit with the Galilean pestilence.
It rages, and it rots our best: be warned.
I am no spy; I will befriend thee. Come.
*Didymus.* Thou livest nigh?
*Cratidas.* Not far. Where yon sole gem
Swings from the new moon's girdle, is my hearth,
Twixt grove and grove: a solitary place,
Since Theodora went. Hark! . . .
*Didymus.* Sound of horror!
The city's anger must be under it.
*Cratidas.* Ah me, I tremble: my poor lamb's the cause
Of such blind fury. Bitter, is it not,
That her last kinsman, hearing, cannot help her?
*Didymus.* Cratidas, I would help! Read possible aid
In this firm-sinewed arm. Speak.
*Cratidas.* That I do,
As unto a well-wisher. I distrust
Our fickle and tempestuous populace,
Greek, Roman, Jew, Egyptian, multiform.
Ah, the uproar! I had not thought to find it
So fierce, so soon.
*Didymus.* Speak quickly!
*Cratidas.* Loose my wrist.
Many light things are heavy to the old:
Therefore, let me not feel thy touch again.

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The while I talk, and guide across the dew.—
I, weeping in the hall, some three days since,
Saw Theodora tried. Aloft he sat,
Eustratius Proculus: no steely man,
But wise and gracious, in the prefect's chair.
I do not blame him. (Mark the sudden gaps
Along our path.) Eustratius Proculus,
The gold and purple fringing his white robe,
In a domed chamber, on a curving throne;
And next the lighted jasper altar, wheeled
Far up the floor, boxed incense piled thereby.
Tall Theodora, like the lotus flower
That rides a flooded stream; lictors and priests,
Notaries, naked executioners,
Ranged thick about. The prefect so began:
"Proclaim thyself." "A maid named Theodora,
Ward of her aged cousin, Cratidas."
"What is thine age?" "They tell me, seventeen years."



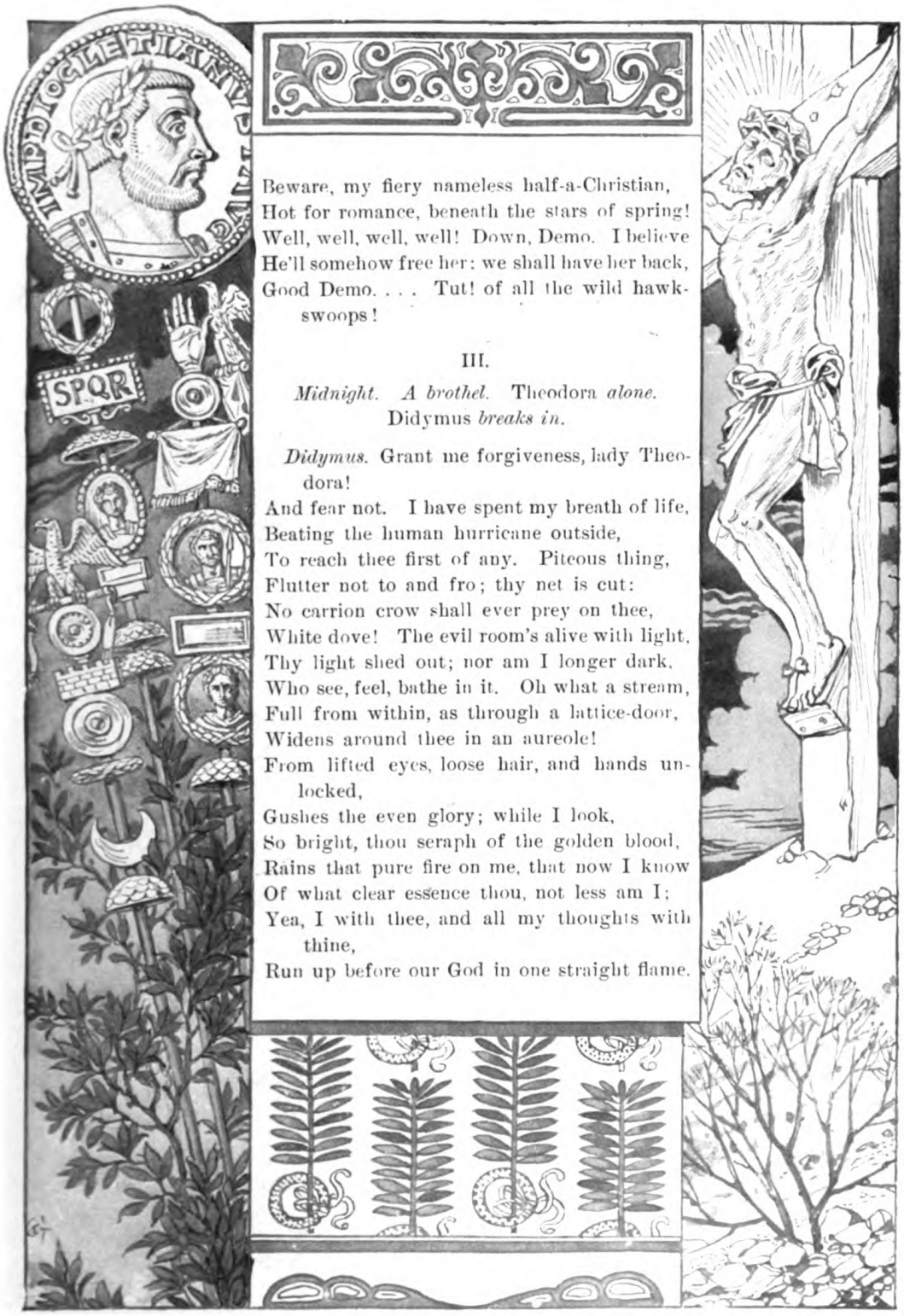

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"And thy condition?" Whereto she replied:
"Christ's." Very patiently he asked:
"Art bond or free?" as runs the rote of law.
She smiled in answering: "Free; made free by Christ;
Else, of free parents honorably born,
Rhoxis and Herais, who both are dead."
"Then why unmarried?" "For Christ's sake," she said,
For none could quench that hectic "Christ" in her,
Poor fool! Then spake Eustratius Proculus:
"Our code imperial deals with virgins thus:
Either unto the gods these sacrifice,
Or in an infamous place shall be exposed.
Come: one small grain within the brazier dropped,
And thou dost forfeit all pollution so,
Nor lose thy burial-rites." She, blanching not,
Looked up. "Thou art not ignorant, nor I,
How man's co-operate or revolted will
Doth color, in the councils of high Heaven,
Both what we do and suffer. Violence,
Though sent to seek my soul, shall by her gate
Sit pilgrim-meek. Christ keeps His citadel."
The prefect bent again, compassionate:
"O girl! rememberest not thy sires august?
Pity thy beauty, heirloom of their house,
And precious most in thee. Choose to obey;
Since even thee my duty cannot spare."
But she: "The nail-pierced Hands that have my vow,
Defend it." "Save thyself," he cried, "and trust
No crucifièd ghost. From foul disgrace
Snatch thine own youth." And she: "Behold, I do.
Christ is my source of honor, and mine end:
Christ shall be my preserver." Next I heard:
"Buffet her twice." Then: "Wilt thou sacrifice?"
My Theodora of the reddened cheek
Seemed absent from the body for a space,
Before she uttered: "No." "Child, I am grieved
For such affront, which all our city sees.
Thy quality invites another usage,
Wert thou not crazed." He paused, being full of ruth;
But self-relentless, she in that same pause
Brake forth: "O my one Wisdom, O my Joy!"
And last, Eustratius Proculus rose up:
"The edict! Let it work. I dally not,
For loyal and immovable regard
Unto my Emperor." "Bid me stand as true,"
She murmured, "in allegiance to a Power
Before whom sceptred Diocletian shines
Brief as this puffing coal." "Ai, blasphemy!"
The vast crowd thundered. So they led her down,
Into a three days' torture in the prison;
And to the draped tribunal, all unchanged,
This eve she came. Said I, indeed, unchanged?
Her spirit and speech were that; her body swayed
Hither and thither: a candle in a draught.
Some scrupled naught to praise such blithe disdain,
Immaculate, illumined; who e'er knew
Disdain could wear a look so like to Love's?
And thrice Eustratius Proculus read out
Sentence, whereby the virgin Theodora,
A Christian obdurate and impious,
Must die indeed, but first must be immured
Until the day break, in the house of shame.
He ended. "May thy God for thee achieve
The best He can!" She added: "Aye, He will.
As Daniel from the lions; from the deeps
Jonah; from furnace-heats the unbought three;
Peter from dungeon chains; as yesterday
Our Agnes from the Roman ignominy,—
Shall I be rescued: He is faithful yet."
Softly she prayed: "Lord, Lord! deliver straight
Thy bounden servant, overshadowing
Thine own, in dread mid-battle, with Thy wing.
Out of Thy mercy, let them harm me not:
By Thy most bitter Passion borne for man,
O fount of chastity, O fortitude
Of all Thy saints, Jesu! remember me."
Thus, in that voice which I shall hear no more.
I turned away, dragging my leaden limbs
Hillward, and homeward.

*Didymus.* And these shouts, these shouts,
Incessant, brutal, terrible, they mean—

*Cratidas.* That now the lictors drive her forth; they mean
Quick menace to a never-soilèd blossom
Of Hellas come, and her heroic seed.
Ah, well: she will recant; she must recant.
My young hound bays her welcome. Enter, sir.—
What! Gone? An armored man swooped like a hawk
Down the sheer ledges to the city's core?

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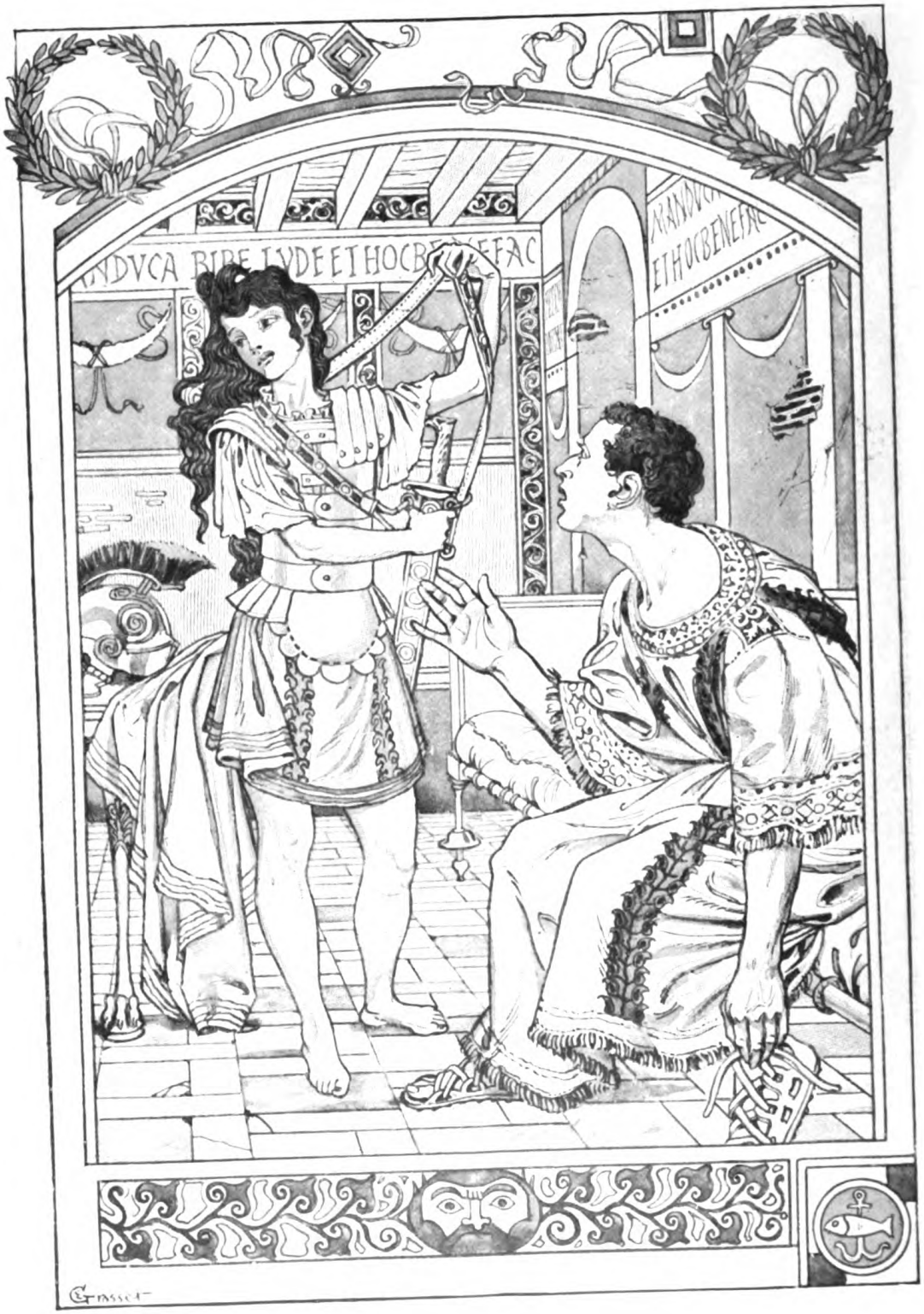

Beware, my fiery nameless half-a-Christian,
Hot for romance, beneath the stars of spring!
Well, well, well, well! Down, Demo. I believe
He'll somehow free her: we shall have her back,
Good Demo. . . . Tut! of all the wild hawk-swoops!

III.

*Midnight. A brothel.* Theodora *alone.*
Didymus *breaks in.*

*Didymus.* Grant me forgiveness, lady Theodora!
And fear not. I have spent my breath of life,
Beating the human hurricane outside,
To reach thee first of any. Piteous thing,
Flutter not to and fro; thy net is cut:
No carrion crow shall ever prey on thee,
White dove! The evil room's alive with light,
Thy light shed out; nor am I longer dark,
Who see, feel, bathe in it. Oh what a stream,
Full from within, as through a lattice-door,
Widens around thee in an aureole!
From lifted eyes, loose hair, and hands unlocked,
Gushes the even glory; while I look,
So bright, thou seraph of the golden blood,
Rains that pure fire on me, that now I know
Of what clear essence thou, not less am I;
Yea, I with thee, and all my thoughts with thine,
Run up before our God in one straight flame.

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Child, I am here to help thee: Didymus,
A Cappadocian.
*Theodora.* Heaven be thanked, and thou,
For I believe thee! Cappadocia:
Was it not there the blessed Dorothy
Brought apples to her lover, after death,
In token of the riches of that orchard
Where Christ walks with His own? Let us go thither.
*Didymus.* Ah, muse no more.
*Theodora.* The Lord abide with thee!
*Didymus.* Though unto me thy voice be like the foam
Upon a wave of quiet, thy delay
Dearer than wine of roses, rouse thee: haste!
How else can I the pact maintain with Him
Who bade me loose thee from the snare? Come nigh ·
Doff thine apparel; put mine armor on.
Think but of flight and safety.
*Theodora.* Wingèd one,
Best brother, brighter than a star, and stronger,
Uphold me!
*Didymus.* Bind thy locks. Alas, I am
No angel sent of Christ, nor yet a Christian.
*Theodora.* Why dwell in lowland shadow? Thou, ere long,
Must drink of grace divine the deathless light.
On, happy soul: for there are hills to climb,
E'en Calvary hill.
*Didymus.* Art thou not vested yet?
The minutes seethe and rush. Oh, had I time,
I'd tell thee of my pangs: how it has been
From march to march with me; how vehemently
The sluices brake in this tormented heart,
To-night, ten lives ago; how on yon heights
A boy, (not sweeter Hyacinthus was,)
Having a pensive garland of green thorns
Intrailed among his auburn curls, came by,
And with his new-cut reed, and myrrhy lip,
Entranced me into slumber; how I saw
Thy foster-father, and walked on with him,
And heard thy sacred story: thence I sprang
Into this hell, where I for thee shall answer.
And do thou plead with Christ, for me His thrall.
*Theodora.* The thong: pray knot it! Gentle Didymus,
Here is my robe: the stuff is torn; the stains
Began 'neath sharpened spikes, the hooks, the rack.
*Didymus.* I kiss each dear and venerable stain,
And lay the rended linen over me:
Would I were worthier!
*Theodora.* Cratidas the fond
Has somehow faded from me, and our roof
Among the date-palms, and my dial old
Set in the myrtle plot that takes the sun.
But thou art close and real: thou hast seen
The Mystical, the Virgin-born: his name
Not Hyacinthus, but Emmanuel.
(Much I have startled thee, who art so brave!)
None shared with me that vision oft vouchsafed.
It was to Him I pledged my early troth,
Towards whom I live, for whom I look to die;
Whose love was sovereign healing unto me
When late within the torture-cell I lay.
His chosen other, kneel not thou to me!
There is a Hand that will not let thine fall,
As mine doth.
*Didymus.* Sign me slowly with the cross.
*Theodora.* So: on predestined brows.
*Didymus* (*after a pause*). Thy sandal's fast,
The breastplate firm and fine, each joint in place.
Draw low the visor; let the short cloak hang,
And stoop in issuing forth: step hurriedly,
As one ashamed, whom his loud sins pursue.
Go now, secure.
*Theodora.* Thou shalt not hunger ever!
O thy requital: let me live to see it!
*Didymus.* Go, even as I said.
*Theodora.* I am so weak:
What if I cannot?
*Didymus.* Hush: unbar the door,
And front the pack.—My sister, my twin-born,
Live thy sequestered life; and pray for me.
[Theodora *goes.*
Ah, gracer of our Roman mail! I hear
No smallest rumor that her passage makes,
Not one least vicious snarl or jeer the more.
I dare to dream Thou hast accepted this,
My true task in the world! By now, I think,
She leaves behind the fetid neighborhood;
A moment more, and her accustomed feet
Will be among the vineyards and the folds.
The little weary feet wounded for Thee,
Do Thou sustain! . . . . They come.

## IV.

*Midnight. The city square outside.* Didymus *in the arched doorway of the same house. A turbulent crowd around.*

*The Bailiff.* Give way, give way!
Order among ye, subjects, citizens;



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Order, I say! A seaman, in this dark,
Would swear he heard the angry equinox
Gorging and emptying the island caves:
A swash of death, where he had hoped for haven.
Whence the commotion that, from well-earned beds,
Untimely drags your rulers? Ibrahim,
Or Rufus, any of you with unslit tongue,
Speak!

*The Crowd.* See him in the doorway, yellow-gowned;
See the young beauty in his flower! O Pan!

*The Bailiff.* Among these loud boors press your torches in.
Back! Let the prefect pass.
Eustratius Proculus *is borne into the square.*

*A Voice.* Now shall we view
The snorting tiger-dam at bay, the while
The cub's concealed.

*The Prefect.* Be silent! Clear with rods
The threshold of that house: the accused alone
Shall stand there. Hither and together call
The trumpeters, for I this cause arraign
In open air. [*The trumpets sound.*
Who so disturbs the streets?
What prince of Alexandria's worst?

*Didymus.* I think
It must be Christ Himself, or Christ in me;
Since in His quarrel I stand ambushed thus.

*The Prefect.* His talk is echo.

*The Bailiff.* Learned of lady-love!
Dull matter all: sheep filing over bars,
One hobble without end.

*A Voice.* Thy Theodora—

*Didymus.* Revere that name: for she is Christ's alone,
Not mine, not mine. Whithersoever goes
The Lamb in Heaven, such do follow Him.

*The Prefect.* Enough. With quick straightforward words respond.
Who art thou, chief in this unseemly brawl?

*Didymus.* One new to camp and city, one indeed
No alien, but your servant in the wars,
Beneath the imperial eagles now three years:
Octavius Didymus, centurion.

*The Prefect.* A Roman, then. What of thy friend, the woman,
Duly condemned for heinous sacrilege?

*Didymus.* The innocent Theodora is set free.
I never greeted her, nor saw, nor heard,
Up to our late accost in this vile pen.

*A Voice.* How now, neighbors? A joker.

*Another Voice.* Or a liar.

*The Crowd.* More like, a fellow-Christian.

*Didymus.* Why a Christian?

*The Prefect.* (If not a Christian, it rejoiceth me,
Aweary grown of all the casuist breed.)
I deem thy speech sincere. The charge being light,
The penalty shall therefore, too, be light,
Since thou thyself of prior circumstance
Wert plainly unaware; and forasmuch,
In thy regard, our judged idolatress
Was one with any whimsied wench, cajoling
A frolic heart to let her out o' doors.

*Didymus.* Let us not fail in truth: I knew all this,
Who sped her from the maw of wickedness.
My soul's defiance glowed in all I wrought.

*A Voice.* By Pompey's certain pillar, he's a Christian!

*The Prefect.* The prancing gesture, see: the eye upcast,
The bosom all in a white wrath, and yet
Bridled and bitted: that's their duplex way.

*The Prefect.* I hesitate.

*The Crowd.* Eustratius Proculus.
We take him for a Christian!

*The Prefect.* Prisoner,
Attend, and ease our cares. Obediently
Unto the known gods wilt thou sacrifice?
[Didymus *is silent.*
Art thou a Christian: nay?

*Didymus.* Tell me.

*The Prefect.* Alas,
Why loath to sacrifice? Do thou but so,
Irreverence to the law shall be condoned,
And for the brave adventure of a night,
No tax be laid.

*Didymus.* I sacrifice no more,
Save to the Living: save to Him who died,
And rose again.

*The Bailiff.* Ye hear.

*A Voice.* A leprous word!

*The Prefect.* It is a difficult hour: I must comport
Myself within mine office, steadfastly.
Bring me the writ. One act is mine to do:
Another time for good alternatives!
Though fain to spare, fain to respect in thee
Arms, broadening empire, and invincible Rome,
I that would never, fighting civic harm,
See Diocletian fail, nor have it said
Great Decius and Valerian failed before,
Rise to the common weal, and so bar out
Contagion from our long inviolate air.

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*Didymus.* I feel the little lovely kiss of death
Breathe at my temples, softer than a bride.
*The Prefect.* Octavius Didymus, bound in triple cords,
Shall be at sunrise, on the appointed plain,
Beheaded. Gracious Cæsar, hail! all hail!
*The Crowd.* Hail, Cæsar!
*Didymus.* These have made me Thine, O Christ!
*The Prefect.* Reflect: I can revoke, can mitigate.
Name but thy young confederate's hiding-place.
*Didymus.* I know not, sir, where Theodora is.
She passed; and I remain.—Demonic laughter!
I would I had said less: it saddens me.
There figures verily, in all this swarm,
Not one that will believe; not one kind soul
But is so sodden with the slime of life,
(Life pagan, and without our Star,) that he
Must read awry, and slander my fair deed.
Ah, if they knew: but wherefore should they know?
Lord, fold amid the leafage of my heart
Her lilied memory! I will strive no more;
But turn to Thee, away from time and tears:
A melting snowflake in Thy mercy's sea.
*The Prefect.* Disperse.

[*The trumpets sound.*

*A Voice.* Our novel damsel, fallen dumb,
On the good public flint shall soon strike fire;
And we may trap that masking man-at-arms
Before a lizard gets his inch of sun.
Ho, ho! Away: lead on!
*The Crowd.* Huzza! huzza!

V.

*Dawn. The place of execution, west of the city, looking seaward. The same crowd, leading* Didymus.

*A Voice.* A long march is well ended. How fares he?
*The Bailiff.* He thrives; I hear him murmuring idle spells.
*Didymus.* Soft is the twilight breeze, soaked full of sea.
The veiled isle yonder rears her breathing lamp;
And under us, in hollows of the crags,
Each washing wave goes like a gentle gong.
Across the hills there brims a lucent tide,
Inaudible, yet lovelier; living gray
Ridges the pulsing east, a surf of light;
And doubling ever on itself, a glow,
Now near, now far, breaks up the crested sky,
As children, pinkest in the green sea-garden,
Play in the earthly waters, unafraid,
And ruddier than all roses, race ashore.
So come, so come, gracile and glorious,
O rose unborn, my Day!
*The Bailiff.* We'll halt awhile,
And shortly see our way to honest work. . . .
Listen! Do others follow us, or no?
It seemed our concourse emptied all the town.
Who stirs through this dim weather?

*A slave rushes in.*

*A Slave.* Theodora!
They are bringing Theodora here to die.
*The Crowd.* Victory!
*Didymus.* Lord my God, what hast Thou wrought?
I tremble with the sorrow and the joy.
The shouts, the trampling feet, renew for me
A sacrifice I thought to make no more.
*The Bailiff.* Drag her yet nigher.
*The Crowd.* She is welcome!
*A Woman.* See:
Her knees are white; the gold hair brushes them;
The glimmering breastplate, in the breaking dark,
Shows comely.
*A Voice.* Take it off!
*Theodora.* Not so; not yet.
*The Bailiff.* Then tell thine own night's tale: there's privilege.
*Theodora.* A simplest tale. When dedicated hands
Gave me this dress, lest I should suffer wrong,
The strong disguise gave courage; but I went
Only a mile: the armor was too heavy.
Where blossomed almonds shade the road-side well,
Did I fall down, aswoon; I think I swooned
For long; and some late revellers, passing by,
Found me, and with a tumult took me hither.
Fulfil your will, in pity: I would rest.
*The Bailiff.* Half of the sentence passed on Didymus
Is yet to read: thy fate and his are one.
*Theodora.* On Didymus? Most miserable I,
If he must suffer, being kind to me!
What have ye done with Didymus?
*Didymus.* I am nigh.
*Voices.* Look: they have run together! Miscreants!
*Theodora.* O strange ordaining! Tell me: by what right
Art thou encountered on the fatal ground?
*Didymus.* By right more fair than thou canst show; because

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Not punished for thy planned deliverance,
But rather for the sacred Name, I stand
Thus ready to the headsman. Aye: give thanks.
Yet thou, too rash, hast clouded my last hour.
Did I not guard thee? Was my prayer in vain?
For into horror's mouth thou hast returned.

*Theodora.* Nay: chide not. Test their changed intent, and mark
That in it lurks for me no word but 'Death,'
No word at all but dear dispassionate 'Death.'
Were I, still helpless, in dread peril caught,
To thy releasing hand I still had cried,
Who could not yield mine honor up; but this,
The debt of life, I can myself discharge.
Did I seek martyrdom? It bloomed for me!
Or, did I lack His cause, consider else
How I have angered these with mine escape,
How I am guilty of another's end!
Rob me not, therefore, of the eternal crown,
Ah, Didymus: for thine to thee I gave.

*Didymus.* Blessèd be One who hath despised me not,
And, of His clemency, absolved from ill
His handmaid Theodora.

*Theodora.* Blessèd He,
Towards only children twain, most merciful
Both in the olden time, and unto us
Who so, in triumph, wait our vigil's close.
O Light from Heaven, break, break!

*The Bailiff.* Attend, all men:
Heed how to deal with perished Christian swine;
For much the law doth vary, touching them.
And since too oft their kind do set a watch,
And, ere the wild beasts from their lairs descend,
Conceal their bodies elsewhere, 'tis decreed
That these upon the bordering desert straight,
Shall, after death, be burned.

*The Crowd.* It suits us well.

*Theodora.* Then not to secret chambers of the rock,
Our own, with hymnal rite, shall lead us home;
Not to our natural nest beside the sea,
Above blown Pharos and the trader's sail,
Where, day and night, the Eucharistic Love
Broods over us, shall thou and I be borne,
And lain amid our fathers in the faith,
Sleep the good sleep of immortality.
Not one small tress of ours shall reverence save;
No fragment of our interchangèd garb
Be shrined forever; nor ascetic lips
Embrace, in our carved names, the Crucified.
God's Will be done, and done with all accord
In all! and may He grant that unto thee,
(Who art both less and more than neophyte,)
Denial of that quiet sepulture
Be not so keen a pain.—His look's afar:
He has not answered.

*Didymus.* . . . Whole on every side!
Whole, boundless, and immingled: not a chink
In tremulous textures of this bubbly world,
Where spirits might slip through. O spacious hour
Of ocean-distances, air-altitudes,
Pearl cloudless rounding over waveless pearl:
Pure Mediterranean! bland Africa!
Ignoble are the dreams that make of these
Mere anteroom; and anteroom to—what?
True to original and terminal earth,
Rather may royal man, ensphered so fair,
His chemic end not thanklessly salute,
When too soon, from our arc of known content,
We blunder, poor blithe faces, to the void.
My star once fallen, can it live again?
If poets weep, if just Aurelius
Evade, if wistful Plato pause, unsure,
Ah, who art Thou that biddest me believe?

*Theodora.* Encased in thy so serviceable steel,
Against my bosom, I have kept for thee
An aromatic and a covered cup.
Come hither: drain it. Sudden over me,
While I lay stricken, ere my captors came,
There bent the childish Shepherd of the hills,
Austerer than his wont, and uttered low:
"Wake, Theodora! Bear to Didymus,
Whom, spent in final battle, thou shalt meet,
A little draught of mingled wine and dew,
For baptism, and viaticum."

*Didymus.* I hear.
A stupor, a temptation, clogged my brain:
Gone evermore. What hast thou been to me!
In any of God's halls where I may find Him,
I seek thee also there: O dove! thou knowest
Thy hidden heavenly way through words withheld.
I kneel, but cords impede my hands. Pour thou,
Till I have slaked a supersensual thirst,
And, faint with salutation, drink to Him,
Christ Jesus, whom in dying I adore.

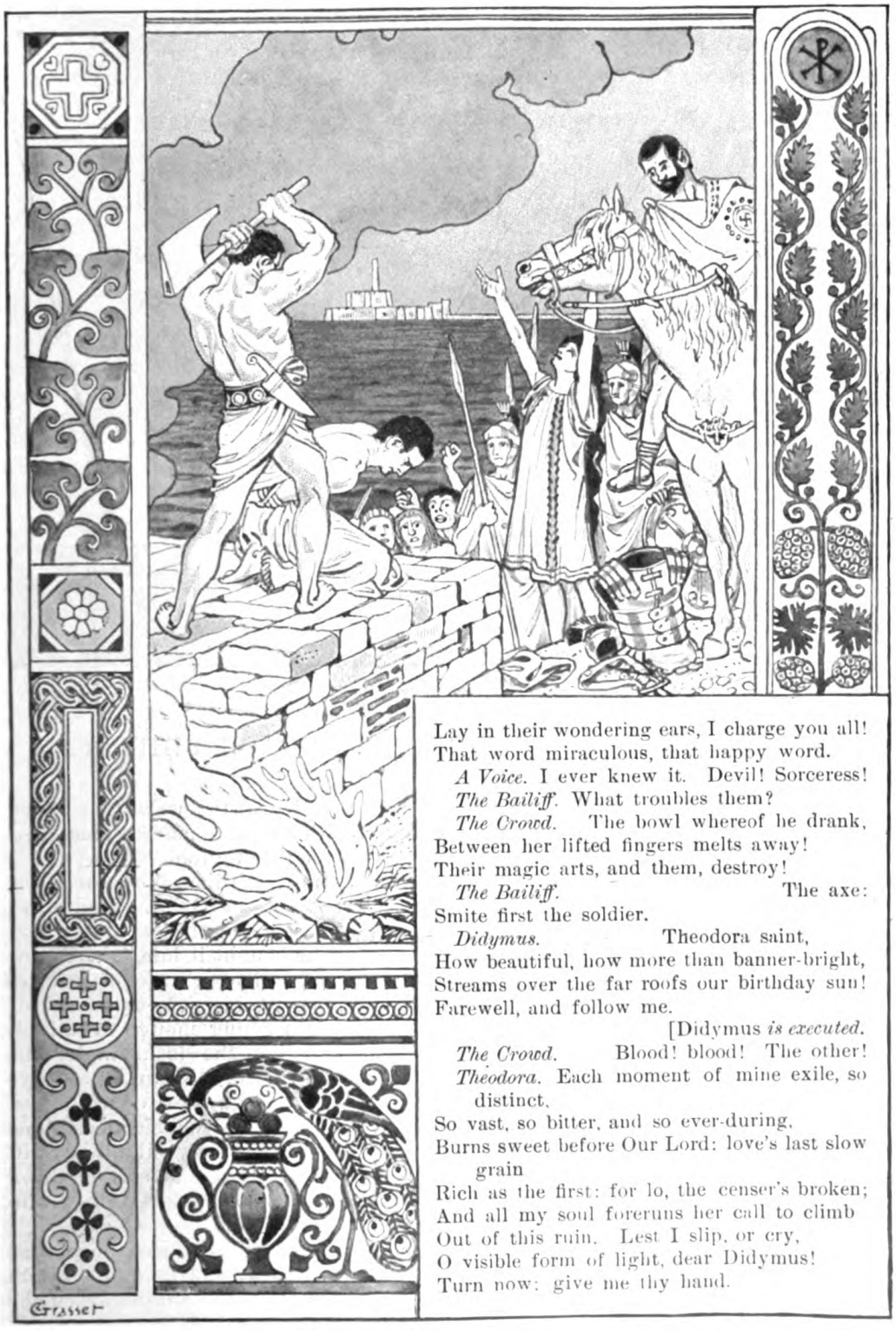
*The Bailiff.* Despatch: broad daylight comes.

*The Headsman.* All is prepared.

*Theodora.* Amen: and Alleluia! Heart flown home,
If thou wouldst speak, rise up.

*Didymus.* Ye worthy men,
I will not keep you long. Of Didymus,
Who made his port of intellectual storm
At Alexandria, tell only this:
That he for Christ died Christian, with clear joy.
And when his comrades from their outpost ride,
And, reining in abreast, ask news of him,

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Lay in their wondering ears, I charge you all!
That word miraculous, that happy word.
*A Voice.* I ever knew it. Devil! Sorceress!
*The Bailiff.* What troubles them?
*The Crowd.* The bowl whereof he drank,
Between her lifted fingers melts away!
Their magic arts, and them, destroy!
*The Bailiff.* The axe:
Smite first the soldier.
*Didymus.* Theodora saint,
How beautiful, how more than banner-bright,
Streams over the far roofs our birthday sun!
Farewell, and follow me.
[Didymus *is executed.*
*The Crowd.* Blood! blood! The other!
*Theodora.* Each moment of mine exile, so distinct,
So vast, so bitter, and so ever-during,
Burns sweet before Our Lord: love's last slow grain
Rich as the first: for lo, the censer's broken;
And all my soul foreruns her call to climb
Out of this ruin. Lest I slip, or cry,
O visible form of light, dear Didymus!
Turn now: give me thy hand.

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# Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

## THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF MR. HORACE SHIELDS.

I.

DR. WILLIAM KING had married his wife because of her excellent common-sense.

It was an evidence of his own common-sense, that he was not moved by mere prettiness, or sweetness, or whatever. Mrs. William was, as it chanced, good-looking; but Willy said that was the last thing he had thought of; he said she was a sensible woman, with no whims. She would keep his house; and his ledger, for that matter; and bring up his children; and see that his buttons were sewed on—and not bother him. Willy had seen bothering wives. His profession brought him in constant contact with them—nervous, sentimental, hysterical, nagging, egotistical wives. The doctor used to say he wondered how men had the courage to get married at all, considering; and he was convinced that this state of things was the result of marrying for sentiment; he had married for sense.

"Sentiment," said Dr. King, "is a phase of youth and growth; we've got to go through with it; but to make a phase permanent is the act of a fool."

"Well, now, William," objected Dr. Lavendar, "look at Oscar. You can't say it's a phase of youth?"

"Oh, Oscar caught it late," the doctor said. "I have had a case of measles where the patient was sixty-two. As for Dorothea, she's young enough to be foolish; Martha says she looks under the bed every night for a man! She says she doesn't even buy her own clothes. Imagine me deciding on Martha's shoestrings! Well, Martha wouldn't have it. Nobody would resent that sort of thing more than Martha," said Willy, complacently.

Martha managed her own shoestrings in those first days; and by-and-by, such was her common-sense, she managed the doctor's also. Though Willy did not talk so much about it when that time came.

Still, he must have appreciated the way in which she expended his small income;

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for she fed and clothed her plump, blond William as though he had twice as much to live on. When Mrs. King made an unusually good bargain with the meat-man, or haggled with Mr. Horace Shields until he sold her a bottle of ink for two cents less than the general public paid, she used to say, exultingly, that it was well for Willy, considering that he would not send bills to half of his patients, that he had a wife who would look after things.

"I don't know what would have become of you, Willy, if you'd married a different kind of woman," Martha would say, good-naturedly. "You would have been in the poorhouse by this time!"

Although she did not know it, the good Martha really opened up a very interesting question which most women would do well to ask themselves in regard to their husbands: What would my Tom, or Dick, or Harry, have been without *me*? Not so silent, if he had chosen a girl who did not gush; not so selfish, if he had had a wife less addicted to unselfishness; not so ill-tempered, if he had married some one less anxious and nagging. The fact is, these simple men creatures are as wax in our hands; our tempers and our tongues decide their eternal salvation—though they never know it. They all mean pretty well in the beginning, but they fall into the hands of their wives, and look at the result!

But Martha King had no time to waste in such speculations. She was secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary; and it was known in Old Chester that she had once sent a letter to the *Spirit of Missions* calling attention to the mistakes of this admirable organization. She had a Sunday-school class; and she did all the cutting out for the Sewing Society. She was an indefatigable parish worker; "invaluable in practical matters," Dr. Lavendar said, heartily. What he said when she took it upon herself to tell him that he had done wrong not to give Anna King back to her own mother nobody knew except Martha, and she never told; but her face got red when the matter was referred to at Sewing Society. Still, I remember in this connection that when Mr. Jim Shields expressed his opinion of Mrs. King to Dr. Lavendar, the old minister smoothed him down, and bade him remember that Martha had a good heart. "Good, but not graceful," Mr. Jim growled. And Dr. Lavendar chuckled.

Added to her moral excellencies, Mrs. King was a remarkable housekeeper; her economies were the admiration of Old Chester;—economical housekeeping was not an Old Chester characteristic; we were too near Mason and Dixon's line for that. She was orderly to a mathematical degree, and so immaculately neat that she had been known to say that if she should see a particle of dust behind a picture-frame at twelve o'clock at night, she would rise from her bed and remove it! The reply made to this declaration was: "If you could see a particle of dust behind a picture-frame at twelve o'clock at night, you had better rise;—and consult an oculist at once."

Any woman will know that the doctor said this: it is the reply of a husband.

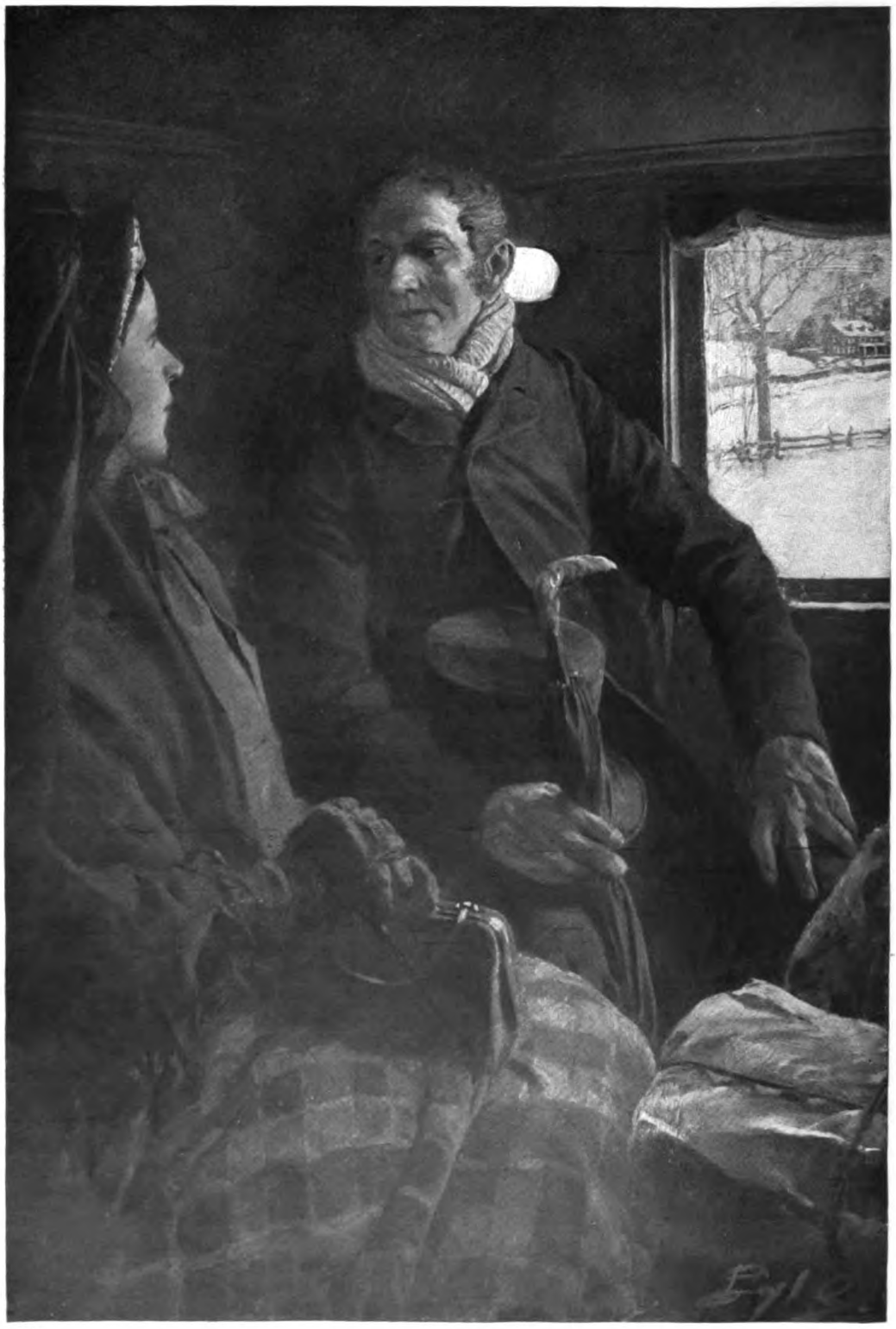
But, really and truly, Mrs. King was a capable, conscientious, sensible woman; and Old Chester was not unreasonable in expecting the same characteristics in her younger sister, Lucy; but their only resemblance was that they neither of them had the slightest sense of humor. In every other way they could not have been more radically different if they had been relations by marriage.

Perhaps this was because they were almost strangers, Lucy having lived in the East with her father ever since she was ten years old. He came back, poor old man, at the last, to die in Mercer. And a month afterward Old Chester was told briefly that Mrs. King's sister, Lucy, was coming to live with her.

"I don't believe in it," Mrs. King said. "Willy's sister didn't come to live with him when poor old Mrs. King died; and I don't know why my sister should live with me. But Willy will have it. I only hope, for her own self-respect, Lucy will find something to do, so that she won't be a burden on him. I shall tell her so, flatly and frankly. I consider it my duty."

So Lucy came, with "Dick," her canary-bird, and her little caba full of worsted-work. She was only twenty-three, the idol of the old father, whose relation to her had been maternal and loverlike and brotherly, all at once. One does not just see why, for though she was a good girl, she was not especially attractive; very shy, not pretty exactly, though she had soft deer's eyes; certainly not sensible; crushed, poor child, when she came to live with the Kings, by her father's loss.

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"MR. HORACE LOOKED AT HER WITH INSTANT SYMPATHY."—[SEE PAGE 153.]

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Willy looked at her once or twice the first day at breakfast, and wondered how two sisters could be so different.

"No, I don't like sewing," she said, listlessly. "No, I don't care for books." And then, later: "No, I don't know anything about cooking. I don't like housekeeping. But I like worsted-work pretty well."

"I think," said Martha, decidedly, "that father did very wrong not to let you learn to do something useful. Worsted-work is nothing but a waste of time. I think he—"

"Don't!" the other cried out. "Don't speak to me about my father!"

"Well, he was my father too," Mrs. King remonstrated. "One speaks the truth of people, Lucy, whether they are relations or not. Because he was my father doesn't make him perfect," said Martha, gravely.

But Lucy got up and went out of the room, trembling as she walked.

"You hurt her feelings," said the doctor.

"But, my dear, it's true. She ought to have been taught things; but father spoiled her from the time she was born: she was the youngest, you know. He just lay down and let her walk over him; which was wrong; you can't deny that?"

"I want my dinner at 1.30," said Willy King. "I've got to see Mr. Jim Shields again, and I want to go before dinner."

"You went before breakfast," said Mrs. King. "There's nothing you can do; and as you make no charge, it seems rather foolish—"

"Do you think your sister would like to go round with me in the sleigh this morning?" the doctor said, stopping, with his hand on the door-knob, and looking back into the dining-room. "It isn't cold, and the sleighing is good."

But Lucy, when her sister took the message up to her, only said, listlessly, "I don't mind."

"It will do you good," her brother-in-law called up-stairs; "come along!"

And Martha added, kindly, "Here's a cushion, Lucy, to put behind you."

"I don't need it, thank you, sister Martha," Lucy said. But Martha insisted.

"You will be much more comfortable," she said, decidedly; and pushed the pillow behind her little sister, and tucked the robe firmly around her feet; and then they started—the quiet, apathetic, unhappy child (who had removed the cushion as soon as she was out of her sister's sight), leaning back in the sleigh behind the doctor's big shoulder, and looking off over the snow shining under a soft blue sky, but saying nothing. Once she uttered a little cry when the runner on the doctor's side went up on a drift and the sleigh heeled like a boat; and once she caught his arm, because the horse danced at the sound of the butcher's horn tooting at a customer's door.

"Scared?" said Willy, looking at her kindly. "You mustn't mind Jinny; she is a lamb. She only prances to show she feels happy."

"I'm so afraid of horses," Lucy answered, breathlessly.

After that her brother-in-law made Jinny walk down all the hills; then he told her which of his patients he was going to visit, and once or twice added interesting details of their diseases, which made Lucy turn away her head and wince, and say, under her breath, "Oh please, brother William! I can't bear to hear those things."

And the doctor whistled, and said to himself, "Sisters!"

That day the longest call was upon Mr. Jim Shields; it was so long that Willy came running out of the house after a while, bareheaded, and bade his little sister-in-law get out of the sleigh and go into the shop in the basement to wait for him.

"I hope you don't mind, Lucy," he said; "I just meant to look in on him; but he is having a dreadful—" Lucy drew up one shoulder and bit her lip. "He doesn't feel very well; so I must wait awhile. You go right into the shop; there's nobody there; Mr. Horace is upstairs with his brother."

He helped her out, and hurried back into the house, where, in his anxiety and pity, he forgot Lucy, sitting alone in the little shop downstairs.

There was a fire in the triangular grate in the corner, and the sunshine came in through the window in the door, behind which a little bell had tinkled as they entered. "Books, Etc. H. Shields," was the sign outside; but, to be exact, Mr. Horace's shop was mostly "Etc." Lucy, looking about, saw that the slates on the third shelf were not in an orderly pile; she glanced nervously around, and then



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slipped behind the counter and straightened them, and then dusted the books in the small show-case with her handkerchief, and blew the powdered chalk from the shelf where the blackboard materials were kept. Just then the bell struck out a jangling note, and the door opened; a boy wanted two stamped envelopes. Lucy looked at him in consternation; but when the child pointed to the green pasteboard box where the stationery was kept, and even opened the till for her so that she might change his dime, she found herself quite at ease; she even hoped some more customers would come, it was so interesting to sell things. But no one came, and Lucy watched the square of sunshine move across the floor, and heard a cinder drop sometimes from the grate, or a spurt of flame bubble out between the bars. It was an hour before her brother-in-law thought of her, and came, with many apologies, to take her home.

He had quite forgotten Lucy. Like everybody else in Old Chester, the doctor's mind was full of the Twins—Old Chester always referred to the Shields brothers in this way. Being twins, the two old gentlemen were, for all practical purposes, the same age; but, as far back as I can remember, the younger had been "old Mr. Horace" to his neighbors, while the first-born was Jim Shields to the end of the chapter—and a brave end it was, too! In his early manhood he had been a high-hearted, irresponsible, generous young fool; a bit of a bully, very likely, in the way of overriding other people's views, and insisting upon his own with a joyous dogmatism that never irritated. And when what he called his "cussed body" got the better of him and pinned him down into a wheeled chair, he was still generous and courageous and merry; and he bullied his brother and his doctor and Old Chester, and, indeed, Death himself—bullied him, jeered at him, swore at him, and lived through nearly thirty years of dying without a wince.

James had fallen ill when he was thirty-five. He was sailing around the world as supercargo for a large East India trading-house, when, suddenly, he came home. He had "had notice," he said, briefly. "An old sawbones in London explained it to me," he said; "told me I mustn't try to keep going any longer. Fact is, I've got to rust;—or bust," he ended, cheerfully.

It was a year before Old Chester knew that that "rusting" meant an invalid's chair, and slow, relentless, invincible dying; but James and Horace knew it, and they looked into the enemy's eyes together. Horace was a little man, with a rosy face; he was resolute, but it was in his own fashion; he had his quiet way of carrying out plans for Jim's comfort, no matter how his twin roared at him, and swore he would or he wouldn't; but he never had his brother's vigor in expressing himself. Indeed, once only, when, trembling with alarm, he called Willy King a fool, was he known to have spoken forcibly.

The two brothers lived in a brick house on Main Street; two flights of stone steps, their hand-rails ending in brass knobs, curved up to its front door, which had a fanlight and a big iron knocker. Behind this door was the hall, the walls covered with varnished paper which represented blocks of veined and mottled yellow marble; the staircase wound round this hall, and under it were two steel-engravings—"The Maid of Saragossa" and "Bolton Abbey"—both brown and stained with mildew. The parlor was on the left as one entered; it was a big, bare room, with a high ceiling; there were green Venetian blinds in the windows, and a pale paper on the walls—landscapes in light brown, of castles and lakes; on the wooden mantel, like flat trees laden with prisms, were three candelabra, each with its ormolu milkmaid simpering under the boughs; and there were some shells, and a carved teak-wood junk, and a whale's tooth—relics of Mr. Jim's adventurous days. Here, all day long, Jim Shields sat and watched life slip between his helpless fingers. Death seemed to play with him as a child plays with a fly—pulling off a wing, or a leg, or another wing, and the head last.

But nothing goes on forever. James had been dying for nearly thirty years, and one day he died.

"But," Horace had gasped when, that sunny December morning, while little Lucy was waiting in the shop, Willy King told him how it was going to be—"but it's so sudden!" And then he remembered that, after all, Willy was but a boy. What did he know about James? James was taken sick when Willy was ten years old! "You're a fool, Willy!" he said, trembling. "I'm going to send

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to Mercer for a man; this isn't a time for boys!"

Afterwards, as he drove Lucy home, the doctor said that if it was the slightest comfort to Mr. Horace, he wished he would call in all the doctors in the county. "Not that there is a single thing to do," said Willy, slapping his rein down on Jinny's shining flank. "Mr. Jim has come to the end. And poor old Mr. Horace will break his heart."

His little sister-in-law looked over at the runner cutting into unbroken snow at the edge of the road. "I'm sorry," she said, in a low voice.

II.

Little Lucy was sorry, but her sorrow did not keep her from shrinking away up stairs when Martha began to ask the doctor the particulars of the morning: "Another spasm at twelve? Well, I suppose his feet have begun to swell? I hope he won't last much longer, poor man. I felt just so about father; I didn't want him to linger, and—" but just here Lucy slipped out of the room, and her sister looked after her open-mouthed. As for the doctor, he plodded industriously through his very good dinner, and told her every detail; and when he had finished the dinner and the disease, he added, absently, "She is very sensitive, isn't she?"

"Who?" said Martha.

"Why, your sister."

"Oh, Lucy? She is very silly, I'm afraid. I don't believe in calling foolishness sensitiveness! And you told old Mr. Horace?"

"Yes, I told him, poor old fellow!"

"Well, he ought to be glad to have Mr. Jim free from suffering," the doctor's wife said, kindly. "I should have told him so, flatly and frankly. What did he say?"

"He said I was a fool." Willy answered, smiling. "He's going to have further advice."

"I hope he has the money to pay for it," Martha said; "he won't find that all doctors are like you, Willy. One would think, to look at some of your bills, that you were independently rich, instead of just a poor country doctor. And now here's Lucy come to be a burden on you—"

"She isn't a burden at all," William King said. "She doesn't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive, and I guess even Mr. Horace's account will provide for that." Then he looked out of the window. "It isn't as if we had children of our own we had to save for," he said.

Mrs. King was silent.

As for Willy, he went back and spent the afternoon with the twins. The end was very near; for the "man" that Mr. Horace had sent for confirmed the "boy"; and by-and-by Jim confirmed them both.

"I can't help it, Horry," the dying man said, moving his big, lionlike gray head restlessly—"I've—got to—let go."

Mr. Horace set his jaws together and drew a determined breath. "Of course you have—of course you have. Now don't worry. I'll get along. Come, now, cheer up!"

"But you'll be so damned lonely," whimpered the other. He was blind, and could not see his little brother wipe his eyes, and blink, and swallow to get his voice steady.

"Well, yes, of course; somewhat. But I can get along first-rate; and I'll get more time for reading."

"Reading!" said the other, with a snort. "Much reading you'll do! No, you'll be just damned lonely," he said again, with a groan.

"Don't think of it," said Mr. Horace, his voice trembling. "I—I won't mind it in the least, my dear fellow. Oh, *James!*" he ended, weakly. He looked up at Willy King, but the doctor was making a pretence of dropping some medicine into a glass, so as to hide his own blurring eyes. As for Dr. Lavendar, who was there too, he took the groping, dying hand, and said,

"Jim, we'll all stand by him—" and then he took out his big red silk handkerchief, and his breath caught in a sob. For, like everybody else, he loved Jim Shields. To be sure, he winced at certain words which honest old Mr. Jim used with surprising freedom; but apparently he never took them much to heart. "Jim—Jim, don't be profane," he would remonstrate, with a horrified look. And Jim, sweating with pain, would gasp out:

"The devil take it! I forgot the cloth. I apologize; but I wasn't profane. Profanity is unnecessary swearing, and if this isn't necessary, I'll be—"

"James! James! James!" . . . . .

But now, when Jim Shields lay dying,

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his wicked tongue, his impudent courage, were an expression of his religion; and the old minister had eyes to see this. So he only patted the blind, groping hand, and said:

"Jim, we'll do all we can for Horace. Never you fear!"

"Who's afraid?" said Mr. Jim, thickly. "But I—can't hold on—much—longer. Damned if I can."

"Don't try, don't try," Horace entreated, in anguish. Then came a long dull effort, and the heavy, muffled tongue said one pathetic word:

"Lonely?"

"No," old Mr. Horace said again; "no; I won't be lonely. Mind, now, Jim, I won't be lonely. Do you hear? Jim! I won't. Jim—*do you hear?*"

So, bravely, old Horace Shields told his lie to make dying less deadly for his brother.

Then he went on living as well as he could, meeting first the visible loneliness, if one may call it so—the silent house, the empty chair, the fuller purse. The occupation of service was ended; the anxiety was over; the habits of life were torn to pieces. Ah, me! How much of the torment of grief comes from this violent change of the habits of life! For Mr. Horace there were no more duties: he need not roll a wheeled chair on the sunny side of the street; he need not taste the beef tea to see if it had enough pepper; he need not bring out the chess-board; he need not do a hundred other small services; his habit of affection was over, and the habit of grief had not yet come to him. He went blundering and staggering through the overwhelming leisure of material loneliness. As for the spiritual loneliness—but enough of that! Those of us who have reached middle life do not need the telling. And as for the younger folk, they would not understand it if they were told. They are dancing to the piping of Life, and one of these days they'll pay the piper; then they will understand.

But everybody was very good to poor old Mr. Horace in his affliction. Mrs. Dale sent him wine jelly in a rabbit mould. Mrs. Drayton presented him with a "booklet" bound in white and gold, and named *Tears Wiped Away;* but she sighed a little when she wrapped it up, and said to Mrs. Wright that poor James Shields's language was not that to fit a man for dying; however, she ***hoped*** the Lord would overlook it; in fact, she had asked Him to do so. Miss Welwood—she was just about to become Mrs. Barkley then, so it was especially kind in her to think of other people's sorrows—carried him a handful of ambrosia, which, having been first dipped in water, and then rolled in flour, formed a white and shaking decoration, suitable, Miss Maria thought, for a house of mourning.

Dr. Lavendar used to come and sit with him in the evening, and smoke silently; noticing, as silently, that Jim's chair and footstool had not been removed, and that the chess-board had remained just as it had been left at the last game—that pathetic effort of grief to find permanence. Sam Wright sent Mr. Horace a case of wine; Willy King was very attentive; and Martha wrote him a kind, sensible letter, telling him that if he would remember that Mr. Jim was at rest, he would be reconciled, she was sure. And then she added that she had heard that he would not have Mr. Jim's room changed, but that she did hope he would not make such a mistake. "It is easier to change things now than it will be later," she said, very truly, "so I do hope you will just have the parlor renovated. Take my word, it will be easier for you in the end."

Mr. Horace, when he had read this very good advice, poked her letter down into the fire, and then looked around the room fiercely, as though challenging what everybody will agree was common-sense.

A good many letters of sympathy came, but Mr. Horace did not read them. He put them away in his desk in the shop. Nor did his kindly, sorry old friends venture to talk about James. "He can't bear that, it appears," Dr. Lavendar said, sadly, and smoked in pitying silence.

It was all silence to Mr. Horace—a silence without interest. He went into the store every morning, and looked listlessly about; there was the mail to be opened—when there was any mail, and occasional customers to be waited on. There was the trade paper to be read, and sometimes circulars. Jim used to make the circulars into spills to light his pipe, because, he said, everything ought to be of some use in the world, even lies. But the interest of the shop, the story of the day's doings to be told to Jim, was gone. After supper there was nothing for it but to sit alone

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in the parlor, with the faded landscapes on the wall, and the twinkle of lamp-light in the prisms of the candelabra, and the chess-board open on the table. Nothing for it but to sit there and think of James with every muscle of the body and the soul held back from its customed movement of service and of care—so tense and so weary that when sleep relaxed his vigilance for a moment these faithful servants of years of affection moved automatically, and he would put his hand on the chess-board, or wake with a start, calling out: "James! what is it? James—"

III.

"I tried to tell Mr. Horace how I sympathize with him," said Mrs. King, "and he just said: 'Oh yes; yes, yes. Do you think we are going to have rain?' Some one ought to tell him, flatly and frankly, to try and accustom himself to speak of Mr. Jim."

Lucy was silent, sitting with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window into the rainy garden. Her worsted-work had been given up soon after she came to live with her sister, for Martha had pointed out to her that it was very foolish to make things nobody needed;—"the Jay girls do enough of that," said Mrs. King, with a good-natured laugh. So Lucy's hands were idle, and her sister made an impatient gesture. "How can you sit there, Lucy, and do nothing?"

"I'm going to read," Lucy said.

"What is your book?" her sister inquired, kindly; and Lucy displayed a paper-cover, which made Martha shake her head and smile and sigh.

"A novel! Lucy, don't you do *any* improving reading?"

"I don't like improving reading," Lucy said, nervously.

Martha put her work down. "Now, Lucy, look here; I don't believe you mean what you say, but if you do mean it, you ought to be ashamed to say it."

"I'll sew, if you want me to," said Lucy, turning white and red.

"I don't want you to sew for me," the doctor's wife said. "I can do my own work. But I must say I don't see how you can be willing to be idle. You do nothing but take care of that poor canary-bird! (the most untidy thing I ever had in my house!) Upon my word, Lucy, if I had a dozen daughters, I'd bring every one of them up to do something, so they shouldn't be dependent!"

"I'd like to do something," Lucy answered, faintly, "but I don't know anything."

"Well, that's just what I say," her sister said. "But I suppose there's no use talking!" Yet, after the manner of ladies who say there is no use talking, the doctor's wife continued to talk. She had talked pretty much all winter. Little Lucy had shrunk and shivered, and gone up stairs to cry all by herself, but nothing had come of it. She was so silent and apathetic, so incapable of repartee, that it must be said, in excuse for Martha, that she had no conception how her words stung. Apparently they made no impression whatever;—which lured her on into greater and greater frankness—that virtue in whose name so many unpleasantnesses are committed! Once the doctor said, nervously, he did wish she would let up on that child; and his wife, a little hurt, said that she was only speaking for Lucy's good. "If I had ten girls of my own," she said, "I would bring them up to have proper ideas of work."

"I think ten girls with proper ideas would be dreadful to live with," said the doctor, conjugally. And then he went up stairs and knocked on Lucy's door, and produced a little package.

"A present—for me?" Lucy said, and pulled open the parcel, and found a little pin lying on a bed of pink cotton.

"Oh, brother William!" she said, and gave him her hand; and then, on an impulse, put up her face and kissed him.

As for Willy King, he blushed to his ears. Then she bade him wait while she put the pin into the black ribbon bow at her throat. "Does it look pretty?" she said, anxiously. The doctor put his head on one side, and said that it did.

Lucy looked in the glass, and took the pin out and stuck it in at a different angle. "Isn't that better?" she said; and Willy turned her round to the light, and said, critically, he believed it was.

He went down stairs smiling to himself. "I gave Lucy a pin," he told his wife. "She was pleased as a kitten."

"A pin!" said Martha. "Why, Willy King! as if you didn't have expense enough in buying her shoes and stockings! And I must say, considering how hard it is to make both ends meet, it was extravagant, my dear."

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"It was only five dollars," her husband defended himself.

"Wilson's bill for fixing the drain is five dollars," Mrs. King observed, significantly. "Justice before generosity, my dear."

William King made no reply, but he knew she was right, which did not make him any more affectionate. For men love their wives not because of their virtues, but in spite of them.

As for Martha, she was really troubled. "We can't afford to make presents," she said to herself; she was putting a new binding on her dress, and her fingers were dusty, and her mind in the ruffled condition peculiar to this occupation. When Lucy came and showed her the little pin, it took real grace on poor Martha's part not to express her opinion.

Instead, she glanced at her over her glasses, and said, kindly: "You look a little pale, Lucy. If you feel chilly, you had better take some quinine."

"I hurt my ankle when I went out to walk," Lucy explained, her sister's interest rousing her a little. "I tripped on the board walk on the common; it had a hole in it."

"That's very dangerous—I mean the hole," Martha said; "your ankle will be all right as soon as you have rested it. Put your foot up on a chair."

"I don't think I want to," Lucy said.

"Oh, you'll be a great deal more comfortable!" Martha said, with kindly decision; and got up herself, and brought a chair and a pillow, and lifted the strained ankle gently. "There, that's better!" she said. "But about the hole in the board walk: some one might hurt themselves seriously. You had better write a note to Sam Wright about it; he is the Burgess, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Lucy said, horrified.

Martha put her work down and looked at her. "Why, Lucy, have you *no* sense of responsibility? Don't you care to make things better?"

"I wouldn't write to him for anything in the world!" said Lucy.

Martha shook her head. "That's not the way to look at life, Lucy. But I'm afraid it's part of your nature. I'm afraid it's the same characteristic which makes you willing to be idle when all the rest of the world is at work."

And Lucy, turning white and red, said not a single word.

Martha sighed and went on with her binding. She was seriously troubled about her sister; not so much at the girl's absolute inefficiency, as at the lack in character which it indicated. All winter she had been trying, honestly and prayerfully, to correct it, with about as much success as one who tries, with big, well-meaning, human fingers to smooth out a butterfly's crumpled wing, or to free some silken, shining petal which has caught and twisted in its imprisoning calyx.

Well, well! if good people would only be content to know that the rest of us cannot reach their level, how much irritation they would spare themselves!—and we too, in little ways, would be happier. Though that, of course, does not matter.

The fact was, poor Lucy's virtues were not economic or civic; they were, perhaps, nothing more than a little kindly heart, pure thoughts, and a pretty, eager smile; but they were her own. Martha conscientiously tried to bestow hers upon the child; and Lucy grew more and more silent.

"I make absolutely no impression!" poor Martha said, sighing; and Willy replied, under his breath, "Thank Heaven!"

However, she did make an impression at last.

It was at night, and Martha, going up to bed, saw a light under Lucy's door. "How foolish of her to sit up so late!" she thought—for it was late. Martha had waited up to see that the doctor had something hot to eat and drink when he came in at midnight from a late call (thus was Willy justified of common-sense in a wife). And here was Lucy's lamp burning at nearly one.

Martha, in a warm and ugly gray flannel dressing-gown, knocked at the door, and entered, her candle in her hand, and her work-basket under one arm. "Why, you're rather late, aren't you, Lucy?" she said, disapprovingly.

Lucy was sitting over a little fire which had retreated into one corner of the grate; she shivered as she looked up. "I'm just going to bed," she said.

"It's foolish to sit up when you don't have to," Martha said, decidedly.

"I got worried about brother William," Lucy confessed; "I wanted to make sure he was at home—it's such a storm to-night."

"Worried!" cried her sister, laughing in spite of herself. "Why, he's at home,

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safe and sound, eating some supper downstairs. My dear, worry is the most foolish thing in the world. I never worry. Now do go to bed. Here, I'll slake your fire for you."

She took up the poker, stirring the discouraged-looking fire vigorously; then she lifted the coal-scuttle in her strong hands and flung the slake on; there was a small burst of flame, and the smell of coal dust and gas.

"Oh, it's so unpleasant!" said Lucy, drawing back.

"There are a great many unpleasant things in this world, Lucy," said Martha, shortly. "Come, now, go to bed! It isn't as if you had any duty which kept you up."

"Yes, I will," Lucy said, listlessly.

"Dear me, Lucy, I don't know what you would do if you had any duties. I sometimes think it's fortunate for you that your brother-in-law is so good-natured. Most men, especially if they were poor country doctors like Willy, would rather resent it to have to support their wives' sisters, who haven't a single care or duty in the world except to look after a canary-bird. (I don't see how you can keep that bird, it's so untidy!)"

"I don't know what to do," Lucy said, getting up and looking at her with frightened eyes—"and—and—I'll try not to eat so much, sister Martha."

Martha blenched at that. "Oh, don't be foolish, my dear! It isn't the eating, or anything like that. It's the *principle:* I would earn my way! But don't be foolish and talk about not eating." Mrs. King had the sensation of having stepped down further than she expected—a sort of moral jar.

"I would do anything I could," said little Lucy, beginning suddenly to cry convulsively. "I don't like to be a burden on brother William; but I never learned to do anything, and—"

"Yes, that's just what I said; father never had you taught anything. You might give music lessons, if he had ever made you practise thoroughly; but he was just satisfied to have you play tunes to him after supper. I don't blame you, Lucy, but I do blame father. I—"

"Stop blaming father! Oh, my father! my father!"

She ran panting to the other side of the room, and caught up a little photograph of her father and held it against her breast.

Martha looked at her in consternation and serious disapproval. "How can you be so foolish, Lucy?" she said. "Well, there's no use talking; only, I must say, flatly and frankly—"

"Martha, I won't hear my father criticised. I wish I was dead with him. Oh, father!" the poor child broke out. And then there was a fit of crying, and she threw herself on the bed, face down, and would not speak when her sister tried to comfort her.

"There, now, come!" Mrs. King said; and patted her shoulder, which showed no yielding;—there is nothing which can be so obstinate as the shoulder of a crying woman.

Mrs. King was really uneasy when she left her. She even went so far as to tell the doctor that she thought he had better look after Lucy.

"I think she's inclined to be hysterical," she said. "She is a foolish girl, I'm afraid, but I think she's really nervous, too. What do you suppose, Willy? She was sitting up over a miserable little fire, *worrying*, if you please, because you were late! I have no patience with women who worry; either the thing will happen, or it won't; and sitting up in the cold, at one o'clock at night, won't accomplish anything one way or the other."

"Worrying? about me!" said the doctor, stopping with a suspender in one outstretched hand; "well!"

IV.

But the worm had turned. In her hopeless, uninterested way, Lucy had made up her mind: she would not be a burden any longer. She would go to Mercer and try to get pupils, and give music lessons. She was not resentful, she was not bitter, still less was she in intelligent accord with her sister; she was only started, so to speak, like a stone that has been pushed past a certain point of resistance.

A week after this talk she told Martha that she was going to Mercer. "I am going to visit Miss Sarah Murray; she invited me to visit her some time this winter. And I'll take Dick."

Mrs. King put down her sewing. "I shouldn't think you would want to make visits, Lucy, with father dead only six months. I should think you would rather stay quietly here with me, considering that we are both in affliction."

Lucy made no reply.

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"But of course you are perfectly free to do as you please," her sister went on.

"I think I'd better go," Lucy said.

There was something in her voice that made Mrs. King uneasy. "I don't see why you say that; of course, if you want to go—why, go! But I must say it looks as though you were not contented, and it sort of reflects on your brother-in-law."

"Oh! no, no!" Lucy said, in an agitated way; "he has been so kind to me!"

Somehow Martha King winced at that, though she did not know why.

The doctor, when he heard the news, frowned; and then he half sighed. "Oh, well, she's young," he said.

But he chucked his little sister-in-law under the chin when he came down to breakfast, and told her that if she staid away too long he would come and bring her home. "And look here, Lucy, you must have a new cape, or bonnet, or something. What do you say to a pink bonnet?"

Willy smiled all over his face, but his jaw fell when Martha said, "Now, Willy! how can she wear pink when she is in black?"

"Oh! oh yes," the doctor said, awkwardly. And then, for no reason in particular, he sighed;—perhaps the child would be happier in Mercer. "Well," he said, "you can have an escort, if you go on Wednesday, Lucy—Mr. Horace Shields. I'll ask him to look after you. He's going East to give his spring order."

"So I heard at sewing society," Martha said. "Well, I think he is a very foolish old man."

Mrs. King was not alone in this belief. Old Chester was disturbed by this project of Mr. Horace's: he had always ordered his goods by mail, and to take a journey for the purpose was obviously unnecessary.

"I don't like restlessness," said Mrs. Dale, with a stern look.

"Sam sent him some wine," said Mrs. Wright, "and I am sure we were all very kind to him; so why should he go away from home?"

"Besides," said Mrs. Drayton, "who can make up to him for his loss so well as his friends? We all liked poor Mr. James—though he did certainly use improper language at times. I once heard him use a profane word myself. I should not be willing to repeat it. It was—not the worst one, but the one with 'r' in it, you know."

The ladies shook their heads, except Mrs. Barkley, who said, harshly, that, for her part, she didn't wonder at Jim Shields; she believed she would have said something stronger than "dear me" herself. But Martha King said, seriously, that she hoped Mrs. Drayton had told him, flatly and frankly, how wrong it was to lose one's self-control and swear.

"Well, no, I didn't," Mrs. Drayton confessed. "It's so painful to me to speak severely to any one."

"Because it is painful is no reason for not doing one's duty," Martha returned, decidedly.

"Well, as for his going away," said Mrs. Drayton, "probably he hasn't been so overwhelmed by grief as we thought. I judged him by myself. If *I* had lost a loved one, I couldn't go travelling about. But I'm sure I hope he'll enjoy himself, poor man!"

And all the sewing society said it was sure it hoped so too.

It was a rainy morning in March that Mr. Horace went away. The stage was waiting for him at the door of the tavern when he came hurrying down the street—he had been delayed by giving directions to Mrs. Todd, who was to keep the shop open during his absence—and there was the doctor holding an umbrella over a slim girl in a black frock, who was carrying a bird-cage in one nervous little hand.

"This is Lucy, Mr. Horace," Willy King said. "We will be so much obliged if you will look after her on the way."

"To be sure I will—to be sure I will," said Mr. Horace; and the little girl put her hand in his without a word.

She was the only other passenger; and when Willy had tucked the robe around her, and smuggled a bag of candy into her muff, the door, with its painted landscape, was slammed to, and the stage, pitching and creaking on its springs, started up the hill, passing the church and then the graveyard—at which Mr. Horace looked through the streaming rain on the coach window. His fellow-traveller, however, turned her face away.

There was something in the shrinking movement that touched Mr. Horace. He remembered that Willy had told him the child had had some sorrow—if one can say sorrow in connection with youth; so he made an effort to come out of his absorption, and talk to her, and cheer her.

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She had very little to say, only answering him in gentle monosyllables, until by some chance he referred to her father.

"I met him several years ago, ma'am; and my brother James had some acquaintance with him."

Lucy's eyes suddenly filled.

Mr. Horace looked at her, with instant sympathy in his ruddy old face. So youth may grieve, after all?

"My dear, I have recently suffered a loss myself," he said, gently.

"Oh yes," said Lucy; "I know. I was very sorry, sir."

"Ah—well," said Mr. Horace, with a sigh—"he was sick a long time. I ought not to begrudge him his release. Yes, he had been an invalid for many years. But he was the bravest of the brave. My brother was a sailor in his youth. He had many interesting adventures. He has told me stories of his adventures by the hour. But when he came to be an invalid, after such an active life, he never flinched. The bravest of the brave!"

"My father was brave," said Lucy.

"My brother had been in most foreign lands," Mr. Horace went on. "He was shipwrecked twice before he was thirty. I recollect, as well as if it was yesterday, how he came home after that first time he was wrecked. We had given him up. My mother was upstairs cutting out those little—ah, garments that children wear. She was cutting out a pair to go in a missionary barrel. Well, James just walked into the room, as casually as if he hadn't been out of the house. My mother (I recollect perfectly), she threw up her hands—she had the scissors on her thumb and finger—and she said, 'Why, James, where on earth did you come from?' And my brother, he said: 'From the waters under the earth; from India's coral strands,' he said. (You know the hymn?) 'But I haven't any coral, or any clothes—except what you see,' he said. 'I hope you'll give me those things,' meaning the—the small garment; and he stood six feet two!"

Lucy smiled vaguely.

"It was a joke," Mr. Horace explained.

"Yes, I see. My father was a good deal like that, saying funny things. They're pleasant to live with, such people."

"They are, indeed—they are, indeed," Mr. Horace agreed, sighing. "My brother's humor was invincible, perfectly invincible. Why, I recollect perfectly—"

The story he remembered was not brilliant humor, but Lucy was as polite as if it were, and capped it with something her father had said; and then Mr. Horace followed quickly with another "I remember." Perhaps they neither of them really heard what the other said, but they found infinite relief in speaking. Why Mr. Horace could not have "recollected perfectly" to Dr. Lavendar, or why little Lucy could not have talked, if not to her sister, at least to her kindly brother-in-law, is one of those inexplicable things that belong to grief. It was easier for each because the other was a stranger.

When the stage pulled into Mercer, the wheels tired in mud, and the apron over the trunks streaming with rain, the two travellers were talking very freely. Indeed, Lucy had gone so far as to say that she was going to give music lessons.

"I'm going to visit Miss Sarah Murray first. When I get some pupils, I'll board somewhere," she added, vaguely.

"My brother Jim knew the Misses Murray," said Mr. Horace. "I have heard him remark that Miss Sarah, the eldest, was a very genteel and accomplished female. My brother Jim expressed it more as a sailor might," Mr. Horace amended, with a smile, "but his words were to that effect." And when he helped his fellow-passenger and the canary-bird out of the stage, he said, with pleasant, old-fashioned politeness, that if the Misses Murray were agreeable, he would call the next day and pay his respects to them and to Miss Lucy.

"I'd like you to come, sir," Lucy said. "I'd like to show you a letter our minister wrote about father."

And Mr. Horace remembered that he had some letters too. It came into his mind that perhaps some day he would read them; perhaps he would show some of them to this young lady, who, he was sure, would have admired Jim. "Jim was a great favorite with the ladies," he thought to himself, sighing and smiling.

V.

"I recollect, just as if it were yesterday, when my brother James brought home from one of his voyages a little savage—a heathen, in fact. My mother was exceedingly alarmed about his spirit-



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ual state; but Woolly (that was what my brother James called him) was converted immediately. My brother said it was because my mother gave him a cake whenever he named our Saviour. And I sometimes feared there was truth in this remark."

Lucy laughed, and Mr. Horace looked pleased, and patted her hand kindly. Miss Sarah and Miss Emily Murray, who were sitting on either side of the fire, smiled, and Miss Sarah observed that missionaries often used such methods as food and glass beads to attract poor savages.

"My brother said that just before he landed he suddenly realized that Woolly had to have clothes; you know, being a savage and a heathen, he had no garments of any kind. In fact, he was—ah—if I may say so—quite—quite, as you may say, undressed. My brother knew that, such being the case, Woolly would be conspicuous when the ship should come into port and the poor savage land at the wharf. So what did my brother James do but make Woolly lie down, with his arms extended, on a piece of cloth spread on the deck; then he took up a lump of chalk and outlined him, as it were; then he doubled the cloth and cut this out like those paper dolls which are made for infants out of newspapers; and he sewed Woolly into these two pieces. Dear me! I wish you could have seen him! How my mother did laugh! 'I wouldn't give a fig for your sewing, James,' says she. 'But my sewing gives a fig leaf to Woolly,' says my brother. James had such a ready tongue."

"The suit must have fitted very badly," Lucy said, seriously.

"Yes," Mr. Horace admitted; "but it was warm, you know, and—ah—customary."

"Oh yes, of course," said Lucy.

It was with tales like this that old Horace Shields tried to cheer his little companion when he came to see her at the Misses Murray's. He had decided not to continue his journey East to purchase stock, but to order by mail from Mercer, where, he thought, he would remain for a few days and see if he could not comfort this poor child, who seemed, somehow, to be on his hands. But he staid nearly three weeks. He came to call almost every day, and the estimable Misses Murray welcomed him warmly, and told him that they were much grieved at the depression of their young friend. "And indeed," said kind old Miss Sarah, "I fear I must add that I do not approve of the apparent indifference dear Lucy displays towards her sister. Lucy says that Martha doesn't like her canary-bird;—which is really a foolish reason for not wishing to live with her. It almost looks like temper. I think, however, your conversation cheers her, and when she is less depressed she may come to a more proper mind in regard to her family."

Mr. Horace certainly did cheer the frightened, hopeless girl; and sometimes his own burden seemed lightened in his effort to lighten hers. In telling her his stories about his brother, he led her to talk about her father, and then about her own affairs; and the third time he called, when they chanced to be alone, she told him, palpitating and determined, that she would "never, never, *never* go back and live with her sister, because she would not be a burden on brother Willy."

"But, my dear young lady," he remonstrated, "you cannot live alone here in Mercer, you know."

"Oh, yes, yes," said poor little Lucy, "I know; but I won't go back to sister Martha."

"But what will you do, my dear Miss Lucy?" Mr. Horace said, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know!" cried poor Lucy; and her big deerlike eyes had a hunted look in them that went to the old gentleman's heart. He made a point of seeing the Misses Murray by themselves, and they all talked the matter over with anxious seriousness.

"It is impossible for her to get pupils," Miss Sarah said; "she is not the sort of a young woman who can push and make her own way."

"I am not sure she is not more pleasing on that account," Miss Emily said, with decision.

Mr. Horace nodded his head, and said his brother James had always disliked excessively capable ladies. "My brother James said he wouldn't want to sit down at table three times a day with a horse marine," he said, chuckling;—"not but what he had great respect for intelligence," he added, politely.

And the Misses Murray said, Oh, yes, indeed; they quite understood. And then they begged Mr. Horace, who was returning to Old Chester the next day, to

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correspond with them on the subject, so that they might advise the child wisely.

Mr. Horace promised to do so; and he put his mind upon Lucy's troubles during the tiresome stage journey. He wondered what Jim would say about it all. Jim had his opinion of Mrs. Willy; Mr. Horace chuckled as he thought of it. "Estimable woman," said Mr. Horace to himself, "very estimable; but not agreeable. Poor Miss Lucy!"

He thought of her with an impulsive pity which brought out the youth of his ruddy old face—that fine youth of the soul which cannot be touched by the body's age. Her grief for her father was but a child's grief, he thought, a half-smile on his lips; it was not the iron entering into the soul; but it was pathetic. He thought how she had showed him some letters of condolence that had been sent her, and that made him think, suddenly, of the letters that had come to him. It occurred to him, with a warm feeling of satisfaction, that when he got home he would unlock the drawer in the shop and take out that pile of letters, and perhaps he might send one or two to Miss Lucy. He thought of them eagerly as he walked up from the tavern to his own door; they were like a welcome waiting for him in the desolate old house.

Old Chester was full of tranquil evening light. Behind the low dark line of the hills the daffodil sky was brightening into gold; there had been a shower in the afternoon, and the fresh damp air was sweet with the linden blossoms; there were little pools of water shining in hollows of the worn flagstone pavement, and the brass stair rails and knobs of the comfortable old brick houses glittered, suddenly, all the way down Main Street. Mr. Horace found himself smiling as he walked; then he stopped with a start because Martha King spoke to him; she called from the other side of the street, and then came hurrying across.

"I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Horace," she said, and asked one or two questions about Lucy and the Misses Murray. "We've missed the shop, Mr. Horace," she ended. "Mrs. Todd, I am sorry to say, has been remiss about keeping it open. I do hope you will speak to her about it, flatly and frankly. I think it is a duty not to slight wrong-doing. She has not kept regular hours at all," Mrs. King said, "and it has been a great annoyance. Won't you come in and take tea with us, Mr. Horace?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you," he said, and hurried into his house. "Poor Miss Lucy!" he said to himself; "poor Miss Lucy!"

She was in his thoughts when, sitting all alone in the shop, with his lamp on the desk beside him, he took out the letters which had been put away all these months. After all, these old friends loved James. "And well they might!" he told himself, proudly. He opened one letter after another, and read the friendly, appreciative words, nodding and sighing, and saying to himself, "Yes, indeed! Yes, he was brave! he was patient. Who knows that as well as I do?" The comfort of it came warmly to his heart, and the applause braced and cheered him until, for very happiness and pride, two little hot tears trickled down his cheeks and splashed on the pile of letters.

But when he went up stairs into the silent house, into the dreadful emptiness of that room where James had lived for nearly thirty years—the old despair of desolation seized him again. It was that which, by-and-by, made him say he would go back to Mercer for a few days, and see what the Misses Murray had done for Miss Lucy. He wanted to get away from the house—anywhere! He thought to himself that he would take the letters to read to Miss Lucy; she had been so interested in Jim that she ought to know that his praise had not been merely brotherly regard. "And I am really anxious to know what the poor young lady is going to do," he said to himself, when, to the astonishment of Old Chester, he again took the stage for Mercer.

"Twice in two months!" said Old Chester; but Mrs. Todd, who, in spite of Mrs. King's warning, was again to keep the shop open for his few days of absence, said it was a real good thing, and would do the poor old gentleman good.

## VI.

Little Lucy had not secured a single pupil during the weeks she had been in Mercer. She was well aware she could not prolong her visit to the kind Misses Murray indefinitely, but what was she going to do? Poor child! how many times a day did she ask herself this question! The very afternoon of Mr. Horace's return she had gone out and walked

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hopelessly about until dusk in Mercer's dirty, busy streets, to think it over. The wind whirled up the street and caught her black skirts in a twist, and flung the dust into her face and into her eyes. The lights began to twinkle along the bridge that spanned the river, and then wavered down into its black depths in golden zigzags. Against the sullen sky the furnaces flared with great tongues of flame and showers of sparks. The evening traffic of the town, noisy, dirty, hideous; the hurrying crowds in the streets; the rumble of the teams; the jostling of workmen—all gave her a sense of her utter helplessness, so that the tears began to start, and she had to wipe them away furtively. What was going to become of her? The child, walking alone in the spring dusk, looked down at the river, and thought that the water was very black and very cold. I don't suppose she formulated any purpose in her own mind; she only thought, shivering, "The water is very cold."

Mr. Horace met her there on the bridge, and there was something about her that made the old gentleman's heart come up in his throat. He took her hand and put it through his arm, and said, cheerfully, "Come with me, my dear Miss Lucy, and let us walk home together."

As for Lucy, she only said, feebly, "*I won't go back to sister Martha.*"

"You sha'n't, my dear," said Mr. Horace, comfortingly; "you sha'n't indeed."

That evening he talked the situation over with Miss Sarah Murray; but she only shook her head and said she hoped the child would soon look at the matter more reasonably. "I would gladly keep her here indefinitely," Miss Sarah said, in a troubled way, "but our income is exceedingly limited—"

"Oh, certainly not, certainly not," Mr. Horace broke in. He had come to feel responsible for Lucy, somehow; he could not have her dependent upon Miss Murray.

He got up and said good-night with a very correct bow, his feet in the first position for dancing, his left hand under his coat tails.

Old Miss Sarah responded in kind, and they parted with high opinions of each other.

But Mr. Horace had not reached the street corner before he heard, "Mr. Shields! Mr. Shields!" and there was Lucy running after him, bareheaded, and with a shawl about her shoulders.

"I've thought of something," she said, breathlessly, as she stood beside him, panting, under the gas-lamp on the corner. "Can't I come and take care of the shop, Mr. Shields? Can't I live with you and take care of the shop?"

Mr. Horace, in his eagerness to hurry her back to the house, hardly knew what he answered. "Yes, yes, my dear young lady. Anything that you wish. Come, now, come! you must get in-doors. What will Miss Murray say?"

"I am to come and live with you?" Lucy insisted, her eyes wide and frightened. "You won't make me go back to sister Martha?"

"No, my dear; no, no!" he said. It seemed to Mr. Horace as though Miss Sarah was an hour in opening the door. "Miss Lucy just stepped out to speak to me," he said, in answer to her astonished look.

"Oh, Miss Sarah, I am going to live with Mr. Shields!" said Lucy.

Mr. Shields came very early the next morning to Miss Murray's house, and was received in the parlor by Miss Sarah. Lucy was not present. Miss Sarah sat in a straight-backed chair, with her delicate old hands crossed in her lap. There was some color in her cheek, and a determined look behind her spectacles.

"I trust," said Mr. Horace, "that Miss Lucy is none the worse for stepping out last night, ma'am? I was much concerned about her when I left her."

"She is none the worse in body, but I am deeply grieved at her attitude of mind," said Miss Sarah.

"You mean her unwillingness to return to her sister?" he said, anxiously.

Old Miss Sarah blushed. "She was quite determined to—to ask your aid. The child did not realize—"

"You don't say so!"

"She needs to be taken care of just as much as if she were a baby," said Miss Sarah. "But of course this plan of hers is impossible. Even if it were not a question of burdening you (she has an idea that she would earn her board, if I may so express it), it would be impossible. I have pointed this out to her."

"And what does she say?" demanded Mr. Horace.

"She merely weeps," Miss Sarah said;

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"she has given it up at my request, of course, but she weeps."

Mr. Horace hunted for his handkerchief, and blew his nose violently. "Dear, dear!" he said, "you don't say so! Well, well! I wish my brother James were here. He would know what to propose. Poor child! poor child!"

Mr. Horace got up and looked out of the window; then he blew his nose again.

Miss Sarah looked at the back of his head, but was silent. Suddenly he turned, and came and stood beside her.

"Miss Murray, you are a female of advanced years and of every proper sentiment; all I have seen of you leads me to feel a deep esteem for you." Miss Sarah bowed. "Therefore I ask you, *is* it impossible? I could give the child a good home while I live. I have recently lost my brother, ma'am, and the little income devoted to his use could be transferred to Miss Lucy. I find myself much attached to her, and would be pleased to have her in my home. It would be less lonely for me," he said, his voice tremulous; "and my age, ma'am, is sixty-five. Surely it is not impossible?"

Miss Sarah, who was nearly eighty, grew red, but she was firm. "My dear sir, you are still young"—Mr. Horace blinked suddenly, and sat up straight—"our friend is twenty-three, and her looks are pleasing. Need I add that this is a wicked world? I have lived much longer than you, sir, and I am aware that it is both wicked and censorious. Can you say that Old Chester is exempt from gossip, Mr. Shields?"

"No, ma'am, I can't," he admitted, with an unhappy look.

"You see it is impossible," Miss Sarah ended, kindly.

Mr. Horace sighed.

Miss Murray looked at him and coughed; then she drew in her breath as one who prepares to strike. "If you were sufficiently advanced in years, my dear sir, so that—matrimony was out of the question, it would be different." Mr. Horace gasped. "But under the circumstances," continued Miss Sarah, sighing, "I see nothing before our young friend (since she is determined not to return to her sister) but work in some—factory." Miss Murray's house was in the old-fashioned part of Mercer, and there was a factory just across the street; she waved her hand toward it, genteelly, as she spoke.

The room was quite still except for a coal dropping from the grate. Mr. Horace heard a footstep overhead, and knew it was Lucy walking restlessly about in her pitiful, unreasoning misery. Involuntarily he followed Miss Murray's gesture, and looked across the street. Two draggled-looking girls were just entering the bleak doorway opposite. "Little Miss Lucy do that? No!—impossible!"

"I am sixty-five; I shall not, probably, live very much longer," he thought. "Suppose it were five years, even; she would still be a young woman."

Poor little girl! poor little frightened, helpless child! "And I would be less lonely," he said to himself, suddenly. "Jim would call me an old fool, but he would be glad to have me less lonely." Mr. Horace drew a long breath.

"Miss Murray," he said, "would I be taking advantage of our friend's youth and inexperience if I—if I—if I suggested—matrimony?"

Miss Sarah was not at all startled; indeed, she even smiled.

"I think," she said, "it would be an admirable arrangement."

Mr. Horace looked at her; she looked at him. And then they began to talk in whispers, like two conspirators. "But would she—" began Mr. Horace.

"I'm sure of it!"

"But she is so young—"

"She will outlive you."

"I would not wish to take advantage—"

"You are only doing a kindness."

"Her relatives—"

"Her relatives have driven her to it!" cried Miss Sarah. Which was really rather hard on Martha and on Lucy's kind and affectionate brother-in-law.

"Well, we'll protect her," said Mr. Horace, angrily. And then he suddenly looked blank, and said: "Would you—ah—be willing to—to suggest it to her? I feel a sense of embarrassment."

"That is quite unnecessary," Miss Murray declared, "for you are doing a great favor; and if I know Lucy, her gratitude will not be lacking. But I will gladly tell her of your kindness."

"Oh, pray don't say gratitude," Mr. Horace protested, growing red; "don't say kindness. Let her regard it as a favor to me, which it is. I assure you it is."

Miss Murray rose, smiling; and Mr. Horace went away with a new and extraordinary sensation. There was some-

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thing in his thoughts that came between him and his grief; a sense of excitement, of chivalry, of hope—even of hope! He found himself making plans as he walked along the street; he saw Lucy in his mind's eye at his lonely supper table; he fancied her sitting beside him in the dreadful evenings listening to his stories of Jim—it seemed to Mr. Horace as though his fund of anecdotes of Mr. James was inexhaustible; he imagined her reading Jim's books, and laughing in her light girlish voice as Jim used to laugh in his rollicking bass. His heart grew warm and light in his breast as he walked and thought; and then suddenly it sunk: perhaps she would not consent.

VII.

But Lucy consented—eagerly, feverishly. "Oh, Miss Sarah, how kind he is!" she said.

"Very true, Lucy, very true," said Miss Sarah, solemnly. "I hope you will always remember it. Very few gentlemen, Lucy, of Mr. Shields's age would think of such a thing. I hope you will realize that to ask a young, inexperienced, foolish (yes, Lucy, I fear I must say foolish) girl to—ah—to bear his name, is indeed a compliment."

"I will take care of the shop," said Lucy, her eyes beginning to shine, and the droop of face and figure fading as she spoke. "Oh, he is so kind! And I will never go *near* Martha!"

Mr. Horace came for his answer at two o'clock; he had settled down into feeling quite sure that it was impossible, and that he and Miss Sarah must think of something else, and when Lucy met him, smiling and half crying, and saying, "You are so kind to me, Mr. Shields; and indeed, indeed I will do all I can to deserve it," he was almost dazed with astonishment. He protested that it was a great favor.

"I am so much older, my dear," he said.

But Lucy broke in, smiling, "You are good to me, just as father was."

"I will be good to you, my dear; I will indeed, to the best of my ability," he said, earnestly. He smiled at her and patted her hand; and then he said, "I will communicate with your relatives, my dear Miss Lucy."

"Oh no," Lucy said, shrinking, "don't tell them!"

But Miss Murray shook her head: "Mr. Shields must of course refer to your family for permission."

Lucy looked frightened. "Martha won't allow it," she said, faintly. "Oh, don't tell Martha!"

"My dear, I could not allow you to elope," Miss Sarah remonstrated.

And Mr. Shields said, "No, no; that wouldn't do!"

Then the two elders talked it over, Lucy listening and shivering, and saying sometimes, "Oh, Martha will say I'll be a burden to you, Mr. Shields."

"I am prepared," Mr. Horace said to Miss Murray, "to have them say I am far too old, and even that I am taking advantage of our young friend. But I am sustained," said Mr. Horace, "by the knowledge of the integrity of my motives. Miss Lucy is of age, and if she chooses my home it is not the affair of William's wife, or even of William, for whom I have a sincere regard. But I am inclined to think, ma'am, that it will perhaps be wise to—to bring this matter to a head—if I may so express it—before they have a chance to interfere. I will communicate with William and his wife; but before they can remonstrate we will take steps, we will take steps! What do you think of that, ma'am?"

"Admirable!" said Miss Murray. "Admirable!"

"However," said Mr. Horace, blinking his eyes suddenly, as though something cold had been thrown in his face, "it will be very unexpected in Old Chester!'

It was unexpected. Old Chester, too, gasped and blinked as though it had had a cold douche.

Willy King was angry; but Martha, very sensibly, said that it was foolish to be angry. "But I am mortified," she said; "and I don't understand it."

Old Chester, when it heard the news, nearly went out of its mind with agitation and disapproval — "and sorrow," Mrs. Drayton said, "that the dead were soon forgotten!" Mrs. Dale said that Mr. Horace had taken advantage of that poor, poor child's youth. Mrs. Wright, on the contrary, felt that it was really disgusting to see a girl so mercenary as to marry an old man for a home. Mrs. Ezra Barkley said, gently, that he had been so lonely, poor Mr. Horace! no doubt he

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just couldn't stand the desolation of his life.

"But that doesn't explain the other fool," her sister-in-law interrupted, with a snort.

"Do you know what 'Dr. Lavendar said when he heard it?" Rose Knight asked, suddenly. "He said, 'Hooray for Horace!'"

"Dr. Lavendar is getting very old," said Mrs. Dale, sternly.

After the first excitement of it was over, it came to Martha King's ears that Lucy had married to escape living with her (those things always leak out; some friend, with a frankness as conscientious as Martha's own, probably "thought Lucy's sister should be told").

When poor Martha heard why Lucy had committed this extraordinary folly, she turned white, smitten into silence. "I tried to do my duty," she said, painfully, and made no reproaches. But she suffered. "I did everything I could for her best good," she said to herself as she sat alone working; then she wiped her eyes furtively on the unbleached cotton sheet she was hemming for the missionary barrel. "Lucy doesn't love me," she thought, sadly; "nobody does but William. But I've always tried to do my duty." Once, blunderingly, looking down at her fingers trembling in her lap, she said something like this to Dr. Lavendar.

"Martha, my dear," he said, gravely, "*love more, and do less.* Do you remember Isaiah (and he was a pretty energetic old fellow too) says, 'their strength is to sit still'? Our Heavenly Father is just as anxious to improve things as we are; but if you'll notice, He lets us make our blunders, and learn our lessons; and He works by love oftener than by the thunders of Sinai. But come, come! We all love you, and Lucy will know that she does too, one of these days."

But how happily it did turn out! Mr. Horace lived more than the five years he had allowed himself; and no wonder, with the affection his little girl gave him, and the need there was to take care of her and keep her happy; a man really can't die, no matter how good his intentions are, while he is needed. And, besides that, Lucy's eager, childlike sympathy was like some pure and healing touch. Gradually he took up old interests, and liked to meet old friends. His grief for his brother passed down through the ruined habits of living into the depths of life, and, after a while, settled into a habit of its own. Then the old interests closed in upon him—just as a ruffled pool smooths and closes over the crash that has shattered its even silver; though all the while the weight is buried in its heart.

It was a sunny, placid, happy old house in those days, though nobody could say it was sensible. Dick's cage hung in a south window, and the little yellow creature splashed about in his china bath, and scattered millet seeds, and shouted his little songs all day long. Lucy used to come and sit in the shop while she shelled the pease for dinner, or did her bit of worsted-work. And she kept things dusted, not perhaps quite as Martha would have done; the backs of the pictures may have left something to be desired; but so long as nobody knew it, what difference did it make? This lack of principle must make the conscientious grieve; but Lucy and old Mr. Horace were just as happy as though their principles were good. They talked a great deal of Mr. Jim. In the evenings they sat upstairs in the big bare room—a little less bare now, because Lucy made gay worsted covers for all the chairs; and Mr. Horace tried to teach her how to play chess. To be sure, the fool's or scholar's mate might end the game every night, but it gave him a chance to tell her of Jim's prowess. He gave her Jim's books to read, and though she did not know enough to laugh at the right places in Mr. Jim's beloved *Shandy*, she felt a breathless interest in the *Three Musketeers;* and old Mr. Horace annotated it with Jim's comments.

They used to read over those letters of sympathy, too, which suggested so many stories of the big, generous, rollicking old man who had died young that, little by little, as Mr. Horace told this, or remembered that, or laughed at the other, James came back into his life. But there was never any misery in the thought of him; only acceptance, and patience, and an understanding which mere death could never shake or break. James was dead; but what was death between him and James?

So they went on being happy. And on winter evenings, or when the summer

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dusk shut down, and Lucy sat playing foolish tunes on a little old jingling piano, it was surprising how often a certain admirer of common-sense came poking in to smoke with Mr. Horace, and listen to Lucy's chatter, or maybe take a hand at cribbage.

In fact, Martha King said that never since they had been married had William had so many night calls.

## A FABLE FOR HEIRESSES.

BY ALICE DUER.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had great possessions. Through the midst of his kingdom a river ran, in whose broad fertile valley grew great fields of grain. On each side of this valley the land rose steeply, and forests full of game stretched for miles and miles. Beyond this, again, the country grew wilder and more mountainous, and here, rumor said, the King had discovered inexhaustible gold-mines. Certain it is that the vaults below the palace were piled high with the precious metal.

The palace itself, which was built of marble, stood on a high promontory of land that jutted out into the valley, so that from the terrace you could look far up and down the river. Within, the walls were hung with silks and velvets and the weapons which the King had taken in battle, for he was a great warrior, and had many soldiers and slaves and horses at his command.

The heir to all this wealth was a woman—the King's only child. Very many nobles and princes had sought her hand in marriage, but as yet not one had found favor with either the King or his daughter.

One summer afternoon the Princess stepped out upon the terrace, and by her side was Bœmund, the Badger. No one loved the Badger; indeed, he was a peculiarly unlovable animal; but he, first of all, had shown the King where the gold-mines were, and the King's gratitude denied him nothing.

The eyes of the Princess sought the road by the river, along which a rejected suitor and his train were slowly wending their way, and as she looked she sighed.

"Ah, Badger," she said, "why is it that I cannot love any of these gentlemen?"

The Badger snorted. "The reason is simple enough," he said. "Because none of them love you."

"What do you mean, Bœmund?" demanded the Princess, severely, for she was not accustomed to such language, even from the Badger.

"My meaning is quite clear," he answered. "Why should they love you? You are not particularly good, nor particularly clever, nor at all good-looking."

Now in her heart the Princess disagreed with all these assertions, especially the last, but she said, tentatively, "Don't you think I have charm, Badger?"

The Badger snorted again. "Indeed I do," he returned, "the greatest a woman can have—the charm of a rich father."

The Princess was naturally indignant. "Really, Bœmund," she said, "I think you are unjust. I think a man who had never heard of my father might love me for myself."

"It is very easily proved," said the Badger. "I will give you three chances. There are in this kingdom three men to whom my attention has been directed. The first is absorbed in himself, the second in a science, and the third in another woman. If you can make any of them love you for yourself, I am perfectly willing to admit I am wrong."

The Princess felt that the contest which the Badger proposed was scarcely a fair one; but she knew that he would sneer at her if she said so, and therefore she went in silence and put on a plain dress and started on her journey.

The first person she met was the man who was absorbed in himself. He was sitting on a stone by the river, thinking. The Princess went and sat down beside him, and said, in her most engaging manner,

"Do you think it would be possible to love me for myself?"

The man merely groaned. "How can I tell?" he said. "I have such a peculiar disposition."

He seemed to feel so badly about it that the Princess was quite distressed, and

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said, consolingly, "Oh, don't you believe that you are very much like everybody else, really?" She saw at once, however, that this was a mistake, for he looked at her reproachfully, and his voice sank with depression as he answered:

"I hope not, for the sake of the rest of the world. If you like," he added, after a pause, "I will tell you all about it."

The Princess answered, politely, that she would like very much to hear, and he began:

"It would have been easy if only I had married my first love. My nature was simpler then. But unfortunately I did not, and ever since I have been growing more and more complicated, until now I have so many sides, all highly developed, that I fear I am incapable of constancy." And this thought plunged him into such a depth of gloom that his head sank on his hands, and the Princess, after waiting a little while, despaired of rousing him, and went on her way.

"I do hope the man absorbed in a science will be a little more amusing than that," she thought.

The man absorbed in a science was a Naturalist, and the Princess found him gazing at a small hole in the ground. Ignorant that this was the home of a snake, she sat down beside him, and asked as before—

"Do you think it would be possible to love me for myself?"

The Naturalist did not look up as he answered, absently, "It is a subject of which I know nothing."

"Perhaps you would know more if you looked at me and not at the ground," said the Princess.

At this the Naturalist withdrew his eyes from the snake-hole and fixed them upon the eyes of the Princess. Then he said, deliberately, "But perhaps then I should not care so much about knowledge."

The Princess was delighted. "How nicely you said that!" she exclaimed. "But you have not answered my question."

"Were I a younger man—" said the Naturalist. But at this moment there was a faint rustle in the grass; the snake was escaping. The Princess screamed, but the Naturalist was already running after it as fast as he could. The Princess waited for his return, but at last, as she saw no sign of him, she came to the conclusion that she had failed again. Now only her last and, as she felt, her least chance remained—the man who was absorbed in another woman.

As she approached, he was in the act of pushing his boat into the river, and she had to call to him from quite a distance.

"I can't stop now," he said. "I have an engagement."

"It is with the other woman?" said the Princess.

The man looked conscious.

"Will nothing induce you to wait?" asked the Princess.

"Nothing," said the man, firmly.

At this the Princess, with great presence of mind, stepped into the boat and sat down in the stern.

"Now," she said, "you may take your choice between waiting and taking me with you."

"There is another alternative," said the man, and wading into the water, he lifted her out of the boat and set her on the shore.

The Princess had never been more furious and delighted.

"How dare you?" she said.

"Another time you won't interfere with me," he answered.

At this the Princess burst into tears. "How can you bear to be such a brute?" she sobbed.

"I did not mean to hurt you," he said, in great distress.

"It isn't that," said the Princess, "but it is so unkind of you to go, when I only want to ask you one question."

"What is it?" said the man.

"Do you think it would be possible to love me for myself?"

"Possible!" cried the man. "If it weren't for the other woman, I should say I did already."

"Oh, wouldn't that be nice!" exclaimed the Princess. "I mean, of course, if it weren't for the other woman. As it is, however, I think I must be going."

"Already?" said the man.

"It is very dark," said the Princess. "Do you know, I fancy, if it weren't for the other woman, I should say I was afraid to walk home alone. Good-by."

"Don't be absurd," said the man. "Of course I shall see you home."

They had not gone far before the Badger was proved to be entirely in the wrong. The Princess had found a man who loved her for herself. She had scarcely assured



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herself of this fact, explained her true position, and quieted his not unnatural alarm, when they reached the palace, and the King, her father, came hurrying to meet them, accompanied by the Badger.

It appeared that King Conrad of Courtesia, a powerful monarch of a neighboring kingdom, had arrived, with a great retinue, to ask her hand in marriage.

"And it is my desire, my child," said the King, "that you accept his proposals."

"Oh, papa, how cruel you are!" cried the Princess. "You would be willing to sacrifice me to a mere fortune-hunter, who wants only my possessions."

"Fortune-hunter!" roared the King. "What do you mean by speaking like that of an illustrious and noble monarch, who would do you the honor of making you a Queen? Who ever supposed he did *not* want your possessions?"

"I like honest men," said the Princess, tearfully, glancing at her companion.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the King.

"You can't have known many," said the Badger.

At this the Princess, with great dignity, swept into the palace to put on her best clothes, for there was to be a banquet and ball in honor of King Conrad, and she had no wish that he should undervalue what could never be his.

When she entered the banquet-hall she saw, with a sensation that was almost regret, that King Conrad of Courtesia was one of the most distinguished men whom she had ever beheld. She noted, although she firmly refrained from comparisons, how well his embroidered white velvet fitted his muscular figure. She observed, too, how enviously many of the ladies regarded her as he led her to her place.

For some time she was of necessity so engaged by the conversation of the King that she did not notice the man who had been absorbed in another woman, and when she did turn her head in his direction she was pained to observe that the ladies on either side of him had abandoned all efforts at conversation, and were with difficulty concealing their yawns, while he himself seemed to be entirely absorbed in the excellent fare which was put before him.

Following her glance, King Conrad inquired his name, with an absence of comment that roused the Princess to add, somewhat sharply,

"An unusual species—an honest man."

"An excellent quality," answered the King, politely. "How unfortunate that he should find it incompatible with conversation!"

When the ball began, the Princess, as a matter of course, trod the first measure with King Conrad; and, indeed, she was so much pleased with the performance that she was on the point of repeating it, when the man who loved her for herself hurried to her side and insisted, with the same masterful manner which he had displayed in the boat, that she should dance with him.

For some inexplicable reason the Princess now found this manner less attractive, especially when King Conrad withdrew with great tact, and was soon seen leading forth one of the most beautiful of the court ladies.

Besides this, she soon discovered that the man who loved her for herself did not dance at all well; and though she could have forgiven him readily enough for not having acquired so frivolous an accomplishment, she could not excuse his lack of judgment in attempting to practise it. In short, before the evening was over she began to wish the Badger had never existed, and to think with gentle indulgence of the other woman.

The climax was reached the next morning, when the Princess, looking from her window, saw the man who loved her for herself starting out for a ride on her father's favorite war-horse, nor could she believe that horsemanship had been included in his early education.

She ran down stairs in great distress, and meeting King Conrad in the hall, she found his manner so sympathetic that she told him the whole story, with the satisfactory result that when the man who loved her for herself returned hot and dishevelled from his ride, she had already promised to be Queen of Courtesia, and the King had volunteered to represent to his late rival how much more suitable a person the other woman must be.

So they were married, and every one lived very happily ever after—every one, that is to say, with the exception of the Badger, who for no adequate reason was sent to live henceforward in the stable. Unfortunately, as no portrait of the Princess remains, we are left in ignorance as to whether or not he was justified in his low estimate of her charms.

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# THE DRAWER

## THE UTILITARIAN MR. JARLEY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE Christmas season was approaching, and Mr. Jarley, who had lately become something of a philosopher, began to think about gifts for his wife and children. The more he thought of them, the more firmly was he convinced that there was something radically wrong with the system of giving that had prevailed in past years. He conjured up visions of the useless things he had given and received on previous occasions, and an inventory of his personal receipts at the four celebrations leading up to the present, disclosed the fact that he was long on match-boxes, cigar-cases, and smoking-jackets, the last every one of them too small, with an appalling supply of knitted and crocheted objects, the gifts of his children, in reserve. His boot-closet was a perfect revelation of the misdirected Christmas energies of the young, disclosing, as it always did upon occasions when he was in a great hurry, a half-dozen pairs of worsted slippers, which he had received at Yule-tide, some of them adorned with stags of beads leaping over zephyr walls, and others made in the image of cats of extraordinary color, with yellow glass eyes set in directly over the toe whereon he kept his favorite corn. I am not sure that it was not the stepping of an awkward visitor upon one of these same glass eyes, while these slippers for the first time covered his feet, that set Mr. Jarley to cogitating upon the hollowness of "Christmas as She is Celebrated." Indeed, it is my impression that at the very moment when that bit of adornment was pressed down upon Mr. Jarley's corn he announced rather forcibly his disbelief in the utility of any such infernal Christmas present as that. And as time went on, and that offending, staring slipper slipped into his hand every time he searched the closet in the dark for a left patent-leather pump, or some other missing bit of foot-gear, the conviction grew upon him that of the great reforms of which the world stood in crying need, the reformation of the Christmas gift was possibly the most important.

The idea grew to be a mania with him, and he gradually developed into a utilitarian of the most pronounced type. Nothing in the world so suited him as an object, homely or otherwise, that could be used for something; the things that were used for nothing had no attractions for him. After this he developed further, and discovered new uses for old objects. Mrs. Jarley's parlor vases were turned into receptacles for matches, or papers, according to their size. The huge Satsuma vase became a more or less satisfactory bill-file; and the cloisonné jar, by virtue of its great durability, Mr. Jarley used as a receptacle for the family golf-balls, much to the trepidation of his good wife, who considered that the vase, like some women, had in its beauty a sufficient cause for existence, and who would have preferred going without golf forever to the destruction of her treasured bit of bric-à-brac.

Mrs. Jarley did her best to stay the steady advance in utilitarianism of her husband. She could bide with him in most matters. In fact, until it came to the use of the cloisonné for a golf-ball reservoir, she considered the idea at least harmless, and was forced to admit that it indeed held many good points.

"I think it is perfectly proper," she said, "to consider all things from the point of view of their utility. I do not believe in sending a ball-dress to a poor woman who is starving or suffering for want of coal, but I must say, John, that you carry your theory too far when you insist on using an object for some purpose for which it was manifestly never made."

"But who is to say what a thing is manifestly made for?" demanded Jarley. "You don't know, or at least you can't say positively, what one of many possible uses the designer and maker of any object had in mind when he designed and made that especial object. This particular vase was fashioned by a heathen. It is beautiful and graceful, but beyond producing something beautiful and graceful, how can you say what other notion that heathen had as to its possible usefulness? He may have made it to hold flowers. He may have intended it for a water-jug. He may have considered it a suitable receptacle in which its future favored owner might keep his tobacco, or his opium, or any one of the thousand and one things that you can put in a vase with a hope of getting it out again."

"Well, we know he didn't intend it for golf-balls, anyhow," said Mrs. Jarley. "For the very simple reason that the heathen don't play golf."

"They may play some kind of a game which is a heathen variation of golf," observed Mr. Jarley, coldly.

"That couldn't be," persisted Mrs. Jarley. "Judging from the effect of Sunday golf-playing on church attendance, I don't think anything more completely pagan than golf could be found. However—"

"But the fact remains, my dear," Jarley in-

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terrupted, "that while we may surmise properly enough that the original maker of an object did not intend it to be used for certain purposes, you cannot say positively, because you don't know that your surmise is absolutely correct."

"But I think you can," said Mrs. Jarley. "In fact *I* will say positively that the man who made our new frying-pan made it to fry things in, and not to be used in connection with a tack-hammer as a dinner-gong. I know that the hardware people who manufactured our clothes-boiler, down in the laundry, did not design it as a toy bass-drum for the children to bang on on the morning of the Fourth of July. I would make a solemn affidavit to the fact that the maker of a baby-carriage never dreamed of its possible use as an impromptu toboggan for a couple of small boys to coast down hill on in midsummer. Yet these things have been used for these various purposes in our own household experience. A megaphone can be used as a beehive, and a hammock can be turned into a fly-net for a horse, but you never think of doing so; and, furthermore, you *can* say positively that while the things may be used for these purposes, the original maker never, never, never thought of it."

"Nonsense," said Jarley, wilting a little. "Nonsense. You argue just *like* a woman—"

"I think that was what I was designed for," laughed Mrs. Jarley. "Of course I do."

"Oh! but what I mean is that you take utterly ridiculous and extreme cases. The things never could happen. Who'd ever dream of making a beehive out of a megaphone?"

"Oh, I think it might occur to the same ingenious mind that discovered that a cloisonné vase would hold golf-balls securely," smiled Mrs. Jarley.

Jarley laughed. "There you go again," he said. "I wonder why women can't argue without becoming ridiculous? It would be mighty poor economy to pay $4 for a megaphone as a substitute for a $2 beehive."

"That is true," said Mrs. Jarley. "I never thought of that."

"Of course you didn't," retorted Jarley, triumphantly. "Of course you didn't; and that's what I mean when I say you argue like a woman. You get hold of what seems on the surface to be a regular *solar-plexus* retort, and fail to see how it becomes a boomerang before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I suppose if I hadn't been worried about the vase I would have thought of it," said Mrs. Jarley, meekly. "*It worries me to see a* $150 *vase used for a purpose that a fifty-cent calico bag would serve quite as well.*"

Jarley glanced searchingly at his wife.

"Well—ah—hem!" he said. "Quite right, my dear, quite right. I think, on the whole, you would better get the calico bag."

For a few days after this little discussion Jarley was very reticent about his utilitarian ideas. The more he thought of his wife's retort the less secure he felt in his own position, and he was very sorry he had spoken about boomerangs and solar-plexus retorts. But with time he recovered his equanimity, and early in December returned to his old ways.

"I've just been up in the attic," he said to his wife one Sunday afternoon, when he appeared on the scene rather dusty of aspect. "There's a whole lot of useful stuff up there going to waste. I found four old beaver hats, any one of which would make a very good waste-basket for the spare bedroom if it was suitably trimmed; and I don't see why you don't take these straw hats of mine and make work-baskets of them."

Here he held out two relics of bygone fashions to his wife. Mrs. Jarley took them silently. She was so filled with suppressed laughter over her husband's suggestions that she hardly dared to speak lest she should give way to her mirth, and a man does not generally appreciate mirth at his own expense after he has been rummaging in an attic for an hour or more, filling his lungs and covering his clothes and hands with dust.

However, after a moment she managed to blurt out, "Perhaps I can make one of them dainty enough to send to your mother for her Christmas present."

"I was about to suggest that very same thing," said Jarley, brushing the dust from his sleeve. "Either you could send it or Mollie" —Mollie was Mr. Jarley's small daughter. "I think Mollie's grandmother would be more pleased with a gift of that kind than with one of the useless little fallals that children give their grandparents on Christmas day. What did she give her last year?"

The question was opportune, for it gave Mrs. Jarley a chance to laugh outright with some other ostensible object than her husband. She availed herself of the chance, threw her head back, and shook convulsively.

"She sent her a ball of shaving-paper," Mrs. Jarley said.

A faint smile flitted over Jarley's face. "Well, it might have been worse," he said. "She can use it for curling-paper." He paused a moment. Then he said: "I want to say to you, my dear, that—ah—I want Christmas celebrated this year after my plan of selection. Instead of squandering our hard-earned dollars on things no sensible person wants and none can use, we will consider, first of all, practical utility."

"Very well," sighed Mrs. Jarley. "I quite agree as far as you and I are concerned—but how about the children? I don't think Tommie would feel very happy to wake up on Christmas morning and find a pair of suspenders and a new suit of clothes under the tree. He needs both, but he wants tin soldiers. And as for Mollie, she expects a doll."

"Well, I don't wish to be hard on the children," said Mr. Jarley, "but now is the time

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to begin training them. There may be a temporary disappointment, but in the end they will be happier for it. Of course I don't say to give them necessities of life for Christmas, but in selecting what we do give them, get something useful. Dolls and tin soldiers and toy balloons are well enough in their way, but they are absolutely useless. Therefore, I say, don't give them such things. Surely Mollie would be pleased to receive a nice little fur tippet or a muff, and I'll get Tommie a handsome snow-shovel, that he can use when he cleans off the paths. He won't mind; it will be a gift worth having, and by degrees he'll come to see that the plan of utility is a good one."

Mrs. Jarley discreetly held her tongue, although she was far from approving Jarley's course in so far as it affected the children. She tacitly agreed to the proposition, but there was the light of an idea in her eye.

The days intervening before Christmas passed rapidly away, and Christmas eve finally came. Tommie and Mollie were bubbling over with suppressed excitement, and frequently went off into spasms of giggles. There was something very funny in the wind evidently. After dinner the small family repaired to the library, where the children were in the habit of distributing their gifts for their parents on the night before Christmas. Mrs. Jarley was beaming, and so was Mr. Jarley. The children had been informed of what they were to expect, and after an hour or two of regret, they had put their little heads together, giggled a half-dozen times, and accepted the situation.

"Your mother has presented me with a ton of coal, children," said Jarley, smiling happily. "Now you may think that a funny sort of gift—"

"Yeth, pa," said Mollie.

"Awful funny," said Tommie, wiggling with glee.

"Well, it does seem so at first, but, now, how much better to give me that than to present me with something that I could look at for a few days and then would have no further use for!"

"That's so, pa," said Mollie.

"I guess you're right," said Tommie. "Watcher got for ma?"

"I have given her a brand-new set of



THE SURPRISE.

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china for the dining-room," said Mr. Jarley.

"And it was just what I needed," said Mrs. Jarley, happily. "And now, children, go up stairs, and bring down your presents for your father."

The children sped noisily out of the room and up the stairs.

"I hope you impressed it on their minds that I wanted nothing useless?" said Jarley.

"I did," said Mrs. Jarley. "I explained the whole thing to them, and told them what they might expect to receive. Then I gave them each ten dollars of the money they'd saved, and let them go shopping on their own account. I don't know what they bought you, but it's something huge."

Mrs. Jarley had hardly finished when the two giggling tots came into the room carrying with difficulty a parcel, which, as Mrs. Jarley had said, was indeed huge. Mr. Jarley eyed it with curiosity as the string was unfastened and the package burst open.

"There," cried Tommie, breathlessly. "It's all for you, pa, from Mollie and me."

The two children stood to one side. Mrs. Jarley appeared surprised in an amused fashion, while Jarley stood appalled at what lay before him, as well he might; for the package contained a great wax doll with deep staring blue eyes, a small doll's house with two floors in it and a front door that opened, china and chairs and table and bureaus in miniature to furnish the house—indeed, all the paraphernalia of a well-ordered residence for a French doll. Besides these were two boxes of tin soldiers, cannon, tents, swords, a fully equipped lead army, a mechanical fish, and a small zinc steamboat, suitable for a cruise in a bath-tub.

Jarley looked at the children, and the children looked at Jarley.

"Why," said he, as soon as he could recover his equanimity, "there must be some mistake."

"No," said Mollie. "We picked 'em out for you ourselves. We thought you'd need 'em."

Mrs. Jarley turned away to cough slightly.

"Need them?" demanded Jarley, with a perplexed frown. "When?"

"Oh—to-morrow," said Tommie.

"What for?" demanded Jarley.

"*Why, to give to us, of course*," said the children in chorus.

"My dear," said Jarley, two hours later, after the children had retired, "I've been thinking this thing over."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Jarley.

"Yes," said Jarley; "and I've made up my mind that those children of ours are born geniuses. I don't believe, after all, they could have selected anything which would be more satisfactorily useful in the present emergency."

"Well," observed Mrs. Jarley, quietly, "I don't either. I thought so at the time when they asked my permission to do their shopping at the International Toy Bazar."

"It's a solar-plexus retort, just the same," said Jarley, as he shook his head and went to bed. "I think on the 1st of January, if you have no objections, Mrs. Jarley, I will forswear utilitarianism—and you may remove the golf-balls from the cloisonné vase as soon as you choose."

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## ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

If good St. Nicholas should come
  Across the whitened roofs to-night,
A host of treasures bringing from
  His distant Castle of Delight;
If he should come, as once he came,
  And at my chimney-top draw rein,
That I my dearest wish might name
  As if I were a child again:

Of all the good and gracious store,
  Wherewith the hearts of men he cheers,
One thing alone I'd covet more
  Than all the gifts of all the years;
One thing could give the Christmas bells
  The sweetness of their old refrain,
And fill the night with fairy spells,
  As if I were a child again.

What matters it, dear love of mine,
  That you were only eight or so,
And I a little lad of nine,
  That night beneath the mistletoe?
The magic of it lingers yet,
  And all the waiting and the pain
At thought thereof I can forget,
  As if I were a child again.

Once more, as in the long ago,
  On Christmas eve with you to stand
Alone beneath the mistletoe,
  To see your eyes, to touch your hand:
Ah, could the Saint but grant me this,
  I would not say, with fine disdain,
"I think I'm 'most too old to kiss,"
  As if I were a child again!

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THE DIVER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM—A TANTALIZING MOMENT.

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

II.

THE soup has only just been removed from the table, on a particular evening early in December, when Ethel Benton inquires of her husband if he has as yet given any thought to the imporant subject of Christmas presents.

"Is it not a bit early in the game to begin thinking of Christmas presents?" he asks. "The festive blackmailing season is still three weeks ahead of us."

"I know it is," replies Ethel; "but if we leave it until the last moment, everything will be so rushed that we won't half do things."



"THE KIDS, GOD BLESS 'EM!"

"I rather think that is a good idea—not half doing things; especially those things."

"I suppose you do," she says; "but that is because you have not thought about it. To-day I made a list of people that we shall have to send presents to."

"I suppose the mere clerical labor occupied you most of the afternoon," remarks Benton.

"My dear, I am glad you choose to see the humorous side of this question at the outset. It will not strike you as quite so funny when—"

"When I see the list," interrupts Benton. "I suppose not. Of course we shall have to remember our ancestors with some trifling 'compliment of the season.'"

"Trifling?" breaks in Ethel. "Do you suppose I would send mamma a trifle at Christmas?"

"Different people have different ideas about trifles," explains Benton. "Now, you know, sometimes I think a thing is a trifle, and you consider it a matter of considerable importance."

"Well, mamma gets a nice Christmas present," maintains Ethel, firmly.

"Good for mamma!" returns Benton. "I suppose it's 'good for papa' too. Who comes next?"

"Well, there is Dorothy," begins Ethel, thoughtfully. "She must have something—she'll send me something nice, of course. So will Statia and Cecil and Belle, and probably Lucy and Mrs. Thorpe."

"What makes you think they will send things?" asks Benton.

"They always have."

"They've got to stop some time. Perhaps they won't send this year."

"Oh yes, indeed they will. They're certain to."

"And you want to send them something in exchange?"

"No; I want to send them some little remembrance."

"But you would not send them anything if you thought they were not going to send you something."

"I should send to Dorothy, and certainly to Mrs. Thorpe. We are under obligations to Mrs. Thorpe, you know."

"But so far as the others are concerned—Statia, Cecil, Lucy, and Belle—it is mere blackmail!"

"You certainly would feel very cheap if I got something from every one of them Christmas morning, and had sent nothing to any of them!"

"That's why I call it blackmail."

"I don't quite see the connection, dear."

"Well," proceeds Benton, "you admit you are spending your money on these girls because you anticipate they will spend money on you."

"I don't think I admitted anything of the sort. I want to send presents to the girls. There is nothing to compel me to, however."

"Nothing but the apprehension that if you don't send something to Cecil, for instance, and she does send something to you, you will feel 'cheap' Christmas morning."

"I certainly should," maintains Ethel.

"Then your motive in sending holiday gifts is to protect yourself from that cheap feeling. Why don't you try sarsaparilla?"

"Don't be absurd, Arthur."

"Certainly not; I am in dead earnest. I maintain that you—and not alone you, but almost every one else—are morally blackmailed into making gifts from sheer dread of receiving something from some one to whom you have not sent an equivalent."

"I don't think it's very nice of you to put it that way," objects Ethel.

"It may not be 'nice' but it is true, nevertheless. The modern Christmas-present idea is plain 'give and take.' Where is the holiday spirit to that sentiment? This is bringing the transaction down to pure commercial exchange."

"If I thought you meant that, Arthur, I should feel very badly," says Ethel, seriously.

"Well, perhaps I don't really mean it in a harsh sense; but there is a basis of truth at the bottom of the statement. I believe in Christmas good cheer, and in gifts at Christmas-time. I believe in the adage that it is better to give than to receive, but I don't believe in giving because you are giving to receive—or think you are. I don't quite see where the Christmas sentiment comes in if we calculate on probable receipts three weeks ahead of time, and go shopping accordingly."

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"That's a very blunt way of stating the case," expostulates Ethel.

"Perhaps it is; but, nevertheless, that is what we are doing. I dare say it is just what everybody does who gives Christmas presents. The only gift that carries the genuine Christmas spirit with it is the one that goes to a child. You may feel sure that anything will please a kid on that day. We grown-ups have been robbed of our Santa Claus; the little folks still have him, God bless 'em!"



SHE WENT SHOPPING.

"Yes, that is all very true, Arthur," returns Ethel; "but the cold, hard facts of that list of mine still face us, and we must think of what we are going to send those girls."

"How many girls are there?"

"Six, including Dorothy."

"Did they all come to time last year?"

"Yes; Dorothy sent me that beautiful Vienna vase."

"Did any of them send anything you really wanted?"

"No; but it was sweet of them to send anything."

"If you had taken the money you spent on gifts for them to spend on one article for yourself, you could have gotten something that you really wanted."

"That's a very selfish way of looking at it," rejoins Ethel, sharply. "I got great pleasure out of sending presents to the girls."

"I'll bet you walked your feet off, and fought your arms off in the crowded shops."

"I suppose I did; but all that is forgotten now."

"You'll get a reminder of it in a couple of weeks."

"That's just why I want to start in early—before the crush."

"Well, I have a great idea," exclaims Benton, suddenly and enthusiastically. "It has just come into my massive brain. It is beautiful, generous, sensible, and economical! Speaking of Santa Claus and the kids must have suggested it. It will enable us all to do a kind act, all you girls can give one another Christmas presents, and none of you need spend half as much money as your customary Christmas compliments involve."

"Please explain how you are going to do away with that beautiful alliteration, 'customary Christmas compliments,' capably cancelled?"

"Well, if you are going to do it at all, you must begin at once. Here is the plan. Each one of you seven girls spends from $20 to $25 on sending gifts to every other one. Suppose you write to Dorothy and the rest, saying that this year, instead of sending presents to them, and getting gifts in return, you will, and you want each one of them to, contribute $10 toward a fund to be devoted to buying toys for the kids at the Hospital for Crippled Children. That will make $70. You can buy a whole toy-shop with that, and pour a solar system of sunlight into those dark little lives. Part of the agreement, too, shall be that each girl may send to every other some card or flower—no expensive bouquet—on Christmas morning, if she chooses, but no gift."



HER GIFTS.

"Oh, Arthur," cries Ethel, clasping her hands, "I think that idea about the hospital is just great! And what fun it will be buying the toys for those poor little children!"

"Exactly," replies Benton. "Now you are touching the key of the true spirit of Christmas-tide. Don't you think you will derive a thousandfold more pleasure in purchasing a lot of gifts for those poor kids than in striving to find suitable presents for your friends?"

"Indeed I do," assents Ethel; "but perhaps the other girls will want the fun of spending their own money. I'll have them all here to lunch this week and propound your plan. Then we can decide how the toys are to be bought."

And Ethel did have the girls to lunch, and they were, every one of them, enthusiastic over Benton's proposal. They went into the toy-buying business with fervor, and for a week previous to Christmas the Bentons' looked like a storehouse. And two days before Santa Claus was due to arrive at the hospital, Benton drove there on the front seat of an express wagon, loaded with the proceeds of that seventy-dollar investment. He did more. He got seven of the brightest boys together, and told them how seven ladies had given up having Christmas presents in order that they should have toys, and he got each boy to write a note to one of the girls. On Christmas morning he gave to Ethel the note that was addressed to her, and he carried the other six scrawly missives of thanks to the other girls, leaving a bunch of violets with each as his wife's gift. There were no more genuine Christmas presents in town that day than the letters to those seven girls.



GAVE HER THE NOTE.

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MR. BUSH AS SANTA CLAUS.

"THIS here Christmas coming round pertty mid'ling reg'lar every year," said Mr. Milo Bush, "always puts me in mind of a feller I knowed back in Pennsylvania when I was a young man. Likeliest fool in the State—*he* was, I mean. *Biggest* fool I ever seen. Dutcher was his name—*Jerry* Dutcher. He wasn't one of these here amatoor fools that just work at it for fun, but a reg'lar *perfessional* fool. Didn't know enough to ache when he was hurt. Couldn't 'a' scratched a match on a grindstun—not if he *tried*.

"Well, this Jerry got it into his head that he was good-looking. Thought he was a reg'lar Ap Holler—whoever he was. Got a notion the women was all thinking about him. Finally he acchooly got soft on the same gal I was sort o' shining up to. I was some weak them days myself, or I wouldn't 'a' been took in by that gal. Evenchooly I seen throo that gal.

"One Christmas old Uncle Peleg Twigger, who was the father of the gal, give a sort of a shindy, and asked in we neighbors. I went, and so did this here Jerry, and a passel of other folks, mostly fools. The gal, Jerusha, was there making bigger fools of most of 'em. Us younger people indulged in various pastimes of a more or less intellecchooal character, such as hunt-the-slipper, Copenhagen, and sich, while the more elderly folks played old sledge and drunk hard cider in the kitchen. This Jerry was all the time getting betwixt me and Jerusha in his fool way—a-curling up his mustache and a-striking attitoods. Old Si Hooker finally struck up with fiddle music, and we danced—tripped the light bombastic toe, was what Jerry said. I could 'a' knocked him down. And mostly he tripped it with Jerusha, too—he got four dances, and I got one.

"Then the next thing on the porgramme was the distribution of the Christmas presents. In the past they'd had a Christmas tree, but no, that wouldn't do for Jerusha this time. To tell the truth, that gal was just about as foolish as Jerry. I didn't see it then, but I seen it later. Woman, thy name is flayalty, observes the poet—and he hit it pertty near right.

"No, nothing would do for Jerusha this time but a Sandy Claus—reg'lar live tomfool, with a pack and whiskers, a-playing he *was* Sandy Claus. 'Mr. Bush,' says Jerusha, a-purring like a Maltese cat—'Mr. Bush, will you honor us by being our Sandy Claus?' 'Sartenly,' says I: 'it is yours to command;' just like that, I says, beginning to catch on to Jerry's ways.

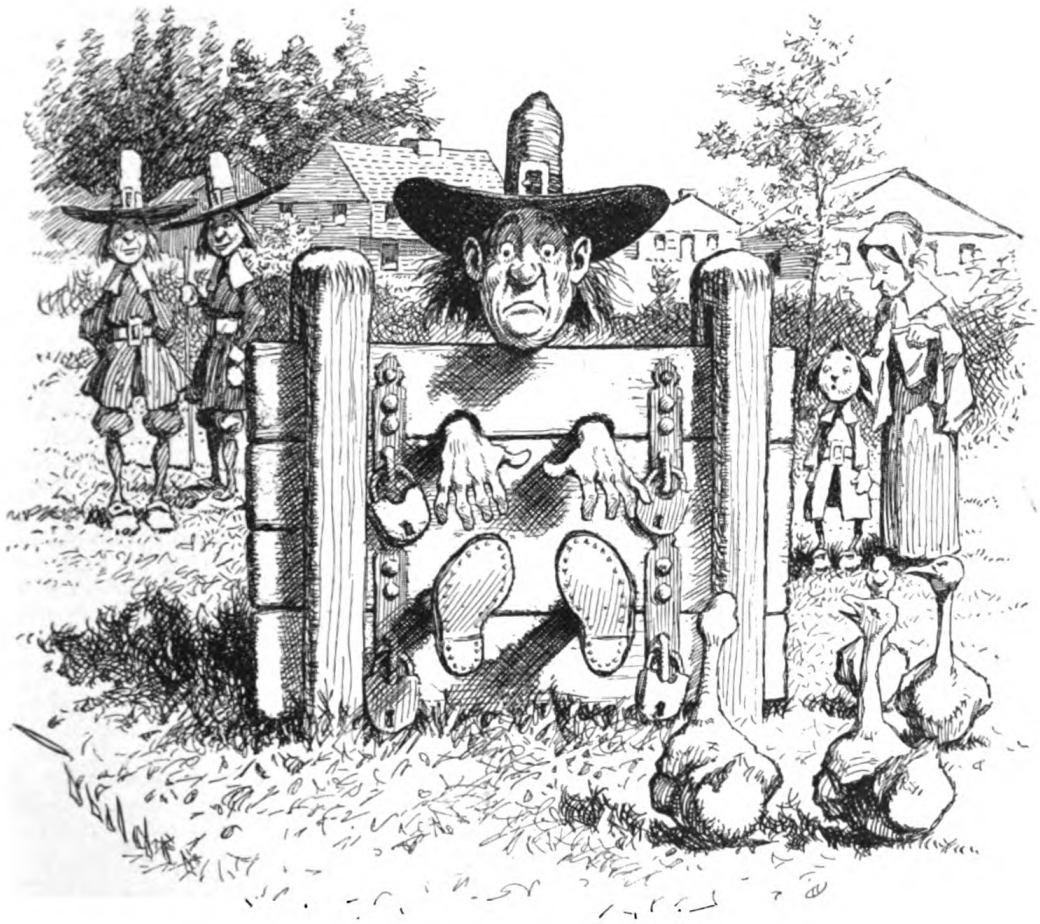
"Well, they got me my pack and my whiskers, and I put 'em on, and then says Jerusha, 'You will find a ladder outside to get up to the chimbley with.' 'Wot,' says I, 'have I got to come down the jim-fizzled chimbley?' 'Of course,' says she; 'all Sandy Clauses do. The fire is out. Our chimbley is large. It is all for the children, you know, Mr. Bush. Don't you love children, Mr. Bush?' 'Yes,' says I—just like that—'yes, jig-wiggle 'em, I love children, but I'm no chimbley-swab.' Then that there Jerry Dutcher come up, his elbows sticking out, and says he: 'Is yer Sandy Claus balky, Miss Jerusha? Let me be yer Sandy Claus. I love to make happy the little innercent children.' Then I goes out into the night, ready to back down into a volcainer.

"The bore of that there chimbley was not large, but by slipping my pack up on the back of my neck, and folding my whiskers and holding 'em under my chin, I managed to get started. Soot got in my eyes, and I was forced to omit many remarks which would have fit the occasion, for fear it would also get in my mouth. Them remarks I said inwardly, however, and they applied to the chimbley, the idgit Jerry, the gal, and the happy, innercent children which I loved.

"I calculated that I'd gone rooting and scraping down that hole about five hundred feet, when I stopped a-straddle of something, I felt about, and found it to be an iron rod, which seemed to 'a' been put in by the man wot built the thing to hold the sides together. I h'isted up, but my pack was catched. I tried to swing over, like a man getting off of hossback, but there wasn't room. My whiskers had come unpacked, and were wiped up over my face mostly, but I could not get my hands up to brush them down. The voice of the happy, innercent children which I loved came to my ears. The distant strains of the fiddle floated up. I could hear Jerry and Jerusha talking gayly. My feelings, repressed too long, bust out. Opening my mouth, regardless of both soot and artificial hair, I spoke my mind freely as become a man.

"My remarks attracted the attention of all, and I heard the women removing the children from the room before I could say more. Then I heard Jerusha looking up the chimbley. 'I can see Mr. Bush's legs,' says she. 'Then he himself must be near,' says Jerry. 'Are you stuck?' calls old Mrs. Twigger. 'Wot did I say?' says I. 'I would dislike to repeat wot you said,' says she. Then they all begun to talk. 'We must rescue him,' says Jerusha; 'the children are waiting for their presents.' 'Wot can we do?' says old Si. 'I suggest pushing of him down somehow,' says Jerry. 'Couldn't we drop something on him from the top of the chimbley—say an anvil?' They all said no. 'Then,' says Jerry, 'why not h'ist him up? Wot do you say to a keg of powder in the fireplace? Let us blow the young man who was so anxious to be Sandy Claus out the top of the chimbley like a b'iling volcainer.' Then they shut the idgit up, and brought a crowbar, and after reaching up and measuring with a long stick and locating me, they all went up stairs, and begun to dig throo the bricks where I was. 'Let me wield the bar which shall liberate a hero,' says Jerry, and they let him. 'Be careful; do not overdo,' I heard Jerusha saying to him. 'A brave and an innercent man

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IN YE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"He was often seen sitting in the public square, his feet thrust forward, hands clasped before him, and his sad face surmounting a high stock."

is imprisoned—shall I spare my muscle?' says Jerry. By-and-by he got a hole through. I wiggled around and, seeing my chance, did not spare my muscle, but kicked him in the jaw like a mule, knocking him off the chair he was standing on, pretending it was a mistake as I backed out the hole. He struck the floor, and Jerusha rushed up. 'Alars, my Jeremiah,' shrieks she; 'dead, dead! Alars!' 'No,' says I, 'but he will be when I can get clear out,' my head still in the chimbley. Jerry got up, with a little blood on his mouth where I'd kicked him. 'Wot! Heavings, my Jeremiah bleeds!' screams Jerusha. 'He will die! Yes, yes, he will die!' and she faints in his arms. Just then her father comes in, pertty short-sighted from the cider. 'Wot yer holding my darter that way for?' says he. 'She is fainted,' says Jerry. 'Besides, we're going to be married, you know.' 'That's wot you be,' says the old man 'Here, Squire, marry 'em!' 'But the gal is in a faint,' says the Squire. 'I have recovered,' says Jerusha, firm as a rock. So the Squire married 'em right there, with me all out of the chimbley except my pack, which wouldn't come throo the hole, so I hung with my toes a foot from the floor dooring the bootiful and impressive ceremony. Then Jerusha looks up, and says she, 'Mr. Bush, if yer face was clean, mebby you might be allowed to kiss the bride.' Then I kicked at Jerry again, but missed him, and they cut me down, and I went home, thinking to myself wot a blessed thing is a happy Christmas."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

## A CHRISTMAS WISH.

BY A YOUNG MONOPOLIST.

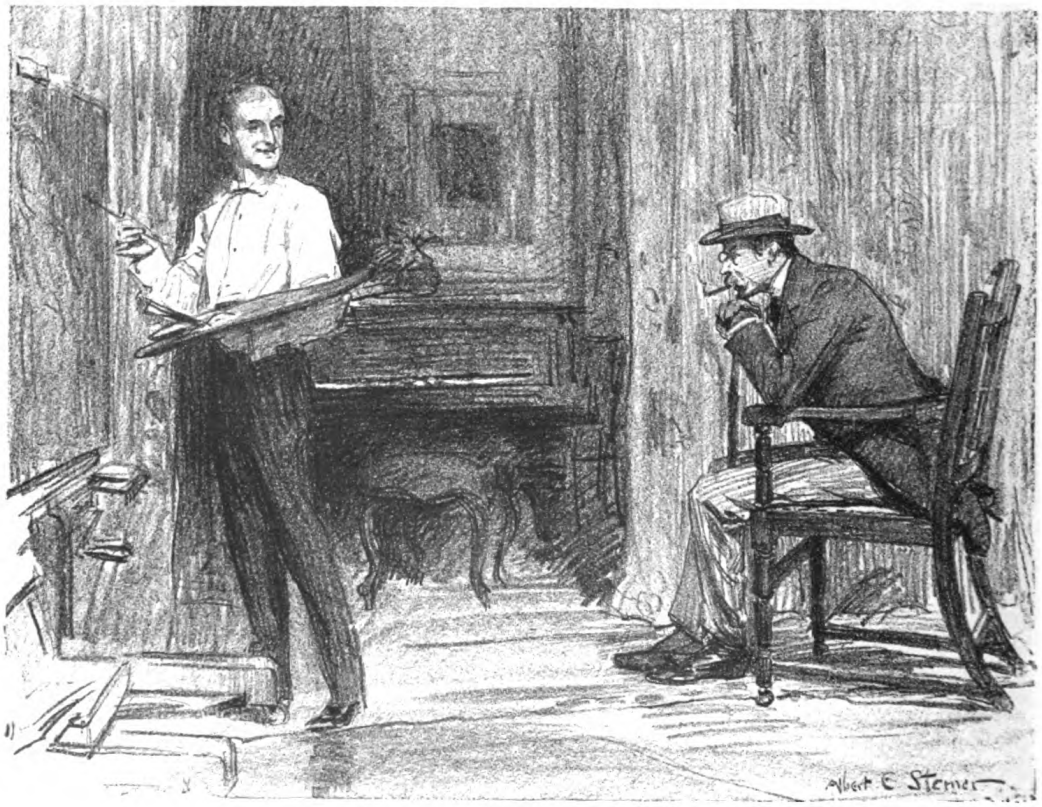
I WISH my dad was a great big man,
Six thousand or more feet high,
With fearful big legs about the space
Of a half of the bright blue sky.

I'd hang his golf hose up to-night,
And fill all the other boys
With envy at my mad delight
As I cornered all the toys.

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MAJOR SHANLEY'S CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL.

"ONCE again is ushered in that blessed season of gladness wherein it is vouchsafed to us to forgive our enemies, and to do good where we may. 'Forgiveness—how beautiful a thing it is! In conducting an honest and fearless paper like the *Vindicator* we have naturally made many enemies. When you tell the truth about a scoundrel, you of course make him your enemy. This is what we have done in scores of cases. But on this calm day of peace we forgive them all gladly. The quality of mercy is not sprained. Even old Bill Winterbottom, who runs that rag which he thinks is a newspaper, even this old double-dyed blot on the face of nature is forgiven. Forgiveness can no further go! He probably doesn't know the meaning of the word forgiveness, but he's got it just the same, gladly. But we ask for no credit in thus forgiving our enemies. For, like virtue, forgiveness is its own reward. Kind hearts are more than cornets. There is a feeling of exultation, of gladness unutterable, when one knows that he has forgiven his enemies, and made his peace with the whole world. It isn't our fault that the old boa-constrictor doesn't know the meaning of the word forgiveness. We stand willing to print the word on a three-sheet poster, and go around and ram it down his cavernous throat. If he wants us to, we'll load our shot-gun with type which spells the word, and shoot it into his worthless body, freely and fully. This is not the season for reserve, or for waiting for others to do what is right. Let every man look into his own heart, and ask himself, 'Have *I* done right?' Old Bill can't do this, because the inside of his heart is so dark and black that he can't see anything; but the rest of us can. Christmas comes but once a year. It is the flower on the prickly stalk of the twelvemonth. To-day your enemy is your brother. Make glad some heart! Brighten some life! And, above all, scatter forgiveness and kind words even as the sower scattereth the seed of spring-time. It is what we, personally, do every Christmas. Sacred truth, awe-compelling fact, even, shall be suppressed to-day in the interest of the beautiful brotherhood of men. We learn, as we write this, that old Bill has just been detected robbing his own children's stockings of the few toys placed therein by their hapless mother; but not one word shall appear about it in these columns till after New-Year's. It is Christmas! Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!"




THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE PAINTER. "The fact is, old chap, that not one purchaser out of ten knows a good picture from a bad one."

THE FRIEND. "That must console you, old man."

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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Christmas Numbers.

A CLEVER observer of periodical literature once remarked that she could always distinguish a Christmas number from all others by its fat, prosperous-looking exterior, and the absence within of anything pertaining to the Christmas season. Whether entirely deserved or not, this indictment was not wholly without reason. In the sense that forty or fifty years ago the holiday publications of the time were fuller of the spirit of the Yule-tide than are those of our own day, there was justification for the assertion. One must confess that the great bulk of the Christmas numbers which come to us in such marvellous abundance to-day, do not seem to have been inspired quite so much by the genial glow of the season of peace on earth, and good-will to man, as by the opportunity to profit from the natural desire of those having things to sell to advertise their wares as widely as possible.

One may not reasonably expect every year tales like "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," or even those others to be found in the Christmas numbers of "Household Words," essentially less worthy of their editor's genius than some of his other work. Even chimes reach an end to the possibilities in the changes of their ringing, and Dickenses are not frequent; but it may be given even to an optimist to regret that stories so powerful as to move the stony hearted to the doing of kindly deeds seem no longer to be written. Scrooges are still numerous, but the literary missionaries seem to be blind to the opportunity their reformation presents.

There are several "old, old stories." To Cupid has been given a monopoly of these, and he is welcome to all his honors, but he should be made to disgorge somewhat, and to share his laurels with Santa Claus. Well told, the love-story is ever new, old as it is. Why should it not be so with the story of Christmas? Even if the details have been worn threadbare, are hackneyed, and old as the hills, the motive is perennially green, and surely our authors and publishers would be forgiven for dwelling upon them once again. The most captious of critics would find himself disarmed in the face of a reiteration of the story of Scrooge, and few readers would be harmed to hear over and over and over again the sweet message of the Yule which would lead them, even reluctantly, to desert their own paths of pleasantness and peace for a brief season, to go out on a mission of love and mercy into a world which knows more of the darkness of night than of the bright sunshine of happiness.

Thackeray's "Christmas Books."

It may be said, and with a great deal of truth, that the publications issued ostensibly as Christmas numbers, yet containing barely any reference to the spirit of the hour, are by no means individual with our own day. Even the volume of Thackeray which is called *Christmas Books* contains little with direct bearing upon Christmas. Certainly there is nothing in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," except the date of that function, which makes it properly even a December story; nor is there any pointed allusion to the season in the remaining tales which form this collection. Yet there is in them all, and easily discernible, a kindly attitude toward life, and the world and its people, which would seem to have been prompted by nothing so much as by a feeling of good-will, and which is not only essential to the Christmas spirit, but which, after a keen analysis of all his work, seems to be the keynote of the satire of Thackeray, as it must be of all satire that is to be effective, and of all humor that is true. Ill-natured satire is the easiest thing in the world. Captious criticism is and has always been the resource of the superficial. To pull down is instinct in man, and consequently entails no particular intellectual endowment, which is possibly why we have so many iconoclasts, and so few helpful critics. However this may be, in these "Christmas Books" of the great master one finds the spirit of the season permeating the whole, so that, after all, they come properly under the classification chosen, and especially obvious does this appear in the Biographical Edition, wherein, together with the literary product itself, we have a side light shed upon the author's personality through the reminiscent introduction to the book by his daughter—than which nothing could be more tenderly intimate. And it is this very point that has made of this edition of the "Newcomes," of "Esmond," of "Pendennis," and of "Vanity Fair" such a delight to the lovers of the incomparable Mr. Titmarsh. There are many—one might almost say thousands—who think of Thackeray as of a cynic; who feel that he laughed at rather than with the people of whom he wrote, and looked upon life from a point of view which only the disappointed could take. It is hardly necessary to say to a discriminating reader that to share in this view of his character is a mistake based upon a complete misconception of the real man. Thackeray's experience contained much that was disappointing, of course, but nothing that soured him. His was an inherently sunny disposition, and while his attitude toward the shams of society in its narrower sense, and tow-



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ard its impostors in the larger, was vigorously condemnative, it is impossible to find in any line from his pen a note of insincerity, a note of real animosity. He satirized the foibles of men and women about him, but always with sympathy where sympathy was at all possible; and when not so, with a tolerance for the follies of man which betokened anything but a cynical attitude. The biographical work of Mrs. Ritchie is doing much to correct this false view, which has been, unfortunately, too prevalent, and as a rehabilitation of the real Thackeray the edition is sure of the warmest welcome at the hands of those who loved him not alone for his genius, but for the manner of man he was.

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"By Order of the Magistrate." By W. Pett Ridge.

It was said, not long ago, of one of the most clever of the band of clever young English writers who have sprung into prominence within the past five years, that he had all the qualities of Dickens except his humor. At first glance this seemed quite on a par with saying that one has all the ingredients for the making of a plum pudding save the plums, but a reading of the works of the young author disclosed the fact that the description was exact. He revelled in the kind of scene that would have pleased Dickens; he had the same genius for the vivid delineation of these phases of life, but he lacked the sympathetic touch, the humaneness of the master, and to just that extent fell short of realizing what may be presumed to have been his ideal. Similarly of the work of Mr. W. Pett Ridge it might have been said, previous to the publication of *By Order of the Magistrate*, that he had all the qualities of Dickens except his seriousness. In his "Clever Wife," as well as in "The Secretary to Bayne, M. P.," and "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," there was to a marked degree what might be called the laugh between the lines. There was an atmosphere of buoyancy throughout these stories that was felt rather than seen, and which came as a relief to readers whose tastes for the morbid had been more than satiated, but they lacked something. One instinctively felt that when Mr. Pett Ridge chose to desert the somewhat too obvious humor involved in the consideration of the "New Woman" and kindred topics, and should give up an effort to combine fantasy and realism and settle down to a serious theme worthy of his talent, exceptionally good work might be expected of him. The charm of his manner, his persuasive and pervading humor, brought to bear upon some serious motive having to do with real life, one felt should be productive of something worth while, and "By Order of the Magistrate" would seem to justify this expectation. The study of a girl of the London streets, in whose nature lay absolutely nothing that was evil, but, on the contrary, much that was good, and who yet could not escape the disadvantages of her environment, despite her effort to do so, is fraught with possibilities worthy of any hand. The seriousness of the theme might well deter any but the most experienced from laying hold upon it. It is a subject worthy of a Dickens, and, treated by him, one can well imagine a most potent result. That Mr. Pett Ridge has handled it discreetly and well one can say without fear of contradiction. That he has made the most of it none has the right to say; but to say that his effort is strong, and that it lifts him to a higher literary plane than he has hitherto reached is a statement one can make with confidence. Whether or not the book will work reforms, as some of Dickens's and some of Sir Walter Besant's have worked, depends entirely upon the susceptibilities of the British public—and the British public is not quite so impervious as some superficial observers would have us think. In any event, whether Mr. Pett Ridge's story saves the "Mordemlys" of the future from undeserved trials and obloquy or not, it has emphasized certain horrid facts of life in such a fashion that he who studies society in its broadest sense, and is sincerely desirous of working reforms tending towards the uplifting of those to whom it is in vogue to refer as "the submerged classes," will do well to peruse it seriously, to consider the lesson which it rams home without presuming to teach, and to bend his energies accordingly.

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"The Instinct of Step-fatherhood." By Lilian Bell.

Miss Lilian Bell has told us all about "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," and has illuminated several important matters "From a Girl's Point of View." She has told us most engagingly what kind of a man a man should be to meet with the approval of the young woman who is worthy of him. She has dilated somewhat on "The Under Side of Things," and her readers have come to believe that Miss Bell is a good deal of a philosopher—indeed, her severest critics have acknowledged that she is such. Fortunately Miss Bell is something more than a philosopher. She is a keen observer of life, and while she unquestionably knows more of the eternal feminine than of the ephemeral masculine, one must admit that she philosophizes humanly and concretely, rather than idealistically, and from the theoretical point as a man might do. Her men are very real, and they recognize the fact, and enjoy reading about themselves. That which is flattering they find pleasing. That which is otherwise they treat with that tolerance with which man is inclined to regard all his foibles. Her women even women regard as kindred spirits, because they are always high-minded and witty and everything they should be. Wherefore Miss Bell is known for what she is, a true philosopher and realist, with a happy humor, a keen eye, and allied to these gifts a charming way of putting things.

Hitherto one has been disposed to place Miss



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Bell among the essayists rather than among the writers of fiction. It is, therefore, well when she deserts topics of largely feminine interest to give us an insight into *The Instinct of Step-fatherhood*, to sound a note of warning. It would be a mistake for a young man who contemplates following in the footsteps of Napoleon Bonaparte, and acquiring a family ready made at the altar, to invest in a copy of Miss Bell's attractive volume with the idea in mind that it is a text-book from which he may learn something that will prove to his advantage in his new relation, since the book contains nothing of the sort. It is not by any means a *rade mecum* for step-fathers, and one might read it over a dozen times, and be no more proficient in the art and theory of step-fatherhood than he was at the beginning. On the other hand, reverting to a point already discussed, if he desires to read of a delightful little passage at arms between a bright young woman and a clever young man, the result of which plunges his mind deeply into a contemplation of the possibilities of doing good at Christmas-time, nothing could more completely meet with his wishes than a perusal of the second story in this collection, called "A Study in Hearts." Despite the fact that the heroine is charged with having "yellow eyes" and is "worse than beautiful," her charm is undeniable, and the behavior of both hero and heroine, under the influence of their new-born love for each other, toward that fortunate gamin Tommie O'Reilly, involves a moral which is particularly applicable to us on the verge of the holiday season.

In these two stories, as in the remaining five, notably "The Heart of Brier Rose," and "A Woman of No Nerves," Miss Bell's fiction may be set down as a success, and while one may miss the subtle touches that have lent so great a charm to her essays, after reading "The Instinct of Step-fatherhood" from cover to cover one may not reasonably regret her venture into fiction, since her fiction is as well considered, as entirely true, and as essentially kindly humored as her essays have been, and it need hardly be said that in her essays Miss Bell has appealed to an unusually large circle of appreciation.

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"Dumb Foxglove." By Annie Trumbull Slosson.

In that most delightful of delightful books, "Little Rivers," by Dr. Van Dyke, an incident is noted of one, an American in Scotland, who remembered his friends at home by sending them every year trophies of his prowess as a huntsman. "He has a pleasant trick," the author writes, "of making them grateful to the imagination, as well as to the palate, by packing them in heather. I'll warrant that Aaron's rod bore no bonnier blossoms than these stiff little bushes—and none more magical. For every time I take up a handful of them they transport me to the Highlands, and send me tramping once more, with knapsack and fishing-rod, over braes and down the burns."

This tribute of a sincere lover of nature to the influence of the "stiff little bushes" upon his imagination is recalled to the mind of a sincere lover of "Little Rivers" by Mrs. Slosson's latest collection of short stories, *Dumb Fox-glove, and other Stories*. That which the unerring aim of her fancy has brought down she sends to her friends packed up, one might say, in "heather." Her stories of the life of the lowly are filled with a keen sense of what is beautiful in nature, and after reading one of them one feels very much as if one had roamed through some quiet country vale gathering wild flowers or autumn leaves, listening to the songs of the birds, or perhaps dipping into the mysteries of some mountain stream, and all the while meeting with and receiving a kindly nod from the people who dwell therein, the key-note of whose lives is simplicity. It is this insight into nature, perhaps, that more than anything else lends a charm to Mrs. Slosson's work. Certainly her sketches of life are as slight as they are fresh and original. She touches now and then upon some of the deeper chords of existence, but not often, and among the seven tales included in the new volume there is none which presents, or attempts to present, more than a little corner of some phase of life. The result is pleasing, and one may say of the collection, as has been said of Mrs. Slosson's first book, "Seven Dreamers," that "the sweetness, the spiciness, the aromatic taste of the forest, has crept into them." One may not read it sympathetically without feeling that he has touched upon some of the essentials of Nature herself, and the mental sensation that follows carries with it that exhilaration which is inseparable from a day in the open, with the sun shining and the air crisp and sweet.

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"Wild Eelin." By William Black.

To one who is minded seriously to study the literary output of the last twenty years, it would prove an interesting and not wholly unprofitable venture to try to discover in what one of many authors there has lain the highest general norm of excellence. The years which have passed in the last quarter-century have produced many men and women who have written well, some of whom have given indications of the possession of real genius, but have yet failed to bring it to fulfilment. For a number of these years certain writers have shone forth so conspicuously as to throw all others into the shade, each in his own year, and have then dropped back into obscurity. One recalls without much difficulty how every one talked of Hugh Conway for a brief period, then of Mr. Crawford and of Mrs. Ward, and of Mr. Haggard and Mr. Stevenson, then of the author of *Vice Versa*, then of Miss Harraden, and later of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Caine, Anthony Hope, and others, all writers of certain



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single books which betokened genius, many of which have not been followed up by others of equal merit. Few have survived the test of the second venture. Mrs. Ward, Mr. Crawford, and Messrs. Kipling and Stevenson have done so, the last proving himself without doubt a worthy candidate for immortal honors. Mr. Hope is at present on the crest of the wave, and as an apostle of woe Mr. Caine holds his own.

But outside of the popularity of certain creatures of the moment there have been those who have steadily written on, undismayed, not carried away by the emotions of the little hour, and not yielding a jot to the popular clamor for this or that thing in literary fads. And it is safe to say that among these, when all is sifted down and the gold has been assayed, the residuum will be found. It is also safe to say that among these will be placed—and not far from the top of the list, either—the name of Mr. Black. There is a high standard of excellence in Mr. Black's work, from the days when "The Princess of Thule" was a much-talked-about novel, when "Green Pastures and Piccadilly" was the most popular book of the day, down to the present, when *Wild Eelin* shows him to be a thorough artist in the presentation of whatsoever he may have to say to his readers. Reference was made in a previous note to the exhilaration which comes from a day in the open, and Mrs. Slosson's work was commended because it seemed so full of that which was real and worth while in nature, and it is precisely this quality which makes Mr. Black's work so refreshing to those who read him, plus the art of one who is devoted to literature, and who has studied its requirements from the point of view of one who loves it for its own sake. It would be a mistake to say that in "Wild Eelin" one finds the fullest fruition of its author's genius, because even so long as twenty years ago Mr. Black was doing quite as good work; but it is no mistake to say that in "Wild Eelin" he has given to us a story that is worthy of him, and that it is fully up to the "norm of excellence" to which he has constantly adhered.

There is a diversity of tastes among the readers of books, and one must be liberal in his judgment of those who differ with him in respect to the merit of that which is published, but it must be said that he who can read "Wild Eelin" without appreciation has no comprehension of what is worth while in letters. It is pure and wholesome from beginning to end. It smacks of the heather as sweetly as any of our modern Scottish tales; it has humor of the best sort; and in the end it leaves the reader of fickle tastes wondering why he has been led astray by any of the "fads" of the immediate hour.

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To present with any degree of fidelity an individual to whom pocket-picking is not only a source of income but of positive delight would seem to be a task in undertaking which an author would have to forego the pleasure of counting on his readers' sympathy. It is, of course, true that while all the world loves a lover it also delights in villains. A vast number of readers prefer to occupy their minds with the evil doings of the unscrupulous rather than dwell upon the ways of the truly virtuous, but it seldom happens that we take these creatures to our hearts and wish we had known them personally. The mere fact of their villany precludes the probability of their becoming attractive additions to the group of people who live in our libraries, in the sense that they sometimes seem to step down off the shelves and help us with their companionship agreeably to while away an idle and otherwise lonely hour. We like to read about them, but on the whole we are rather glad that when we wish to be rid of them we may do so by the simple operation of shutting to the covers of the book. In *The Adventures of François* Dr. Mitchell has changed all this. Few may read of the charming scoundrel with the strange face and wonderful capacity for laughter, who is the central figure of these adventures, without a wish that it might have been possible to grasp and affectionately press his dishonest hand.

"The Adventures of François." By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

As in "Hugh Wynne," the greatest charm of "The Adventures of François" lies in the easy, semi-reminiscent style of the author. Dr. Mitchell presents a picture of the troubled times of the Terror in France which carries conviction of its truth with it, just as in the story of his venturesome "Free Quaker" he last year gave us a brilliant side light upon our own Revolutionary period, which read more like history than like fiction. It is no exaggeration to say that in no author since Dumas do we seem to be brought so closely into touch with the people of France, other than mere historical personages, as in these pages from Dr. Mitchell's pen. There is a delightful blending herein of both seeming realism and romance that is within bounds, which is unfortunately rare among our writers to-day; a blending of diversities which one may think is an essential in the achievement of the highest degree of success in the art of letters. In all this meed of appreciation of Dr. Mitchell's work one may sound only one note of seeming discord, which is the expression of a hope that, now that Dr. Mitchell has made his little incursion into foreign fields, he will return once more to his own country for his background, and give us again a glimpse of ourselves as we have been. There are so many among us who can write well of things across the sea, and so few who appear to find any inspiration whatever from that which lies at their very doors, that one grudges the time Dr. Mitchell has given to France, however pleasing the results have been to us who read him and delight in the laurels he has won.



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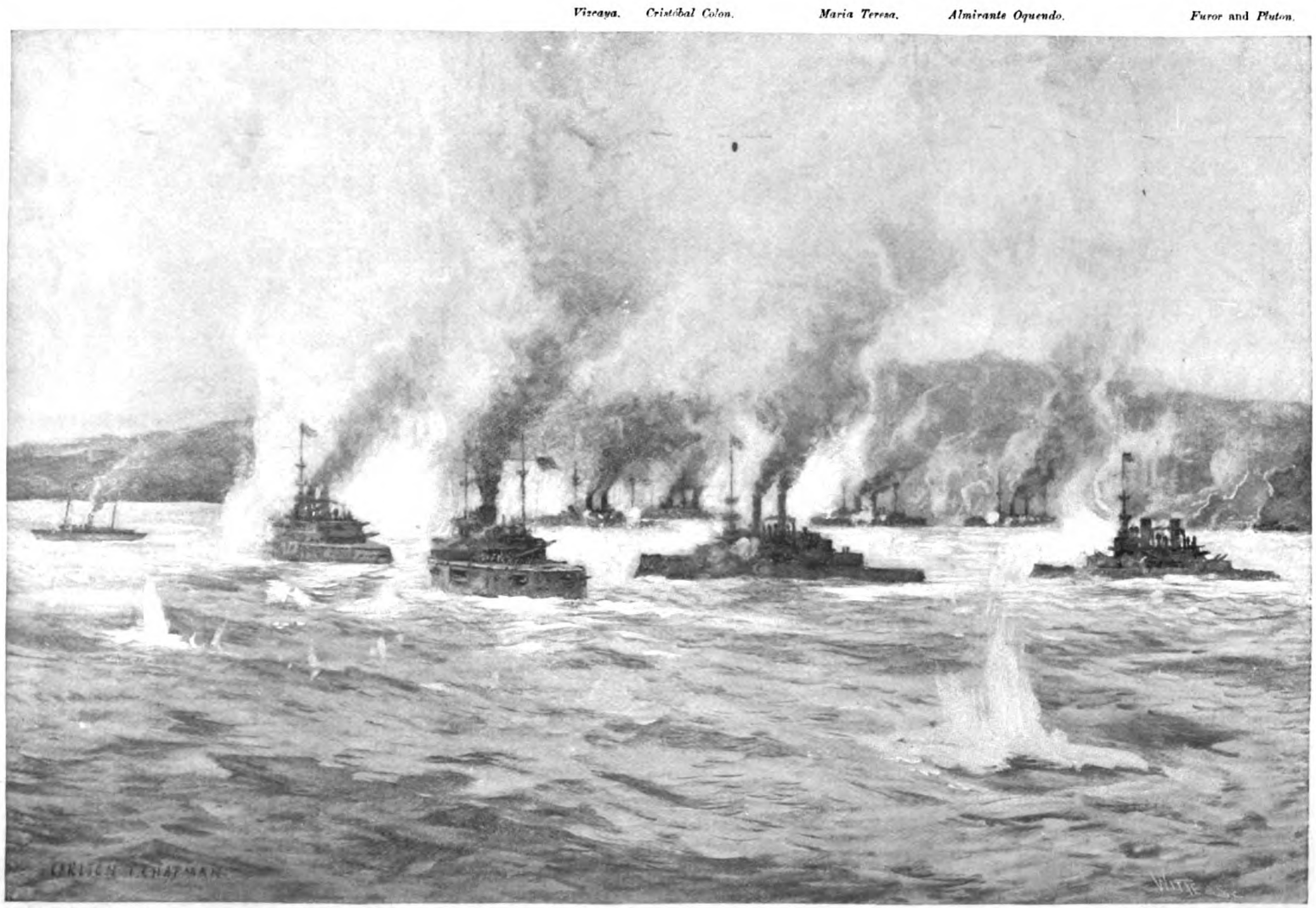
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THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, JULY 3.

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# THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1898 IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY S. A. STAUNTON, LIEUTENANT UNITED STATES NAVY.*

FROM the time of the destruction of the *Maine*, in the harbor of Havana, on February 15, our naval force in Southern waters had been placed partially upon a war footing. It was not by any means that war was considered inevitable. On the contrary, it was thought that even should the Court of Inquiry decide that the *Maine* had been treacherously destroyed, Spain would meet all reasonable demands; but the state of preparation was a state of security demanded by military prudence, and also was valuable to men and officers as a discipline and exercise. The men had already been well trained at the guns—well instructed in their mechanism and manuals—the principal business of the cruising man-of-war in time of peace; but to this training was added constant daily target practice with sub-calibre fire—a form of exercise which is much approved, and for which all batteries are now fitted. It consists in firing a small projectile from a large gun, employing the pointing and aiming mechanism of the latter. To effect this the small gun is placed inside the breech of the large gun, and precisely in its centre, and is held there by a special fitting. So adjusted, its axis coincides with that of the larger piece, and, except for the shock and recoil, the normal firing conditions with full charge are imitated. One-pounders are ordinarily employed for the sub-calibre of the heavy turret-guns, and musket barrels for those of the secondary batteries. During those waiting days at Tortugas and Key West, fluttering flags a few hundred yards from each ship showed the targets, and for hours each day the splash of bullets followed the rifle reports with monotonous regularity. After each shot the gun was swung off the target, brought back, and aimed anew for the next, thus making it an independent exercise. It was not inspiring or dramatic, this steady burning of powder in small quantities during the sultry afternoons, but it was the sort of work which makes war deadly, and it bore its fruit in the swift and terrible destruction of Cervera's fleet.

The Navy Department had directed that all vessels should be painted a uniform gray, the "war-color," to diminish as much as possible their visibility under the varying conditions of the atmosphere. The complements of the vessels—*i. e.*, the number of men assigned to them—were increased to a war footing, and with every preparation made to render his vessels efficient fighting-machines, the commander-in-chief awaited his instructions. A number of additions to the squadron had arrived, the government having already begun the purchase and equipment of auxiliaries.

In addition to the force under Rear-Admiral Sampson's command, known as the "North Atlantic Squadron," a second squadron, called the "Flying Squadron," intended as a compact force for expeditionary work, had been organized at Hampton Roads, and placed under the command of Commodore Schley. The *Brooklyn* was the flag-ship of this squadron, and the battle-ships *Massachusetts* and *Texas* were assigned to it; also the fast cruisers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*. Later a third squadron, known as the "Northern Patrol Squadron," was formed under the command of Commodore Howell, who had been recalled from the Mediterranean Station. The flag-ship *San Francisco*, the ram *Katahdin*, and the armed auxiliaries converted from the purchased steamships of the Morgan Line

* Lieutenant Staunton served throughout the war in the flag-ship *New York* as Assistant Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson.

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were the principal vessels of this command, whose special function was to protect the Northern Atlantic coast from Spanish raids. Neither of these squadrons saw service until they were sent to Cuban waters after the appearance of Cervera in the West Indies, when they ceased to exist as independent commands and were placed under the orders of Admiral Sampson. The double-turreted monitors were fitted out as speedily as possible and sent to Key West; and the old single-turreted monitors, which had long been lying in the back channel at League Island, and were useless except as floating batteries, were placed in the Northern ports, where, manned by Naval Militia, and aided by armed tugs and other improvised auxiliaries, they formed an inner line of naval defence.

When the arrival of Cervera in the West Indies defined the direction and purpose of his campaign, the Flying Squadron was ordered at once to Cuban waters; and after the Spanish fleet was blockaded at Santiago de Cuba, and a large part of our naval force had, in consequence of the blockade, and of the necessities of convoy duty attendant upon the army expedition, been assembled on the southern side of the island, Commodore Howell was ordered South to re-enforce the blockade of Havana and other ports on the northern side.

War began on April 21, and early on the morning of April 22 eleven vessels and four torpedo-boats moved towards Havana.

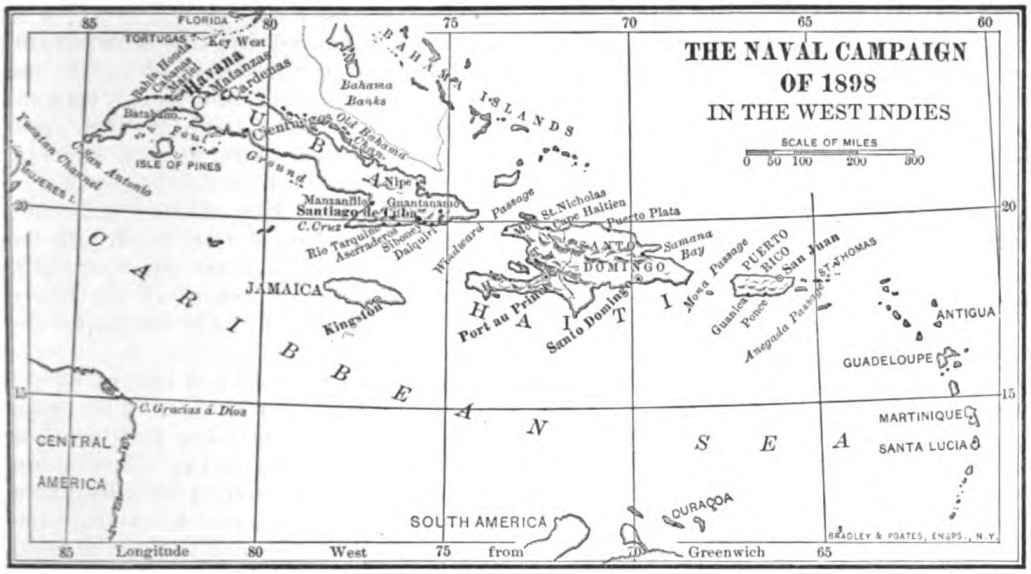
The formation was one intended to guard against surprise, and to be ready for fighting. In one column, led by the flag-ship *New York*, were placed the heavy-armored vessels—the fighting-line. In a parallel column, led by the *Cincinnati*, were the lighter cruisers. The *Mayflower*, *Wilmington*, and the torpedo-boats were placed in advance and on the flanks as scouts. There was no pageantry nor pomp, no fluttering of pennons nor playing of bands, no cheering, no bystanders. The sun rose upon fifteen gray masses, large and small, steadily moving south, the smoke pouring in black clouds from their funnels. War is a serious business, and in that moment of its commencement every one felt it to be so.

There was a lack of definite information as to the Spanish naval forces in Cuban ports. It was known that they contained a number of small cruisers and gunboats and some torpedo vessels; but the condition and speed of the last—the only vessels likely to cause annoyance—were not known. The *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, lately at Havana, had gone to the eastward two weeks before, but it was among the possibilities that they might still be in West Indian, even in Cuban, waters. As a matter of fact, they were at that moment at the Cape de Verde Islands, having joined Admiral Cervera on the 19th.

The fleet approached Havana late in the afternoon. Some delay was occasioned by the chase and capture of a Spanish steamer, and it was not until the next morning that the vessels were distributed to their blockading stations. We learned later that something like a panic had been created in Havana by the appearance of the fleet and the expectation of an immediate bombardment.

The novelty of a blockade soon wears off. It is the most monotonous and fatiguing and the least satisfactory of all the operations of naval warfare—a period of waiting and watchfulness, of constant attention to the positions of the vessels, of unremitting lookout night and day, of infinite observance of all the precautions of war. The dulness is varied by an occasional chase; but these, being all of about the same character, soon cease to excite more than a passing interest. The smoke of a steamer is seen on the horizon, and a blockader dashes off to investigate. The steamer holds her course, and if that draws away from the pursuing vessel, the incident develops into a stern-chase, lasting sometimes several hours. An enemy of course does her best to escape; and a neutral is wholly within her right in ignoring the presence and movements of a cruiser until a gun commands her to heave to; and as the belligerent right of search is an annoyance and vexation to neutrals, they do not, as a rule, hesitate to stretch their privileges to the farthest point consistent with safety. As the cruiser, working her engines at top speed, draws within gunshot of the flying merchantman, which with modern guns is from three to five miles, she fires a blank charge. If this does not appear to be seen or heard, she fires a shell, directing it wide of the mark, and the most obstinate skipper seldom risks the chances of the third shot. A chase at night is more

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dramatic. The strange vessel is sighted at a shorter distance; there is more uncertainty as to her character, and more chance of her escape. Whatever of mystery and impression the gloom and obscurity of night upon the sea convey is added to the effect. The rushing bows break the phosphorescent water into waves of silver; the guns flash tongues of vivid flame into the darkness; the long beams of the search-lights sweep the horizon for the flying vessel, fix her and hold her in their relentless glare, disclosing her flag and rig, and even her name, as she sullenly heaves to and awaits the boarding visit.

Key West was the base of the northern blockade for coal and supplies. The vessels were assigned to the several ports, the greater number being stationed in front of Havana, because of its importance, and because its powerful batteries, keeping vessels at a distance, made the blockading line a longer one. The flagship maintained general supervision, passing the greater part of the time off Havana, but moving east and west at the discretion of the Admiral. It was on one of these expeditions that the so-called bombardment of Matanzas took place—merely a few shells thrown by the *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati* to discourage the erection of a new battery, but which, there having been no fighting up to that time, and the public being thirsty for excitement, the newspaper men thought fit to magnify into a battle.

Towards the end of April it became known that Cervera's squadron of four armored cruisers and three torpedo-boat-destroyers had sailed from the Cape de Verdes, presumably for the West Indies. San Juan de Puerto Rico, far to the eastward of Cuba, a Spanish fortified port, with a good harbor and ample supplies of coal, was likely to be their first port; and it was with the hope of finding them there, or of meeting them in that vicinity, that the San Juan expedition was organized. It consisted of the flag-ship *New York*, the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the monitors *Amphitrite* and *Terror*, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, the torpedo-boat *Porter*, armed tug *Wompatuck*, and collier *Niagara*. The vessels rendezvoused north of Bahia de Cadiz light, near Cardenas, and sailed at midnight on May 4.

It was hoped that fair speed might be made, but the monitors gave much trouble. With small coal capacity, boilers and engines of old type and in poor condition, they caused delay from the beginning to the end of the expedition. They were coaled at sea—the weather fortunately being smooth enough off the coast of Haiti for that purpose—and they were towed during a great part of the time; and when not under tow they were constantly breaking down. All celerity and certainty of movement were hampered in the most exasperating manner, and it was not until the evening of May 11 that the force arrived in the vicinity of San Juan.

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Plans of battle, suited to finding Cervera's fleet in the harbor of San Juan or to meeting it at sea, had been arranged, and communicated to all the vessels.

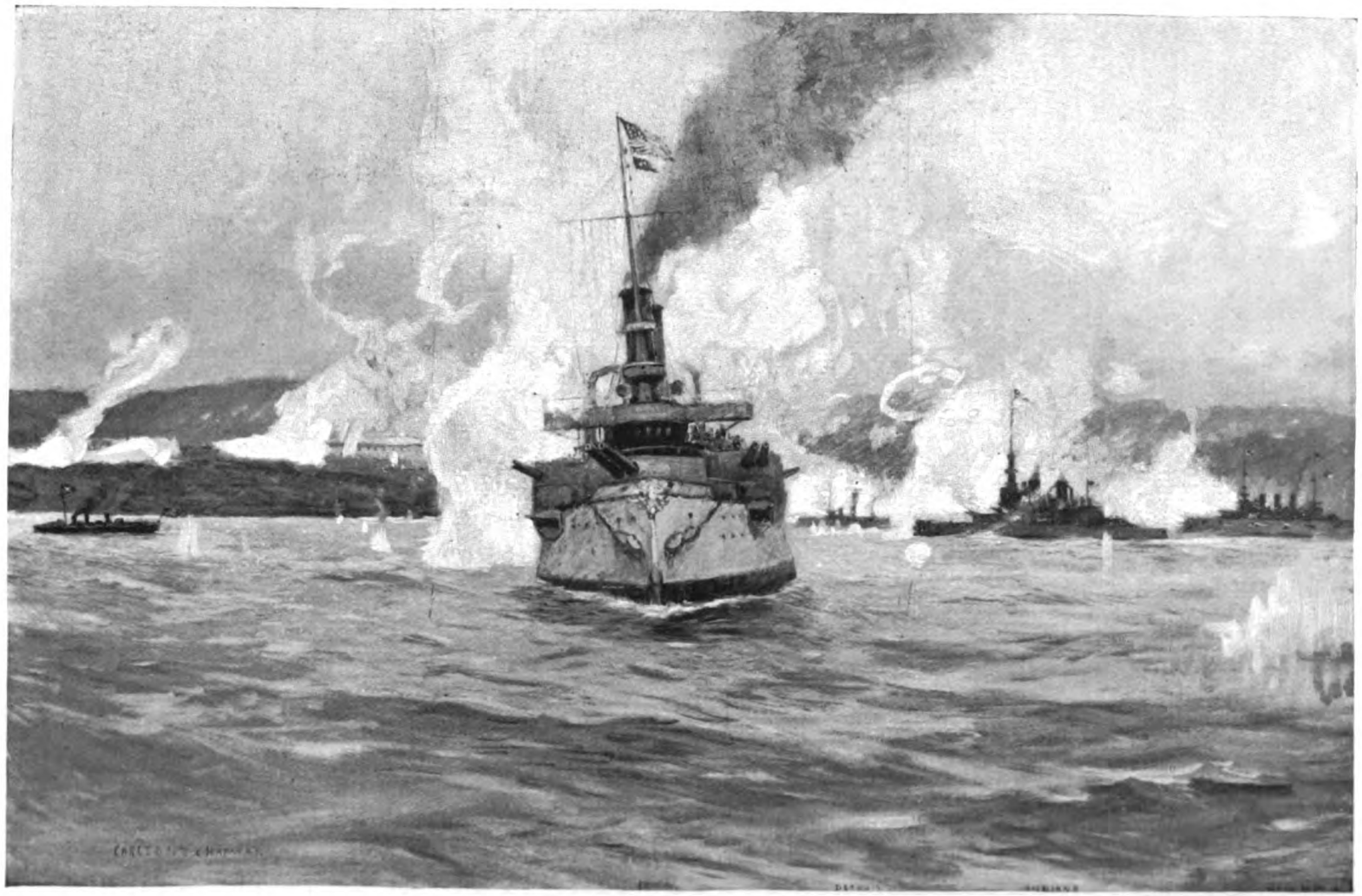
The city of San Juan is situated on an island on the north coast of Puerto Rico —an island which is close to the mainland, projecting slightly, if at all, beyond the general line of the coast, and on its eastern side separated only by a narrow passage of shallow water, which is bridged. The harbor, which has only a small area suitable for deep-draught ships, lies west of the island, and extends behind it on its southern side, and the entrance to the harbor is on its western side between the Morro and Cabras Island. The island is high on its sea face, sloping back towards the harbor, and this sea face is fortified in the old style, with a castle on each flank, and a massive wall connecting them. In addition to the old guns, some of which were still serviceable, the works were defended by several batteries of modern rifles. The town lies back of the wall and castles, on the side sloping towards the harbor, and only the tops of a few houses could be seen from the sea.

Admiral Sampson hoped to find the Spanish squadron coaling in the deepest part of the harbor, about a mile and a half from the entrance, and to close in at once, massing the heavy vessels in front of the entrance, and destroy the Spanish ships by heavy-gun fire. He shifted his flag to the *Iowa* on the evening of May 11. The squadron had steered wide of the land to avoid being seen, and upon reaching a point about north of San Juan it steamed slowly towards the port, regulating speed to arrive at daylight. Some time after midnight the lights of the town became visible, and at the first break of dawn the squadron was close to Cabras Island, ready to open the attack as soon as it should be light enough to see into the harbor. Coral reefs fringe the shore, and the surveys had not been thorough. It was necessary to exercise caution in the approach, and the *Detroit* and *Wompatuck* were put in the lead to take soundings, the latter with instructions to anchor a boat on the ten-fathom line. The *Iowa* led in column, followed by the *Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, *Terror*, and *Montgomery*, in the order named.

When the growing light gave a distinct view into the harbor it was clearly seen that Cervera's ships were not there. The column of vessels stood in as far as the boat anchored by the *Wompatuck*, then turned to the eastward across the mouth of the harbor, and as she brought her starboard guns to bear, the *Iowa* opened upon the batteries of the Morro, the other vessels following as they turned into her wake. The practice was fair. Some of the shells fell short, but the greater number struck the castle or bluff. The roar of the explosions of the heavy twelve and thirteen inch shell and the great craters which they made in the walls of the Morro were object-lessons of the power of modern ordnance. The Spaniards speedily returned our fire, but their marksmanship was poor. The *Iowa* passed the Morro, turned back (followed by the other vessels, retaining their column formation), steamed to the westward, and turning again and passing close to the anchored boat which served as a marking-buoy, again opened fire; and this manœuvre was repeated a second time, when, finding that our bombardment was having no appreciable effect upon the Spanish batteries, the fleet was ordered to withdraw. While the vessels were approaching and firing, the Spanish fire slackened, our shells driving their men away from the guns and under shelter; but as soon as the ships ceased firing and turned, the Spaniards came back to their guns and reopened fire with energy. It was the first illustration, of which there were a number during the war, of the difference between *silencing* a battery and *destroying* it by artillery fire. The first can be readily effected by superior fire; the second is exceedingly difficult of accomplishment by *any* fire, as it requires the actual destruction of guns or their mounts—*i. e.*, they must be actually struck by shell. The Spanish gunnery was incredibly poor. Shots fell in great number about the ships, yet only two were struck, the *Iowa* and the *New York*, with a total loss of one man killed and seven wounded—only two seriously. The Spanish loss was much greater, but was not heavy—probably, from all accounts, something like one hundred killed and wounded; and the injury to the town and its people was slight.

The bombardment of San Juan has been criticised and totally misunderstood. The public did not understand why it was attempted and abandoned; why, if attempted at all, it was not pushed to a

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

"The flag-ship *Iowa* is turning out after leading the first attack, which began at 5.08 A.M. Huge domes of smoke rose over the ships, hiding the hills. Morro is hidden by the *Iowa*." C. T. CHAPMAN.

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successful issue. With Dewey's achievement fresh in its memory, it looked for similar victories in the Atlantic, and was disappointed at what seemed to be a successful defence against its best fleet, especially as this fleet withdrew uninjured.

The attack on San Juan, after it was ascertained that the Spanish squadron was not there, was simply a "reconnaissance in force." It was desirable to capture the place, to destroy its stores of coal and its defences, and the Spanish coast gunboats likely to be found in its inner harbor, if this could be easily done; but it was not a primary object of the campaign, and in default of army co-operation the place could not have been held after capture. It proved to be better defended than had been anticipated, and after thoroughly testing its strength it became evident that its complete reduction meant certainly a large expenditure of ammunition, and possibly serious injury to some of the ships. Cervera's squadron was at large, and its capture or destruction was of the first importance. Nothing which jeoparded this result could be considered. The Flying Squadron had not yet been sent to Sampson's assistance, and the force in Cuban waters was small. Not a ship nor a gun could be spared if the blockade was to be guarded against Cervera's powerful ships, and so the Admiral reluctantly turned his back on San Juan and stood again to the westward. So well was this move understood that it had not the slightest effect upon the morale of the crews.

The squadron steamed slowly back, the monitors again being taken in tow. On the 14th the hospital-ship *Solace* joined from Key West, bringing the report that the Spanish squadron had returned to Cadiz. The torpedo-boat *Porter* was sent to Puerto Plata, Haiti, to communicate with the department. She returned at half past three on the morning of the 15th, with information that the Spanish fleet was off Curaçoa, and the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West. She was sent back to Puerto Plata with a bundle of despatches, to proceed thence to Cape Haitien to obtain replies, and to rejoin the flag-ship off that port. The auxiliary cruiser *St. Louis* joined, and, accompanied by the tug *Wompatuck*, was sent to Santiago and Guantanamo to cut cables, thence to Ponce, Puerto Rico, on the same business. The remainder of the squadron proceeded to the westward, the flag-ship remaining off Cape Haitien to receive despatches. At midnight, May 15, the *Porter* joined from Cape Haitien, with a despatch from the United States consul at Curaçoa stating that the Spanish squadron was to sail from that port at 6 P.M., May 15, for a destination unknown. Instructions were sent to the auxiliary cruisers employed as scouts, and the naval base at Key West was cabled to have coal ready for all the ships, and the flag-ship pushed on after the other vessels.

This was the situation: Admiral Cervera was in the Caribbean with a squadron of four heavily armed and armored cruisers, rated at a trial speed of twenty knots, and presumably capable of making sixteen knots under service conditions. To these cruisers were joined two torpedo-boat-destroyers, new, very fast, the best product of English yards — boats twice as large as our *Dupont* and *Porter*, more sea-worthy, and, for their class, heavily armed. The destination of this squadron was entirely uncertain. It was probably Cienfuegos or Havana, but it might be Santiago de Cuba or San Juan. It was compact and homogeneous — a vast advantage in naval operations, the contrary of which was even then being painfully demonstrated by the presence of the slow-going monitors. Our force was much larger, but it lacked this valuable quality. In fact, we had but two vessels in the navy, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*, which were, ship for ship, fast enough to overtake, and strong enough to fight, the Spanish vessels at their rated speed and strength. Cervera's purpose, if he knew his business, would be to raid the blockade and break it at different points, but especially at Havana; to avoid action with our battleships, to destroy our cruisers and auxiliaries in detail, and perhaps, if able to maintain his coal-supply, to make a dash at points upon the Northern coast. It is difficult to estimate the damage which, with good luck and bold and skilful handling, such a squadron might have done, and this consideration emphasized the necessity of finding it, striking it, destroying it, or shutting it up in a closely blockaded port, and made it the paramount object of the war. The uncertainty and anxiety of those days will never be forgotten by any one who shared them.

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On May 17 the flag-ship pushed ahead at full speed for Key West, leaving the remainder of the squadron to follow. At 6 P.M. she met the torpedo-boat *Dupont* with important despatches which confirmed the impression that Cervera would attempt to get into either Cienfuegos or Havana. Arriving at Key West at 4 P.M., May 18, she found Schley's vessels there coaling. The *Iowa* arrived at dark, and the other ships of the San Juan expedition early the next morning. All the vessels coaled as soon as possible. The light vessels on the blockade had been warned against surprise, and the *Cincinnati* and *Vesuvius* were scouting in the Yucatan Channel.

Plans were at once made for new dispositions. Commodore Schley, with the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*, sailed on the morning of May 19 for Cienfuegos, by way of Cape San Antonio, the western end of Cuba. The next day the *Iowa*, *Castine*, collier *Merrimac*, and the *Dupont* were despatched to Cienfuegos to join him, and on the 21st the *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen* were sent on the same business, thus placing a force on the southern side of Cuba strong enough to destroy Cervera or blockade him in Cienfuegos. It should be remembered that he left Curaçoa on the 15th, and that if his destination were either Santiago or Cienfuegos he had already arrived. He had in fact entered Santiago at about the hour of Schley's sailing from Key West.

Reports of this arrival began to reach the department and the commander-in-chief. At first they were looked upon with suspicion, but they were repeatedly confirmed, and were finally believed. All this information was sent by fast despatch-boats to Schley as soon as received, and on May 24, having ascertained that the Spanish squadron was not in Cienfuegos, he sailed east, arrived in the vicinity of Santiago on May 26, and established a blockade of that port on May 28. The next day the *Cristóbal Colon* and *Almirante Oquendo* were seen moored in the lower anchorage, between Cay Smith and Punta Gorda.

After the departure of Schley from Key West, the remaining vessels, including such of the monitors as were in condition for service, went as fast as they were coaled to the Havana blockade, the *New York* joining the force there at noon on May 21. Commodore Watson had come from the North while the San Juan expedition was away, and had hoisted his broad pennant in the *Dolphin* as a division commander. Commodore Schley was placed under Admiral Sampson's orders, and later the Flying Squadron was broken up by the Navy Department as a separate command, and Schley was assigned to duty as a division commander. Commodore Remey was ordered to command the naval base at Key West. The cruiser *New Orleans* joined the fleet. She was the *Amazonas* purchased from Brazil, was built by the Armstrongs, and was new, fast, and powerful.



THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."

The western approaches to Havana were fairly covered by Schley's squadron. To protect the blockade of that important port from an attack from the eastward a force could do the most effective service if placed in the narrow waters between the island of Cuba and the Bahama Banks —that is, in or near the Old Bahama Channel. The *New York*, with the *Indi-*

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*ana*, two monitors, seven light cruisers, two auxiliaries, and two torpedo-boats, proceeded to a point about two hundred miles east of Havana, between the Nicolas and the Old Bahama channels, and occupied those waters in battle formation, keeping scouts well in advance, and maintaining daily communication with Key West. The *Cincinnati* and *Vesuvius* joined on the 25th, and later the monitor *Amphitrite*, disabled, and towed by the *Panther*—an unarmed transport. The force was large enough, but was heterogeneous and unwieldy. On the night of the 25th it moved westward towards Havana, and on the morning of May 27 the flag-ship proceeded alone to Key West, to be in direct communication with the Navy Department and with Mole St. Nicholas—the point of communication with scouts. The *New Orleans* and the collier *Sterling* were sent to join Schley on the same date. The *New York* reached Key West at 2 A.M., May 28, and found the *Oregon* there coaling, she having just arrived, after her magnificent run of 14,000 miles, from the Pacific coast.

The situation at Santiago was critical. Cervera had been there nine days, and the port was still open. He had had plenty of time to coal his vessels and get away. Admiral Sampson consulted with the department, and at 11 P.M. on May 29 sailed in the *New York* from Key West, arrived off Havana the next morning, signalled the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and *Porter* to join him, and proceeded to Santiago at a speed of thirteen knots, leaving Commodore Watson in command of everything afloat on the north coast. Just before leaving Key West he heard from Schley that a blockade of Santiago had been established.

The commander-in-chief arrived off Santiago at 6 A.M., June 1, and found Commodore Schley, with the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Marblehead*, *New Orleans*, *Harvard*, *Vixen*, and the colliers *Merrimac* and *Sterling*, cruising off the port. The weather was fine, the sea smooth, and during several days coal could be taken from colliers almost as readily as if the fleet were in port. On the day before, May 31, Commodore Schley, with the *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans*, and flying his flag in the *Massachusetts*, passed in front of the port and bombarded the forts and the *Colon* and *Oquendo*, still lying in sight at the lower anchorage. Both ships and forts returned the fire, but the distance was so great—from seventy-five hundred to ten thousand yards—that no effect was produced upon either side. On the morning of June 1, after Admiral Sampson's arrival, the *Colon* and *Oquendo* went up the harbor, and none of the Spanish armored cruisers were again seen from the sea until the 3d of July, when they left the port.

The next act in the drama of war is one with which the world is familiar, the news of which, flashed to all quarters of the globe, aroused that irrepressible thrill of pride and sympathy which greets a deed of heroic gallantry.

As soon as Cervera had sought and found the shelter of Santiago, the question of obstructing the port, and thus preventing his egress, had been taken into consideration, and it was decided to employ the collier *Merrimac* for this purpose. A long narrow entrance is characteristic of Cuban harbors, and this peculiarity is emphasized at Santiago. The opening in the bluff which leads to the bay inside is a mere gorge, and the deep-water channel at a point just inside of the Morro—the castle at the entrance—is not more than a hundred yards wide. Also, at this narrow point there is a turn which adds to the difficulty of navigation. Above this turn the channel gradually increases in width. About twelve hundred yards inside the Morro the Punta Gorda, a high promontory, juts out to the westward, shutting off all further view. Guns were mounted both on the east and west sides of the entrance and on Punta Gorda, and the channel was mined. A short distance inside of the entrance, to the left, lay Cay Smith, a small island, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, in which was moored the *Reina Mercedes* as a stationary torpedo-ship, her tubes commanding the main channel.

A long heavy steamer sunk across the channel in its narrowest part, at the turn, would completely block it against the passage of large vessels. The *Merrimac* was about four hundred feet long, heavily built, and still contained of her cargo of coal more than two thousand tons. Work was immediately begun to prepare her for destruction, stripping her of articles of value, arranging anchors and chains for instant use, and placing electric torpedoes to blow in her sides below the water-line.

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Hobson was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1889, at the head of his class, receiving the usual education and training of a naval officer, and after his graduation served for several months on the cruiser *Chicago* as a midshipman. He was then sent abroad as a student of naval architecture, and later was commissioned assistant naval constructor, which rank he held at the time of his exploit. He had been placed in charge of the recently established postgraduate course in naval construction at the Naval Academy, and, when war broke out, came to the flag-ship with the three cadets who formed his class. One of these cadets, Powell, accompanied the *Merrimac* in a steam-launch until close in to the harbor, when he took off the pilot and the additional men. Admiral Sampson had called Hobson in to advise respecting the best method of sinking the *Merrimac* almost instantly when she should reach the desired position, as quick work in a tideway was essential to success. Hobson took the matter up with eagerness and energy, made valuable suggestions, and begged that he might be allowed to conduct the enterprise. The officer in command of the *Merrimac* insisted upon his right to command the vessel upon any service for which she might be selected. And there were a number of volunteers. But the Admiral decided in favor of Hobson because of his familiarity with the many details of her preparation for this especial service.

Volunteers came forward in crowds. A hundred *Merrimacs* might have been manned. Only seven men were detailed. The simplicity and sincerity of these men, and the modest estimate which they placed upon their hazardous service, were well illustrated by a remark made after their exchange. Two of them had been made warrant-officers by the Navy Department —one an acting boatswain, and the other an acting gunner. They were called into the cabin to subscribe to the oaths which were to accompany their acceptances, and Captain Chadwick made some appropriate remarks. One of them replied: "And we want to thank you, sir, for *allowing* us to go. We considered it a great privilege, sir, to be allowed to go, when so many good men wanted to go." Nothing is impossible to a service whose men are animated by such a spirit.

On the morning of June 3, at four o'clock, the *Merrimac* went in. The story has been often told. It seems marvellous that any escaped alive from that gorge of fire and flame. The enterprise failed of its object—fortunately, as events afterward fell out. Her steering-gear was shot away, and the ship drifted up with the tide, before she was sunk, to a point where she wholly failed to obstruct the channel; but the example and influence of such acts of courage and devotion are powerful and far-reaching. As Powell's steam-launch came back, the Admiral and half a dozen officers on the bridge examined her carefully through their glasses, and the men crowded to the side. Neither Hobson nor any of his crew were in sight. In a dead silence Powell came up the side, came forward, mounted the bridge ladder, and with the hushed, even voice of one who has seen death near at hand, made his report to the Admiral, closing it with the words, "And no one came back, sir." He had waited until daylight to pick up a chance swimmer, and had come out under the fire of the Socapa battery.

As soon as he reached Santiago, Admiral Sampson instituted a close blockade of the port. Each ship had its station indicated by bearing and distance from the Morro, and was directed to maintain it. The vessels, as distributed, formed a semicircle about the mouth of the harbor, the battle-ships in front, the cruisers on their flanks, the auxiliaries nearer the land. The *New York* was east of the battle-ships, the *Brooklyn* west of them. The distance of the ships from the harbor's mouth was first placed at six miles during the day, closing in to four at night. Later the distance was diminished; and finally, towards the end of the blockade, it was from three to four miles in the daytime and two at night. The ships were constantly under way: it was impossible to anchor because of the depth of water, even had it been desirable to do so. Steam was ready, and they were always cleared for action. Orders were given to close in at once and engage should the enemy attempt to escape—to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore. The instructions to each Captain on June 2 fitted exactly the conditions on July 3, when Cervera came out.

The batteries defending the entrance to the harbor were bombarded on June 6 and 16. The vessels closed in from their sta-

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tions to ranges of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred yards, closed up on the flank vessels in order to enfilade the batteries as much as possible, and thus



MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.

divided into two squadrons, fired deliberately until directed to withdraw. The batteries were not strong, and on both days were speedily silenced. A few guns were struck and destroyed, but the greater number remained intact.

Injuries to the works were quickly repaired. A twelve-inch shell from the *Texas* exploded under a six-inch gun in the Socapa battery, blew it into the air and capsized it, and, it was said, killed all its crew. Two days afterwards that gun was remounted and ready again for service.

The principal advantage of these bombardments to the American fleet was the "fire discipline" which they gave the men—the habit of aiming and firing their guns while themselves under fire. They learned not to fire until they could see their mark, and were made to realize that a careless shot is thrown away. These are very simple propositions, but men have made a long step in military training when they can remember them and act upon them in the heat and excitement of battle.

The moon was full in the early days of the operations before Santiago, and movements of vessels could readily be seen; but when the dark nights began, the efficiency of the blockade demanded additional measures. A patrol of armed launches was kept close up to the harbor's mouth, and outside of these launches a picket-line of auxiliaries, the *Gloucester*, *Vixen*, and *Suwanee* doing a large part of this duty. Torpedo-boats were employed as additional pickets when available. The harbor entrance was also illuminated by search-lights, the following method, after various trials, having been found satisfactory. The duty was assigned to the battle-ships, and only one at a time employed her light. Taking turns of two hours each, they moved in towards the entrance, and placing themselves in the prolongation of its axis, threw the beam of a light directly up the channel, bringing into plain view every object as far up as Punta Gorda. It was necessary to handle the lights with great care to avoid disclosing the launches and picket vessels, but the requisite skill was soon attained.

It never ceased to be a matter of surprise that the Spaniards allowed this to go on without interference or annoyance. To say nothing of the batteries, the ships were often within easy rifle range—less than two thousand yards. A battalion of riflemen, or, better still, a score of sharp-shooters, would have made the position very uncomfortable, if not impossible. Search-lights are worked from bridges or military tops, and are not protected. But the enemy pursued his traditional policy of never attacking, and we ran in under his batteries and did as we liked. It is a lesson of the war, however, that should be taken with many reserves. Later in the month, after the army had arrived, and it was felt that the coils tightening around Cervera might

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stimulate him into trying a dash for liberty, a second battle-ship was kept alongside the search-light ship, her broadside bearing on the port, and her guns ready.

Guantanamo, thirty-eight miles east of Santiago, was occupied as a base and coaling-station, and proved to be of the greatest value. The detachment of marines which had been a month or more at Key West in a transport landed and encamped at Playa del Este on the bay. The *Marblehead* was stationed there, and Commander McCalla was placed in charge.

The *Vesurius* joined the fleet and began the occasional night firing of guncotton projectiles from her pneumatic guns. The fuses worked admirably, and the explosion of the shells was terrific. When they fell and burst in the water, the shock was felt through the hulls of ships several miles away. The firing was necessarily almost at random, and it is doubtful if it did actual harm; but the moral effect must have been great.

On June 20 the army expedition arrived, in about thirty transports — the Fifth Corps, commanded by Major-General Shafter, and composed chiefly of regular troops. These troops were convoyed by the battle-ship *Indiana*, five cruisers, six small auxiliaries, and three torpedo-boats, the whole under Captain Taylor.

General Shafter's headquarters were in the *Segurança*. The chief of staff went out in a cruiser to call upon him, and the *Segurança* came in to the blockading line. Then Admiral Sampson went on board, the transport proceeded to Aserraderos, and the Admiral and General went on shore, and had an interview with the Cuban generals Garcia, Rabi, and Castillo.

The landing of the army was begun on June 22, at Daiquiri, thirteen miles east of Santiago, and was continued on the four succeeding days at Siboney, eight miles from Santiago. No opposition was encountered at either point. In addition to handling General Shafter's corps, General Garcia and three thousand Cubans were transported from Aserraderos to Siboney. Captain Goodrich had charge of the landing, and all the boats of the fleet were sent to assist him. It was very successfully carried out, in the face of many difficulties. When the disembarkation began at Daiquiri, feints were made at Siboney and at Aguadores, and at Cabañas, west of Santiago. Vessels were assigned by the Admiral to shell the beach at each of these points; and some of the waiting transports were sent west of Santiago, to convey the impression that a landing was to be attempted at Cabañas. During this bombardment the *Texas* was struck by a shell from the Socapa battery, killing one man and wounding eight. It was the first hit the Santiago batteries scored. They made but one more—the mortar shell that struck the *Indiana*.

General Shafter advanced upon Santiago. On July 2, as a diversion, and at his request, the fleet heavily bombarded the batteries defending the harbor entrance, and, as usual, suffered no damage.

The 3d of July, 1898, will be noted for the most complete destruction of an organized and powerful naval force recorded in history. Not only were all the vessels sunk, or stranded and burned, but the Spanish Admiral and his surviving captains, officers, and men were taken prisoners. Only a few—possibly a score—swam from the torpedo-boats to territory held by the Spanish forces, and were able to reach Santiago with the news of their defeat. The ships were stranded in territory held by the Cuban insurgents, and no line of retreat was open.

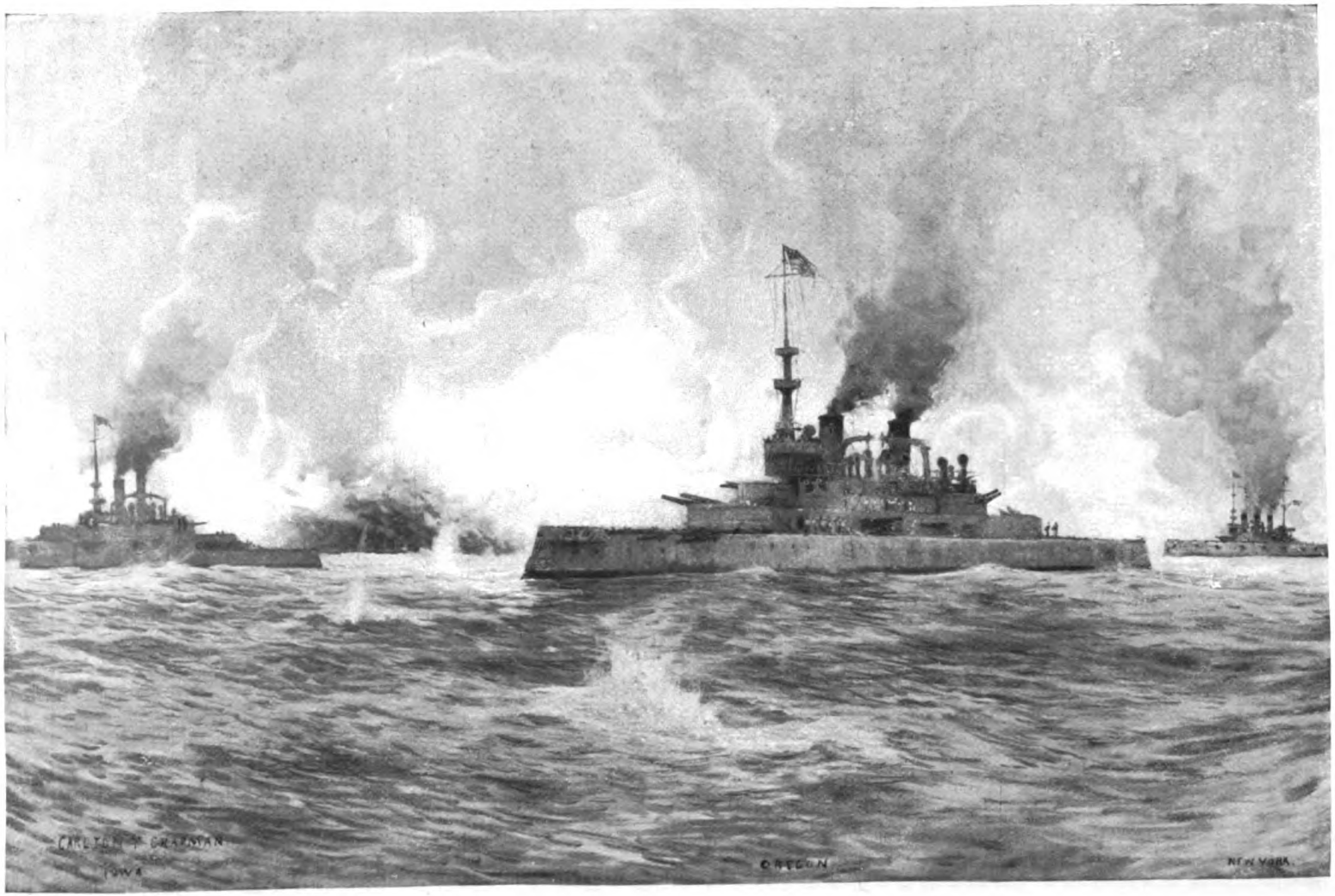
Cervera was ordered to attempt to escape, and after consultation with his captains, decided that the chances of surprise would be greatest on Sunday morning, which, in all navies, is given to a formal weekly inspection and to church services. In one respect he was right. It was a surprise. There was no expectation in the squadron that the Spaniards would ever attempt to escape in the daytime; but as the ships were under way, always cleared for action, and ready to open fire as soon as the men could get to the guns, the surprise made little difference — not more than two or three minutes in the time of beginning the fight.

The morning was clear and pleasant, the sea smooth, the trade-wind light. The flag-ship *New York* had left her blockading station, and was on her way to Siboney. It had become necessary for Admiral Sampson to see and consult with General Shafter respecting future operations; and as the great size and weight of the general made it difficult for him to come to Siboney, the Admiral consented to go to the front to his headquarters. The cavalry escort was ready, and the Admiral and staff were on the quarter-deck prepared to go on shore.

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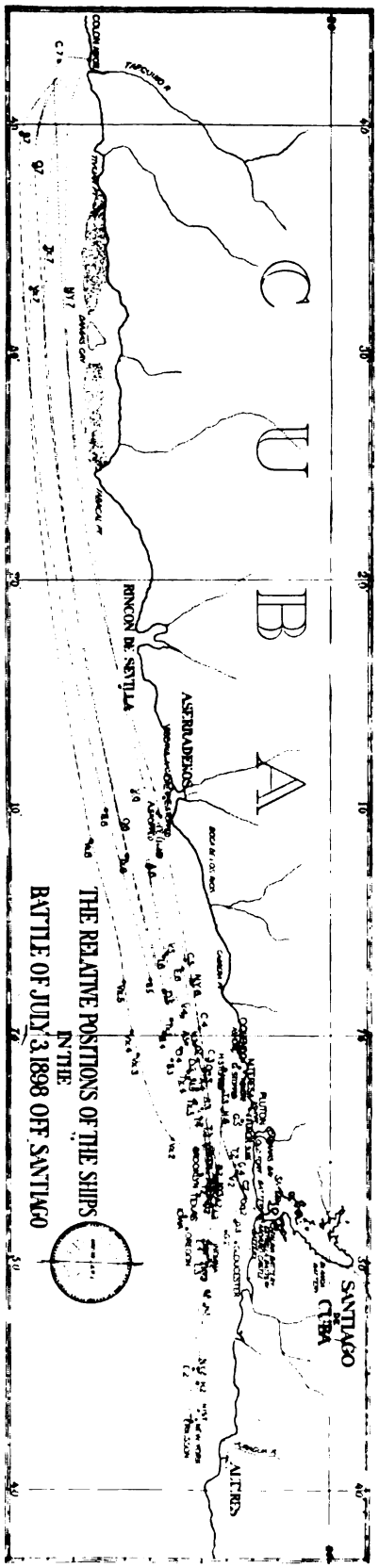

THE EASTERN SQUADRON BOMBARDING THE BATTERIES AT SANTIAGO ON JUNE 6

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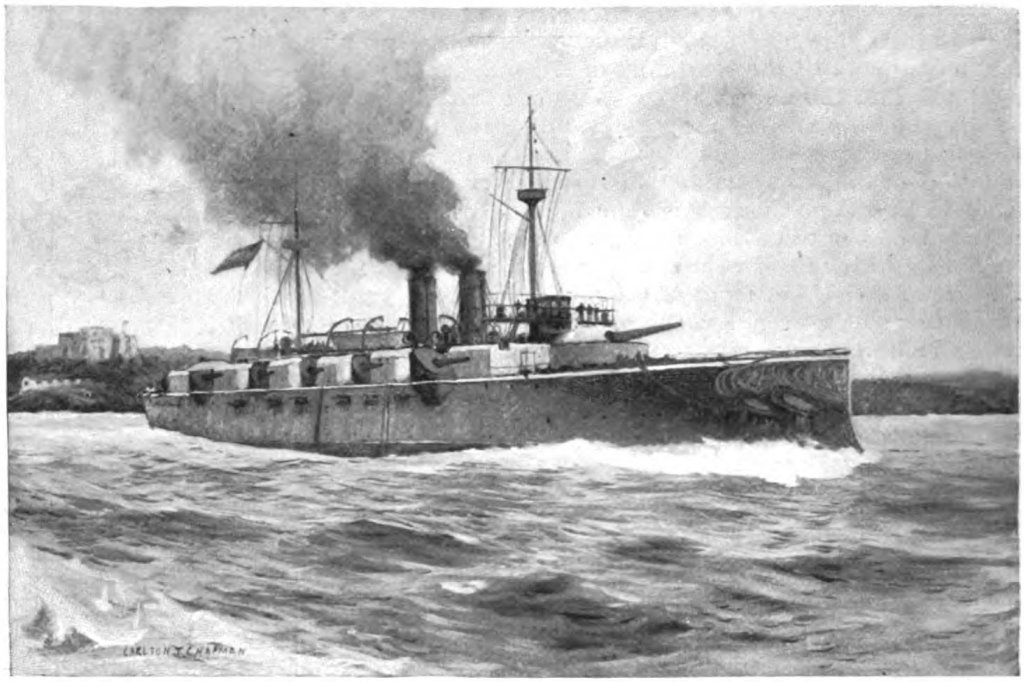
The flag-ship was about seven miles east of the Morro, and a mile from the land, when the smoke in the channel and the beginning of sharp firing indicated that the enemy was coming out. Instantly the ship was turned about and steamed back to the westward at her best speed. The distribution of the squadron at that instant was as follows: The *New York* was four miles to the eastward of her usual blockading station. The remaining heavy ships were arranged in an irregular arc of a circle in front of the port, their distances from its entrance varying probably from two and a half to four miles. The *Iowa* lay south of the entrance, looking directly up the channel. East of her were the *Oregon* and *Indiana*, the latter about southeast of the entrance. West of the *Iowa* were the *Texas* and *Brooklyn*. Between the *Iowa* and *Texas* was the vacant post of the *Massachusetts*, which had gone at four o'clock that morning to Guantanamo to coal. The auxiliaries *Gloucester* and *Vixen* lay closer inshore, near the flanks of the line—the *Gloucester* on the east side, two miles from the entrance, and the *Vixen* on the west side, four miles from the entrance, and a mile from shore. The *Suwanee* and *Vesuvius*, which had done arduous work during the blockade, had also the hard luck of being absent on that day, having gone to Guantanamo for coal. The torpedo-boat *Ericsson* was in company with the *New York*.

Quarters for inspection had sounded, and the men were going to their divisions, when sharp eyes on the bridge of the *Iowa* saw the bows of a cruiser coming around Cay Smith. Instantly the signal "Enemy escaping" was hoisted, a gun was fired to call attention to it, and the call to stations for battle was sounded. Within two minutes every officer and man in the fleet knew that the Spanish vessels were coming out.

Cervera's flag-ship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa* (*T.* on map), led the Spanish column, and following her came the *Vizcaya* (*V.*), the *Cristóbal Colon* (*C.*), and the *Almirante Oquendo* (*Oq.*), in that order. These vessels were six or eight hundred yards apart. Then, with an interval of about twelve hundred yards between them and the cruisers, came the torpedo boats *Furor* and *Pluton*. Their speed in the channel was probably ten knots, which each ship increased to the highest point as soon as the open sea was reached. Upon passing the Morro each vessel opened fire with her port battery as she turned to the westward, and the Socapa battery assisted them with a vigorous cannonade. In less than fifteen minutes from the first alarm the entire Spanish squadron was outside, and all the blockading vessels had opened upon it a sustained and accurate fire. The map shows the positions of the ships at seven stages in the progress of the battle.



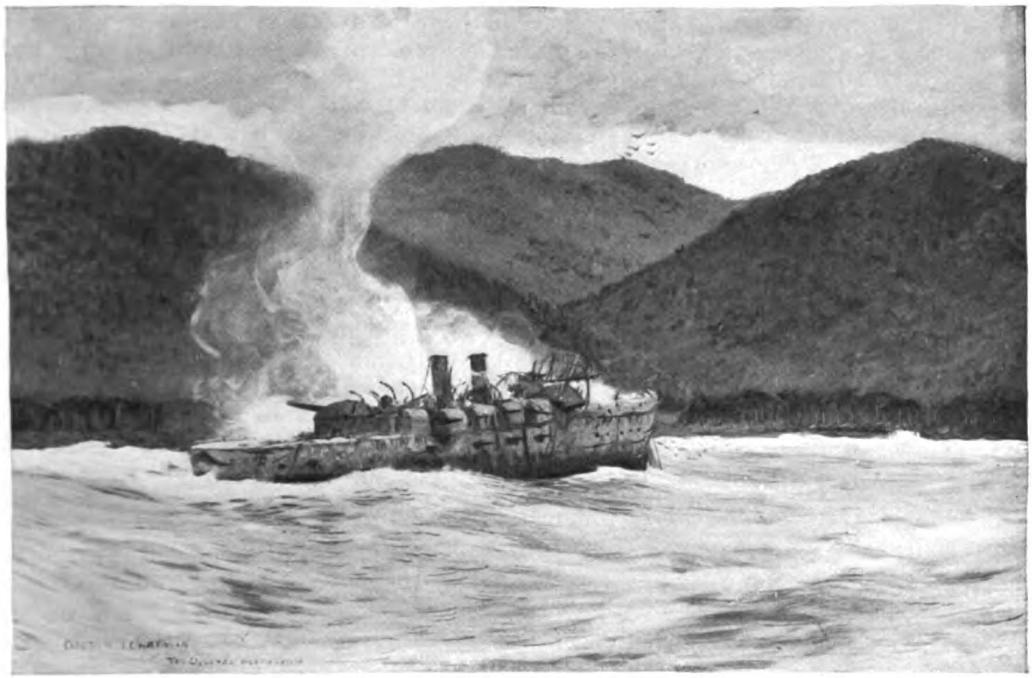

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THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."
The Type of the *Vizcaya* and the *Maria Teresa*.

Our ships were all heading inshore, as usual, in obedience to the Admiral's instructions, which had been given to avoid loss of time in turning, having in view precisely this situation. They all steamed at once towards the mouth of the harbor, forcing fires and rapidly increasing speed, and opened fire. This manœuvre —a number of vessels moving from different directions towards the same point —naturally brought them closer to each other; but as the Spanish vessels turned to the westward, they also turned to the westward towards them, and soon came into parallel courses in chase. The *Texas*, whose blockading station was some distance to the westward of the *Iowa's*, stood so far to the eastward towards the harbor mouth that she came into close quarters with the latter ship before she put her helm astarboard and swung around towards the Spaniards, and to the westward with them. At the same moment the *Oregon*, which lay at the beginning just to the eastward of the *Iowa*, came rushing through like a thunderbolt between the *Iowa* and *Texas*, the white water curling away from her bows. For a brief interval the three battle-ships were bunched together. It was not good gunnery alone that was shown on that day; there was also admirable seamanship in the handling of those immense vessels at full speed and in close quarters. Not one of those clear-eyed captains lost sight for an instant of any responsibility which devolved upon him. No injury was done by careless or hasty firing. Although the *Iowa* and *Texas* were shrouded in the smoke of their guns— although the men in the turrets, seeing imperfectly, might well mistake a friend for an enemy—the *Oregon's* fire, as she passed the *Iowa*, was held absolutely in check, and as she drew ahead her starboard broadside flashed into flame, some of the guns being actually fired over the *Iowa's* forecastle deck. The *Brooklyn*, occupying the westernmost position in the blockading line, stood at full speed towards the Morro; and as she drew near the Spanish vessels, and perceived their formation and direction, put her helm aport and turned away from the land to the eastward and southward, to come to a westerly course, employing her batteries as they bore. This manœuvre carried her farther away from the Spanish column and cost her some loss of time; but she was still left the leading

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THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" AFTER THE BATTLE.

vessel in the chase, although more to the southward than the others.

While the battle was beginning and taking shape, the *New York* was coming up from the eastward at her best speed, which was constantly increasing, but which seemed very slow to her impatient people. Ahead of them was a brilliant spectacle, in which they had always expected to take a leading part. But it was seen that there would be a chase, and it was known what the vessel could do when she got her maximum speed. Passing the harbor entrance, she received the undivided attention of the batteries. The Admiral would not permit any shell to be wasted upon them, and so they fired at her deliberately and without reply—and without result. A few miles beyond she passed the *Furor* and the *Pluton* and the *Gloucester*, which was completing their destruction. She fired a few shells at the *Pluton*, which appeared to be attempting to escape back into port, and then received a signal from the *Gloucester* that the destroyers had surrendered. Sweeping past the stranded ships, and increasing her speed to seventeen knots, she gained rapidly on the chase, and was only seven or eight miles astern of the *Colon* when she surrendered, or about the same distance that she was from the Morro when the Spanish squadron came out, having gained in the last part of the chase what she lost in the first.

The *Gloucester's* cool and gallant fighting has won deserved recognition. She is an entirely unprotected yacht—formerly Mr. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, in which slight alterations only were made, and which was well armed with a battery of six-pounder and three-pounder guns. At the outset she began firing at the armored cruisers; but not perceiving the destroyers, and believing that they would follow the cruisers, Wainwright slowed down, his steam meanwhile rising rapidly with forced draught, and waited for these small craft, which he justly regarded as his proper antagonists. When they appeared he steamed for them at seventeen knots, and opened a rapid and accurate fire, which he continued at close range, and until they yielded in a sinking condition. The battle-ships also gave them a portion of their fire, but at considerably greater ranges. It is impossible to apportion exactly the credit for their destruction, but it is certain that a large part of it belongs to the *Gloucester*.

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The rest of the story is soon told. The first rush of the enemy's ships carried them past our squadron, but during this passage they suffered terribly from the withering fire of the battle-ships. They emerged from the harbor firing rapidly, and shrouded in their own smoke; but speedily this smoke diminished, and finally ceased, as their fire was silenced, their men being driven from the guns by our destructive shells. The *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* were soon on fire aft, and were run ashore close together at Nima Nima and at Juan Gonzales, seven and a half and eight miles from the Morro. The *Vizcaya* hung on half an hour longer, and then, burning like the others, was beached at Aserraderos, fifteen miles from Santiago. This left only the *Cristóbal Colon*, which had then gained a lead of about six miles; but she could not maintain her speed, and the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Texas*, *Vixen*, and *New York* were all in chase and all gaining. At 12.50 the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* opened fire, and the *Oregon*, at a range of 9500 yards, sent a thirteen-inch shell over the *Colon*. She made no further attempt at resistance, but at 1.20 hauled down her flag, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago. When she surrendered she was four and one-half miles from the *Oregon*, and about the same distance from the *Brooklyn*. Although running for her life, she made, between the harbor entrance and Rio Tarquino, an average speed of only 13.7 knots.

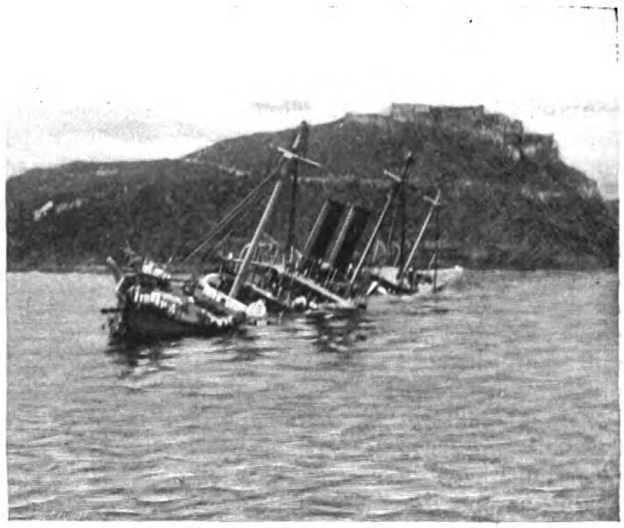


THE "MARIA TERESA" ON THE BEACH.

Soon after the *Oquendo* was stranded the Admiral directed the *Indiana* to return and resume the blockade of the port, and at Aserraderos the *Iowa* and *Ericsson* were ordered to discontinue the chase. The *Iowa*, *Ericsson*, and *Gloucester*, and the *Harvard* and *Hist*, which arrived at that time upon the scene, rescued the Spanish prisoners, a work of considerable difficulty and danger, as the vessels were burning fiercely, their loaded guns and reserves of ammunition on deck were exploding with the heat, and the fire might at any moment reach their main magazines. There was also considerable sea, and the surf was breaking just inside of them. But all risks were taken as cheerfully to save life as, a few minutes earlier, to destroy it, and every kindness and attention was lavished upon the wounded and destitute Spaniards. Including the *Colon's* people, seventeen hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, many of them severely wounded. The Spanish killed and drowned numbered about four hundred. Our own ships enjoyed the most extraordinary immunity from injury. The *Brooklyn* was struck about twenty times, the greater number of hits being by small projectiles on her armor or through her smoke-stacks and ventilators, and doing no harm. She lost one man killed and one wounded. It was stated that the Spaniards, regarding the *Brooklyn* as our fastest ship, and hoping to disable or destroy her, gave her a large portion of their fire, and this may have been true. But it was also stated that they intended to concentrate upon the *Iowa*. There is always much uncertainty in the reports and speculations which follow a great event, in the plans and intentions which look backward. The *Iowa* was struck twice, but no one was hurt. None of the other vessels was touched, not even the *Gloucester*, fighting at close quarters, and exposed to the fire of the

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Socapa battery as well as to that of the destroyers. An examination of the Spanish vessels showed that many of the gun sights were still set at high elevations—for distances of four thousand yards or more. Evidently, through lack of training or through demoralization caused by our fire, they had not been readjusted during the battle. This may account for the extraordinary immunity of the battle-ships, which closed in at once: the enemy's shell passed over them instead of striking them. There seems to be no other way of explaining it, as accuracy of fire is mainly a question of range; and it illustrates again the paramount importance of thorough-going gunnery training.



THE WRECK OF THE "REINA MERCEDES."

At midnight on July 4 the Spaniards brought the *Reina Mercedes* to the mouth of the harbor for the purpose of sinking her and obstructing the channel. In sinking her they were aided by the guns of the *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, and the task was speedily accomplished; but the obstruction of the channel was not complete, and vessels could still pass. This attempt was assisted by the shore batteries, and the *Indiana* was struck by an eight-inch-mortar shell, which exploded in the officers' quarters—fortunately at that moment vacant.

Every one felt that the destruction of Cervera's squadron meant the end of the war. The failure to mobilize an efficient squadron under Admiral Camara proved that its place could not be filled, and that the sea power of Spain was broken. General Shafter entered into an armistice with the Spanish commander, which continued, with a brief interruption, until July 17, when the city surrendered. During this interruption, on the 10th and 11th, ships detailed for this purpose bombarded Santiago from Aguadores, eighty-five hundred yards distant, firing by compass ranges, and employing only eight-inch guns. The fall of the shot was checked by reports from the front, transmitted through a field-telegraph line and a signal station on shore. The practice was very accurate, and, as found by subsequent examination, very destructive. On the 13th two battle-ships were ordered from Guantanamo to continue this bombardment with thirteen-inch guns, but a renewal of the armistice made this unnecessary.

July saw considerable naval activity at other points on the Cuban coast. Three attacks were made on Manzanillo, the last on the 18th, by seven small vessels. They entered the harbor and bombarded the water-front, destroying three transports, a guard-ship, and four gunboats, but purposely doing as little damage as possible to the town. A fourth attack was made upon this place on August 12 to compel its surrender, but was interrupted by a Spanish flag of truce, which brought a telegram announcing the signing of the peace protocol. The bay of Nipe, on the northeast coast, was occupied on July 21 by an expedition of four small vessels, and the Spanish cruiser *Jorge Juan* was sunk at her anchors.

After the surrender of Santiago the heavy ships assembled at Guantanamo for overhauling and repairs preparatory to crossing the Atlantic. Commodore Watson, flying his broad pennant on the *Newark*, had come to the south side of Cuba about July 1, and later shifted his pennant to the *Oregon*, taking command of the "Eastern Squadron." The remaining heavy ships were to form a "Covering Squadron" to see the Eastern Squadron through the Mediterranean.

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General Miles had come to Santiago in the *Yale* on July 11; remained there and at Guantanamo until July 21, when he sailed for Puerto Rico with a powerful convoy. The battle-ship *Massachusetts*, three monitors, five cruisers, and five armed auxiliaries were sent to support the Puerto-Rican expedition.

A sketch of the naval operations of this war is not complete without a word respecting the admirable systems of administration and supply. Although the enlisted force was more than doubled, and the number of vessels in commission quite trebled, everything went on smoothly and efficiently. Coal was abundantly furnished, and was never lacking in ample quantities, either at Key West or at Guantanamo. Steam-colliers were purchased and placed under naval command, and these were supplemented by chartered schooners. Three supply vessels were obtained and fitted with refrigerating plants. Two of these were employed to distribute fresh meat, ice, and vegetables to the vessels on the Cuban blockade, and the third was held in readiness to accompany the Eastern Squadron. The men had more fresh beef than they wanted. The *Solace*, a hospital-ship, was fitted out, and the *Vulcan*, a floating workshop. Red tape was never allowed to interfere with efficiency in the department, at the navy-yards, or in the fleet. When it obstructed, it was cut. Results were demanded; the responsibility of obtaining them was placed upon individuals, and these individuals were given commensurate authority and discretion. In a word, it was straight unfettered *business* conducted by competent men. The resources of the Bureau of Ordnance seemed limitless. It found guns for the auxiliaries, and repeated supplies of ammunition for everybody. During the creation of our modern fleet picked men of the navy had been at its head and in its several departments. Sicard, Folger, and Sampson had preceded O'Neil, the present chief. The bureau was organized for work and for expansion. It knew what its resources were, and, better still, it knew what it lacked, and how to arrange to make the deficiencies good.



THE "ALVARADO."
Type of the Spanish gunboats surrendered to the American fleet.

The care of the men's health was most gratifying in its results. They had been on board ship several months without liberty or relaxation—some of them seven or eight months—in a tropical climate, and practically at sea all of the time. The ships were heated above the normal temperature by their own fires, and the ventilation was impaired by the war necessity of keeping certain ports and hatches closed to avoid showing any lights. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, with good food, good water, and careful supervision, the crews were in August, when hostilities were suspended, in excellent condition, and ready for indefinite further service in Cuba or elsewhere. One day's sick report is an illustration. On August 5 there were seventeen ships at Guantanamo, with a total personnel of 5369. The sick numbered 159—three per cent.—nearly all light cases of malaria. The marine battalion on shore, numbering 496, had only 12 sick—less than two and one-half per cent.—with an average duration of treatment of three days. This battalion had come to Key West early in May, had spent a month on board a transport, and had been fifty-six days on shore. It had seen fighting, had spent nights in the

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trenches, and had done constant outpost and picket duty in the woods; but sanitary regulations had been strictly enforced.

As a result of these favorable conditions there was marked contentment and confidence among the men. One of the pleasantest features of the war was the attitude of the enlisted force. In the close quarters of a ship much of their conversation among themselves is unavoidably overheard, and their sentiments cannot fail to become known. During the whole war there was no grumbling — no complaint of deprivation of liberty, of food, of discipline, or of work; and the last was often severe, as the ships were frequently coaled. On the contrary, they continually talked of the war and of fighting; of what had been done and of what remained to be done; and their conduct had never been so good. They were too busy and too interested to get into mischief.

A feature of the war was the *Squadron Bulletin* — a daily paper printed on a hand-press in the *New York* for squadron distribution. As all despatches and reports came to the Admiral, the flag-ship became the sole repository of information; and other ships, although in company and not a mile away, might be quite ignorant of most interesting events. The demand for news was natural and proper, and a daily paper was the easiest method of satisfying it. Each evening the chief of staff dictated to a stenographer the facts relating to naval and military movements which had taken place or which had been reported during the day. This went at once to press, and was sent out the next morning. It was much appreciated by the men and officers of the fleet, attracted no little attention outside, and has been commented upon by an English service paper as worthy of imitation.

# THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## PART I.

### I.

"YOU need the rest," said the Business End; "and your wife wants you to go, as well as your doctor. Besides, it's your Sabbatical year, and you could send back a lot of stuff for the magazine."

"Is that your notion of a Sabbatical year?" asked the editor.

"No; I throw that out as a bait to your conscience. You needn't write a line while you're gone. I wish you wouldn't, for your own sake; although every number that hasn't got you in it is a back number for me."

"That's very nice of you, Fulkerson," said the editor. "I suppose you realize that it's *nine* years since we took *Every Other Week* from Dryfoos?"

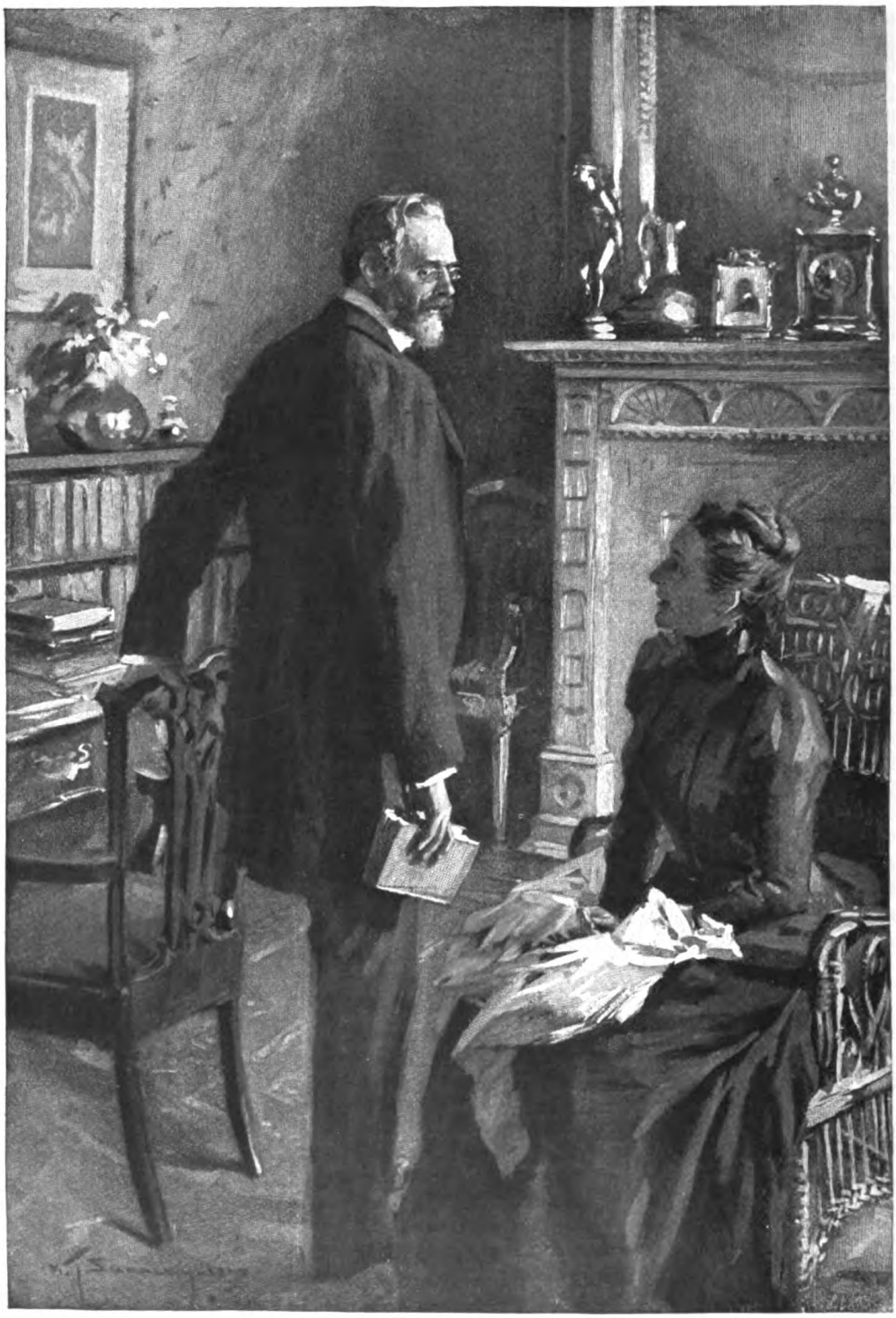
"Well, that makes it all the more Sabbatical," said Fulkerson. "The two extra years that you've put in here, over and above the old style Sabbatical seven, are just so much more to your credit. It was your right to go, two years ago, and now it's your duty. Couldn't you look at it in that light?"

"I dare say Mrs. March could," the editor assented. "I don't believe she could be brought to regard it as a pleasure on any other terms."

"Of course not," said Fulkerson. "If you won't take a year, take three months, and call it a Sabbatical summer; but go, anyway. You can make up half a dozen numbers ahead, and Tom, here, knows your ways so well that you needn't think about *Every Other Week* from the time you start till the time you try to bribe the customs inspector when you get back. I can take a hack at the editing myself, if Tom's inspiration gives out, and put a little of my advertising fire into the thing." He laid his hand on the shoulder of the young fellow who stood smiling by, and pushed and shook him in the liking there was between them. "Now you *go*, March! Mrs. Fulkerson feels just as I do about it; we had our outing last year, and we want Mrs. March and you to have yours. You let me go down and engage your passage, and—"

"No, no!" the editor rebelled. "I'll think about it;" but as he turned to the work that he was so fond of and so weary

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"WE COULD CALL IT OUR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY."

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of, he tried not to think of the question again, till he closed his desk in the afternoon, and started to walk home; the doctor had said he ought to walk, and he did so, though he longed to ride, and looked wistfully at the passing cars.

He knew he was in a rut, as his wife often said; but if it was a rut, it was a support too; it kept him from wobbling. She always talked as if the flowery fields of youth lay on either side of the dusty road he had been going so long, and he had but to step aside from it, to be among the butterflies and buttercups again; he sometimes indulged this illusion, himself, in a certain ironical spirit which mocked while it caressed the notion. They had a tacit agreement that their youth, if they were ever to find it again, was to be looked for in Europe, where they met when they were young, and they had never been quite without the hope of going back there, some day, for a long sojourn. They had not seen the time when they could do so; they were dreamers, but, as they recognized, even dreaming is not free from care; and in his dream March had been obliged to work pretty steadily, if not too intensely. He had been forced to forego the distinctly literary ambition with which he had started in life because he had their common living to make, and he could not make it by writing graceful verse, or even graceful prose. He had been many years in a sufficiently distasteful business, and he had lost any thought of leaving it when it left him, perhaps because his hold on it had always been rather lax, and he had not been able to conceal that he disliked it. At any rate, he was supplanted in his insurance agency at Boston by a subordinate in his office, and though he was at the same time offered a place of nominal credit in the employ of the company, he was able to decline it in grace of a chance which united the charm of congenial work with the solid advantage of a better salary than he had been getting for work he hated. It was an incredible chance, but it was rendered appreciably real by the necessity it involved that they should leave Boston, where they had lived all their married life, where Mrs. March as well as their children was born, and where all their tender and familiar ties were, and come to New York, where the literary enterprise which formed his chance was to be founded.

It was then a magazine of a new sort, which his business partner had imagined in such leisure as the management of a newspaper syndicate afforded him, and had always thought of getting March to edit. The magazine which is also a book has since been realized elsewhere on more or less prosperous terms, but not for any long period, and *Every Other Week* was apparently the only periodical of the kind conditioned for survival. It was at first backed by unlimited capital, and it had the instant favor of a popular mood, which has since changed, but which did not change so soon that the magazine had not time to establish itself in a wide acceptance. It was now no longer a novelty, it was no longer in the maiden blush of its first success, but it had entered upon its second youth with the reasonable hope of many years of prosperity before it. In fact it was a very comfortable living for all concerned, and the Marches had the conditions, almost dismayingly perfect, in which they had often promised themselves to go and be young again in Europe, when they rebelled at finding themselves elderly in America. Their daughter was married, and so very much to her mother's mind that she did not worry about her even though she lived so far away as Chicago, still a wild frontier town to her Boston imagination; and their son as soon as he left college had taken hold on *Every Other Week*, under his father's instruction, with a zeal and intelligence which won him Fulkerson's praise as a chip of the old block. These two liked each other, and worked into each other's hands as cordially and aptly as Fulkerson and March had ever done. It amused the father to see his son offering Fulkerson the same deference which the Business End paid to seniority in March himself; but in fact, Fulkerson's forehead was getting, as he said, more intellectual every day; and the years were pushing them all along together.

Still, March had kept on in the old rut, and one day he fell down in it. He had a long sickness, and when he was well of it, he was so slow in getting his grip of work again that he was sometimes deeply discouraged. His wife shared his depression, whether he showed or whether he hid it, and when the doctor advised his going abroad, she abetted the doctor with all the strength of a woman's hy-



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gienic intuitions. March himself willingly consented, at first; but as soon as he got strength for his work, he began to temporize and to demur. He said that he believed it would do him just as much good to go to Saratoga, where they always had such a good time, as to go to Carlsbad; and Mrs. March had been obliged several times to leave him to his own undoing; she always took him more vigorously in hand afterwards.

II.

When he got home from the *Every Other Week* office, the afternoon of that talk with the Business End, he wanted to laugh with his wife at Fulkerson's notion of a Sabbatical year. She did not think it was so very droll; she even urged it seriously against him, as if she had now the authority of Holy Writ for forcing him abroad; she found no relish of absurdity in the idea that it was his duty to take this rest which had been his right before.

He abandoned himself to a fancy which had been working to the surface of his thought. "We could call it our Silver Wedding Journey, and go round to all the old places, and see them in the reflected light of the past."

"Oh, we *could!*" she responded passionately; and he had now the delicate responsibility of persuading her that he was joking.

He could think of nothing better than a return to Fulkerson's absurdity. "It would be our Silver Wedding Journey just as it would be my Sabbatical year—a good deal after date. But I suppose that would make it all the more silvery."

She faltered in her elation. "Didn't you *say* a Sabbatical year yourself?" she demanded.

"Fulkerson said it; but it was a figurative expression."

"And I suppose the Silver Wedding Journey was a figurative expression too!"

"It was a notion that tempted me; I thought you would enjoy it. Don't you suppose I should be glad too, if we could go over, and find ourselves just as we were when we first met there?"

"No; I don't believe now that you care anything about it."

"Well, it couldn't be done, anyway; so that doesn't matter."

"It *could* be done, if you were a mind to think so. And it would be the greatest inspiration to you. You are always longing for some chance to do original work, to get away from your editing, but you've let the time slip by without really trying to do anything; I don't call those little studies of yours in the magazine anything; and now you won't take the chance that's almost forcing itself upon you. You could write an original book of the nicest kind; mix up travel and fiction; get some love in."

"Oh, that's the stalest kind of thing!"

"Well, but you could see it from a perfectly new point of view. You could look at it as a sort of dispassionate witness, and treat it humorously—of course it *is* ridiculous—and do something entirely fresh."

"It wouldn't work. It would be carrying water on both shoulders. The fiction would kill the travel, the travel would kill the fiction; the love and the humor wouldn't mingle any more than oil and vinegar."

"Well, and what is better than a salad?"

"But this would be all salad-dressing, and nothing to put it on." She was silent, and he yielded to another fancy. "We might imagine coming upon our former selves over there, and travelling round with them—a wedding journey *en partie carrée*."

"Something like that. I call it a very poetical idea," she said with a sort of provisionality, as if distrusting another ambush.

"It isn't so bad," he admitted. "How young we were, in those days!"

"Too young to know what a good time we were having," she said, relaxing her doubt for the retrospect. "I don't feel as if I really saw Europe, then; I was too inexperienced, too ignorant, too simple. I would like to go, just to make sure that I had been." He was smiling again in the way he had when anything occurred to him that amused him, and she demanded, "What is it?"

"Nothing. I was wishing we could go in the consciousness of people who actually hadn't been before—carry them all through Europe, and let them see it in the old, simple-hearted American way."

She shook her head. "You couldn't! They've all been!"

"All but about sixty or seventy millions," said March.

"Well, these are just the millions you don't know, and couldn't imagine."

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"I'm not so sure of that."

"And even if you could imagine them, you couldn't make them interesting. All the interesting ones have been, anyway."

"Some of the uninteresting ones too. I used to meet some of that sort over there. I believe I would rather chance it for my pleasure with those that hadn't been."

"Then why not do it? I know you could get something out of it."

"It might be a good thing," he mused, "to take a couple who had passed their whole life here in New York, too poor and too busy ever to go, and had a perfect famine for Europe all the time. I could have them spend their Sunday afternoons going aboard the different boats, and looking up their accommodations. I could have them sail, in imagination, and discover an imaginary Europe, and give their grotesque misconceptions of it from travels and novels against a background of purely American experience. We needn't go abroad to manage that. I think it would be rather nice."

"I don't think it would be nice in the least," said Mrs. March, "and if you don't want to talk seriously, I would rather not talk at all."

"Well, then, let's talk about our Silver Wedding Journey."

"I see. You merely want to tease, and I am not in the humor for it."

She said this in a great many different ways, and then she was really silent. He perceived that she was hurt; and he tried to win her back to good-humor. He asked her if she would not like to go over to Hoboken and look at one of the Hanseatic League steamers, some day; and she refused. When he sent the next day and got a permit to see the boat, she consented to go.

III.

He was one of those men who live from the inside outward; he often took a hint for his actions from his fancies; and now because he had fancied some people going to look at steamers on Sundays, he chose the next Sunday himself for their visit to the Hanseatic boat at Hoboken. To be sure it was a leisure day with him, but he might have taken the afternoon of any other day, for that matter, and it was really that invisible thread of association which drew him.

The *Colmannia* had been in long enough to have made her toilet for the outward voyage, and was looking her best. She was tipped and edged with shining brass, without and within, and was red-carpeted and white-painted as only a ship knows how to be. A little uniformed steward ran before the visitors, and showed them through the dim white corridors into typical state-rooms on the different decks; and then let them verify their first impression of the grandeur of the dining-saloon, and the luxury of the ladies' parlor and music-room. March made his wife observe that the tables and sofas and easy-chairs, which seemed so carelessly scattered about, were all suggestively screwed fast to the floor against rough weather; and he amused himself with the heavy German browns and greens and coppers of the decorations, which he said must have been studied in color from sausage, beer, and spinach, to the effect of those large marchpanes in the roof. She laughed with him at the tastelessness of the race which they were destined to marvel at more and more; but she made him own that the stewardesses whom they saw were charmingly like serving-maids in the *Fliegende Blätter;* when they went ashore she challenged his silence for some assent to her own conclusion that the *Colmannia* was perfect.

"She has only one fault," he assented. "She's a ship."

"Yes," said his wife, "and I shall want to look at the *Norumbia* before I decide."

Then he saw that it was only a question which steamer they should take, and not whether they should take any. He explained, at first gently and afterwards savagely, that their visit to the *Colmannia* was quite enough for him, and that the vessel was not built that he would be willing to cross the Atlantic in.

When a man has gone so far as that he has committed himself to the opposite course in almost so many words; and March was neither surprised nor abashed when he discovered himself, before they reached home, offering his wife many reasons why they should go to Europe. She answered to all, No, he had made her realize the horror of it so much that she was glad to give it up. She gave it up, with the best feeling; all that she would ask of him was that he should never mention Europe to her again. She could imagine how much he disliked to go, if such a ship as the *Colmannia* did not make him want to go.

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At the bottom of his heart he knew that he had not used her very well. He had kindled her fancy with those notions of a Sabbatical year and a Silver Wedding Journey, and when she was willing to renounce both he had persisted in taking her to see the ship, only to tell her afterwards that he would not go abroad on any account. It was by a psychological juggle which some men will understand that he allowed himself the next day to get the sailings of the *Norumbia* from the steamship office; he also got a plan of the ship showing the most available state-rooms, so that they might be able to choose between her and the *Colmannia* from all the facts.

IV.

From this time their decision to go was none the less explicit because so perfectly tacit.

They began to amass maps and guides. She got a Baedeker for Austria and he got a Bradshaw for the continent, which was never of the least use there, but was for the present a mine of unavailable information. He got a phrase-book, too, and tried to rub up his German. He used to read German, when he was a boy, with a young enthusiasm for its romantic poetry, and now, for the sake of Schiller and Uhland and Heine, he held imaginary conversations with a barber, a bootmaker, and a banker, and tried to taste the joy which he had not known in the language of those poets for a whole generation. He perceived, of course, that unless the barber, the bootmaker, and the banker answered him in terms which the author of the phrase-book directed them to use, he should not get on with them beyond his first question; but he did not allow this to spoil his pleasure in it. In fact, it was with a tender emotion that he realized how little the world, which had changed in everything else so greatly, had changed in its ideal of a phrase-book.

Mrs. March postponed the study of her Baedeker to the time and place for it; and addressed herself to the immediate business of ascertaining the respective merits of the *Colmannia* and *Norumbia*. She carried on her researches solely among persons of her own sex; its experiences were alone of that positive character which brings conviction, and she valued them equally at first or second hand. She heard of ladies who would not cross in any boat but the *Colmannia*, and who waited for months to get a room on her; she talked with ladies who said that nothing would induce them to cross in her. There were ladies who said she had twice the motion that the *Norumbia* had, and the vibration from her twin screws was frightful; it always was, on those twin-screw boats, and it did not affect their testimony with Mrs. March that the *Norumbia* was a twin-screw boat too. It was repeated to her in the third or fourth degree of hearsay that the discipline on the *Colmannia* was as perfect as on the Cunarders; ladies whose friends had tried every line assured her that the table of the *Norumbia* was almost as good as the table of the French boats. To the best of the belief of lady witnesses still living who had friends on board, the *Colmannia* had once got aground, and the *Norumbia* had once had her bridge carried off by a tidal wave; or it might be the *Colmannia;* they promised to ask and let her know. Their lightest word availed with her against the most solemn assurances of their husbands, fathers, or brothers, who might be all very well on land, but in navigation were not to be trusted; they would say anything from a reckless and culpable optimism. She obliged March all the same to ask among them, but she recognized their guilty insincerity when he came home saying that one man had told him you could have played croquet on the deck of the *Colmannia* the whole way over when he crossed, and another that he never saw the racks on in three passages he had made in the *Norumbia*.

The weight of evidence was, he thought, in favor of the *Norumbia*, but when they went another Sunday to Hoboken, and saw the ship, Mrs. March liked her so much less than the *Colmannia* that she could hardly wait for Monday to come; she felt sure all the good rooms on the *Colmannia* would be gone before they could engage one.

From a consensus of the nerves of all the ladies left in town so late in the season, she knew that the only place on any steamer where your room ought to be was probably just where they could not get it. If you went too high, you felt the rolling terribly, and people tramping up and down on the promenade under your window kept you awake the whole

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night; if you went too low, you felt the engine thump, thump, thump in your head the whole way over. If you went too far forward, you got the pitching; if you went aft, on the kitchen side, you got the smell of the cooking. The only place, really, was just back of the dining-saloon on the south side of the ship; it was smooth there, and it was quiet, and you had the sun in your window all the way over. He asked her if he must take their room there or nowhere, and she answered that he must do his best, but that she would not be satisfied with any other place.

In his despair he went down to the steamer office, and took a room which one of the clerks said was the best. When he got home, it appeared from reference to the ship's plan that it was the very room his wife had wanted from the beginning, and she praised him as if he had used a wisdom beyond his sex in getting it.

He was in the enjoyment of his unmerited honor when a belated lady came with her husband for an evening call, before going into the country. At sight of the plans of steamers on the Marches' table, she expressed the greatest wonder and delight that they were going to Europe. They had supposed everybody knew it, by this time, but she said she had not heard a word of it; and she went on with some felicitations which March found rather unduly filial. In getting a little past the prime of life he did not like to be used with too great consideration of his years, and he did not think that he and his wife were so old that they need be treated as if they were going on a golden wedding journey, and heaped with all sorts of impertinent prophecies of their enjoying it *so* much and being *so* much the better for the little outing! Under his breath, he confounded this lady for her impudence; but he schooled himself to let her rejoice at their going on a Hanseatic boat, because the Germans were always so *careful* of you. She made her husband agree with her, and it came out that he had crossed several times on both the *Colmannia* and the *Norumbia*. He volunteered to say that the *Colmannia* was a capital sea-boat; she did not have her nose under water all the time; she was steady as a rock; and the captain and the kitchen were simply out of sight; some people did call her unlucky.

"Unlucky?" Mrs. March echoed, faintly. "Why do they call her unlucky?"

"Oh, I don't know. People will say anything about any boat. You know she broke her shaft, once, and once she got caught in the ice."

Mrs. March joined him in deriding the superstition of people, and she parted gayly with this over-good young couple. As soon as they were gone, March knew that she would say: "You must change that ticket, my dear. We will go in the *Norumbia*."

"Suppose I can't get as good a room on the *Norumbia?*"

"Then we must stay."

In the morning after a night so bad that it was worse than no night at all, she said she would go to the steamship's office with him and question them up about the *Colmannia*. The people there had never heard she was called an unlucky boat; they knew of nothing disastrous in her history. They were so frank and so full in their denials, and so kindly patient of Mrs. March's anxieties, that he saw every word was carrying conviction of their insincerity to her. At the end she asked what rooms were left on the *Norumbia*, and the clerk whom they had fallen to looked through his passenger list with a shaking head. He was afraid there was nothing they would like.

"But we would take *anything*," she entreated, and March smiled to think of his innocence in supposing for a moment that she had ever dreamed of not going.

"We merely want the best," he put in. "One flight up, no noise or dust, with sun in all the windows, and a place for fire on rainy days."

They must be used to a good deal of American joking which they do not understand, in the foreign steamship offices. The clerk turned unsmilingly to one of his superiors and asked him some question in German which March could not catch, perhaps because it formed no part of a conversation with a barber, a bootmaker, or a banker. A brief drama followed, and then the clerk pointed to a room on the plan of the *Norumbia* and said it had just been given up, and they could have it if they would decide to take it at once.

They looked, and it was in the very place of their room on the *Colmannia;* it was within one of being the same num-

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ber. It was so providential, if it was providential at all, that they were both humbly silent a moment; even Mrs. March was silent. In this supreme moment she would not prompt her husband by a word, a glance, and it was from his own free will that he said, "We will take it."

He thought it was his free will, but perhaps one's will is never free; and this may have been an instance of pure determinism from all the events before it. No event that followed affected it, though the day after they had taken their passage on the *Norumbia* he heard that she had once been in the worst sort of storm in the month of August. He felt obliged to impart the fact to his wife, but she said that it proved nothing for or against the ship, and confounded him more by her reason than by all her previous unreason. Reason is what a man is never prepared for in women; perhaps because he finds it so seldom in men.

V.

During nearly the whole month that now passed before the date of sailing it seemed to March that in some familiar aspects New York had never been so interesting. He had not easily reconciled himself to the place after his many years of Boston; but he had got used to the ugly grandeur, to the noise and the rush, and he had divined more and more the careless good-nature and friendly indifference of the vast, sprawling, ungainly metropolis. There were happy moments when he felt a poetry unintentional and unconscious in it, and he thought there was no point more favorable for the sense of this than Stuyvesant Square, where they had a flat. Their windows looked down into its tree-tops, and across them to the truncated towers of St. George's, and to the plain red-brick, white-trimmed front of the Friends' Meeting-House; and at all hours of the day he liked going into it. He came and went between his dwelling and his office through the two places that form the square, and after dinner his wife and he had a habit of finding seats by one of the fountains in Livingston Place, among the fathers and mothers of the hybrid East Side children swarming there at play. The elders read their English or Italian or German or Yiddish journals, or gossiped, or merely sat still and stared away the day's fatigue; while the little ones raced in and out among them, crying and laughing, quarrelling and kissing. Sometimes a mother darted forward and caught her child from the brink of the basin; another taught hers to walk, holding it tightly up behind by its short skirts; another publicly bared her breast and nursed her baby to sleep.

While they still dreamed, but never thought, of going to Europe, the Marches often said how European all this was; if these women had brought their knitting or sewing it would have been quite European; but as soon as they had decided to go, it all began to seem poignantly American. In like manner, before the conditions of their exile changed, and they still pined for the Old World, they contrived a very agreeable illusion of it by dining now and then at an Austrian restaurant in Union Square; but later when they began to be homesick for the American scenes they had not yet left, they had a keener retrospective joy in the strictly New York sunset they were bowed out into.

The sunsets were uncommonly characteristic that May in Union Square. They were the color of the red stripes in the American flag, and when they were seen through the delirious architecture of the Broadway side, or down the perspective of the cross-streets, where the elevated trains silhouetted themselves against their pink, they imparted a feeling of pervasive Americanism in which all impression of alien savors and civilities was lost. One evening a fire flamed up in Hoboken, and burned for hours against the west, in the lurid crimson tones of a conflagration as memorably and appealingly native as the colors of the sunset.

The weather for nearly the whole month was of a mood familiar enough in our early summer, and it was this which gave the sunsets their vitreous pink. A thrilling coolness followed a first blaze of heat, and in the long respite the thoughts almost went back to winter flannels. But at last a hot wave was telegraphed from the West, and the week before the *Norumbia* sailed was an anguish of burning days and breathless nights, which fused all regrets and reluctances in the hope of escape, and made the exiles of two continents long for the sea with no care for either shore.

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VI.

Their steamer was to sail early; they were up at dawn because they had scarcely lain down, and March crept out into the square for a last breath of its morning air before breakfast. He was now eager to be gone; he had broken with habit, and he wished to put all traces of the past out of sight. But this was curiously like all other early mornings in his consciousness, and he could not alienate himself from the wonted environment. He stood talking on every-day terms of idle speculation with the familiar policeman, about a stray parrot in the top of one of the trees, where it screamed and clawed at the dead branch to which it clung. Then he went carelessly in-doors again as if he were secure of reading the reporter's story of it in that next day's paper which he should not see.

The sense of an inseverable continuity persisted through the breakfast, which was like other breakfasts in the place they would be leaving in summer shrouds just as they always left it at the end of June. The illusion was even heightened by the fact that their son was to be in the apartment all summer, and it would not be so much shut up as usual. The heavy trunks had been sent to the ship by express the afternoon before, and they had only themselves and their stateroom baggage to transport to Hoboken; they came down to a carriage sent from a neighboring livery-stable, and exchanged good-mornings with a driver they knew by name.

March had often fancied it a chief advantage of living in New York that you could drive to the steamer and start for Europe as if you were starting for Albany; he was in the enjoyment of this advantage now, but somehow it was not the consolation he had expected. He knew, of course, that if they had been coming from Boston, for instance, to sail in the *Norumbia*, they would probably have gone on board the night before, and sweltered through its heat among the strange smells and noises of the dock and wharf, instead of breakfasting at their own table, and smoothly bowling down the asphalt on to the ferry-boat, and so to the very foot of the gangway at the ship's side, all in the cool of the early morning. But though he had now the cool of the early morning on these conditions, there was by no means enough of it. The sun was already burning the life out of the air, with the threat of another day of the terrible heat that had prevailed for a week past; and that last breakfast at home had not been gay, though it had been lively, in a fashion, through Mrs. March's efforts to convince her son that she did not want him to come and see them off. Of her daughter's coming all the way from Chicago there was no question, and she reasoned that if he did not come to say good-by on board it would be the same as if they were not going.

"Don't you want to go?" March asked with an obscure resentment.

"I don't want to *seem* to go," she said with the calm of those who have logic on their side.

As she drove away with her husband she was not so sure of her satisfaction in the feint she had arranged, though when she saw the ghastly partings of people on board, she was glad she had not allowed her son to come. She kept saying this to herself, and when they climbed to the ship from the wharf, and found themselves in the crowd that choked the saloons and promenades and passages and stairways and landings, she said it more than once to her husband.

She heard weary elders pattering empty politenesses of farewell with friends who had come to see them off, as they stood withdrawn in such refuges as the ship's architecture afforded, or submitted to be pushed and twirled about by the surging throng when they got in its way. She pitied these in their affliction, which she perceived that they could not lighten or shorten, but she had no patience with the young girls, who broke into shrieks of nervous laughter at the coming of certain young men, and kept laughing and beckoning till they made the young men see them; and then stretched their hands to them and stood screaming and shouting to them across the intervening heads and shoulders. Some girls, of those whom no one had come to bid good-by, made themselves merry, or at least noisy, by rushing off to the dining-room and looking at the cards on the bouquets heaping the tables, to find whether any one had sent them flowers. Others whom young men had brought bunches of violets hid their noses in them, and dropped their fans and handkerchiefs and card-cases, and thanked the young men for picking them up. Others

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had got places in the music-room, and sat there with open boxes of long-stemmed roses in their laps, and talked up into the faces of the men, with becoming lifts and slants of their eyes and chins. In the midst of the turmoil children struggled against people's feet and knees, and bewildered mothers flew at the ship's officers and battered them with questions alien to their respective functions as they amiably stifled about in their thick uniforms.

Sailors slung over the ship's side on swinging seats were placidly smearing it with paint at that last moment; the bulwarks were thickly set with the heads and arms of passengers who were making signs to friends on shore, or calling messages to them that lost themselves in louder noises midway. Some of the women in the steerage were crying; they were probably not going to Europe for pleasure like the first-cabin passengers, or even for their health; on the wharf below March saw the face of one young girl twisted with weeping, and he wished he had not seen it. He turned from it, and looked into the eyes of his son, who was laughing at his shoulder. He said that he had to come down with a good-by letter from his sister, which he made an excuse for following them; but he had always meant to see them off, he owned. The letter had just come with a special delivery stamp, and it warned them that she had sent another good-by letter with some flowers on board. Mrs. March scolded at them both, but with tears in her eyes, and in the renewed stress of parting which he thought he had put from him, March went on taking note, as with alien senses, of the scene before him, while they all talked on together, and repeated the nothings they had said already.

A rank odor of beet-root sugar rose from the far-branching sheds where some freight steamers of the line lay, and seemed to mingle chemically with the noise which came up from the wharf next to the *Norumbia*. The mass of spectators deepened and dimmed away into the shadow of the roofs, and along their front came files of carriages and trucks and carts, and discharged the arriving passengers and their baggage, and were lost in the crowd, which they penetrated like slow currents, becoming clogged and arrested from time to time, and then beginning to move again.

The passengers incessantly mounted by the canvas-draped galleries leading, fore and aft, into the ship. Bareheaded, blue-jacketed, brass-buttoned stewards dodged skilfully in and out among them with their hand-bags, hold-alls, hat-boxes, and state-room trunks, and ran before them into the different depths and heights where they hid these burdens, and then ran back for more. Some of the passengers followed them and made sure that their things were put in the right places; most of them remained wedged among the earlier comers, or pushed aimlessly in and out of the doors of the promenades.

The baggage for the hold continually rose in huge blocks from the wharf, with a loud clucking of the tackle, and sank into the open maw of the ship, momently gathering herself for her long race seaward, with harsh hissings and rattlings and gurglings. There was no apparent reason why it should all or any of it end, but there came a moment when there began to be warnings that were almost threats of the end. The ship's whistle sounded, as if marking a certain interval; and Mrs. March humbly entreated, sternly commanded, her son to go ashore, or else be carried to Europe. They disputed whether that was the last signal or not; she was sure it was, and she appealed to March, who was moved against his reason. He affected to talk calmly with his son, and gave him some last charges about *Every Other Week*.

Some people now interrupted their leave-taking; but the arriving passengers only arrived more rapidly at the gangways; the bulks of baggage swung more swiftly into the air. A bell rang, and there rose women's cries, "Oh, that is the shore-bell!" and men's protests, "It is only the first bell!" More and more began to descend the gangways, fore and aft, and soon outnumbered those who were coming aboard.

March tried not to be nervous about his son's lingering; he was ashamed of his anxiety; but he said in a low voice, "Better be off, Tom."

His mother now said she did not care if Tom were really carried to Europe; and at last he said, Well, he guessed he must go ashore, as if there had been no question of that before; and then she clung to him and would not let him go; but she acquired merit with herself at last by pushing him into the gangway with her own hands: he nodded and waved his

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hat from its foot, and mixed with the crowd.

Presently there was hardly any one coming aboard, and the sailors began to undo the lashings of the gangways from the ship's side; files of men on the wharf laid hold of their rails; the stewards guarding their approach looked up for the signal to come aboard; and in vivid pantomime forbade some belated leave-takers to ascend. These stood aside, exchanging bows and grins with the friends whom they could not reach; they all tried to make one another hear some last words. The moment came when the saloon gangway was detached; then it was pulled ashore, and the section of the bulwarks opening to it was locked, not to be unlocked on this side of the world. An undefinable impulse communicated itself to the steamer: while it still seemed motionless it moved. The thick spread of faces on the wharf, which had looked at times like some sort of strange flowers in a level field, broke into a universal tremor, and the air above them was filled with hats and handkerchiefs, as if with the flight of birds rising from the field.

The Marches tried to make out their son's face; they believed that they did; but they decided that they had not seen him, and his mother said that she was glad; it would only have made it harder to bear, though she was glad he had come over to say good-by: it had seemed so unnatural that he should not, when everybody else was saying good-by.

On the wharf color was now taking the place of form; the scene ceased to have the effect of an instantaneous photograph; it was like an impressionistic study.

As the ship swung free of the shed and got into the stream, the shore lost reality. Up to a certain moment, all was still New York, all was even Hoboken; then amidst the grotesque and monstrous shows of the architecture on either shore March felt himself at sea and on the way to Europe.

The fact was accented by the trouble people were already making with the deck-steward about their steamer chairs, which they all wanted put in the best places, and March, with a certain heartache, was involuntarily verifying the instant in which he ceased to be of his native shores while still in full sight of them, when he suddenly reverted to them, and as it were landed on them again in an incident that held him breathless. A man, bareheaded, and with his arms flung wildly abroad, came flying down the promenade from the steerage. "Capitan! Capitan! There is a *woman!*" he shouted in nondescript English. "She must go hout! She must go *hout!*" Some vital fact imparted itself to the ship's command and seemed to penetrate to the ship's heart; she stopped, as if with a sort of majestic relenting. A tug panted to her side, and lifted a ladder to it; the bareheaded man, and a woman gripping a baby in her arms, sprawled safely down its rungs to the deck of the tug, and the steamer moved seaward again.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" his wife demanded of March's share of their common ignorance. A young fellow passing stopped as if arrested by the tragic note in her voice, and explained that the woman had left three little children locked up in her tenement while she came to bid some friends on board good-by.

He passed on, and Mrs. March said, "What a charming face he had!" even before she began to wreak upon that wretched mother the overwrought sympathy which makes good women desire the punishment of people who have escaped danger. She would not hear any excuse for her. "Her children oughtn't to have been out of her mind for an instant."

"Don't you want to send back a line to ours by the pilot?" he asked.

She started from him. "Oh, was I really beginning to *forget* them?"

In the saloon where people were scattered about writing pilot's letters she made him join her in an impassioned epistle of farewell, which once more left none of the nothings unsaid that they had many times reiterated. She would not let him put the stamp on, for fear it would not stick, and she had an agonizing moment of doubt whether it ought not to be a German stamp; she was not pacified till the steward in charge of the mail decided.

"I shouldn't have forgiven myself," March said, "if we hadn't let Tom know that twenty minutes after he left us we were still alive and well."

"It's to Bella, too," she reasoned.

He found her making their state-room look homelike with their familiar things when he came with their daughter's



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steamer letter and the flowers and fruit she had sent. She said, Very well, they would all keep, and went on with her unpacking. He asked her if she did not think these home things made it rather ghastly, and she said if he kept on in that way she should certainly go back on the pilot-boat. He perceived that her nerves were spent. He had resisted the impulse to an ill-timed joke about the life-preservers under their berths when the sound of the breakfast-horn, wavering first in the distance, found its way nearer and clearer down their corridor.

VII.

In one of the many visits to the steamship office which his wife's anxieties obliged him to make, March had discussed the question of seats in the dining-saloon. At first he had his ambition for the captain's table, but they convinced him more easily than he afterwards convinced Mrs. March that the captain's table had become a superstition of the past, and conferred no special honor. It proved in the event that the captain of the *Norumbia* had the good feeling to dine in a lower saloon among the passengers who paid least for their rooms. But while the Marches were still in their ignorance of this, they decided to get what adventure they could out of letting the head steward put them where he liked, and they came in to breakfast with a careless curiosity to see what he had done for them.

There seemed scarcely a vacant place in the huge saloon; through the oval openings in the centre they looked down into the lower saloon and up into the music-room, as thickly thronged with breakfasters. The tables were brightened with the bouquets and the floral designs of ships, anchors, harps, and doves sent to the lady passengers, and at one time the Marches thought they were going to be put before a steam-yacht realized to the last detail in blue and white violets. The ports of the saloon were open, and showed the level sea; the ship rode with no motion except the tremor from her screws. The sound of talking and laughing rose with the clatter of knives and forks and the clash of crockery; the homely smell of the coffee and steak and fish mixed with the spice of the roses and carnations; the stewards ran hither and thither, and a young foolish joy of travel welled up in the elderly hearts of the pair. When the head steward turned out the swivel-chairs where they were to sit they both made an inclination toward the people already at table, as if it had been a company at some far forgotten table d'hôte in the later sixties. The head steward seemed to understand as well as speak English, but the table-stewards had only an effect of English, which they eked out with "Bleace!" for all occasions of inquiry, apology, and reassurance, as the equivalent of their native "*Bitte!*" Otherwise there was no reason to suppose that they did not speak German, which was the language of a good half of the passengers. The stewards looked English, however, in conformity to what seems the ideal of every kind of foreign seafaring people, and that went a good way toward making them intelligible.

March, to whom his wife mainly left their obeisance, made it so tentative that if it should meet no response he could feel that it had been nothing more than a forward stoop, such as was natural in sitting down. He need not really have taken this precaution; those whose eyes he caught more or less nodded in return. A nice-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, who had the place on the left of the lady in the sofa seat under the port, bowed with almost magisterial gravity, and made the lady on the sofa smile, as if she were his mother and understood him. March decided that she had been some time a widow; and he easily divined that the young couple on her right had been so little time husband and wife that they would rather not have it known. Next them was a young lady whom he did not at first think so good-looking as she proved later to be, though she had at once a pretty nose, with a slight upward slant at the point, long eyes under fallen lashes, a straight forehead, not too high, and a mouth which perhaps the exigencies of breakfasting did not allow its characteristic expression. She had what Mrs. March thought interesting hair, of a dull black, roughly rolled away from her forehead and temples in a fashion not particularly becoming to her, and she had the air of not looking so well as she might if she had chosen. The elderly man on her right, it was easy to see, was her father; they had a family likeness, though his fair hair, now ashen with age, was so different from hers. He wore his beard cut in the fashion of the Second Empire,

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with a Louis Napoleonic mustache, imperial, and chin tuft; his neat head was cropt close, and there was something Gallic in its effect and something remotely military: he had blue eyes, really less severe than he meant, though he frowned a good deal, and managed them with glances of a staccato quickness, as if challenging a potential disagreement with his opinions.

The gentleman on his right, who sat at the head of the table, was of the humorous, subironical American expression, and a smile at the corner of his kindly mouth, under an iron-gray full beard cut short, at once questioned and tolerated the newcomers as he glanced at them. He responded to March's bow almost as decidedly as the nice boy, whose mother he confronted at the other end of the table, and with his comely bulk formed an interesting contrast to her vivid slightness. She was brilliantly dark, behind the gleam of the gold-rimmed glasses perched on her pretty nose.

If the talk had been general before the Marches came, it did not at once renew itself in that form. Nothing was said while they were having their first struggle with the table-stewards, who repeated the order as if to show how fully they had misunderstood it. The gentleman at the head of the table intervened at last, and then, "I'm obliged to you," March said, "for your German. I left mine in a phrase-book in my other coat pocket."

"Oh, I wasn't speaking German," said the other. "It was merely their kind of English."

The company were in the excitement of a novel situation which disposes people to acquaintance, and this exchange of small pleasantries made every one laugh, except the father and daughter; but they had the effect of being tacitly amused.

The mother of the nice boy said to Mrs. March, "You may not get what you ordered, but it will be good."

"Even if you don't know what it is!" said the young bride, and then blushed, as if she had been too bold.

Mrs. March liked the blush and the young bride for it, and she asked, "Have you ever been on one of these German boats before? They seem very comfortable."

"Oh, dear, no! we've never been on *any* boat before." She made a little petted mouth of deprecation, and added simple-heartedly, "My husband was going out on business, and he thought he might as well take me along."

The husband seemed to feel himself brought in by this, and said he did not see why they should not make it a pleasure-trip, too. They put themselves in a position to be patronized by their deference, and in the pauses of his talk with the gentleman at the head of the table, March heard his wife abusing their inexperience to be unsparingly instructive about European travel. He wondered whether she would be afraid to own that it was nearly thirty years since she had crossed the ocean; though that might have seemed recent to people who had never crossed at all.

They listened with respect as she boasted in what an anguish of wisdom she had decided between the *Colmannia* and the *Norumbia*. The wife said she did not know there was such a difference in steamers, but when Mrs. March perfervidly assured her that there was all the difference in the world, she submitted and said she supposed she ought to be thankful that they had hit upon the right one. They had telegraphed for berths and taken what was given them; their room seemed to be very nice.

"Oh," said Mrs. March, and her husband knew that she was saying it to reconcile them to the inevitable, "*all* the rooms on the *Norumbia* are nice. The only difference is that if they are on the south side you have the sun."

"I'm not sure which is the south side," said the bride. "We seem to have been going west ever since we started, and I feel as if we should reach home in the morning if we had a good night. Is the ocean always so smooth as this?"

"Oh, *dear*, no!" said Mrs. March. "It's *never* so smooth as this," and she began to be outrageously authoritative about the ocean weather. She ended by declaring that the June passages were always good, and that if the ship kept a southerly course they would have no fogs and no icebergs. She looked round, and caught her husband's eye. "What is it? Have I been bragging? Well, you understand," she added to the bride, "I've only been over once, a great while ago, and I don't really know anything about it," and they laughed together. "But I talked so much with people after we de-

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cided to go, that I feel as if I had been a hundred times."

"I know," said the other lady, with caressing intelligence. "That is just the way with—" She stopped, and looked at the young man whom the head steward was bringing up to take the vacant place next to March. He came forward stuffing his cap into the pocket of his blue serge sack, and smiled down on the company with such happiness in his gay eyes that March wondered what chance at this late day could have given any human creature his content so absolute, and what calamity could be lurking round the corner to take it out of him. The new-comer looked at March as if he knew him, and March saw at a second glance that he was the young fellow who had told him about the mother put off after the start. He asked him whether there was any change in the weather yet outside, and he answered eagerly, as if the chance to put his happiness into the mere sound of words were a favor done him, that their ship had just spoken one of the big Hanseatic mail-boats, and she had signalled back that she had met ice; so that they would probably keep a southerly course, and not have it cooler till they were off the Banks.

The mother of the boy said, "I thought we must be off the Banks when I came out of my room, but it was only the electric fan at the foot of the stairs."

"That was what *I* thought," said Mrs. March. "I almost sent my husband back for my shawl!" Both the ladies laughed and acquired merit with each other by their common experience.

"Those fans do make a great difference in the climate," said the gentleman at the head of the table. "They ought to have them going there by that pillar, or else close the ports. They only let in heat."

They easily conformed to the American convention of jocosity in their talk; it perhaps no more represents the individual mood than the convention of dulness among other people; but it seemed to make the young man feel at home.

"Why, do you think it's uncomfortably warm?" he asked, from what March perceived to be a meteorology of his own. He laughed and added, "It *is* pretty summerlike," as if he had not thought of it before. He talked of the big mail-boat, and said he would like to cross on such a boat as that, and then he glanced at the possible advantage of having your own steam-yacht like the one which he said they had just passed, so near that you could see what a good time the people were having on board. He began to speak to the Marches; his talk spread to the young couple across the table; it visited the mother on the sofa in a remark which she might ignore without apparent rejection, and without really avoiding the boy, it glanced off toward the father and daughter, from whom it fell, to rest with the gentleman at the head of the table.

It was not that the father and daughter had slighted his overture, if it was so much as that, but that they were tacitly preoccupied, or were of some philosophy concerning their fellow-breakfasters which did not suffer them, for the present at least, to share in the common friendliness. This is an attitude sometimes produced in people by a sense of just, or even unjust, superiority; sometimes by serious trouble; sometimes by transient annoyance. The cause was not so deep-seated but Mrs. March, before she rose from her place, believed that she had detected a slant of the young lady's eyes, from under her lashes, toward the young man; and she leaped to a conclusion concerning them in a matter where all logical steps are impertinent. She did not announce her arrival at this point till the young man had overtaken her before she got out of the saloon, and presented the handkerchief she had dropped under the table.

He went away with her thanks, and then she said to her husband, "Well, he's perfectly charming, and I don't wonder she's taken with him; that kind of cold girl would be, though I'm not sure that she *is* cold. She's interesting, and you could see that he thought so, the more he looked at her; I could see him looking at her from the very first instant; he couldn't keep his eyes off her; she piqued his curiosity, and made him wonder about her."

"Now, look here, Isabel! This won't do. I can stand a good deal, but I sat between you and that young fellow, and you couldn't tell whether he was looking at that girl or not."

"I could! I could tell by the expression of her face."

"Oh, well! If it's gone as far as that with you, I give it up. When are you going to have them married?"

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"LONG ISLAND WAS A LOW YELLOW LINE ON THE LEFT."

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"Nonsense! I want you to find out who *all* those people are. How are you going to do it?"

"Perhaps the passenger list will say," he suggested.

VIII.

The list did not say of itself, but with the help of the head steward's diagram it said that the gentleman at the head of the table was Mr. R. M. Kenby; the father and the daughter were Mr. E. B. Triscoe and Miss Triscoe; the bridal pair were Mr. and Mrs. Leffers; the mother and her son were Mrs. Adding and Mr. Roswell Adding; the young man who came in last was Mr. L. J. Burnamy. March carried the list, with these names carefully checked and rearranged on a neat plan of the table, to his wife in her steamer chair, and left her to make out the history and the character of the people from it. In this sort of conjecture long experience had taught him his futility, and he strolled up and down and looked at the life about him with no wish to penetrate it deeply.

Long Island was now a low yellow line on the left. Some fishing-boats flickered off the shore; they met a few sail, and left more behind; but already, and so near one of the greatest ports of the world, the spacious solitude of the ocean was beginning. There was no swell; the sea lay quite flat, with a fine mesh of wrinkles on its surface, and the sun flamed down upon it from a sky without a cloud. With the light fair wind, there was no resistance in the sultry air; the thin, dun smoke from the smoke-stack fell about the decks like a stifling veil.

The promenades were as uncomfortably crowded as the sidewalk of Fourteenth Street on a summer's day, and showed much the social average of a New York shopping thoroughfare. Distinction is something that does not always reveal itself at first sight on land; and at sea it is still more retrusive. A certain democracy of looks and clothes was the most notable thing to March in the apathetic groups and detached figures. His criticism disabled the saloon passengers of even so much personal appeal as he imagined in some of the second-cabin passengers whom he saw across their barrier; they had at least the pathos of their exclusion, and he could wonder if they felt it or envied him. At Hoboken he had seen certain people coming on board who looked like swells; but they had now either retired from the crowd, or they had already conformed to the prevailing type. It was very well as a type; he was of it himself; but he wished that beauty as well as distinction had not been so lost in it.

In fact, he no longer saw so much beauty anywhere as he once did. It might be that he saw life more truly than when he was young, and that his glasses were better than his eyes had been; but there were analogies that forbade his thinking so, and he sometimes had his misgivings that the trouble was with his glasses. He made what he could of a pretty girl who had the air of not meaning to lose a moment from flirtation, and was luring her fellow-passengers from under her sailor hat. She had already attached one of them; and she was looking out for more. She kept moving herself from the waist up, as if she worked there on a pivot, showing now this side and now that side of her face, and visiting the admirer she had secured with a smile as from the lamp of a revolving light as she turned.

While he was dwelling upon this folly, with a sense of impersonal pleasure in it as complete through his years as if he were already a disembodied spirit, the pulse of the engines suddenly ceased, and he joined the general rush to the rail, with a fantastic expectation of seeing another distracted mother put off; but it was only the pilot leaving the ship. He was climbing down the ladder which hung over the boat, rising and sinking on the sea below, while the two men in her held her from the ship's side with their oars; in the offing lay the white steam-yacht which now replaces the picturesque pilot-sloop of other times. The *Norumbia's* screws turned again under half a head of steam; the pilot dropped from the last rung of the ladder into the boat, and caught the bundle of letters tossed after him. Then his men let go the line that was towing their craft, and the incident of the steamer's departure was finally closed. It had been dramatically heightened perhaps by her final impatience to be off at some added risks to the pilot and his men, but not painfully so, and March smiled to think how men whose lives are full of dangerous chances seem always to take as many of them as they can.

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He heard a girl's fresh voice saying at his shoulder, "Well, now we *are* off; and I suppose you're glad, papa!"

"I'm glad we're not taking the pilot *on*, at least," answered the elderly man whom the girl had spoken to; and March turned to see the father and daughter whose reticence at the breakfast table had interested him. He wondered that he had left her out of the account in estimating the beauty of the ship's passengers: he saw now that she was not only extremely pretty, but as she moved away she was very graceful; she even had distinction. He had fancied a tone of tolerance and at the same time of reproach in her voice, when she spoke, and a tone of defiance and not very successful denial in her father's; and he went back with these impressions to his wife, whom he thought he ought to tell why the ship had stopped.

She had not noticed the ship's stopping, in her study of the passenger list, and she did not care for the pilot's leaving; but she seemed to think his having overheard those words of the father and daughter an event of prime importance. With a woman's willingness to adapt the means to the end she suggested that he should follow them up and try to overhear something more; she only partially realized the infamy of her suggestion when he laughed in scornful refusal.

"Of course I don't want you to eavesdrop, but I *do* want you to find out about them. And about Mr. Burnamy, too. I can wait, about the others, or manage for myself, but these are driving me to distraction. Now, will you?"

He said he would do anything he could with honor, and at one of the earliest turns he made on the other side of the ship he was smilingly halted by Mr. Burnamy, who asked to be excused, and then asked if he were not Mr. March of *Every Other Week;* he had seen the name on the passenger list, and felt sure it must be the editor's. He seemed so trustfully to expect March to remember his own name as that of a writer from whom he had accepted a short poem, yet unprinted, that the editor feigned to do so until he really did dimly recall it. He even recalled the short poem, and some civil words he said about it caused Burnamy to overrun in confidences that at once touched and amused him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE WEAKNESS OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER IN DEMOCRACY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

IN his *Civil Government in the United States*, Mr. John Fiske recalls the incident in *The Cloister and the Hearth* of the capture of the tall knight who had valiantly led the besieged citizens of the revolted town, and who turned out to be not a knight at all, but a simple hosier. In reply to the question put by one of his captors as to the reason for the town's outbreak, the stammering hosier replied, "Tuta-tuta-tuta-tuta-too much taxes"; and Mr. Fiske truly says that "those three little words furnish us with a clew wherewith to understand and explain a great deal of history"; and he adds, "the questions as to how much the taxes shall be, and *who is to decide how much they shall be* [the italics are mine], are always and in every stage of society questions of most fundamental importance."

Taxes mean government, regulation, law, and administration. If government costs too much, there is likely to be a revolt against the power which carries on the government, or even against the form of government which the state has adopted. It would be exaggerating, perhaps, to say that the people who comprise any particular state at any given moment of time are all discontented, but it is probably true that only a small fraction of a population pay taxes without questioning the wisdom, and sometimes the integrity, of the power that levies them, and that expends the revenues derived from them. In the taxes which he pays for the support of government the individual citizen feels directly, and often onerously, the power which governs, and which perhaps he has helped to establish.

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So that since men began to rebel and to overturn forms of government, they have given as the reason for their action the unjust, unequal, or tyrannical exercise of the taxing power. Generally a revolt against government means, however, that the people are dissatisfied in every respect with the dominant power in the state, and the hosier and his fellow-rebels were undoubtedly really enraged on account of the general conduct of the power which levied the taxes upon them. The hosier's complaint of "too much taxes" meant not only that the citizens thought they were paying too much for the support of the governing noble, but that they did not like the manner in which the noble and his court employed their money. In other words, they wanted another kind of government.

In one form or another, for more than a century, there has been in every nation of the Western World a pretty constant movement against the existing power. There has been agitation in the better-instructed and more highly civilized countries of Europe since early in the latter half of the eighteenth century, while in England the revolt began to be serious in the seventeenth century, when Puritanism broke the King's rule over the individual's conscience. When our own Revolution gathered headway, the rebellion of the people was naturally a continuation of the revolt against the power of the single will, which had been going on in the church and state for centuries—in other words, against the executive power—because, even in England, this was the power which exercised practically all the functions of government, accomplishing by bribery what, because of Magna Charta and the work of Earl Simon de Montfort, it could not accomplish directly. It was the tyranny of kings from which peoples suffered and against which they rebelled; and at the time when the American colonies rose against England, kings —the fountains of power, the executive heads of the nations over which they ruled—represented all that seemed to be hateful and oppressive in government, not only to the colonies, but to many Englishmen who remained at home, and, at the end of the century, to nearly all Frenchmen. In the formation of their governments, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in the evolution of the British government to the passage of the Reform bill of 1832, the efforts of the framers of constitutions and the work of political reformers were directed against the executive power, for the purpose of limiting it and restraining it. In England, it is true, the primacy of the legislative power had been partially established, but the King, by subterfuge and corruption, had held on to what he conceived to be his own. It was this power of the executive, or rather this branch of the general power of government, which levied unjust taxation, and which expended the public revenues for the oppression of the people. It was this power which administered the laws, which represented the nation in its relations with foreign powers, which possessed the war power and held control of the army and navy. It was the power which extracted money from the people for its own pleasure and glory, for the splendor of its pageantry, for the increase of its own importance and influence among the nations; and to this end it maintained standing armies, that it might hold its own against the foreign foe, and that it might also be ready to suppress domestic insurrection, and to compel obedience from the refractory. It was, in fact, the government as it most directly touched the individual. When, therefore, the people finally reached the conclusion that government existed for their own good and not for the glory of kings, they inevitably sought to curtail the power of the executive, and to restore to their own hands, or to the hands of their representatives, the complete direction of affairs.

The revolt against executive power was carried to an extreme in the Continental Congress and in the Confederation. Not only was there no executive provided for in our earliest national government, but during the Revolution there was a strong party inimical to Washington, headed by the Lees of Virginia and the Adamses of Massachusetts, who insisted that Congress should perform all the functions of administration as well as those of legislation. They desired that Congress should command the armies in the field through a commander and other general officers to be elected annually by it. Such was the expressed "hope" of John Adams. They insisted also that the finances and diplomacy of the struggling new country should be directly managed by the many-headed and dis-

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cordant company of politicians who were then moving the capital of the new state from city to city and from colony to colony, in order to prevent its capture by the British forces. The result of this mania for Congressional government is familiar knowledge. Washington was hampered in the field by plots against him in Congress, and by the incapacity of that body to provide the means necessary for the conduct of the war. The finances of the colonies were shamefully mismanaged, and the diplomacy of Congress was well described as "militia diplomacy" by John Adams, who nevertheless believed in its efficacy, and generally in the policy of bad manners in dealing with the "tyrannies" of Europe. After the war was over, it was found that the revolt against executive power had been carried too far, and that the Articles of Confederation had established a government which was absolutely impotent, partly on account of the elision or weakening of the executive power. It was to improve the prevailing unfortunate condition of things that Hamilton and his coadjutors framed the new Constitution. How far the framers succeeded in accomplishing their design we shall inquire further on, but we find Hamilton writing in No. lxix. of the *Federalist* as follows:

> There is an idea, which is not without its advocates, that a vigorous executive is inconsistent with the genius of republican government. The enlightened well-wishers to this species of government must at least hope that the supposition is destitute of foundation, since they can never admit its truth without at the same time admitting the condemnation of their own principles. Energy in the executive is a leading characteristic in the definition of good government.

And again:

> A feeble executive implies a feeble execution of the government. A feeble execution is but another phrase for a bad execution; and a government ill-executed, whatever it may be in theory, must be in practice a bad government.

Although the framers of the Constitution, fairly representing the desire of the country for a better government, asserted that an executive power and a firm executive officer were essential, they nevertheless made the legislative power the dominant influence in the new government; and by providing that treaties should be ratified and the President's nominations to office should be confirmed by the Senate, they failed to give to the executive power its promised and professed independence. They left it to come gradually under the influence, and in a measure under the control, of the legislative branch. The eighteenth-century fear of the despotic executive continued to be strong upon the framers of our Constitution, notwithstanding the bitter experience of the country with the fatal weakness of the Confederacy, and notwithstanding their determination to establish a sufficient executive. The attempt to rule by a committee of Congress—in other words, the attempt to rule without the single directing mind which is essential to efficient administration—had failed, but still the dread of the "tyrant" was so great that the new President was put into leading-strings, which were held by Congress. He could not make treaties or appointments without the consent of the Senate. He could not declare war. He could not make the rules necessary for the government of the land and naval forces, of which he was the titular commander-in-chief, nor of the militia after he had called it into the service of the United States. Without the consent of the legislative branch of the government he could not establish a single post-office. Democratic as Great Britain is, sufficiently controlled as is its executive, the power to make treaties, to govern the army and navy and to control the promotion of their officers, and the power to declare war, are left by the Commons to the government. It may be said that this is so because the real government of Great Britain owes its existence and its continuance to the legislature; but I am not now inquiring why the British executive is more trusted than our own—I am simply stating the fact. The American executive lacks initiative in legislation, although the veto power, because of this lack, has no doubt been more freely exercised than it otherwise would have been. It is interesting to note the few complete powers which were granted to the President by the Constitution. He may "require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officers in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the

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United States, except in cases of impeachment." He can "fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of the next session." "He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers;" and "he shall commission all the officers of the United States."

These, however, are not the important powers of government that are essentially and necessarily executive. All the vital great executive powers are under the control and direction of the legislative branch of our government. It is the duty of the President, as a matter of course, to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The laws are those enacted by Congress, but Congress does not rest content with enacting laws prescribing the object that shall be attained or the course of conduct that shall be pursued. As we shall see, it prescribes also the manner in which the law shall be carried out, limiting the discretion of the President and that of his subordinates, greatly to the detriment of the interests of those, including the government itself, who are affected by administration. Often this attempt to administer by general and undeviating rules works gross injustice, for it is one of the necessary conditions of sound and just as well as of strong administration that the executive or administrative officer shall exercise a wise discretion, and shall possess at least that measure of liberty which will enable him to recognize and meet new conditions and exceptional circumstances. A statute often binds the executive to carry out a law in a certain defined way, no matter how greatly conditions may change or how absurd the way prescribed may become. An illustration of this kind of Congressional interference in administration is to be found in a recent proposition in the Senate to limit the number of daily mail deliveries in all cities of the country, so that, no matter how important an additional delivery might become in a certain city, any attempt on the part of the administrative officer to meet the emergency would render him liable to impeachment.



The status of the executive power in this country is becoming a subject of the first importance, because we are assuming—indeed, have assumed—a position in international affairs which renders a readjustment of the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government absolutely essential. For this reason some of the lessons of our war with Spain are of the first importance, for our failures in this war in diplomacy and in military management are not necessarily characteristic of the present administration and of the existing Congress; they are almost inseparable from the system of government which has grown up in the United States by reason of the enormous preponderance which the Constitution gives to the legislative branch of the government.

When the relations between the United States and Spain became tense in the autumn of 1897, and especially early in 1898, President McKinley felt his responsibilities most keenly, and did all in his power to prevent war. He refused to recognize either the belligerency or the independence of the Cubans, and at the same time he realized that the rule of Spain must cease in Cuba if war was to be avoided. To this end he was conducting promising negotiations, and we have the testimony of General Woodford, our then minister to Spain, that the declared object of the war would have soon been attained peaceably by diplomacy. But Congress would not permit the President to reap the fruits of diplomatic skill. The many-headed legislature, maddened by the shrieks of newspapers whose controlling desire was to feed excitement in order to increase their sales, forced the country into war. Congress entered into the negotiations, which the President was conducting under the power granted to him by the Constitution, with frenzied yells and shaking of fists, and such hot insults as are the natural offspring of a self-incensed mob. There was never a more startling illustration of a mistaken theory. It was then seen that the power to make war rests with a body liable to be lashed beyond the pale of reason into insensate fury by the shrieking of the press, while the executive, to whom this power is denied, was exhibiting that caution and self-containment, above all, that regard for the public welfare and for peace and civilization, which the framers of the

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fundamental law fondly imagined would abide principally with the representatives of the people.

After war was determined on, there were revealed other serious weaknesses in our system. The President is only nominally commander-in-chief. So far as the army is concerned, Congress commands. It does not often permit even the professional soldiers who are educated at the Military Academy to rise to the rank of general officers. When the war broke out, General Merritt was the only general officer of the army who had been educated at West Point; and while there were general officers in the army, notably General Miles, who had earned their high commissions by soldierly achievements, it is the fact, known of all who are acquainted with army affairs, that in time of peace, at least, friends in Congress are more potent in securing a brigadier or major generalship than former services in the field or present services at posts. As soon as war approached, politicians increased their active interference with the army. An attempt in the House of Representatives to make the regular force equal to the emergency was defeated by the influence of politicians in the militia, or dependent on the militia for votes. The navy also suffered by neglect of its personnel bill. As soon as the volunteer army was authorized, politicians sought commissions for themselves, their friends, and the sons and nephews of themselves and their friends. In the States the colonels who had "pulls" obtained what they called "recognition" for their commands. Unpreparedness and incompetency marked every step at the beginning of the war. Educated soldiers, old and young, were overlooked, and the rank and file were turned over to the care of ignorance and indifference. Congressmen not only filled the new places with their friends, but they were diligent in seeking opportunities for money-making for other friends. Sad as the tale is, it is not new or strange. Congress has always commanded the army. It has not so completely commanded the navy, because that service must be under the direction of professional men. It is true that the army should also be under the control of instructed soldiers, but this is not so clear to the mind of the politicians, who seem to think that they are capable of conducting any military enterprise that does not demand a knowledge of navigation. After the protocol was signed, many of the militia and volunteer regiments began to clamor to be mustered out. Then the politicians intervened again, and obtained liberty to go home for the men for whom they had first obtained stations at the front. Some volunteer regiments were mustered out because their friends at home, who have votes, did not want their "boys" to go to the West Indies or the Philippines, or even to Hawaii. One regiment, at least so it is reported, refused to go, and it also was mustered out. The demoralizing effect of politics was witnessed in the field, as well as at the beginning and the end of the strife. Popular honors went to undisciplined volunteers, and the regulars who had earned the laurels of the campaign were wellnigh forgotten.

The country does not appreciate the military evils of the Santiago campaign, because the war did not last long enough to teach its lesson thoroughly. Such evils as there were, however, were due to the influence of politicians over the army, and to the actual command of the military forces by the legislative branch of the government. Even in the throes of war Congress held on to its evil supremacy. In authorizing a volunteer army, it provided that the President shall never call it out until Congress has been assembled and has given him authority. Will not this seem a curiously absurd provision after we have become a "world power," with our foreign relations at the mercy of the politicians, whom the President will appoint as colonial officials on the recommendation of the very legislators who will act on his nominations, his treaties, his domestic policy, and who will grant him his supplies? The truth on this point is probably that Congress will never believe in the need of preparing for sudden emergencies until its perverse blindness brings upon the country some terrible disaster; and perhaps not even then, until it be aroused to the fact that it can never become an efficient administrative body.

Congress has always compelled the President to exercise his office of commander-in-chief under its direction. It has regulated the system of promotions so that no officer in the army can be rewarded at all for meritorious services except by a temporary honor, while no officer of the navy can be rewarded except at the expense of his fellow-officers. It

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governs the most minute details of military organization. For years, for example, it has refused to authorize the three-battalion organization for the infantry which modern weapons make absolutely necessary, and concerning which there is no difference of opinion among military men. It determines the character of the ships that shall be built for the navy, the kind of weapons that shall be mounted in our forts, and, in general, the instruction of the troops in their trade. In a word, politicians and not soldiers determine the character and condition and the methods of the military force, and necessarily their management of the army is marked by ignorance and worse. The result was bad at Santiago. It will be infinitely more disastrous should we unhappily get into war with one or more of the great powers which are seeking control in the Pacific.

The British monarchy is restrained and directed, it is true, by the law-making power, but it is not hampered by it—at least it is not hampered as is our own executive by Congress. It cannot exercise a will independent of and above the law, but it is not forced to accept its important administrative officers at the dictation of either House of the legislative branch, as our President is often compelled to do by the Senate, and it possesses in a large measure the discretion which is essential to sound administration. Undoubtedly the finest administrative body in the world is the civil service of Great Britain — trained, permanent, resting on merit alone, its members bound to no duty but to that of administering the laws faithfully and impartially, and protected from punishment or degradation for their political opinions, or for compelling "great men" as well as little men to obey. We also have begun to build up a trained and permanent civil service, but for inferior officers only, and we will not have such an efficient executive as Hamilton hoped for and expected from the Constitution until we recognize the fact that the legislative branch of the government must be checked; that our fathers went too far in their crusade against the executive power; that, however excusable may have been their fear of kings in the eighteenth century, there are strong reasons now why the constitutional consequences of that fear should be modified, and why there should be a readjustment of the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government. The fact that the revolt against executive power in the eighteenth century went too far for the comfort of the nineteenth in this country is not yet generally or even widely recognized, but that there is now a revolt against undue legislative power is evident from the growing length and complexity of the State constitutions, and in the efforts of the people, expressed in their own fundamental laws, to limit and restrain the power of their legislatures.

Numerous illustrations of the executive incapacity or invalidity of a democracy are to be obtained from a study of the history of our diplomatic relations with foreign countries. We have always possessed a "militia diplomacy," although it is the tendency to underrate the efficiency of the individuals, from the President down, who have been charged with the duty of conducting negotiations, and to lose sight of the responsibility of the Senate and of divided power for our failures. American diplomacy has not only not been signally inefficient, it has often been remarkably successful, and we have made contributions to international law of no mean importance. Especially have we shown, by the number of settlements of international difficulties which we have effected through arbitration, that the lack of such an executive as is incompatible with any conception of democratic government, with physical power ready to his will, is not a vice in a government. American diplomacy, however, has often seen its triumphs ruined by the intervention of Congress. Some twenty years ago an American, who has had much more training in the diplomatic service than has usually fallen to the lot of our citizens, said that he never expected to see another important treaty ratified by the Senate. The passion of the members of that body for interference with treaties, for amending them, for consulting the whim as well as the settled opinions of their constituencies, for permitting personal and party considerations to govern their votes, had then become intense. Every lawyer in the Senate wished to insert his small word into a treaty, especially if the agreement was likely to become a mile-stone in the progress of our international relations. Moreover, there was the growing self-assertiveness of the Sen-

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ate generally, its insistence upon abusing the powers which had been conferred upon it by the Constitution. Conditions had changed. The limitations which had been set for the purpose of preventing the usurpations and tyrannies of the executive—usurpations and tyrannies which were the bogeys of the eighteenth-century democrats—were now directed to the purpose of robbing the President of his legitimate power in the government. Since the time when the American diplomat thus prophesied, many treaties have been ratified by the Senate, but with the exception of two treaties with China touching immigration, which were the consequences of political exactions and supposed party necessities, no treaty of striking importance has been ratified; while the proposed treaty of arbitration with Great Britain was practically defeated, as was the proposed treaty of 1885 with Spain, regulating the commercial relations between the United States and the Spanish West Indies—a convention which might possibly have prevented war. Our experience teaches us at least that if we are to mingle more intimately and aggressively in international affairs than we have hitherto done, it will not be long before we shall discover that we cannot meet Europe on equal diplomatic terms until our organization of government is greatly modified, and until we deprive Congress of its control of delicate international relations, of questions involving peace and war, and requiring secrecy and despatch for their advantageous solution.

A democracy is possessed by the passion for legislation. It naturally seeks to accomplish objects that have always been the aim of government, some of which cannot be accomplished at all, while some can only be well done by the agency of a strong and single-minded executive. A Russian despot, or a small and compact oligarchy like that of Venice, or a constitutional British Premier, with an organized civil service inheriting the customs and traditions of a time when the monarch was the real executive, can accomplish effectively and economically what the government of the people cannot accomplish at all, or only at an enormous sacrifice. The carrying on of war is to a democracy one of the most if not the most difficult and expensive of all governmental functions, and next to war comes the task of maintaining delicate and intricate international relations. If this task is to be conducted in a manner that will best promote the interests of the state, there must be as little friction as possible with other states, there must be always ready, and often quick, decision, and there ought to be continuity of foreign policy. All of these essential, or at least desirable, elements are foreign to the spirit of democracy. As a rule, the American people conduct their foreign affairs by mass-meeting. Congress insists on directing them, and its course, and sometimes its language and its manners, in dealing with a foreign country, are in accordance with what its demagogues regard as public opinion or public prejudice. I do not speak of this inherent weakness of a democracy in war and in diplomacy merely by way of criticism, but as a fact of the first importance, to be taken seriously into account, for if we are to enter the field as a "world power," our system as well as our policy must be changed; we must then have a consistent and continuous foreign policy, instead of one that is vacillating, changeable, and regardless of the feelings or prejudices of other nations. We must be able to negotiate in secret, and to determine and conclude treaties before the public is aware of their terms. We must also be polite to foreign powers. If we are to have frontiers in every ocean of the world, which would mean probable complications and possible wars, the body that stands for us ought not to be so many purposed or so responsive to the shiftings of popular whims and prejudices that it will almost inevitably increase tension, or add to chances of disagreement, or repel favors and alliances by frankly expressing its contemptuous opinion of a possible antagonist. Moreover, we must then construct a strong colonial administrative force. We cannot select colonial Governors from the ranks from which we appoint Indian agents. We ought to seek for higher character than our Presidents have been content with in selecting Governors of Territories. We cannot turn over colonial post-offices to the mercies of star-route contractors. It will not do to leave to Congress the direction of every detail of administration. We cannot, in a word, give to chance predatory politicians the government of distant peoples. At least, if we do all these things, we shall be the most monumental failure in colonial en-

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terprise that the world has ever known. Above all, we must maintain a great army and navy in a constant state of efficiency — that is, under the absolute command of trained men who, with their forces, are not at the mercy of the politician. Of course all this will be enormously expensive, and perhaps oppressive, but it will all be necessary for our domestic happiness and peace, if we are to extend our rule over alien peoples in dangerous localities.

The American executive is well suggested by Mr. James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth:*

> When the law gives to the magistrate a wide decision, he is powerful, because the law clothes his will with all the power of the state. On the other hand, if the law goes into very minute details, directing the official to do this and not to do that, it narrows the discretion of the executive magistrate. His personal will and choice are gone. He can no longer be thought of as a co-ordinate power in the state. He becomes a mere servant, or hand, to carry out the bidding of the legislative brain, or, we may even say, a tool in the legislative hand.

It was the purpose of the founders of this republic, because of their experience with the headless Confederation, to establish an executive power, but they so limited it that it has really become what Mr. Bryce describes as the "mere servant" or the "tool" of the legislative branch of the government. The framers believed with Thomas Hooker, that "they who have the power to appoint officers and magistrates have also the right to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them." But they went too far in their effort to restrain the executive, or rather in their effort to retain power through the legislative branch—the branch of the government which most directly speaks the will of the people, the masters.

The interference of the legislative branch of the government with the executive makes the executive weak and uncertain. If any one wishes to discover the extent of legislative interference, he has only to consult a general appropriation act. There he will find that the national executive has really hardly any discretion. Congress directs every act, from the most important to the most trivial. Besides the larger limitations upon its power, Congress decides for it the character and extent of every river or harbor improvement, often against the recommendations of the expert engineers. It directs the location and character of every light-house, buoy, and spindle, every post-route, and every letter-delivery. It does not even permit the executive to employ a clerk or a telephone-operator without its consent, or to buy or to repair a wagon used in the service of a department. It rents a wagon-shed for the Treasury Department. It buys and repairs harness. It prohibits the employment of any one, even for an emergency, except at rates fixed by law. It even determines the number of postage-stamps that may be used in each department during the fiscal year. Indeed, it is so busy concerning these trifles that it usually has no time for the consideration of larger subjects. The fact that they are trifles may suggest that they are not worth mentioning; but they are symptomatic. The Congress that limits and hampers the executive in small matters, also, it must be recollected, takes away from it the real command of the army and navy, defeats its attempts to make treaties with foreign powers, dictates its appointees for important offices, and refuses to leave to experts the establishment of our monetary system. One result of legislative control of the details of administration is that hardly one of the executive functions of the government is thoroughly well administered. From the office of the member of the cabinet to the smallest post-office or constable we have, as a rule, inefficient service, and often corruption. We have what we might expect from men, many of whom are uncertain as to the length of their service, directed as to their duties by rules made by a large and often indifferent body of politicians at Washington. That the legislative branch is the chief power in the country is not, it is true, an evil. Our democratic experiment implies such rule, and the rule of a thoroughly independent and strong executive would be inconsistent with it. A rule like that of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico, for example, would not be tolerated here. The will that dominates in essentials must continue to be the will of the people expressed through their representatives in the legislature. It is certain, however, that the legislative branch has gone too far in one direction in its en-

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croachments on the rights of the individual, and, in the other, in its emasculation of the executive; but while the time has not yet come to think of surrendering the blessings of self-government and the virtues of representative government, on account either of evils which may be cured or apparent evils which are inherent in democracy, there is no doubt that it is time to reconsider the relations of the legislative and executive departments, with a view to restraining the former and strengthening the latter, for with our present organization the executive power of the government ought not to be charged with new international concerns or with the duty of governing colonies, for it is not even adequate to present demands, largely because it is not permitted to exercise any will or discretion of its own. In order that our democratic government may efficiently perform the services and the duties promised and commanded by the laws, it will be necessary to free the executive, and to make the administrative power more effective. This is essential in order to obtain a power capable of good administration of the laws and policies of the popular source of power. Such an executive as a king or a kaiser or a Diaz would, it is true, put an end to our political experiment. We do not need such a power for efficiency, but we do need executive and administrative officers who can be trusted to put into operation the conclusions of the legislative body in the wisest and most effective manner. Having such an executive and such an administrative force, the legislature should cease to bind their will and discretion by vexatious details of the kind which I have specified. The law should state the end to be accomplished and the amount of money to be expended for the attainment of the desired object, and then the executive and administrative officers should be left free to carry out the legislative will. Such a change of organization would give to the country an executive equal to the task of properly and efficiently administering the existing system and existing laws. At present we have not even such an executive, while if we are to go further afield to take on new functions hitherto foreign to us, and contrary to our early policy, without at the same time making such changes in our organization and adding such powers to our executive as to work a revolution, our attempt at expansion will very likely bring to us disaster and humiliation, failure and shame, that may in turn lead to a revolt against the very form of government which we have so laboriously established, a revolt which will in a moment turn back the clock of progress a century; for revolt follows, as we saw at the outset of this article, when the people are discontented with the power which decides how much taxes they shall pay, and for what the revenues shall be employed—with the power, in other words, which is the dominant factor in their government. A century ago that power was the executive power, and to-day it is the legislative power. It has been demonstrated, we think, that on the whole, and notwithstanding present excesses and socialistic tendencies, the rule of the legislative power is best for the individual, because it leaves him the largest liberty consistent with any government at all. It ought, however, to be tempered and restrained for the attainment of still better government under our present system, while if we are to enter the field where the executive alone can succeed, the weaknesses which Congress displays in the smaller executive tasks which it has undertaken point clearly enough to disastrous failure in larger and more exacting tasks. If it cannot properly command an army of 25,000 men; if it has demonstrated that the power to declare war should be taken away from it because of the fact that the once feared and suspected executive turns out to be more conservative and possessed of a graver sense of responsibility than the representatives of the people have manifested; if it cannot assent to any treaty of importance because of divided councils; if it must intrude its many and awkward fingers into the small details of daily administrative duties—it follows inevitably that its undertaking to play a part the success of which depends absolutely upon a single head and a single conscience must be an abject failure. Now the abject failure of a government invites overthrow, and therefore to contemplate colonial expansion under our present system, or without a material and revolutionary strengthening of the executive, is to invite such a revolt against legislative power as the eighteenth-century democrats raised against executive power.

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# THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

ON Monday morning Love Lord sat on the side-door step, stitching some fine linen shirt bands for her father. It was a day in early May, moving from dawn to dark with a rush of strong fresh winds, made almost as palpable as wings by the apple and cherry blossoms which they loosened and bore away from the trees. There was a fine apple-orchard in full bloom in the rear of Parson Reuben Lord's gray shingled house, three large white-plumed cherry-trees stood in the side yard, but Love would never taste the apples and cherries therefrom, unless perchance some scanty measure of poor fruit could not be readily sold. All of Parson Lord's alabaster boxes of life were sold, and the proceeds devoted to foreign missions. Love had never questioned the wisdom of it; she had never questioned the wisdom of any of the orderings of her life. She regarded them as indirectly ordained by Providence through her father, and not to be cavilled at, except possibly in one instance. Love at twelve years of age had had many lacks of life, but only one active sorrow, and that sense of loss and deprivation after the delight of possession which induces rebellion.

Love had lost her mother when she was scarce more than a baby; she had been brought up by a rigorous widow, a distant relative of her father's, who had trained her according to all letters of law and faith. So inexorable had been her method, so thoroughly had Love been taught to perform her duties, that there had seemed to be danger of their losing the distinction of hand and individual work. Little Love had lived as under the self-regulating motive power of an automaton, her native inclinations, whether toward grace or perversity, being wholly amenable to her instructress, as to a spiritual sun and wind. Cousin Daphne Weatherhead, as the widow was called, was the only person with whom she was brought in close contact through her childhood. Of her father she saw very little except at meals, at family prayers, and on Sabbath days, when she sat for hours, with her solemn innocent eyes intent upon him, as he proclaimed the truths of the Word and the terrors of the law from his beetling pulpit.

Parson Reuben Lord was so closely welded to his faith and his devotion that he seemed to gain therefrom a strange stiffness, almost ossification, of spirit. People, while holding him in utmost respect for his stern consistency of life, yet regarded him with awe which had in it something of terror. His fervent zeal for the cause of missions seemed the ruling passion of his life. His two brothers were still laboring in foreign fields. It had been the sorest trial of his life that delicate health in his youth had kept him at home in narrower and more peaceful tillage. It had also been a sore trial to him that his first-born child had not been a son, whom he could devote, with more certainty of the acceptability of the sacrifice, to the cause of Christ in heathen lands. There was, however, a belief in the village that he had so devoted his first-born daughter, Elizabeth. When the child died, at the early age of seven, after a most wonderful life and precocious maturity of religious experience, afterward celebrated in a memoir which became a village classic, people were strengthened in this belief. It was also reported, on the authority of Aunt Betsey Ware, who had officiated at both births, that the parson made a similar dedication to the Lord of his second daughter, Love, in spite of the expostulations of his poor wife Mehitable, whose maternal affection overcame her religious ardor.

It was even said that Mehitable Lord had faded away and died because of her preying grief over the loss of her first-born, and the fear lest the second, who was delicate, and had that sensitiveness of disposition which is sometimes thought prophetic of early death, should follow her. However that may have been, Mehitable Lord died when Love was too young to have anything but that vague sense of loss of love in the abstract which, while it changes the whole savor of life, does not rend it with bitterness. Love had no little mates during her childhood.

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Cousin Daphne Weatherhead, seemingly with the best of motives, kept her aloof from them. "You are the minister's daughter, and should endeavor to follow in the footsteps of your sainted sister," Cousin Daphne would remark if the little maid seemed to cast a wistful eye toward the frolics of the young of her kind. Poor little Love used, for she learned to read at an early age, to strive to console and amuse herself with the perusal of the memoir of her sainted sister. Sitting in her little chair, with the book on her small aproned knees, she bent her childish brows over its pious pages, and pondered gravely its every word.

Love's childhood, which might well have been considered somewhat dull and joyless, though so straightly ordered in the paths of righteousness and peace, held, however, but one grief. When she was six years old she had had a doll presented to her by a loving old dame who had brought up a family of fourteen children. The doll had belonged to her youngest daughter, and was a homely, rustic specimen of her race; but Love took it to her heart with a great content and the most credulous admiration. She was guilty of the one act of deception and the one lie of her childhood for the protection of this poor doll which had come to her for motherhood. She hid the fact of its possession from Cousin Daphne, and then she told a falsehood when questioned.

The pleased old grandmother who had given it to her told of it here and there with innocent garrulity, not dreaming it would do harm. But when Cousin Daphne heard the news, home she came, and poor little Love underwent a miniature inquisition, and remained firm under her rack and thumb-screw. "No, Grandma Streeter didn't ever give me any doll," declared she, with blue eyes looking straight into Cousin Daphne's, yet with a recoil glance of horror at her own wickedness. The word of this small sister of a departed saint was pitted against that of an ancient mother in Israel, but Cousin Daphne made diligent search, and discovered the doll hidden away under Love's feather bed. When she held it before Love, and the child saw the beloved symbolic baby, never of any beauty whatever, and now battered and marred by the caresses and corrections of many mothers, until only a little girl in whom the first strength of maternal imagination can encompass miracles could hold her of any account whatever, she expressed no shame or contrition; she only stretched out her arms with a cry of love and agony: "Give her to me! oh, give her to me! Don't take her away, Cousin Daphne!"

That confirmed matters. Love did not see the doll again for years; and she knelt, in company with her father and Cousin Daphne, until, out of docility and terror, her soul was melted within her with contrition for her heinous sin. Poor little Love seemed to almost see the lapping of the infernal fires around her, and she could not even hold the doll in her arms for comfort. She used often to wonder where it was, what Cousin Daphne had done with it; but she would no more have asked her than she would have taken the name of the Lord in vain. And as for asking her father, she would never forget till her dying day his countenance of stern wretchedness and condemnation when Cousin Daphne had told him of her wickedness, and the almost despairing fervor of his prayer. She would as soon have asked for a little graven image.

Love was twelve years old when Cousin Daphne was found one afternoon sitting stiffly in her chair, with her knitting-work in her motionless hands. She did not come to prayers, and when Love went to call her, Cousin Daphne's face looked at her unseeingly out of the gathering dusk. After Cousin Daphne's death she lived alone with her father, it being held that with her fine training she was able to keep his house at the age of twelve. Love knelt with her father an hour every morning and evening, and listened to his reading of the Scriptures and prayers. She prepared his frugal meals, and sat timidly and respectfully opposite him at table. The rest of the time he remained alone in his study, walled in, as it were, with the thoughts of dead divines and fathers of the Church in mummy-cases of old calf-skin, and was in sore labor over his many-headed sermons.

Love kept his house, as she had been taught, as if it were her own soul; she cleaned it as she would have cleaned her heart of sin; she made all the poor furnishings shine as if they had been the trappings of the Temple, and acquitted herself like a housewife of twice her age, to the approbation of all the village matrons. This morning, although it was still early, the house was neatly set in

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order from garret to cellar, and there were two hours for the fine stitching before dinner. She sat there, hearing the soft rush of the spring wind and breathing in the flurrying sweetness of the cherry blossoms, but with no consciousness thereof. She set the beautiful stitches, like a little row of pearls, with the precision of a machine, her fingers working with no aid from her mind, which was intent upon a dream she had the night before about her lost doll.

As Love sat there the dream was to her what the perfume was to the cherry blossom, and would have been as evident to a sense made for its perception. Love had dreamed, the night before, that she was up in the garret of her father's house, when she heard a little wail, like that of a young baby. She started and looked around, and it came again, seemingly from the vicinity of an old hair trunk which her father had carried to college in his youth. An experience which she had had at church that day had possibly, by some obscure system of suggestion, induced the dream. That Sunday Love had seen for the first time the squire's new wife. The squire had lately married for the second time, a woman from the city, elderly, but very beautiful and stately. She had brought her orphan grandson to live with her. This grandson, Richard Pierce, was a boy of fourteen, large for his age and forward of understanding. He was nearly fitted to enter Harvard College. That Sunday, young Richard, sitting in the squire's pew, looked across at Love, sitting all alone in the parson's pew. Love was slim and tall, but with a pretty roundness under her little drab spencer cape, with apple curves of pink cheeks under her scooping bonnet, tied under her sweet chin with a sober colored ribbon like her cape. Not a bright tint was there about Love, except in her face and hair. Young Master Richard looked at her with the half-indifferent, half-earnest gaze of an intellectual boy whose mind is devoted to matters in his estimation more important than the faces of girls, and yet has at times, in his own despite, his heart stirred faintly with the instincts and imaginations of his kind. At last Love, compelled perhaps by his gaze, looked at him, though it was in the midst of a fiery appeal from the pulpit. She gazed at the boy with an utter calmness and unconsciousness of scrutiny, as if he were something inanimate. Indeed, to this young Love, with her perfect innocence of ignorance and the long training of her mind on spiritual lines, a boy did not mean as much as a girl, nor much more than a rose-bush or an apple-tree. Richard, as if something in himself, of which he had not known, was discovered by her gaze, looked away with a great blush, and then Love turned her eyes from him towards his grandmother. They were suddenly alert, full of the most timid yet ardent admiration. The one love with which the child had any acquaintance, and for which she had as yet any yearning, was in the face of that elderly dame. It shone plain to her sight when she glanced at the grandson by her side, and it beamed forth, like a light in the windows of a home, when she saw little Love gazing at her in such timidly beseeching and admiring wise. Love cast down her eyes before the sweet mother-look of the squire's lady, her heart leapt, her mouth quivered as if she would weep. She thought that never, never since her own mother, whose caresses she remembered better than her face, had there been any one as beautiful as this woman. That morning Love heard no more of her father's discourse. She was conscious of nothing except that mother-presence, which seemed to pervade the whole church. The inexorable fatherhood of God, as set forth in the parson's sermon, was not as evident to the hungry little heart in His sanctuary as the motherhood of the squire's lady. She continued to gaze at her at intervals, with softly furtive eyes of adoration, as if the lady were the Blessed Mary, and she a little papist; and when she sometimes received a tenderly benignant glance in return, she scarcely knew where her body was, such was the elation of her spirit. When, after meeting, she was going down the aisle, and came abreast of the wonderful lady, and the soft sweep of her velvet cloak brushed her face like a wing, she could not help an involuntary nestle against her side, as if she were a baby. Then the squire's lady bent down, her beautiful old face framed in gray curls, and smiled, and lifted her hand, and patted Love gently on the smooth curve of her cheek. Love could have gone down at her feet. Nobody since her mother's death had ever caressed her to that extent. She gave a quick look up



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at the lady with something between a sob and a smile, then shrank back, followed her out of church, and watched her drive away with the squire and Master Richard, though she did not see them at all.

Somehow this encounter with the squire's lady set Love to thinking, more strenuously than usual, of the lost doll of her childhood, and that night she dreamed that she went over to the old trunk, and suddenly her doll peeped at her from behind it. It wore the same muslin frock sprigged with green which she remembered well, and the same bonnet made of pasteboard covered with green satin; but the little face, which looked up at her with the lips parted in a wail, was, curiously enough, that of the squire's lady, gray curls and all, with the tiny cheeks crumpled delicately in pink and white, like an old rose-bud. When Love awoke, she could scarcely believe that the dream was not true, being one of those for whom dreams are separated from the real by insensible shadings rather than sharp divisions.

Love pondered over it all the morning, and that afternoon, her father being away, she stole guiltily up to the garret, and stood listening, breathless, in the midst of the great stretch of space, with the triangle of rafters converging over her head. There was only one small window, and the afternoon was growing old. On either side of the garret, under the eaves, lay long shadows of dark mystery, which to the child's excited fancy seemed often stirring to arise. The garret, like the rest of the house, was very clean and sparse. All the small store of discarded household furnishings was stowed away neatly against the eaves, and the middle space was bare. Love could see the great arc of an old tow-wheel which had not been used for many a year, and near it a cedar chest which contained her mother's meagre wardrobe, two barrels full of old sermons, and the little hair trunk. There was not much besides, except a surtout which had belonged to her grandfather, which hung on a nail over the trunk.

Love stood listening, she scarcely knew for what, but the influence of her dream was strong upon her. She was like a little statue of fearful attention, in her straight blue gown, her hands clutching nervously at her sides, her eyes dilating to the dusk and her own fears. Finally Love went over to the trunk and peered behind it. There was no doll there, at once to her disappointment and her relief. She opened the trunk, and it was full of old letters. Love straightened herself, and in so doing jostled her grandfather's surtout. One sleeve swung out and hit her cheek with a curious impetus for anything so presumably soft and light. Love started back; a sense of the uncanny thrilled her; then she caught hold of the sleeve eagerly, and there was her doll. Cousin Daphne had been a subtle concealer; people had seldom found out anything which she wished to keep secret. She had doubtless many curious hiding-places in empty habits and meaningless forms for the privacies of her own character, and she was at no loss, working from with-



"LOVE STOOD LISTENING."

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in out to practical illustrations, to find a concealment for poor Love's doll.

Love slipped up the sleeve, and looked irresolutely at the clumsy rag feet; she looked at the pantalets edged with knitted lace, and the hem of the green-sprigged muslin skirt. Love removed the doll and looked at it tremblingly. It was the same old doll. Love went over to the front window and sat down on the floor, clasping it closely. She felt unutterably guilty, still there was a sweet comfort from the feeling of the doll in her arms which she could not help realizing, in spite of her conviction of sin. There was in her consciousness a savor, faint and diluted, of the joy of a mother united to a long-lost child. She gazed at its poor old rag face, its wide mouth painted grotesquely with pokeberry juice, its staring eyes outlined in circles of India ink. She stroked lovingly the scanty locks made from a ravelled brown silk stocking. She knew that the doll was miserably ugly, but, by a sort of under-knowledge of love, she also knew she was fair. She pressed her closely to her childish bosom, throbbing with a sense of shame and guilt, and yet with defiant joy. She kissed her as she had never kissed any living thing.



"HE FELT A VAGUE UNEASINESS."

That night Parson Lord's supper was an hour late. He, working by candlelight in his study, felt that vague uneasiness which results from the interruption of a habit upon which no especial stress of mind has been laid, although it may have continued through a lifetime. Through his surfeit of spiritual food, he had scarcely ever been conscious of any desire for that of the flesh. He had never looked forward impatiently to his supper hour, and it was doubtful if he had ever partaken of the meal with a full perception of its quality or quantity, being always more or less abstracted from all material things. To-night he fidgeted over his sixthly without knowing why. He did not even know, when his daughter came trembling to his study door, that the meal was late, but followed her without a word, and took his place at the table, and bowed his head for the solemnly muttered blessing. The meal was frugal, as all meals were at Parson Lord's—just a brown loaf, a pitcher of milk, and tea made of steeped sage leaves. Genuine tea was not to be thought of, with foreign missions in such sore need.

That night Parson Lord ate his supper

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"LOVE NEVER KNEW WHETHER SHE ANSWERED HER."

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with a curious mechanical gusto, as if his body, through its long fast, might be asserting itself without the knowledge or connivance of his mind. He did not notice that his daughter ate nothing, nor her disturbed face. After he had done he bowed his head reverently again, gave thanks to the Lord for His mercies in a lengthy list, and returned to his study.

An hour afterward, when Love had washed and put away the supper dishes and set the bread to rising, she knocked at the study door, twice and thrice before her father heard her. At last he bade her enter, and looked up absently when the door opened, expecting to see some brother or sister in quest of spiritual aid, as was often the case. Instead, there stood his own daughter, pale and trembling piteously, holding the old doll in her arms. Parson Lord stared at her, took off his spectacles, wiped them, and stared again. "What do you want, my child?" he inquired.

Before he had finished speaking, Love came to his side and stood there in an agony of contrition, displaying the doll. "I found her where Cousin Daphne hid her," she said, in a strained, quick way; then she sobbed; all her staidness and propriety of demeanor had failed her.

The parson stared at her, his thin lips parted, his high forehead knitted. He had entirely forgotten the episode of the doll. Poor Love had to repeat the whole story. A light of understanding came into the parson's eyes as he listened. "And you found it, you say, this afternoon?" he said, in a curious voice.

"Yes, father," replied Love. Then she cried, with a great sob of appeal, "Oh, father, may I keep her now?"

Parson Lord's face quivered a little as he looked at her, then settled again into its usual lines of ascetic sternness and gravity. None but his Maker knew if it cost him a struggle, but he refused the child; he bade her carry the doll back where she had found it. Love obeyed without a demur. She took a candle, went slowly up the steep garret stairs, stole trembling through the dark flickering stretch of shadows to the old surtout hanging with an awful semblance of life from the nail in the rafters, gave the poor doll one last fervent caress, and thrust it back in the sleeve, pinning it therein as before. That night Reuben Lord knelt long with his daughter in earnest prayer; her old sins of disobedience and deception were rekindled to their full enormity, until they shone before her as in characters of fire. That night Love slept little, being kept awake by the war between her innocent members and her fierce New England conscience. Many a time, as she lay there, it seemed to her that she must arise, steal up stairs, rescue the doll from the darkness and loneliness, and hold it through the rest of the night close in her arms.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Love, sitting alone in the parson's pew, was much paler and soberer of countenance than usual. Once in a while, though she strove to keep her mind upon the sermon, her mouth quivered when she thought of the doll. Perhaps it was that which led the squire's lady to favor her with such special and gracious notice at the close of the services. That beautiful and stately lady, when she reached Love lingering at the door of the pew, actually put caressingly about her an arm draped with silk shimmering with purples like the breast of a dove, and bade her a "Good-morning, my dear child." Love never knew whether she answered her or not. She went home in a sort of ecstasy, as of first love.

The squire's lady was in reality her first love. However fond she might be again of others, the affection would go forth in a worn channel. The girl heard that tender voice multiplying into infinite cadences of love and comfort in all the voices of the spring day. Love's cheeks were so flushed and her eyes so strange with happiness that even her father noticed it when she sat opposite him at the dinner table.

His mind had been intent upon his afternoon discourse, when suddenly he looked up as if at a touch upon the shoulder. His daughter sat before him just as usual, dressed in her little homely gown of a dull drab-color, with never a ribbon bow to brighten it. Her pretty fair hair braided so smoothly and tightly that the very color seemed compressed, was crossed in the usual flat mat at the back of her head, and brought over her ears in two satinlike folds, with high lights of polish at the sides. Her father saw nothing unusual in her except that blue shining of eyes which seemed almost wild, and that flush of cheeks which seemed almost fever, and an involuntary



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curving of lips into smiles which seemed almost levity.

First the parson inquired of his daughter if she were ailing, and then if she were in a state of mind befitting the day. To both inquiries Love replied dutifully, her color deepening, to the former with a respectful negative, to the latter with a modest hesitancy of hope that she might be, which was reassuring. However, her father continued to gaze at her now and then in the same curious and anxious way. He looked not only at her face, but at her dress and her hair, as if he saw them for the first time. He continued to gaze at her in the same fashion later on when they walked to the meeting-house for the afternoon service. He seemed to see the patient, sober young figure at his side with ever-recurring surprise. He scanned again and again the homely dun-colored gown, falling in scanty folds to the clumsy little shoes, the poor bonnet tied with dull ribbon. Then he looked from her to some gayer figures moving along the road with flutters of bright streamers and flounces.

Love would have been disturbed by this unwonted notice of her father had not her whole mind been intent upon the squire's lady, who was not there, indeed, but whose presence seemed more vital to her than that of any who sat under the parson's preaching. Until the sermon began she watched anxiously for the object of her adoration to enter, and when she became certain that she was not coming, she felt a pang at heart the like of which she had never known before. She could have wept when she saw Master Richard Pierce coming up the aisle alone. She could not bear to look at the squire's pew; once when young Richard's persistent gaze of admiration forced her unwilling attention, she almost scowled at him, so sad and impatient was she, and jealous of her own self for the sake of the squire's lady. However, after a while she became in a manner reconciled to her disappointment, and fell to musing tenderly over past joy, and building air-castles for the future.

Love's face then took on such an expression that the boy in the squire's pew gazed at her as if fascinated, seeing for the first time the dream of love in a young girl's face. Richard that day managed to be at the door of the parson's pew when Love emerged; he cast a keen though somewhat shamefaced glance at her, but she did not see him at all. "I don't think that girl is very pretty, come to see her close to," he reflected, on his way home. He resolved not to take the trouble to look at her again, with the unconfessed masculine assurance of her annoyance in that case.

Love would not at that time have known whether he looked or not, having eyes for his grandmother only; and the next day but one something happened to distract her still farther. Upon that day Love had the first great and beautiful surprise of her life. She had been alone since morning, as she had been the day before. On Monday and Tuesday of every week the parson travelled to neighboring towns, where they had not the benefit of regular Sabbath services in a church of his own denomination, and gave them a week-day rendering of his Lord's-day sermon. On Tuesday afternoon Love grew weary of her needle-work, and thought that she would have a change of task by way of harmless recreation. So thinking, she went up to her chamber to get a sampler which she was working. When Love had crossed the threshold of her chamber she stopped short with a gasp. There in her little chair sat a doll, not the old rag doll, but a new, resplendent creature—a very ideal of dollhood. No unskilled hands had ever fashioned this radiant thing of blooming wax and real flaxen ringlets, of sweetest smiles of baby candor and innocence, of blue eyes intently beaming at the whole world of child-women without a special glance of favor for one, of pink satins and ribbons, of fine linens and laces. Love stood looking, her eyes dilated, her breath coming short and quick. At length she gained courage, and went nearer and knelt down before the wonderful thing. Her face was rapt. It was long before she dared to touch the doll, to do anything but drink in its beauty with her eyes and embrace it with her soul. Finally she rose, with a great sigh of delicious terror, took up the doll, and seated herself. As she sat there, with the little flaxen head on her shoulder, fingering with gentle, reverent fingers the delicate mysteries of the fine apparel, she was, for the first time in her life, in a state of actual bliss. She had experienced ecstasy at the caressing touch of the squire's lady and her loving words, but this was fruition and realization of

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the vague sweet promise of that touch and word. Love did not doubt for one minute that the doll came from the bountiful hand of the squire's lady. She reasoned away easily enough all difficulties in the way of its having been brought secretly to the house and deposited in her chamber. Love had that order of mind which springs to conviction, and afterward proves the route to it by a facile imagination. Old Aunt Betsey Ware was then living at the squire's.

"Aunt Betsey," reasoned Love, conclusively, "is well acquainted with this house; she knows well where my chamber is, and I have been at work in the kitchen, where I could not have heard any one enter, had they stepped softly." Moreover, that very forenoon Love had seen Aunt Betsey hurrying down the road, with head averted, as if she did not wish to be noticed. Love *knew* that the squire's lady had given her the doll. When she heard her father open the door she rose without a second's hesitation, and still clasping the doll, followed him into the study before he had seated himself at his desk.

When the parson turned at the sound of the opening door and saw his daughter standing there, with the great doll in her arms, a strange expression came over his face, the like of which she had never seen there before. But Love did not heed that, neither did she fairly know the matter of her father's answer to her quivering statement concerning the doll, and her pitiful petition that she be allowed to keep it. In truth, it was a long and somewhat stilted speech which Parson Lord made to his trembling daughter, and it was not singular that Love, in her agitation, should grasp only the gist of it—that she might keep the doll. Love, with her New England shamefacedness as to all demonstration, only dropped a prim little courtesy, said "Thank you, sir," and went out, with the doll's pink face looking over her shoulder; but there might well have been a perceptible darkening of the room, so much joy went with her.

Love that night was fairly possessed with affection and gratitude; she loved her father as she had never loved him before, and he seemed nearer to her. She had not mentioned her belief that the squire's lady was the donor of the precious gift. She thought, jumping at that conclusion as she had done at the other, that her father must know it as well as she. Who but the squire's lady could have given her the doll?

Love then entered at once upon a new epoch in her life. It seemed a strange thing that the possession of a plaything of childhood should all at once transform her character from that of a child to that of a woman, but such was apparently the case. Love never played, in the strictest sense of the word, with her doll; she never tended it with that sweet make-believe of motherhood in dressing and nursing; but the doll surely sent her heart into blossom, being perhaps the little stimulus of love needed for that end. At this time there came into the girl's face that expression of sweet intelligence and gentle comprehension, instead of the mere innocent outlook of childhood. People meeting Love in those days used to look at her carelessly, as one looks at any wonted object, then look again and again with growing wonder, as at a change which they could not define. Some, after meeting her so, said she had grown tall, some that she had grown pretty, some that she grew to look more like her mother, or father, or Cousin Daphne. Whatever they said, people noticed her more. A few weeks after she had come into the possession of her doll, the squire's lady, one morning, sent over Aunt Betsey Ware with a formally worded message.

"Mrs. Squire Hawkes desires her compliments to Miss Love Lord, and would be pleased to have her company at tea this afternoon," said Aunt Betsey, with a fine and consequential pucker, and Love could only courtesy in unquestioning gratitude and acquiescence, like one who is bidden to an audience with a queen.

That very morning Master Richard Pierce had departed for college, and his grandmother, feeling sad and lonely, had bethought herself of the parson's sweet little daughter whom she had noticed so often in meeting, that it would be a comfort to have another young face at her tea table that night.

Love had never been in the squire's house since the advent of this second wife. This was to institute a new order of things. She sat at the dainty tea table opposite the squire's lady—the squire himself was confined to his room with rheumatism—ate gingerly and delicately of the cream biscuits, the quince sauce, and the pound-cake. She sipped

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her tea from the blue china cup, with timid lifts, over the rim, of blue eyes at the kind and gracious face opposite; she spoke modestly when she was spoken to, and if she volunteered a remark, did so with a sweet deference which was pretty to behold. The squire's lady was even more pleased with the child than she had thought to be.

"She is a dear child," she told the squire when Love had gone, and she was in his chamber mixing the sleeping-cup for which she had a dainty hand. "She is a dear child. I mean to have her often to tea. 'Tis a treat to her, too. I hear the good parson keeps her close and is over-strict with her."

"Did she tell you so?" asked the squire, beginning to sip his spiced and comforting drink from his silver cup.

"No; she said nothing; she never would, unless I mistake her greatly," replied his wife. "I had it from Aunt Betsey, who formerly lived there." The squire's lady, beautiful and gracious though she was, still got some savor to life from a little harmless gossip.

"Well, 'tis true enough," said the squire, "true enough. The parson has driven her with a mighty tight rein, and taught her to shy at the first scent of the devil." The squire had been in his day, and was still, a great lover of horseflesh. "Why, bless you, my dear," said the squire, "I don't suppose that child ever had anything but the drippings of the contribution-box to eat or wear or make merry with. Every cent that the parson can save goes to foreign missions. Why, he sells every apple in his orchard—all except the windfalls—and sends the proceeds to India's burning strand; never one left for that poor child to have a bite of, fine apples too, a rare kind, brought from overseas by his grandfather. I've tried to graft from 'em, and couldn't. I don't suppose that child ever has a lollypop or a sweet-cake unless it's given her, and I don't know but her father would make her sell it then and drop in the penny next Sabbath day. Never a ribbon flying, or a frill setting her off. I've noticed her myself. I used to know her mother; used to think sometimes—I was perfectly satisfied with my own wife, you know, my dear—but I used to think that if I had been a young man, and my wife had married somebody else, I would have known how to look out for her better than the man who had her—one of the prettiest girls anywhere about. I wonder if the parson intends to send his daughter to Burmah or the Fiji Islands? Well, he is a good man, and he has stepped along in his path of duty without a kick or a shy, and I suppose he is sure of finding his heavenly pasture at last. I wish some other people were as sure." The squire finished his cup as he spoke, and handed it to his wife for replenishment.

"It would be a cruel thing for him to send that little wild rose of a girl to any of those deadly climates; she looks as if she might have inherited delicacy from her mother too. I can't believe he will," said she, tilting the china pitcher carefully. "I shall invite her to tea again next week. I think the poor child will be benefited by it."

So it came to pass that every Wednesday afternoon Love went to take tea at the squire's house. Her father gave his consent, Love could not help thinking, with a certain constraint of pleasure at the invitation. "The squire's wife is a godly woman, and, I hear, a notable housekeeper; her example may profit you in some things, as your mother's would have done," the parson said.

Love thought that her father seemed pleased when some fresh gifts, which she attributed, like the others, to the bounty of the squire's lady, arrived. A few days after her first tea-drinking at the squire's, on a warm night in early May, there was a loud knock at the front door, and when Love answered it, no one was there, but a dainty package was swinging by a cord to the latch.

Love, after opening it in the sitting-room, carried it to her father, who sat over his sermon in the study, and displayed, with rapture and terror at what he might say, the fine India muslin for a gown, the beautiful blue ribbon to tie around her waist, and the little morocco shoes. Her father, much to her astonishment, did not withhold his permission for her to keep the gifts, yet he spoke almost sternly regarding them, and impressed upon her her duty in not placing undue importance upon such frivolities, in view of the serious life work before her.

Love went clad in her new finery to take tea with the squire's lady, and her heart was in such a flutter of gratitude she made no expression of it, except by

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an eloquent look at her friend when she praised the beauty of her gown.

"Why, my dear, what have we here, a little white rose instead of a little Quaker lady?" the squire's wife asked, smiling at Love, fluttering before her in her muslin frills; and Love only smiled back at her, and blushed with modest pride and affection.

Love had a delicacy, perhaps exaggerated and misplaced, about returning open thanks for surreptitious benefits. She said never a word to the squire's wife about the gifts. Indeed, a number of times Mrs. Squire Abner Hawkes gave the child presents with no pretence of secrecy; there were three old gowns of her own among them—one, the pride of Love's heart, of a blue figured satin. Love altered these gowns to fit her slender shape, and wore them to the admiration and somewhat to the wonder of all beholders. They thought it strange that Parson Lord should allow his daughter to go dressed so gayly, especially to the house of God. Love, who was henceforth always a bird of fine plumage, never talked much about these showers of surreptitious benefits to her father. She never mentioned the squire's lady in that connection, except now and then to remark upon her kindness, once especially when she wore for the first time the remodelled gown of blue figured satin. It was on a Wednesday, when she was going to take tea at the squire's, and it was four years after her first visit there. The squire's wife was a faithful friend, and Love a faithful admirer.

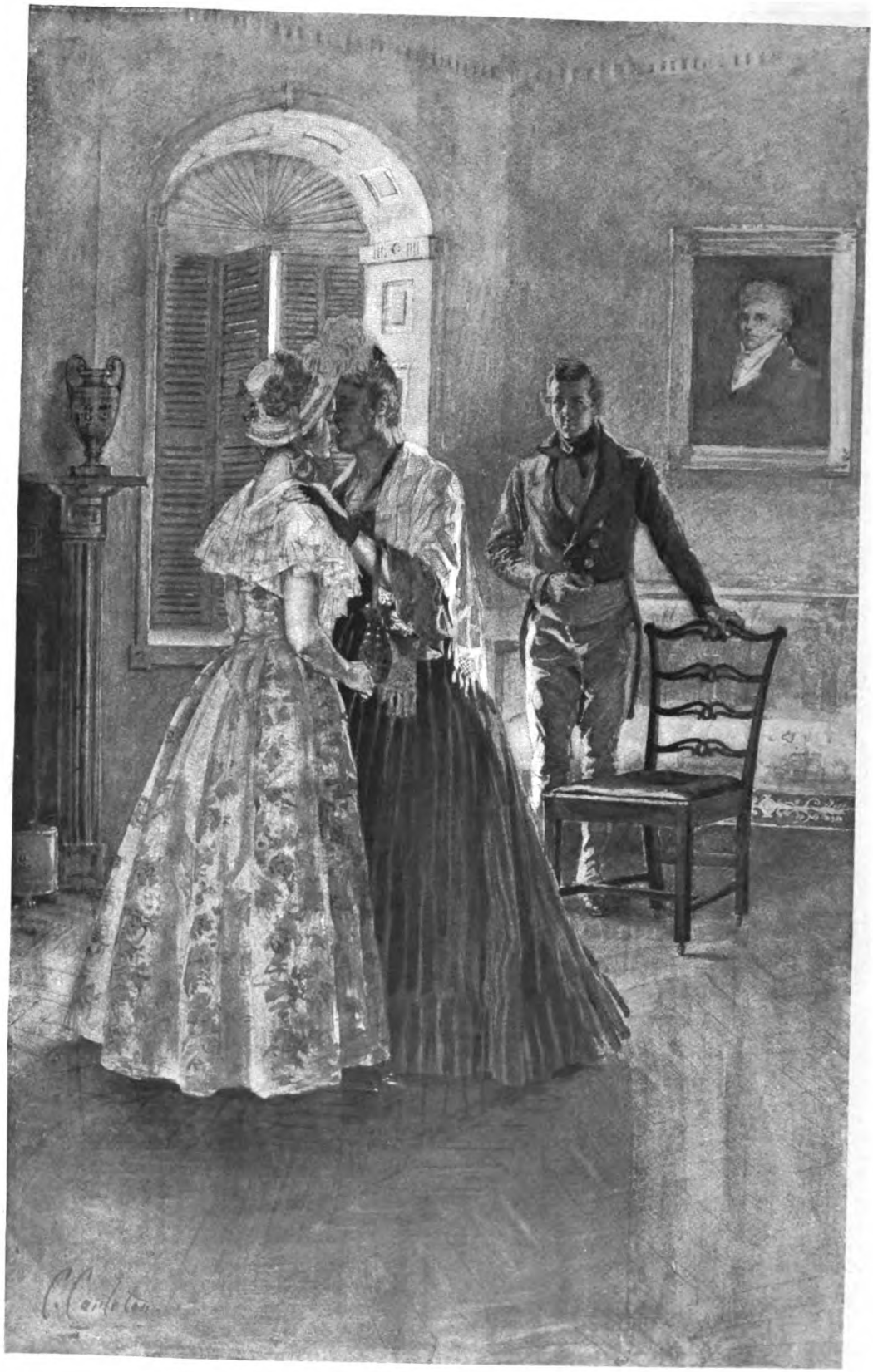
Parson Lord might have pleaded, with truth, the strength of the temptation, had he felt some purely temporal pride in the appearance of his daughter as she stood before him in that gown, shimmering with blue lights from shoulder to heel, and her lovely head shining with a golden crown of braids. In fact, a smile of that utter weakness and fondness which would have better suited her mother's face came over her father's, to Love's wonder. But he enjoined her as sternly as ever not to allow her heart to dwell upon such vanities, but to remember that it was only her poor dying body which was so adorned, then turned again with his usual grave dignity to his sermon.

Mr. Richard Pierce was to be at the tea-drinking that afternoon, and Love did not anticipate the occasion with quite as much pleasure as usual. Now, she thought, it would be good-by to her pleasant sittings and her confidential talks with the squire's lady. She had confessed as much to her friend, who had only patted her cheek fondly and smiled. Love was afterward afraid that she had been rude and forgetful of the claims upon her gratitude and deference. There, she had actually as good as told her that she was sorry her grandson was coming home, when she had not seen him for so long. Mr. Richard Pierce, having developed within himself an amazing spirit of independence, had been away the greater part of his vacations, earning money as tutor, and possibly in other capacities. There were those who claimed to have seen Mr. Richard Pierce, the squire's step-grandson, following the plough on a farm twenty miles away like any farmer's son. During his last vacation he had been in the old country with two boys whom he was fitting for college; the one before that, when he had been home for a few weeks, Love had been housed with a quinsy sore throat, and had not seen him. Indeed, with the exception of a few chance encounters with him at his grandmother's, when he had just arrived or was just leaving, the girl had not seen him at all.

When she reached the squire's house, and entered the stately old sitting-room, hung, as to its walls, with dim old oil-paintings and blurred engravings in heavy frames, furnished with old mahogany pieces reflecting the light, as in little pools, from their polished surfaces, it was at first so dark to her, coming out of the afternoon sunlight, that she could see nobody. The shutters were nearly closed, because the squire's wife had a headache. Love saw her friend's face smiling dimly out of the gloom, heard her voice greeting her fondly, and felt her soft lips on her cheek; then she was presented formally to Mr. Richard Pierce, and curtsied vaguely before a bowing shadow. After Love had removed her worked muslin cape and her bonnet, she seated herself and took out her needlework—a fine handkerchief which she was hem-stitching for her father, having coveted a little daintiness for him as well as herself. She worked industriously, answering modestly and prettily the squire's wife when she spoke to her, and frequently giving her fond glances; but she looked very seldom at Mr. Richard, and



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"LOVE FELT HER SOFT LIPS ON HER CHEEK."

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replied in gentle but cool monosyllables when he ventured to address her.

The young man could scarcely take his eyes from her, though he strove hard not to stare rudely. It seemed to him that he had never in his whole life seen anything quite so fair and wonderful as this girl, who seemed to sit in a sort of blue radiance, with a shaft of sunlight from the open upper half of the shutter gilding her head. All the courtly ease of manner for which he had been quite famed among his associates deserted him. He heard his voice tremble when he addressed this unresponsive girl; he knew that his remarks were boyish commonplaces. It seemed to him that his grandmother's fair guest was in a mood not of maiden shyness only, but of decided aversion toward himself. He wondered in what way he could have offended her so soon. He wondered if she simply objected to him on the score of his personal appearance. It had always been considered fair beyond the average, but it might easily not be so regarded by her. Richard was not a large man; he considered that fact uneasily. He straightened himself to his fullest height when he crossed the room to open a shutter. However, his pains were thrown away; Love did not look at him at all. Still, although she was apparently oblivious of his presence, she was, in reality, fully aware of it.

The moment Love had entered the room, she had been conscious of a strange and pungent odor. She did not know what it was, but Mr. Richard smoked tobacco, and the scent of it was in his clothes. Love did not find it disagreeable, but she perceived it with every breath she drew, and it gave her a strange impulse of maiden rebellion, quite out of proportion to the cause, as if this man were fairly forcing his presence upon her, making it a part of her, whether she would or not.

Love, with a little impatient air foreign to her, removed the lid from a potpourri-jar on a stand near her, and bent her face over it. The scent of rose leaves, lavender, and spices seemed like a reassertion of the flavor of her own maiden individuality, which this man in his tobacco-scented garments, with his glances of hitherto unknown masculine pleading, was striving to overcome.

"It is too pleasant an afternoon for you to sit here in this dark room with your needle-work," said the squire's lady, presently. "Put it away, my dear, and Richard will take you out for a stroll in the garden."

Love started. "Thank you," she faltered, "I would rather remain here with you, if you please."

"Do as I bid you, my dear," repeated the squire's wife, with her air of gentle authority which no one ever gainsaid.

Love, with no further demur, folded her needle-work and put it in her bead bag, and went with Mr. Richard into the garden at the back of the house.

Up and down the long box-bordered paths they paced. Love kept her eyes downcast, and face turned, so that only the pink curve of it was visible to her companion. She answered in soft monosyllables, a yes, sir, or a no, sir, when he addressed her with anxious deference. It spoke well for her charms that this young man, who had been heretofore treated very kindly by her sex, should have had a relish for this strolling in his grandmother's garden with one so sparing of responsive words and smiles. But Mr. Richard Pierce, far from appearing bored or dull, wore a look of rapture, as he paced the tortuous garden paths, Love's blue flounces rustling against him, no matter how far she shrank away, the pungent odor of the rank box, which was waist-high in places, in his nostrils, and now and then, like the melody triumphing over the swell of the bass, a breath of lavender from Love's garments.

They threaded the green maze of the garden, Richard more adoring at every step; he held Love's parasol jealously between her face and the sun. It would have pleased him, doubtless, had the snapdragons in the garden beds been real ones, that he might have slain them in her defence. He ventured to pick a nosegay and offer it to her. She accepted it with courtesy, and when they returned to the house, gave it to his grandmother.

The tea-drinking that afternoon was a sore embarrassment and trial to Love. The squire was away, and his lady's headache had waxed so severe that she had been obliged to retire to her room and leave her guest to sup alone with her grandson.

So she and Mr. Richard sat alone at the table, Love behind the tea-tray with its silver cream-jug and sugar-bowl and blue cups and saucers. She poured out

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"HE VENTURED TO THROW HIMSELF ON THE GRASS AT HER FEET."

the tea, tilting the silver pot with a dainty turn of her round elbow, and inquired politely as to the number of lumps of sugar, but volunteered scarcely a word beside.

She sipped her tea delicately, and made a pretence at her biscuit and a glass of syllabub and a square of sponge-cake, but was all the time anxiously furtive as to Richard's progress, that she might rise from the table.

Even after tea Love was not as soon quit of her admirer as she had expected, for he must needs walk home with her to guard her from the deadly perils of the village street at dusk. She began to fear that she would not be rid of him at her house door, knowing that it would be incumbent upon her, unless she violated her sense of courtesy and hospitality, to invite him to enter. However, the young man, desirous as he might have been to accept the invitation, had the wisdom to refuse.

When Mr. Richard Pierce returned to Boston, some six weeks later, to take up the study of the law, Love had smiled in his face a few times, she had addressed him of her own accord upon as many occasions as he could count on his fingers, and twice when returning in his company from tea-drinkings at his grandmother's, she had strolled with him a half-mile past her house. Once, coming on some errand for his grandmother, and having met with no response to his knocks, he had peered around the house and caught a glimpse of something blue through the trees in the apple orchard. He had followed up that glimpse of blue, and found Love seated with her needle-work in a natural arbor made by the growth of a wild grape-vine over an old apple-tree, and had ventured to throw himself on the grass at her feet. Love cast a startled glance at him, half rose as if to run away, then settled herself and resumed her needle-work. Love's eyes were so intent upon this work that presently the young man dared still further. He gently laid hold of the hem of her blue muslin gown and kissed it fervently.

Love was on her feet in a flash, and her work—a lace tucker which she was

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embroidering—her scissors, her emery, her thread, were on the ground. "I will never come here again, never, never," said she, in a voice between anger and tears, and then was gone, flying like a blue-clad nymph through the green distance to the house.

There was a certain shrewdness about Richard Pierce, although he seemed such a humble lover. He doubtless was abashed and conscience-stricken before Love's indignation, but he argued hopefully from her declaration that she would never visit the arbor again. "She must have thought of the possibility of my meeting her here," reasoned Richard Pierce.

Richard was to leave for Boston the next day but one. The following afternoon he repaired full of hope to the grape-arbor, reaching it by a circuitous way across the fields, lest Love spy him from her window, and so not be able to excuse her coming to herself.

Richard waited long, but Love did not come; finally he repaired boldly to the house and knocked; but no one opened the door. The parson was away; and as for Love, she had been weeping so bitterly that not for the whole world would she have faced Richard Pierce with her red eyes.

Richard came again that evening, and then the parson admitted him, and ushered him into the study, concluding, as a matter of course, that the young man was there upon some errand connected with his soul's salvation.

Richard, after a period of solemn waiting, on the parson's part, for the unburdening of his spirit, inquired somewhat awkwardly if Miss Love were at home. The parson directly inferred that he had come on some errand for his grandmother, and replied that his daughter had retired to her room, suffering with a severe headache, but that he would deliver the message in the morning.

Richard, for very shame before this man so unconscious of his selfish designs, must needs plunge himself still farther into deceit and invent a message, and thereby also accomplish a purpose of his own. He took out of his pocket a neat little parcel in silver-paper, and stated wickedly that his grandmother desired her compliments to Miss Love, and here was a little gift which she begged her to accept, the said gift being a most exquisite and dainty tucker of wrought lace, and a pair of embroidery scissors, and an emery of painted velvet in an ivory case, for all of which treasures he had ridden hard that morning to the next market-town.

Love, up in her chamber, knew perfectly well who was downstairs; she heard him come and heard him go; and although she would not go down to see him and bid him good-by, she wept because she would not.

The next morning, when her father gave her the parcel, she knew at once from whom it had come, in spite of that deceptive message. She colored so hotly that her father looked at her in a puzzled way, and she never thanked Madam Diantha (she had come to call the squire's lady by that name), though here was a fine chance with such an openly presented gift.

That night in his prayer the parson betrayed the fact that, however oblivious he had seemed, he had possibly conceived suspicions. He prayed fervently to the effect that his beloved child might ever be mindful of the daily fulfilment of her duty to the Lord. He quoted Saint Paul in terms rendered somewhat covert by sacred imagery; he declared the blessedness of going into the world and preaching the gospel to every living creature in preference to the joys of this life. He petitioned that she might not forget the example of her sainted sister, that pattern of early piety, and might have strength to follow in that path which she would perchance have trod had her life been spared.

When Love rose from her knees she was very pale. Up in her own chamber, she took the lace tucker and the ivory case, folded them carefully in the silver-paper, and put them in a box of painted satinwood which had belonged to her mother. Then she folded the blue muslin gown whose hem Richard had kissed, daintily in a linen towel, and packed it away with the satinwood box in the very bottom of her chest.

Love did not sleep that night, and looked wan and pale the next morning. Even her father's prayer, which was a sort of triumphant homily upon the joys which await them who overcome, did not seem to raise her flagging spirits. Sometimes that prospect of pearly gate and golden street, of eternal chorals of triumphant praise, seem all too splendid to a little humble soul who would fain have offered to itself a smaller reward for sacrifice.



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If, instead of the sea of jasper and those pavements of gold, Love had had pictured some little door of home, and her mother standing in it with outstretched arms of welcome, it might have filled her with a deeper sense of comfort.

When Richard had been gone a week, he wrote a letter to Love in which he humbly begged her pardon for his boldness the afternoon before he left, and craved the honor of a correspondence.

Love had debated long as to whether her duty demanded that she show this letter to her father and ask his advice in the matter. Finally, being led to a decision largely by the reasoning that her duty it must be since it was such a sore trial, she took the letter to his study, and stood waiting at his elbow, a patient, downcast young figure, while he read it.

The candle-light flickered over the parson's long, pale, heavily corrugated face as he read. It was a face expressive of all the stern resignation and persistency in sacrifice, and of none of its triumphant self-consciousness. Most truly did Parson Lord serve his Maker through pure obedience to His will, and never for the sake of his own. Finally the parson folded the letter, and stated his mind to his daughter, with his usual circumlocution of scriptural imagery. When he had finished, Love courtesied, took her letter, and went back to her chamber.

Poor Richard Pierce received no answer from his divinity, but, instead, a lengthy epistle from her father, assuring him of the receipt of his distinguished favor, which had been submitted to his inspection by his daughter, for whom he had, he begged leave to say, views connected with her spiritual welfare and her true duty in life which rendered it inadvisable, according to his poor judgment, for her to engage in a correspondence of the nature proposed, which might perchance cause her to waste precious time and strength which should be devoted to higher aims, and possibly in the end divert her mind from the favorable contemplation of the one true and acceptable sacrifice of her life. The parson concluded with a few words of pious exhortation to his young friend.

It was quite possible that Richard felt some irritation at that very sweet docility, which he would have so admired if directed toward himself, which led Love to show his letter to her father and allow him to answer it. He did not again subject himself to a similar rebuff, nor endeavor to see Love until the following summer.

Then, at the first sight of the girl, grown far prettier, and with a helpless blush and tremor before his eyes, he felt his resentment vanish, and his admiration and love revive. However, he progressed not at all in his wooing. If he went to call upon Love, he was entertained by her father with a relentless persistency of pious conversation, and he went many a time to the grape-arbor in the hope that Love might be there with her needle-work, but she never was. During the three weeks he was at home she came only once to take tea with his grandmother, and then her father came for her, and himself escorted her home.

Richard could not but feel that he was avoided, and finally went back to Boston, resolved that he would waste no more thought upon a girl who so persistently flouted him.

After Richard had gone, Love grew thin and pale. The subtle inconsistency of reasoning power of her sex was strongly marked in her. Underneath all her keeping to the letter of the law she had a feeling of wonder and grief and injury that her lover should so take her at her word. She would have had him come when he was told not. She would have had him force her to a *tête-à-tête* in that grape-arbor, and make it out of her power to say him nay. She would have had him correspond with her when such correspondence had been forbidden, and somehow ease her conscience of any blame. She would have had him take her love all the more, since she withheld it. She told herself that he did not care now; he had seen a fairer face in Boston; she would sternly put him from her mind, and strive to gain sufficient earthly bliss in the hope of that of heaven. Now and then she talked to her father of her uncles in Burmah and India, how old were their wives when they accompanied them, how old was it necessary for a female missionary to be before the American Board would think it judicious to send her to those far-off lands? Reuben Lord had not always that expression of quick sympathy and joy with which he might have been expected to hear remarks so evidently tending toward the accomplishment of his cherished wish. Instead, he looked

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at his daughter with a sternly anxious knitting of brows, and replied that it was not so much a matter of years which was in question, as preparation and fitness of spirit and body to perform such work with acceptance to the Lord.

Love reflected humbly that her father considered that she was not spiritually fit for so great a trust; of her bodily state she thought not at all. She wondered why the squire's lady looked at her with such wistful intentness; she wondered why she always insisted upon her drinking a glass of port-wine when she first arrived at her house.

In those days more mysterious gifts than ever were showered upon the girl—a warm fur tippet for her delicate throat, a great muff wherein to nestle her little hands, a warmly wadded cloak, a hood of blue silk edged with swan's-down, and many luxuries to tempt her appetite—oranges and pineapples, and often a plump partridge or quail.

Love's gratitude to the squire's lady seemed to warm her whole heart. She often speculated as to the advisability of thanking her friend for her anonymous gifts, and once she consulted her father. "Do you think it advisable to thank a person for a gift who has given it secretly, sir?" she asked. And her father stared a little, and replied,

"No, daughter; no, certainly it is not advisable," and was again intent upon Doddridge.

All winter, when the stage-coach came in with the mail, Love had a forlorn hope that it might bring a letter from Richard, but it never did. Sometimes the squire's lady used to read extracts from her grandson's letters to Love, both to her delight and her fear. Always her heart was beating loud in her ears with the fear lest Richard had written of some beautiful Boston lady who had won his heart. It was in such wise that she betrayed herself one afternoon in late June.

It being a fine day, she and Madam Diantha were walking in the garden when the squire came with the mail, and there was a letter from Richard.

The squire was a fine, handsome old gentleman, red-cheeked and clear-eyed, with a silver fleece of hair. Though he limped somewhat on account of his rheumatic joints, yet he advanced with an almost boyish impetuosity. He was of rather smaller stature than his wife, who moved with slow state between the roses, in a wide inflorescence of lavender flounces and softly floating laps and frills of lace.

"Open the letter at once, my dear," cried the squire, "and let us hear if the boy is coming, or if some fair Boston lady has him at her silk apron strings."

Love had moved aside in the garden path to make room for the squire, and Madam Diantha saw the girl's face go white and red.

"Read it aloud, my dear, if you please," repeated the squire, eagerly.

His wife began to read in her soft voice.

The box in that place was as high as Love's waist, and some branches of roses were hooping over it. She turned her face away and smelled of a rose as she listened.

The letter was short. Richard could not come just yet, not until next month, possibly not until August. He was very much occupied; the weather was very warm. He had been to dine at Mr. Solomon Purdy's house the week before, and was to go there to a party to-morrow. Mr. Purdy had two daughters, most amiable young ladies, and a son whom he found a most desirable companion—

"'Tis one of the most amiable young ladies!" interrupted the squire, with a loud laugh. "An amiable young lady and a pretty little apron, and Mr. Richard Pierce stumbling at the length of the strings. I knew it. She has him fast. Well, 'tis hard lines for us when we thought to see the lad's face at the table a month ago, and now— Why, Diantha, my dear, what is the matter with the child?" For Love was half hanging over the green wall of box, like a broken rose branch.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? Are you ill?" cried Madam Diantha, and put her arm around the girl, supporting her tenderly on her broad motherly bosom. Love was gasping faintly, and her lips were white.

"What do you think is the matter?" asked the squire, anxiously: he was very fond of Love.

"It is nothing, I think," said his wife: "she is not very strong, and the sun is hot. Will you please go to the house and get the camphor-bottle on my dressing-table?"

The squire's lady put her mouth close to the girl's ear when her husband had

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gone. "My precious child," she whispered, but said no more of comfort; she dared not, since she knew not but the squire's surmise was correct. So she only kissed and patted and soothed as best she could, and repeated that the sun was hot, and she not strong, and no wonder that she was faint.

Poor Love would have given the world to run home and hide herself, but she responded, with a proud impulse toward concealment, to her friend's subterfuge. She owned that she had felt the heat of the sun; she submitted to all that was done for her, and remained to tea as usual, eating obediently as much as she was able of a little bird which the squire had ordered to be specially prepared.

"What ailed the child?" the squire asked his wife, after Love had gone home. "No, don't say the sun, my dear, unless you spell it with an o," and the squire laughed with boyish glee at his own joke.

"Hush, my dear, we have no reason—" his wife began; but he nodded obstinately.

"The poor little soul was distressed at the mention of the amiable Purdy," said he; "but I hope you told her that it was nothing particular."

"Oh, but, my dear, it may be!" said his wife.

"I don't believe a word of it," declared the squire, stoutly. "Well, if the boy should want her, and she him, I would venture ten to one that the parson would try to separate them with the contribution-box."

The next week Love forced herself to go to the squire's, lest they suspect the reason if she staid away, but after that she did not go any more. Then July came and passed, and August was there, and Richard returned.

Love saw him first as she was walking down the street. He was out driving with his grandmother and the squire. He had come unexpectedly the night before. When Love first lifted her eyes at the roll of wheels and saw Richard, she went so white that Madam Diantha gave an involuntary start as if she would go to her. She thought for a second that the girl would fall. But Love recovered herself quickly, and courtesied prettily, and they had passed.

Richard's grandmother glanced covertly at him, but he looked quite unconcerned, and her heart sank. However, Richard had seen, and the image of Miss Catharine Purdy, which he had rather urged upon his heart of late, faded.

Love wore that day a white muslin gown — one of her mysterious gifts — a little white cape, and a hat with a white ribbon; she looked for all the world like a flying white flower as she came down the street, her white draperies blown in the wind.

The squire had been shrewdly observant. "The parson's daughter looks more like an angel than a thing of flesh and blood," he remarked presently, "and I fear she'll be one in earnest if they don't look out for her."

Richard stared at the landscape. "Is she out of health?" he inquired, in a somewhat constrained tone.

"She was always delicate, dear," his grandmother replied, evasively.

"Not like this," maintained the squire.

That evening, when he and Richard were sitting together after supper, he turned suddenly upon the young man with a motion of defiance, as if he were throwing secrecy and prudence to the winds. "Well, my boy, your grandmother would have me say nothing, but I am going to get to the bottom of this. Our little Love Lord fainted away when your grandmother read a letter of yours in which you spoke of the Misses Purdy something particularly, and we knew— Now, sir, if you have trifled—"

"Trifled, sir!" cried Richard, staring. "Why, sir, she will have none of me. She has shown me so plainly that there is no mistaking it."

"Then it's the parson," said the squire, reflectively.

"No; it is she herself."

"Go there and see her, and you will find out that I am right, my boy," said the squire.

"I go not the second time where I have as good as had the door in my face, though it was heaven, and an angel shutting it," replied Richard, and was true to his resolution for some little time.

Poor Love staid close at home, and always, when the weather was fine, repaired of an afternoon to the grape-arbor, and sat there until tea-time, with an eye of wistful hope for a young man coming across the field; but he never came.

But one afternoon, during the last of August, Love went into her father's study, bringing a letter in which Mr. Richard Pierce begged her to be in the grape-

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arbor at eight o'clock, for the purpose of conversation upon a matter pertaining to them both. He concluded by stating that he would consider her failure to be there as final, and would henceforth obtrude himself no further upon her, whose obedient servant he would ever be.

Parson Reuben Lord read the letter, while his daughter looked at him with that same expression with which she had pleaded for the doll.

"Daughter, you know what my will has been for you from your youth up," said the parson, solemnly.

Love went out without a word; her father heard her sob on the stairs. She ate no supper, though a little crock of honey had mysteriously come for her late that afternoon. She went up to her room at half past seven o'clock.

Parson Lord stood listening at the foot of the stairs leading to his daughter's chamber; now and then he heard a stifled sob. He put foot on the stair, as if to ascend, then drew back; at every sob his own face was convulsed. At last he took his hat and went out, shutting the front door softly.

That night the sky was overcast and the dusk was early. When Richard, at eight o'clock, crossed the fields, all the trees were forgathering in shadows, and all white flower bushes and white house walls in the distance seemed luminous. Long before he reached the arbor he saw something white shining therein, and his heart leaped for joy, he thinking it was surely Love's white gown and she had come. But when he went in, it was only a soft lavender-scented mass of silken shawl.

"She has been here and gone," thought Richard, in a great turmoil of grief and wrath. "She has been here and not waited. I will have no more of her. If she loves me not, I will not follow her any longer; and if she loves me, she has no spirit which is worthy of the love. The clock has not yet struck eight, and she did not wait—"

Then, just as Richard spoke, the town clock struck the half-hour after eight. And here it may be said that the next day, when the Boston stage-coach came in, there was great amazement all over the village to find that the town clock was a half-hour fast.

But Richard Pierce, that night when he heard the half-hour strike, went straight to the parson's house and let fall the knocker with a bold clang, and when the parson came, demanded to see his daughter.

"She has retired, I fear," replied the parson, who was strangely pale, and whose voice quivered convulsively. "Will you walk into my study, sir?"

But Richard would not come in, and would see his daughter at the door.

Love did not know the voice in which her father called; she asked, tremblingly, who had spoken.

"Come down, daughter," said her father, still in that strange voice. "There is some one at the door who is desirous of speaking with you." Then he went into his study and shut the door.

Love went down, and Richard's face shone white framed in the doorway against a background of night gloom. He flung an arm around her and drew her outside.

"We have had enough of this, dear," he said, shortly. "If you love me, tell me so now, for God's sake!"

"Oh, it is not right! I fear it is not right!" Love gasped, and trembled in his arms.

"Let the right alone. Tell me!"

"I must not!"

"Let the must not alone. Tell me!"

"Yes," said Love, with a sigh, and then tried with a faint assertion of maiden dignity to ward off Richard's kisses. "It can be no more than—this," she whispered, brokenly. "We cannot be—married, Richard."

"Why not?" demanded Richard. "Why not, sweetheart?"

"Father—father has vowed— He does not wish me to marry, Richard."

"Well, marry you will, nevertheless, sweetheart."

"Never without his consent. I cannot, Richard."

"With or without, you shall marry me, Love; but he will consent."

"Oh, he will not, unless—" Love looked with sudden courage in his face. "Oh," she whispered—"oh, Richard, if you would only be a missionary!"

Richard Pierce laughed so loud that the gay ring of it penetrated to the parson in the study. "I will not be a missionary, and yet marry me you shall, now I know that you love me, sweetheart," said he; then, before Love knew it, they were standing before her father.

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"Sir," said Richard, speaking with a fine manly air, "I should have come to you before and asked for your daughter's hand had she not been so desirous of following your wishes instead of her own, and concealing her feelings from me so well that I judged it to be useless. Now we know that we love each other, and I beg that you will give me your daughter for my wife."

"My daughter has long known that my plans for her were otherwise than the married estate," said Parson Lord, looking past them and speaking with stiff lips.

"Is the soul of your daughter yours to command in a matter like this, sir?" inquired the young man, hotly, and yet with some show of deference.

"I cannot give my consent," Parson Lord said, and turned to his sermon.

"Cannot you reconsider this, sir?"

"I cannot give my consent," repeated the parson. "It is final."

"Then," said Richard, drawing Love's arm firmly through his own, "marry without your consent we must, sir, for marry her I will, now I know that she loves me."

The next Sunday the banns between Richard Pierce, Esquire, and Love Lord, spinster, were published—not proclaimed from the pulpit, but copied neatly on a fair sheet, and hung in the frame used for that purpose beside the meeting-house door, where all who entered might read. The parson might have discerned a greater spirit of astonishment and gossip in the faces of his audience than of pious attention to the precepts of the gospel, had he been interested to decipher it.

His plans for his daughter were well known, and here were her banns published. Had the parson yielded unto the pleading of earthly affection, or was this without his knowledge or approval? Public opinion rather inclined to the latter view, although far from sure that the banns could be set up, even with the squire to manage matters, without the parson's knowledge. Love was not at meeting, but Richard Pierce was sitting between his grandmother and the squire, and holding up his head with a gallant air, looking straight at the parson, as if he were weighing every word of the discourse.

The banns were published three Sundays, and on Monday following the third, the squire, the squire's lady, and Mr. Richard Pierce drove in the coach to Parson Reuben Lord's house. When they entered the study, having been ushered therein by the parson with a grave dignity, Richard looked around anxiously, but Love was not there. He glanced imploringly at his grandmother. "Where is Love, sir?" she asked the parson, in her sweetly imperative voice.

"In her chamber," he replied. When he was dead, Parson Lord would be no whiter.

"I will call her," said Madam Diantha, and called "Love! Love, dear child!" And when the girl did not come for the calling, she went up stairs, and found her weeping and moaning that she could not wed without her father's consent, and he would never give it, and if he would, he would fly in the face of his own conscience, and bring a curse upon himself for breaking his solemn promise to the Lord.

Thus the poor child, in her bewilderment of love and conscience, until the squire's lady would hear no more, but bathed her eyes and led her down stairs to Richard, who took her hand with an air as if he challenged the whole world.

Then Squire Hawkes spoke to the parson. "Sir," he said, "my grandson loves your daughter, and she returns his love. The banns have been published for the requisite length of time, as you are aware, and they stand before you humbly beseeching that you give them your blessing and unite them in matrimony."

"I cannot do so, sir," replied Parson Lord, in a set sad voice. "I cannot, sir."

"May I inquire why not, sir?"

"When my child was born, I solemnly dedicated her to God. I vowed that she should be set apart for the service of the Lord, should she be spared to me," replied the Parson. "I can break my vow no more than Jephthah of old."

"Damn Jephthah!" shouted the squire, who had an uncompromising tongue when aroused. "You are mad, sir."

The parson remained silent.

"Will you, or will you not, marry them?" demanded the squire.

"I cannot."

"Will you give your consent, then?"

"I cannot."

Love was clinging weakly to her lover's arm. The squire faced them suddenly. "'Tis the rankest folly," he cried, "and the cruelest! What are you, Reuben

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Lord, to dispose of your daughter, heart and soul, as you propose? How dare you come thrusting your damned covenant like a wedge between two young things who love each other in the fear of the Lord, and refusing to make them happy, because you are afraid you will go to hell for it? How dare you tamper with the holiest feeling of the human heart? Here is your daughter, an angel if ever there was one, loving this young man, and ready and willing to honor and obey him all the days of her life, comfort him in sorrow, and nurse him in sickness, are you not, sweetheart?"

Love nodded, sobbing.

"And here is my grandson, with all his heart set upon loving, cherishing, and protecting her in sickness or health, and cleaving to her for better or worse, are you not, Richard?"

"Yes, sir, I am," replied Richard, with a start of amazement.

"Then," said the squire, his voice changing suddenly from a tone of easy interrogation to one of solemn proclamation, "in virtue of the authority vested in me as justice of the peace of this township, I pronounce you man and wife."

The squire gave a loud laugh of triumph, which he checked suddenly as he saw Parson Reuben Lord's face. It was shocked beyond words, and with a strange expression of guilt.

"Before the Lord, sir," cried Squire Hawkes, "neither your daughter nor my grandson nor my wife was a party to this, nor I myself, until the fancy struck me. I saw in a flash 'twas the only way; unless she had been trapped thus, she would never have brought herself to wed without your consent."

Parson Lord went over to his daughter, kissed her solemnly on her forehead, said "God bless you, my daughter! May you and the husband you have chosen dwell together in the love of the Lord, and may the day be sanctified to you!" and went out.

A crowd which had gathered outside, gaping silently out of the shadows, stood back in a very hush of wonder when the bridal party emerged from the parson's house, got into the coach, and were driven away. "She's coming! She's married to him!" said one exclaiming voice, and then no more.

For days the village was thrilled to its fullest capacity for excitement by the wedding of the squire's grandson and the parson's daughter; but no one ever knew the full particulars, for principals and witnesses kept them to themselves.

Everybody agreed that the parson aged fast after his daughter's marriage, and that his whole character seemed strangely changed. Whereas he had moved among his people, discharging his religious duties toward them with a stern rigidity of faithfulness, he now bore himself with a meek lovingness which caused folk to turn and stare at him as at a stranger. Moreover, his sermons lost their directness of application concerning the justice and righteous judgments of the Lord, and some feared lest he might be falling off in the doctrines.

Aunt Betsey Ware, who kept house for him, said never was such a change in mortal man before, and when a sour-apple tree begun to bear sweetings, 'twas a sure sign that it would blossom next spring in another world. She was right in that case, for Parson Reuben Lord died very suddenly the spring after his daughter's marriage.

Love was sent for, and came with her husband, and mourned for her father, though in somewhat unwonted fashion. It was as if she grieved more sorely for that father whom she had never had than for him whom she had lost.

Then, a few days after the funeral, she found among his papers his journal, which she read, and had therefrom a revelation. When her husband came in she ran and clung to him, weeping and trembling in a passion of remorseful love and pity.

"Oh," she cried—"oh, Richard! it was father—it was father!"

"What do you mean, sweetheart?"

"It was father who gave me the doll, and not Madam Diantha. It was father who gave me the pretty gowns and the bonnets and the ribbons. It was father who gave me everything! Oh, Richard, it was poor father! Look at this—look!"

Richard took the parson's journal and read, here and there, where she indicated:

*March* 6.—I have purchased the doll. Alas! I am weak and selfish, and under the sway of my natural affection. The price of the toy should have gone elsewhere; but the heart of the child is sore, and I cannot have it. Oh, her face

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as she stood there holding the old treasure of her childhood, which she had found, and which I could not let her keep for very consistency in discipline! Daphne was too hard upon such a tender heart of such a little girl.

God forgive me if I have erred through too great love for my child! Methinks I could have been burned at the stake in Thy cause, I could have been broken upon the wheel, but this martyrdom of pain in the heart of the child of my love I cannot bear.

*March* 7.—She looks as I have never seen her; the joy in her face causes my heart to leap. I have given her the toy in a manner secretly, hoping that she will not confound me with her innocent delight and thanks, which would convey to me such reproaches; and she was delicately mindful of my wish. She is wise beyond her years. How can I crave forgiveness when I do not truly repent, remembering the child's face and the joy in it? Right or wrong, I would do it over again. Oh, my poor heart!

*July* 8.—Have purchased a gown of white muslin for my daughter. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit should have been sufficient for her, but she was not attired as others of her age, and it perchance has tried her: the heart of a maid is a tender and unknown thing. Oh, my weak and degenerate nature! May it not foster in her too great love of dress and the pleasures of the world; for myself it matters not, so she be innocently glad.

*September* 6.—She is grieving because of that youth to whom her heart has turned, as I have known for some time, to my great sadness. What will become of that tender heart, yielding so helplessly and so guilelessly unto the great call of life? I cannot give my consent; I dare not break my vow unto the Lord. Herein, at least, I must stand firm. She has no appetite. I have purchased delicacies for her. It may be that I do wrong, when the heathen starve for the milk of the word; but she is my only child.

*January* 9.—She is very poor in health. She shivers in the cold meeting-house. I have purchased a fur tippet for her, and a large muff, and a wadded cloak, at a price which would have done incalculable good in purchasing spiritual raiment for the needy in foreign fields. The child does not put me to shame with her openly expressed gratitude, but takes her gift, as usual, with her sweet docility and meek grace.

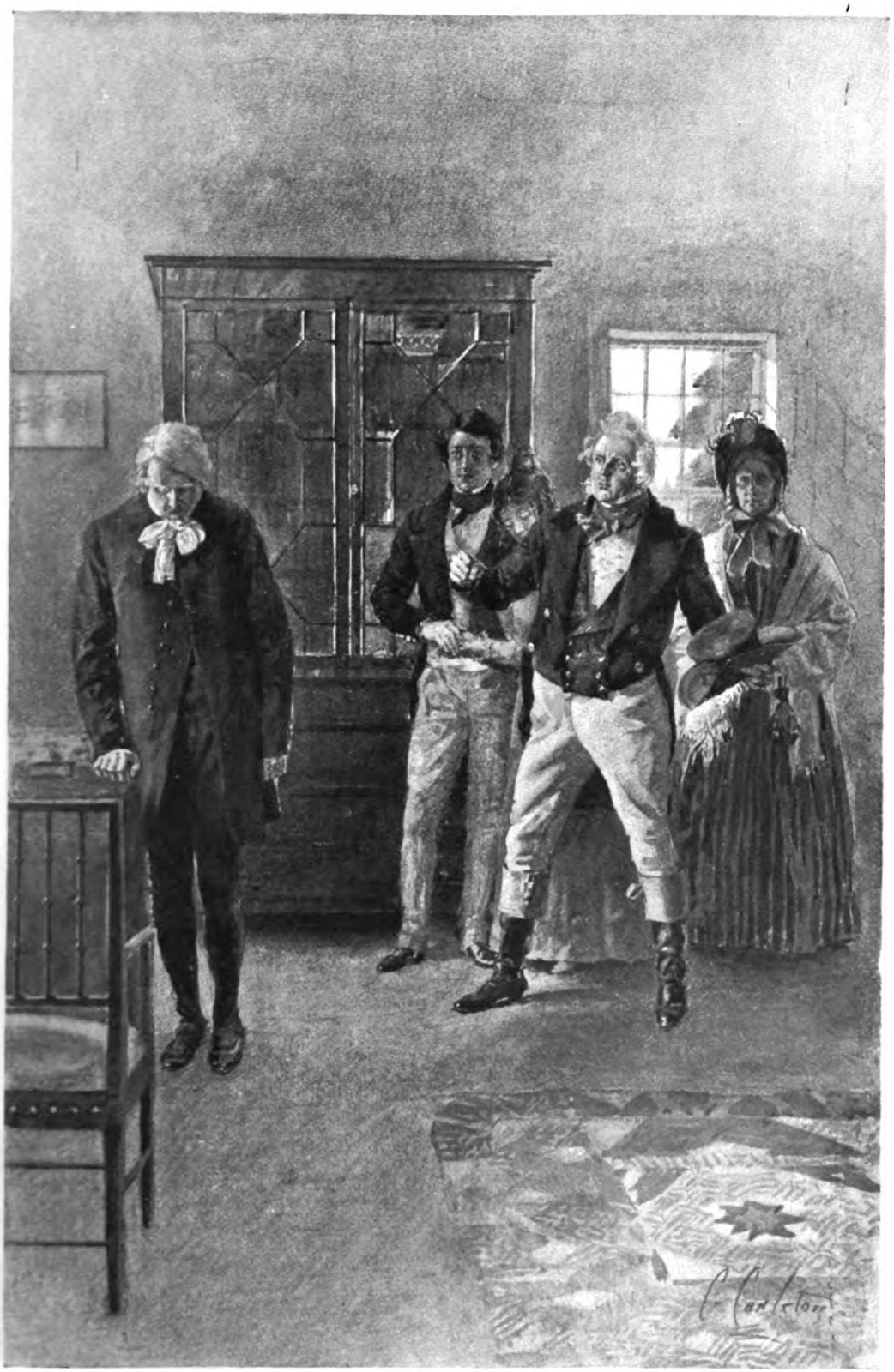
*March* 18.—I have to-day purchased a new gown of fine texture and a pretty color. She still pines and grieves, and I strive to render her content with these little gewgaws, which, I have understood, sweeten the greater lacks of life to the feminine heart. May God forgive me for yielding to this so great weakness, and striving to temper the sorrow which may be ordained for her good to my daughter, and even perchance awakening thereby a love for vanity in her heart!

*July* 26.—The youth upon whom she has fixed her affections is in the village; she is watching for him and he does not come. Can I keep to my resolution and see her unhappy?

*August* 27.—All is over. I have yielded to the strength of my paternal love. They have met and plighted their vows, and by my means. I myself, in spite of everything, have brought about a meeting between them, and that by methods which bring me to shame. I resorted to subterfuge, even to deception. I cannot recall even to myself the means which I used, involving, as they did, deception and trickery, without the deepest mortification and the most painful prickings of conscience, and yet I acknowledge, to my still deeper humiliation, that I do not regret the result which was brought about by such means, and I confess that I am sure, in the depths of my guilty and self-betraying heart, that, for the sake of her happiness, I would repeat, as long as I drew the breath of life, my folly and my fault.

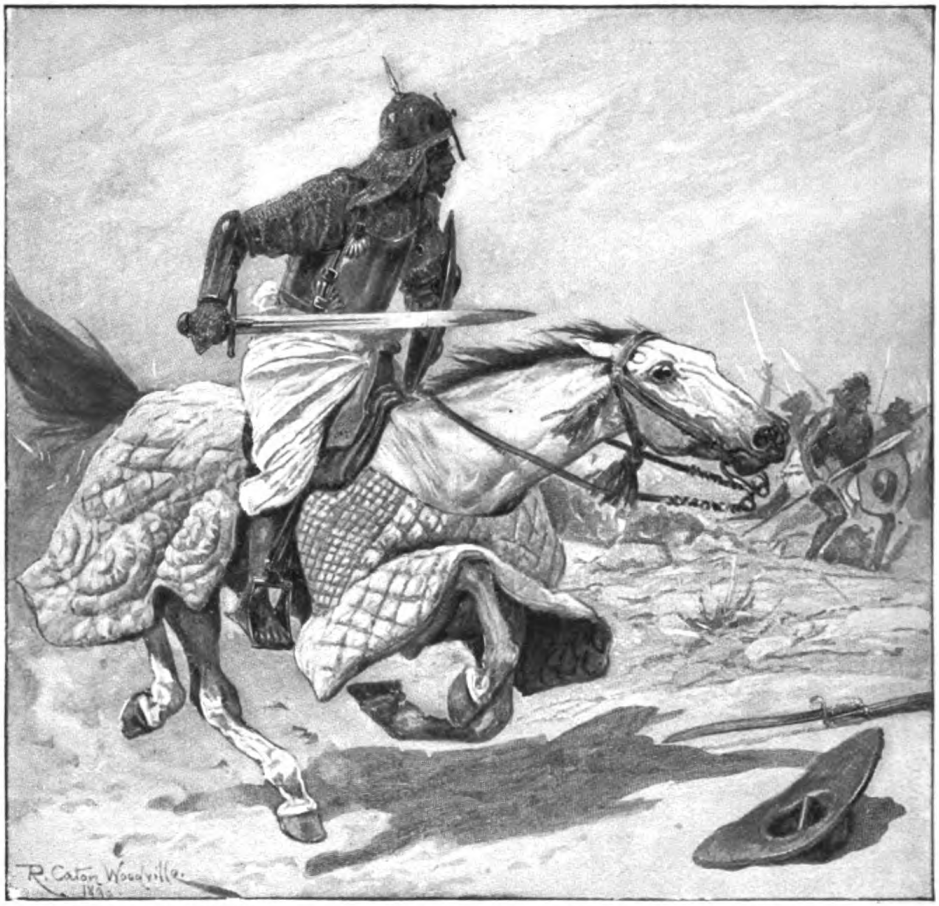
*September* 30.—My daughter is wedded to the man of her choice. The letter of my vow I kept, yet broke it undeniably in the spirit. I humbly confess to my Maker my joy and exceeding happiness that the vow be not fulfilled, sinful though it may be. In spite of my backsliding, my lack of steadfastness, and my weakness of the flesh, I have upon me a deep peace and certainty of good to come which will not be gainsaid by any self-blame. I marvel greatly if I perchance have rightfully estimated the love of God toward us, which may—an I be not led astray by my evil imagination—acknowledge as its own offspring all the natural affections of the human heart, and the human weakness therefrom be thus forgiven by the divine love.

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"'TIS THE RANKEST FOLLY,' HE CRIED, 'AND THE CRUELEST.'"

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A Nubian Chief in Battle.

# A GLIMPSE AT NUBIA.

## MISCALLED "THE SOUDAN."

BY CAPTAIN T. C. S SPEEDY.

THAT portion of Africa which the Mahdi rebellion has brought so prominently into notice, extending from Egypt on the north to the sources of the Nile on the south, should not, properly speaking, be called the Soudan, its correct name being Nubia.

The Soudan proper lies between Senegal on the west and Nubia on the east, and is inhabited exclusively by negroid races.

Soudan is an Arabic word signifying "the country of the black ones," and was given by the lighter-colored Arab invaders who overran the whole of northern Africa in the seventh and eighth centuries to the darker races of the interior, whom they conquered and proselytized.

The Nubian Desert is a series of vast plains divided by ranges of rugged hills which sometimes rise to a height of two thousand feet and upwards, while huge granite bowlders, piled one above the other, crop up at intervals in isolated spots. The soil is for the most part hard clay, occasionally covered with basaltic pebbles interspersed with quartz and flint, or with large tracts of fine sand. The climate is remarkable for its dryness, and consequently, in spite of the great heat, is not unhealthy, except during the rains, when decaying vegetation gives rise to

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malarious fevers. From October to February inclusive the weather, for a tropical climate, is comparatively cool, the thermometer not exceeding 85° Fahrenheit in the shade at noon, and sinking to 40° at night. During the hot season, however, which commences in April, the temperature rapidly rises, the register not unfrequently being 120° in the shade and 160° in the sun.

The Nubians consist of four distinct races, viz., those of Ethiopian, Nouba, Bijja, and Arabian descent; and these races are again subdivided into tribes.

The Ethiopian comprises the Hababb, Teklis, and others, occupying the hilly country between Suakin and Massowa; the Nouba, now known as the Hadendoa, Bishareen, and Ababdeh, between Suakin and Berber; the Bijja, more familiar as the Beni Amer and Hallenga, roams over the district westward of Abyssinia, of which Kassala is the capital; while those of Arabian descent are found south of Khartoum, between the Blue and White Niles. These races still retain their own languages, speaking respectively Ethiopic, Nouba, Bijja, and Arabic; and, having kept perfectly distinct and stood aloof from one another, they have no language in common, though, as all profess the Mohammedan faith, and many from each tribe make the devotional pilgrimage to Mecca, a knowledge of Arabic is spreading among them.

The Egyptian Soudan extends from the White Nile westerly to about longitude 24° east, and the black troops of Egypt, being freed negro slaves from this region, are rightly termed Soudanese.

Nubia, which from time immemorial had been tributary to Egypt, was at the beginning of the present century annexed by her, and, until the outbreak in 1881, formed the larger portion of that country. Egyptian administration, however, in this territory related chiefly to taxation, the people being allowed to settle their own differences and adjudicate their petty crimes, their laws being based on those of the Koran. Every tribe is divided into septs, each of which is governed by its own hereditary sheik, and from these sheiks one is elected as supreme head, under the title of "Sheik Moshāiek"—Chief of Chiefs.

In appearance the Nubians are a fine race. Their color varies through all shades of rich brown to a clear ebony. The face is oval, with features assimilating to the Caucasian type, and bearing for the most part a proud and independent expression. The eye is dark hazel, the white being clear, and not, as in the negro, of a yellowish hue; the nose is well bridged, often approaching the aquiline, with clear-cut nostrils, and the lips incline in a slight degree only to fulness. The men are well built, lithe, and active, averaging five feet ten inches in height, and their limbs, though not muscular, are strong and sinewy. Their skin is fine and soft, and in this particular presents a great contrast to that of the negro, which is rough and coarse, proving that the delicate texture of the Nubian is an inherent quality, and not attributable to the use of unguents, which both races apply lavishly.

Water, as a rule, being scarce in that part of Africa, both sexes have recourse to a cleansing process which perhaps may, by courtesy, be called a bath, and which is carried out in the following manner:

The recipient of the luxury lies at full length on a piece of palm-leaf matting, and is well rubbed from head to foot with mutton fat—their simple and only soap—which, however, has been previously scented with musk, pounded sandal-wood, and odoriferous plants. The "bath" completed, the whole body is then manipulated or massaged—this treatment and term, now so universal, having been adopted by the French from the Arabic custom, and word "masseh," to knead.

The hair of the Nubians is perhaps the most striking feature of their appearance. It is worn in an immense mass on the top and sides of the head, giving the appearance of a huge beehive rising from the shoulders, and this mop is carefully dressed with the only pomatum they know—pure and unadulterated suet, fresh from a newly killed sheep.

A party of the friends of the dandy about to be adorned squat in a circle on the ground, and chew in succession large lumps of the above-named suet, these being passed from mouth to mouth as each jaw becomes fatigued, until the specialty has been cleansed of all obnoxious particles. Meanwhile the tresses to be thus fragrantly scented are being combed, or rather raked out, either with a horn or a wooden skewer—in each case ten inches or more in length—after which the finishing smear is freely applied.

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These races are, without exception, nomads, and subsist principally on the milk of their cows, goats, and camels, varied occasionally by the flesh of their herds and wild animals taken in hunting. They prepare also from millet a porridge called "lugma"; and the richer people, who have slaves to cook for them, bake a sort of bread, called "kisra," which is a spongy cake about two feet in diameter and quarter of an inch thick. There being no mills in the country, the millet, which has been previously soaked, is crushed on a slab of granite by rubbing a rounded stone backwards and forwards over it until it is reduced to a pulp. In twelve hours this pulp has become slightly sour, when it is poured on to a stone or clay griddle over a quick fire, a slave deftly spreading it with the palm of her hand equally over the whole surface. It is then covered with an air-tight lid, made of closely woven grass, and in three minutes is baked to the consistency of a pancake, and served with a thick sauce. Another form of this sour bread is "abret," but this is as thin as a wafer, prepared and baked in a manner similar to kisra, and then sun-dried till crisp. "Abret" is stored in goat-skin bags, and used chiefly on a foray or march, where there are no appliances for cooking; in water its slightly acid flavor forms a refreshing drink, while the moistened pulp serves for food. During the rainy season, when grass is plentiful, milk is abundant, and is given away lavishly. I have often arrived at a Beni Amer camp with a dozen or more men, and each member of the party has immediately been presented with at least a gallon. A superstition prevails that were money taken the cows would at once become dry; so payment is never accepted, though a gift on the departure of the traveller is not declined.

In each herd there is always "the lucky cow," which is held in great reverence; and it is only as a mark of special favor that a stranger is permitted to taste the milk of this idolized animal, a stipulation being made that it must be consumed the same evening, and neither poured into a different vessel from that into which it was milked, nor taken away from the camp, lest the loss of milk from the whole herd should ensue.

The natives themselves seldom drink milk when fresh, preferring it either fermented or sour; in the former case it resembles koumiss. Curds are a favorite dish; but the bowl, alas, never presents the smooth inviting surface we are familiar with—for, spoons being unknown, the stout forefinger of the swarthy hostess has, with much consideration, been employed to break it into lumps for the greater convenience of the hungry guest!

Nubian villages are generally circular in form, surrounded by the strong, thorny hedge now so familiar as a "zeriba." They consist not only of houses, called "tukuls," which are permanent residences, but of tents of palm-leaf matting, which they take with them to the various grazing-grounds. The "tukuls" are made of long coarse grass, woven into a framework of stout branches, with thatch nearly a foot thick of the same grass, and, though having neither window nor chimney, are remarkable for coolness.

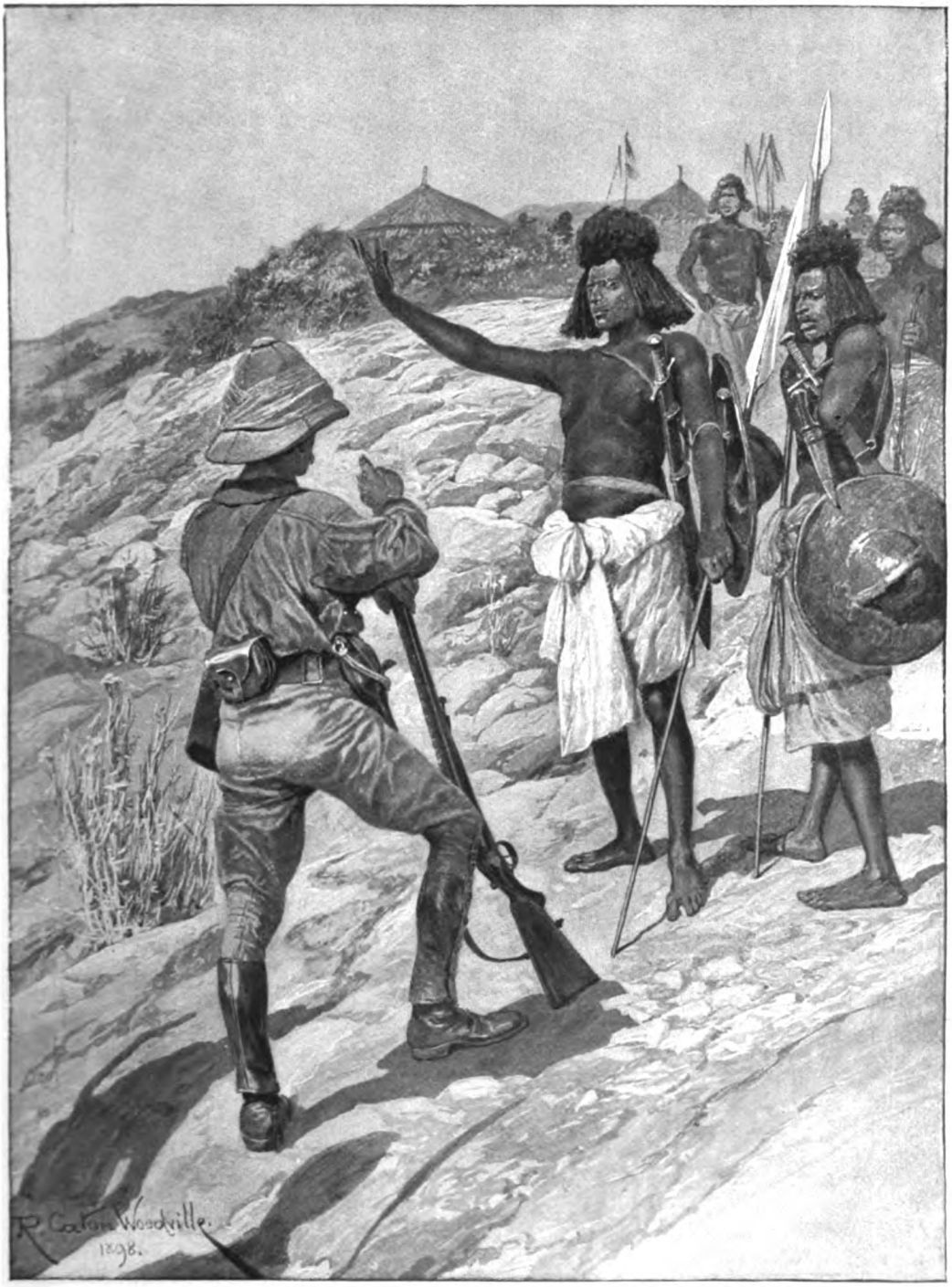
The furniture of these abodes is meagre in the extreme, consisting merely of a primitive bedstead of strips of ox-hide stretched on a wooden frame, half a dozen goat-skin bags for carrying goods, an earthen-ware pot for cooking "lugma," the granite slab on which grain is crushed, and a few milking-baskets. These baskets are a unique feature of the country, so ingeniously and closely woven that they are completely fluid-proof, devised by the people to combine lightness and durability, and thus suit their migratory habits.

At the grazing-camps, when the herd is away from the village, it is necessary even to boil the milk in them, and, as they cannot be placed on the fire, the difficulty is overcome by dropping red-hot stones into them until the milk boils.

A similar plan is adopted in cooking meat. A large fire is kindled, and a number of stones are thrown into it. As soon as the embers glow, the ashes are blown aside and strips of meat are laid on the heated stones, care being taken to turn them when the under side is done.

In this way the juices are retained, and the flavor equals, if, indeed, it does not surpass, that of any other method of cooking. It is not, however, every stone that will stand the fire; knowledge and experience are needed in the selection. The first time my friends and I tried the experiment in the absence of servants, we came to signal grief; the stones we had chosen exploded, for the most part with loud reports, scattering themselves, the fire-

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GREETING A TRAVELLER OUTSIDE THE ZERIBA.

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brands, and meat in every direction, so that we were obliged to raze our glowing pile, and content ourselves with toasting our meat on the ends of our ramrods.

When a white man approaches a zeriba, a servant is sent forward to announce his arrival, and the head man, with some of his followers, comes out to meet him, offering his hand, and greeting him with the words, "Keif hālak, taiyibin, taiyibin?" (How art thou, art thou well, art thou well?). Mohammedans are, however, saluted with the Moslem form of address, "Salaam aleikum" (Peace be to you); and the reply is given, "Wa aleikum ess salaam" (And to you be peace). This salutation is never addressed to a Christian, the Koran forbidding it to any but "the faithful."

The preliminary courtesies ended, the traveller is conducted to the rest-house, a shed provided in every village, principally for the convenience of merchants going up and down the country; and milk, coffee, and "lugma" are at once served. Conversation ensues, but neither the name nor tribe of a Mohammedan stranger is ever asked, lest he should prove a foe.

As night closes in, the young men of the village assemble in front of the rest-house, and go through a variety of the strangest evolutions and antics, miscalled a dance, in honor of the travellers. The dance is accompanied by much clapping of hands above their heads, and loud yells and war-whoops, and never fails to call forth the unbounded admiration of their own people, however critically it may be regarded by the new-comers to whom it is a novelty.

As the grass surrounding a camp becomes eaten down, the tribe removes to a fresh pasturage. It takes but a short time for these sons of the desert to strike and pack their tents with the few above-named chattels on their camels, and the spot which an hour before was resounding with the cries peculiar to nomad life —the lowing of cattle, the wild cries of the herdsmen, the booming of the village drums, the tinkling of their lyres, and the shrill falsetto song of the maidens — is left silent and deserted till the following year.

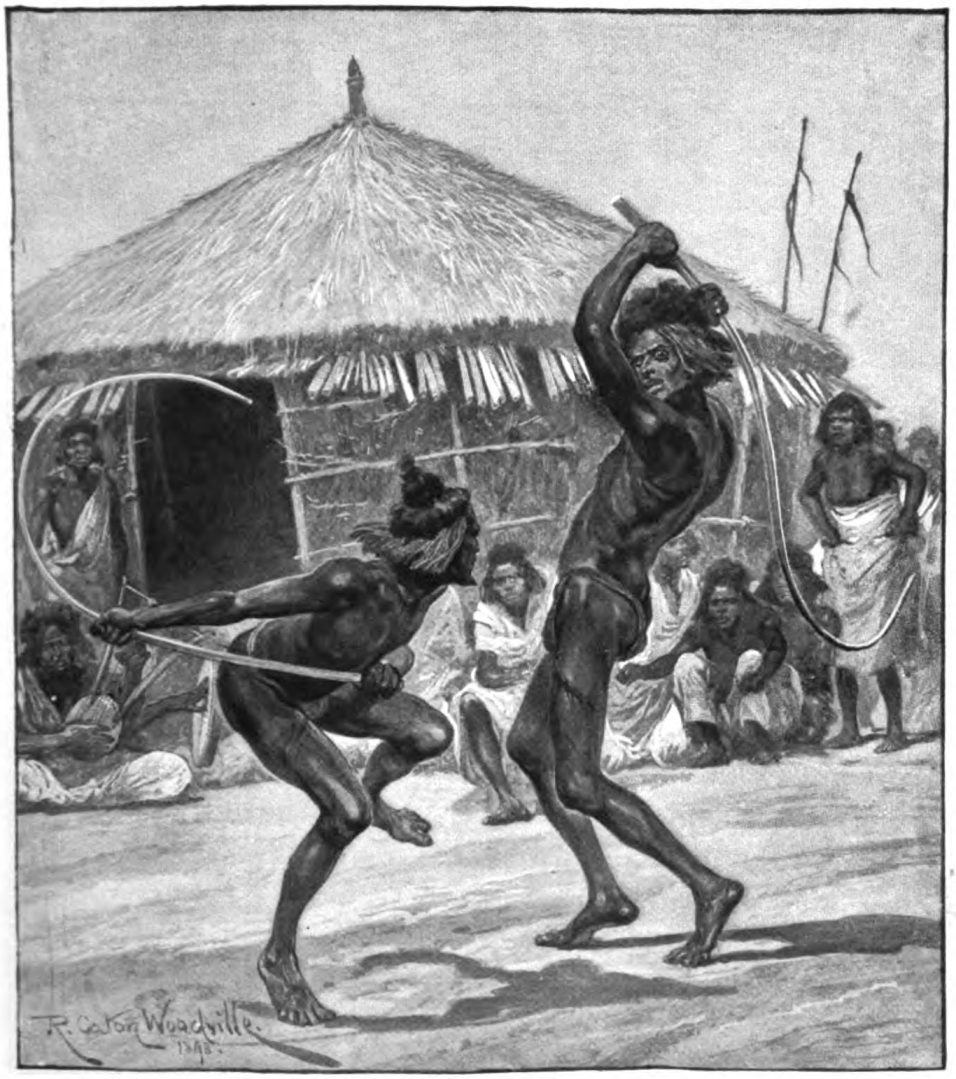
The Nubians, like many uncivilized nations, show much ingenuity in supplying the wants of every-day life from the surroundings of nature. On one occasion an impromptu boot-lace was produced from the inner bark of the nearest acacia. The trunk was pounded with a stone for about the length of two feet, and the fine white fibre below laid bare; this was peeled off, and rapidly twisted until it closely resembled a piece of whip-cord, and served admirably as a makeshift. Their buckets, as well as the milk-baskets already described, are cleverly adapted to their wandering life. A circular piece of hide, two feet in diameter, is pierced round the edge with holes, and through these a strip of bamboo is threaded; the hide is drawn in to a third of its original diameter, the ends of the strip are fastened together, and the bucket is complete. When unthreaded, these buckets serve as kneading-troughs for making bread on a march.

I was much amused on one occasion by the manufacture of temporary pipes. For one a hole about six inches long was bored into the river-bank to form the stem, to meet which another hole was scooped out from above for the bowl. The stem was then blown through, to rid it of dust, tobacco placed in the bowl, a light applied, and several men in turn enjoyed the luxury. Another pipe was made by thrusting the thumb into a ball of wet clay to form the bowl, which was quickly dried by a bit of glowing charcoal, and a hollow reed was inserted for the stem. Tribes of Arabian descent use pipes made of greenstone polished with emery and a leaf, which acts like sand-paper.

The method of sinking wells in the dry beds of watercourses during the hot season, and the manner in which sand is prevented from falling in, are simple and effective. A number of leafy branches of the tamarisk are twisted into a cable some five inches thick. One end of this cable is bent into a hoop about a yard in diameter, which is laid on the ground where the well is to be dug, and as the sand is scooped out the rest of the cable is coiled downwards until the water is reached. In this way wells are sometimes sunk to a depth of even thirty feet.

When the herds are about to be watered, a clay trough is made at the side of the well, and the mode of filling it is ingenious. One man descends into the shaft, straddling it, with his feet resting in the leafy coil; and having filled a bucket, tosses it to his comrade at the brink, who adroitly catches it, allowing

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"I AM THE BROTHER OF THE GIRLS!"

scarcely a drop to escape; and having emptied it into the trough, tosses it back to be refilled. To ensure accuracy in throwing and catching, the men chant by turns the whole time in wildly musical tones, which are weird, but pleasing.

The chants consist of endearing epithets to their animals, followed by ejaculations of praise to the Deity. Freely translated, they run as follows:

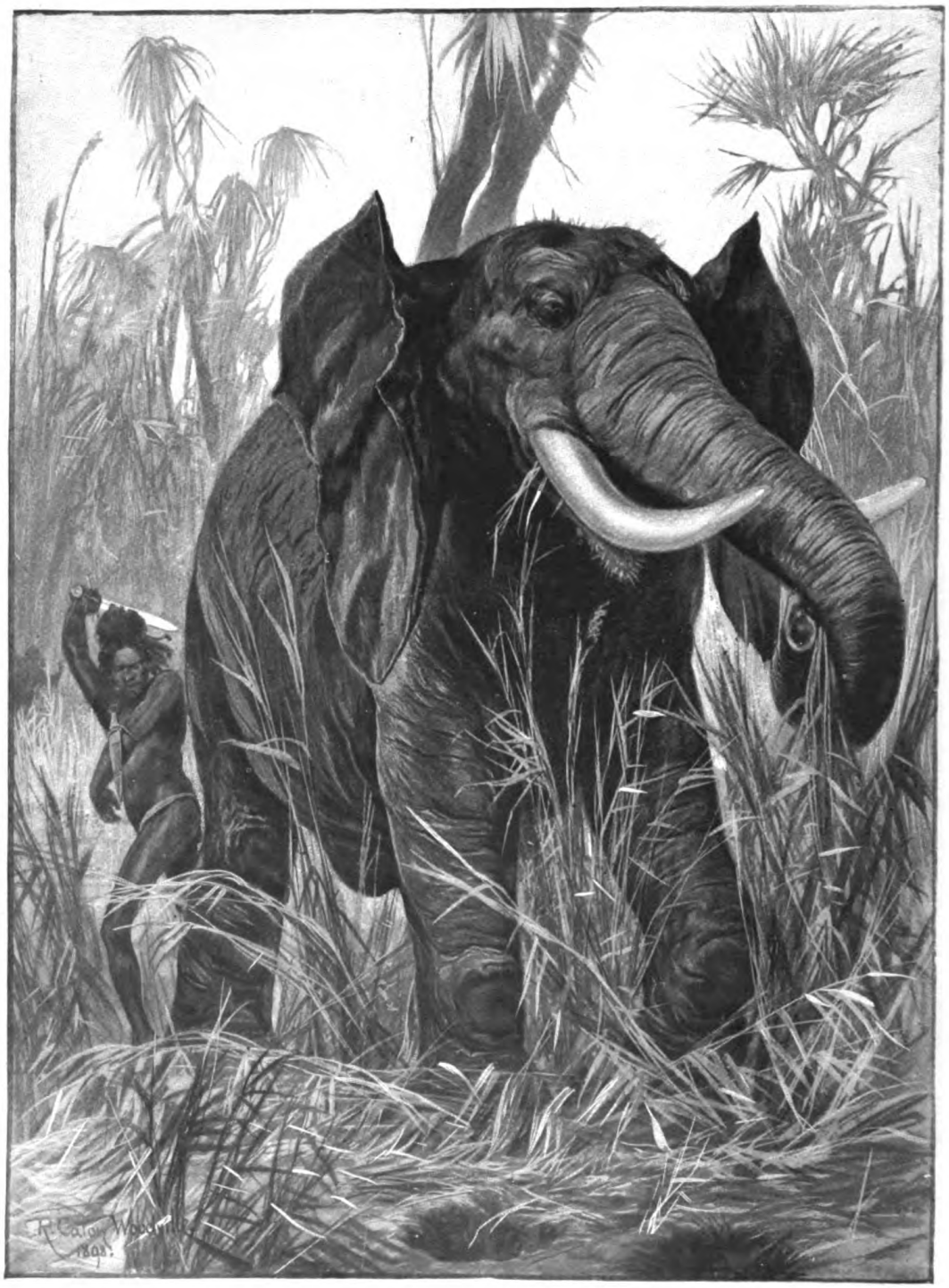
O darling cows, come near and drink,—
God is great!
O camels strong, so tall and swift,—
God is great!
O lovely goats, so fair and sweet,—
God is great!

over and over again, *ad libitum*.

The Nubians have an excellent breed of riding-camels. Perhaps those belonging to the Amarar tribe excel all others. They treat them with the greatest kindness and affection, and train them to be perfectly silent, which in a night foray is a matter of the greatest importance, and forms a striking contrast to the discordant and hideous sounds emitted by the common baggage-camel.

The cattle of the country are a small but well-shaped and hardy breed, with a hump similar to that of the Abyssinian and Indian varieties. In order to inure them to the inevitable thirst of the hot season, they are watered but once in every forty-eight hours, and with this ob-

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A NUBIAN SWORD-HUNTER.

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ject are only taken home to the villages, which are always in the vicinity of wells, every alternate evening.

The mutual affection that exists between these animals and their owners is most remarkable. Although a herd in some cases numbers many hundreds, each beast has its distinctive name, to which it answers on being called. This affection engenders an obedience which is invaluable in cases of attack by inimical tribes. While the cattle are grazing, watchmen are placed on eminences, and the moment an enemy is seen approaching they give the alarm. The herdsmen in the plain below immediately strike their shields loudly with their lances, utter wild and shrill whoops, and at the same time leap with immense bounds in the direction of the village, thus attracting the attention of the animals, who rush towards them from all sides with tails almost straight on end. A stampede ensues, the men leading the way at a terrific pace till the zeriba is reached, when they dart nimbly aside behind the entrance-posts to avoid being trampled under the hoofs of the herd, whose speed prevents them from stopping until they are within the enclosure, when the cries are changed to soothing tones, and the excitement subsides.

Cattle-lifting is regarded as an honorable feat, and although tribes may be at peace with each other, raids for this purpose are often made by small bands of young men who wish to gain renown for bravery and daring. These forays are not unfrequently perpetrated by day, when great stealth is displayed, an important object being to avoid coming to blows, as mortal wounds entail endless blood feuds, which, like the Corsican vendetta, descend from generation to generation, and often decimate a tribe.

The moment blood is drawn, the aggressors, as a rule, retire, though cases are on record of this admirable caution having been thrown to the winds in the indignant wrath of the sufferer and the thirst for vengeance.

The power of enduring pain exhibited by these tribes is almost incredible. This is strongly instanced in the competition by the youths of the villages for the championship of their camps.

It is a much coveted honor to be called "Akho Benāt" (the brother of the girls), and the youth who attains this distinction is entitled to marry the belle.

The competition itself is a most agonizing spectacle. It commences by the maidens, on certain festivals, beating the drums to a quaint and peculiar tune, which so excites the spirits of the young men that numbers of them at once rush into the arena, each loudly exclaiming, "I am the brother of the girls! I am the brother of the girls!"

They are then paired off by casting lots, and, when stripped to the waist, a powerful, flexible whip of hippopotamus-hide, five feet in length, is placed in the hand of each combatant, and at a certain signal a flogging-match commences.

The strokes are not given at random or in haste, but with the utmost deliberation, each youth delivering his blow in turn, and keeping time to the music. The long, pliant lash descends with keen precision, cutting deep into the flesh at every stroke, while the monotonous "hwit," "hwit," "hwit," goes on unceasingly, and the red streams tell the tale of suffering which the tongues disdain to proclaim. At last the one who can endure no longer falls fainting to the ground, and is borne away by his kinsmen.

The victors are subsequently pitted against each other, till the remaining one becomes the champion, and bears the proud title of "The Brother of the Girls."

The weapons of Nubia are sword, lance, and shield. The swords are all of one pattern, and are an exact copy of the long, straight, double-edged blades carried by the Crusaders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the hilt being in the form of a cross, which the Christian warrior kissed in his last moments.

These imitations are manufactured in Germany, and are of three sizes, varying in price from two to five dollars—according to length, breadth, and weight.

A few of those which bear every appearance of being the veritable weapons of the Crusaders are still in the possession of some of the chiefs, and are esteemed by them as priceless treasures, having been handed down from generation to generation. On questioning the owners as to where they are obtained, the unvarying reply is, "Min beyid" (from afar), and they persistently refuse to sell them.

A fine blade of this kind belonged to the chief of the Ali Bakhit, and, on my asking what sum he would take for it, he drew his hand with a proud gesture across



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his throat, replying, "Kimat di" (this is the price). The lance is short, but little over five feet in length; the head varies in each tribe both in size and shape, being sometimes square, and sometimes rounded at its junction with the socket; the blades also differ, varying from one and a half to three inches in breadth. The shaft is made of the tough wood of the Kittar acacia, with a spiral iron ring at the butt. This weapon is seldom thrown, being firmly grasped and used for stabbing, but it is sometimes allowed to slip through the closed hand until arrested by the iron ring at the base. Each tribe has also its own peculiar knife—that of the Hadendoa being curved at the tip; that of the Hallenga resembling a laurel leaf; while that of the Beni Amer is a slight modification of both; and so on throughout the whole country.

The shield of the northern tribes is circular, varying from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter; while that of the southerners is elliptical, three feet long by one broad. Both are held in battle by a stiff leather handle at the centre of the back, but on other occasions are carried by a looped thong slipped over the shoulder. They are made from the hide of the elephant, buffalo, or giraffe; those of the last, being lightest, and yet toughest, are the most esteemed.

Another curious relic of the Middle Ages still preserved in Nubia is the chain armor, which to this day is used by the chiefs and principal warriors in battle.

This is made in India, and brought to Massowa and Suakin by merchants, the price varying from ten to twenty pounds a suit, according to the workmanship.

At a festival held in commemoration of the birth of Mohammed, I have seen fifty mail-clad Beni Amer warriors going through the evolutions of a sham fight.

The men wore steel helmets and shirts of mail, while their horses were rendered lance-proof by thickly quilted petticoats reaching almost to the ground. The stirring scene forcibly reminded me of the pictures of Norman knights as depicted on the Bayeux tapestry; though I cannot but add that there was a most comical side to the picture, as the helmets, being generally too small for the wearers, were perched on the back of the head, huge greasy tresses protruding from below in anything but knightly fashion; while the long nasal bar, being often found to interfere with vociferous war-cries, was pushed to one side over the ear.

In times past the Nubians wove their own clothing; but of late years, owing to the introduction of Manchester cottons, which are more easily and even cheaply obtained, this industry is dying out, being confined almost entirely to the parti-colored robes worn by the chiefs.

A coarse cotton grows wild in the alluvial deposits along the banks of the rivers, but the best kind comes from the Abyssinian valleys. This is spun into yarn, the Nubian spindle being an exact counterpart of that used by Greek and Roman women many centuries ago, while the rude hand-loom with which the thread is woven into cloth resembles in every particular those depicted on ancient Egyptian monuments.

The Nubians are all hunters, and are habituated to the chase from youth, this exercise being regarded by them as the best training for war.

In spite of the prohibition of the Koran with regard to unclean animals, they eat the flesh of all game—elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and even the wild boar being much esteemed, their excuse for evading the law being that it does not apply to undomesticated creatures.

The tribes bordering Abyssinia are good horsemen, swift, hardy ponies from the Galla country being bought in great numbers by them at the Abyssinian frontier markets for the small sum of from ten to fifteen dollars apiece. These little steeds are used not only for pursuing large four-footed game, but also for running down ostriches, which it is impossible to capture on foot. Further north snares and pitfalls are resorted to, snares being designed for the lighter animals, and pitfalls for heavy, powerful beasts.

The snare is formed of a strong wooden hoop, to the rim of which bamboo spikes are firmly bound with sinew, the points of the spikes meeting in the centre. This hoop is placed over a hole in the ground, and is hidden from sight by twigs laid across the top, over which grass and sand are carelessly strewn to prevent suspicion.

Snares vary from six to twelve inches in diameter, according to the size of the game to be trapped, and a log of wood, proportioned in weight to the expected quarry, is attached to the hoop to act as a clog and impede its movements when caught.

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An animal's legs passing over the snare slip into the hole through the bamboo spikes, which immediately pierce the flesh to the bone, when the hunter, who is probably in ambush, starts up, lance in hand, and secures his game. This form of snare is of great antiquity; Xenophon describes it, and speaks highly of its efficiency.

Pitfalls for the larger animals average twelve feet in depth, being the same size at the surface. The sides are ingeniously sloped to a point at the base, so that the animal on falling in finds itself wedged, and escape is impossible. In some cases a strong post, nine feet in length, sharpened to a point at the upper end, is firmly fixed into the ground at the bottom of the pit, in order to transfix the animal, and thereby insure its speedy death.

The surface of the pit is disguised in the same way as that in which the snares are hidden, though owing to the much wider opening to be concealed, a net is used as a foundation for the branches, leaves, and sand, which are strewn over it.

Ostrich-hunting involves good riding, and is animated sport. Having ascertained where a nest is to be found, three or four mounted men go out on the plain together, and one of them rides in the direction of the nest.

Instantly the bird sees him it starts off at a tremendous pace, the hunter following in hot pursuit, until, after running perhaps a couple of miles, the ostrich begins to circle, its object being to get back to its nest, from which it fondly hopes it has diverted its pursuer.

The other hunters, who are scattered over the plain, take up the running by turns, succeeding each other as each horse becomes spent; they are thus able to press the bird to its utmost speed, until it falls exhausted on the ground, with outstretched wings, gasping for breath.

The nearest hunter then gallops up and severs its head with a blow from his sword. Hastily dismounting, he at once seizes the bleeding stump and thrusts it into the sand to prevent the feathers from being soiled by the blood, which is spurting in all directions from the convulsive movements of the neck, even after death.

The feathers of a full-grown bird fetch from fifty to seventy-five dollars (£10 to £15) at Kassala, where they are bought by Arab traders from Cairo, but they ultimately realize treble that value in the European markets.

An erroneous idea prevails that the sword-hunters of Nubia belong entirely to the Hamran tribes, but all hunters, whether on foot or horseback, who do not snare the game, kill it by hamstringing with the sword.

When the elephant is pursued on foot, it is invariably sought in the depths of the forest, where it has retired for shelter from the noonday sun, and also for the short repose it takes during the twenty-four hours. The hunter having tracked his quarry to its retreat, is obliged to use the utmost stealth in approaching it, the elephant being a very light sleeper, and awakened by the slightest unusual sound.

The difficulty of moving through a dense thorny jungle without making any sound dissimilar to those which might be produced by nature, such as the stirring of the branches by a light breeze, or the occasional falling of a dead leaf, is greater than can be realized by any one who has not tried it.

On getting within arm's-length of his game, the swordsman slowly raises himself to an erect position and deals a slashing cut on the back sinews of the nearest foot, about ten inches from the ground, at the same time leaping nimbly back to avoid a blow from the animal's trunk. The cut, if properly delivered, bites sheer to the bone, severing the large arteries, and in a short time death ensues from hemorrhage. Gazelles are hunted by a powerful breed of hounds, in build somewhat heavier than a greyhound. In spite of being far swifter than the hound, the gazelle falls a victim from a nervous habit of constantly stopping to look back to see if it is pursued; it also expends its strength by taking great bounds in an almost vertical direction, thereby not only losing time, but exhausting itself, so that it is overtaken without difficulty.

The vegetation of the country consists chiefly of varieties of acacia, often misnamed mimosa; the best known of these are the garrad, which contains tannin, possessing at least twice the strength of that in oak; and the sant, or shittim, alluded to in Hebrew Scriptures, and from a variety of which tradition states that the "crown of thorns" was made.

The thorns of many of these acacias grow in pairs, joined at the base; those of the sant are straight and remarkable for their size, being often nine inches long; those of the garrad, and others, resemble

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the spurs of a game-cock, and are but two inches long; while those of the kittar are similar in shape and size to a cat's claw.

There is but one palm in the country —the dôm. It is a fine tree, often eighty feet high, and is always found near water, its thick fanlike foliage, which grows in a dense mass at the top of the trunk, being consequently a welcome sight in the midst of the arid plain. This palm, different from all others, which throw out their foliage at the summit of a single trunk, bifurcates several times before it comes to maturity, and at the top of each division a large cluster of leaves is produced. These forks average thirty feet in height, and as each begins to grow out, the cluster of leaves from its predecessor falls off, leaving the trunk bare. From the coarser fronds, ropes and matting are made; and from the leaves, sleeping-mats, drinking-vessels, and platters. The fruit of the dôm is much relished by the natives. In size and shape it resembles a small apple, and has a dry, fibrous, but edible husk that tastes like gingerbread. This covers a nut containing a white kernel that hardens into the close-grained substance known as vegetable ivory.

The senna-bush, bearing the medicinal leaves so well known, and the colocynth gourd grow everywhere, while aloes spread like a weed in all directions.

During the rains a coarse reedlike grass, reaching six feet and upwards, grows with amazing rapidity, covering almost the whole country; but in the dry season this vast wealth of herbage is completely shrivelled, and ultimately reduced to absolute dust, so that during six months of the year there is scarcely subsistence for the flocks and herds.

The distress of the hot season is much augmented by a prevailing wind from the south, which, blowing over the desert, carries with it particles of fine sand that cause great irritation to the skin. This wind is called the "khamseen," the Arabic for "fifty," and signifies its continuance for fifty days. The khamseen often terminates in the terrible dust-storms known as "simoom," from which fatal results generally arise, not, as formerly believed, from anything noxious in the blast, but from the choking nature of the powdered clay and sand which it carries along.

During the simoom the atmosphere becomes of a murky yellowish haze, the water in the goat-skins quickly evaporates, and impalpable dust fills the nostrils of both man and beast. The terrified camels become unmanageable, and, turning their backs to the blast, rush wildly down the wind and finally fall exhausted, when both they and their riders perish from thirst and suffocation. Numbers of the natives are in this manner annually lost.

"The rains" begin about the 1st of July and continue till the middle of September. At the commencement of this season the Nubians, to escape the deadly effect of the "tsetse" fly, move their camps from the neighborhood of the rivers to hilly districts, where their cattle are not decimated by this plague.

A few men remain in the plains to sow durra, and with the very first shower begin their work. Ploughs are unknown, and furrows never made. Two men in each district achieve the whole labor. One of them walks in a straight line for about a hundred yards prodding the ground with a staff, followed by his comrade carrying a bag of seed. Three or four grains of this he places in each hole, which he then closes by shuffling in the earth with his foot. This process is repeated in parallel rows about eighteen inches apart over the entire tract to be planted.

About the middle of October the durra is ripe. The large bushy heads are then cut off and heaped upon a threshing-floor made from the hard clay of an ant-hill, which, after being pounded and mixed with water, is smeared over a bit of level ground, and the grain is simply beaten out of the husk with a stick. There is probably no plant in the world that yields so profitable a return. A single head contains between 1500 and 2000 grains, and a ton may be bought for the value of eight shillings.

The civilized world has almost forgotten, since the unhappy revolt that has totally put a stop to trade, that the exports of Nubia were formerly of great value, ivory, ebony, ostrich and marabout feathers, rhinoceros horn, hides, gum-arabic, wax, millet, senna, aloes, and colocynth being all found there in great abundance.

No doubt exists that ninety per cent. of the inhabitants desire peace, and would be most thankful to see their commerce restored to its former status, and we have every reason to believe that the late successes of Sir Herbert Kitchener are rapidly conducing to this much desired end.

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# THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

## PART IV.

## MARGARET'S STORY CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### I AM RESCUED FROM A GREAT DANGER.

LUCY'S illness proved so serious that all thought of Louisbourg had to be abandoned during the long weeks she lay between life and death. Now it was that I realized the full dreariness of winter. The snow-covered fields and woods had a stillness and emptiness that weighed upon me; my eyes grew weary of the dead whiteness; and that the earth should again be green, and warm, and living, seemed to call for something little short of a miracle. By the water-side it was worse: the drift-ice was piled along the shore in the wildest confusion, magnified and distorted by great banks and fantastic wreaths of snow. Beyond this was the black open water, bearing the floating ice backward and forward with the changing tides, never at rest, grinding ceaselessly against the frozen barrier between it and the shore, and heralding a coming change of weather with strange hollow explosions and moanings The shortness of the days, the desolation of the sweeping storms which imprisoned us, the unbroken isolation, and the disappointment of long delay told heavily on my spirits, which might have failed me had it not been for the constant care demanded by Lucy.

Before she gained strength to be about once more, the feeling of spring was in the air, crows were calling to one another, here and there a rounded hill-top showed a dun, sodden patch under the strengthening sun, and a trickling and gurgling told that, underneath the snow, the waters were gathering to free the rivers and send their burthen of ice sweeping into the St. Lawrence.

M. de Sarennes had come and gone with promises of return. He won my gratitude for his forbearance to me as well as by his unlooked-for gentleness towards poor Lucy, whose heart he filled with admiration by his kindly words of her boy, and his assurances of his safety.

She, poor thing, had not recovered her full mental condition with her strength, and was possessed of an idea that Christopher was at Quebec, and that she should be on her way there to meet him. This idea I did my utmost to dissipate, but M. de Sarennes, possibly to quiet or please her, had let fall something which she had taken as an assurance that the English troops were there, and her son with them, and however successfully I might persuade her at the moment of the truth, she would as regularly come back to her delusion when alone.

Distressing as this was as an indication of her condition, it was the more disturbing to me as it was the last blow to my hopes for Louisbourg. It would be sheer madness to trust myself to M. de Sarennes without her protection; a protection which had vanished now in the complete ascendency he had gained over her by his ready acquiescence with her imaginings, and I could not but feel he was skilfully withdrawing her affections from me.

However, he was called away to his post so suddenly that I was spared the difficulty of a decision, and I had almost determined that I would go on to Quebec and place myself under the care of M. de Montcalm, when, towards the end of May, he returned, unexpected by any of us, even by his mother, who, it was patent, was much disturbed; but her unwavering belief in his superior judgment kept her silent. "He is my son, and knows his duty better than we," was her only reply to Angélique's questionings at any time, and now it did not fail her. It was touching to mark her effort to carry things off, to cover his preoccupation, and, distraught though he was, he remitted nothing of his attentions towards her, and so each comforted and shielded the other. I felt like an intruder, and when Angélique proposed a visit to the por-

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poise-fishery for the afternoon, I eagerly accepted the chance of escape.

We wandered off towards the beach, and by it made our way round to the great bay where the porpoise-fishing once took place.

"Look at the bones of the old days, and you can imagine what it meant to us," said Angélique, pointing to the line of great ribs, and skulls, and skeletons which made a grotesque barrier to the highest tides almost completely round the wide semicircle of the bay. "We fought for this many a long year, both with men and at law, and now, alas, we have neither men nor law to work it for us. The porpoise can swim in and out of the broken park unharmed. There, just as that fellow is doing now! Look at him!" As she spoke, a huge white mass rose slowly above the water within the bounds of the fishery, and then came forward with a rush in pursuit of the smelts and capelans, shooting up showers of spray, which broke into rainbows in the brilliant sunlight.

"It is like everything else, going to rack and ruin, with the people starving in the sight of plenty, because this wretched war must drag on," sighed Angélique. "The men feel nothing of it; they have all the fighting and glory, while we sit at home helpless, good for nothing."

"Don't say that, ma belle!" called out her brother, cheerily; and we turned to find him behind us. "Do you think we could have the heart to keep it up if it were not for the thought of you? But there, you are tired and out of sorts, little one. Go back to the mother, and I will take madame round by the end of the bay and back by the sucrerie."

It was impossible for me to object, and Angélique left us, while we took our way along the sands. M. de Sarennes seemed to have thrown aside his former cares, and rattled on in his natural way, noting and explaining everything which might interest me, and had I not known him better I might have been misled by his openness; but all the time I kept asking myself: "When will he speak? What will he say?" So that it was a relief when, as we turned away from the shore into the woods, he suddenly dropped his former tone, and addressed me without pretence:

"Well, madame, are you as anxious as before to get to Louisbourg?"

"No; I have decided not to go. It is too late."

"Why too late? Are you fearful M. de Maxwell may have wearied waiting for you?"

"Monsieur, your words are an insult! If this be all you have to say to me, I beg you will let me return to the house."

"Not so fast, madame. I have a question or two yet which require to be answered, unless you prefer I should put them before my mother and sister. No? Then will you tell me who this boy Christophe really is? From his first appearance below there I was much puzzled why M. de Maxwell should have taken so unusual an interest in him. He was as jealous of the boy's liking for me as a doting mother could be, and was more distressed over his capture than many a father would have been over the loss of son."

"Monsieur," I answered, trying to conceal my alarm, "M. de Maxwell lodged for some time in London in the house of this boy's mother, my waiting-woman, Lucy Routh. Surely his meeting again with the lad he knew as a child will explain his interest."

"Indeed? And may I ask when it was that he lodged with this convenient waiting-woman?" he said, with a sneer that set my blood boiling.

"It was ten years ago, monsieur. Why do you ask me these questions?"

"Because I wish to try a small problem in calculation. I was rude enough to hazard a guess at your age the first time we came to an understanding. Perhaps it was ungallant, but still it remains. I said then you were 'of a certain age,' but now, to be exact, we will say you are twenty-seven, perhaps twenty-six. This boy in whom such a paternal interest was displayed must be fifteen or sixteen. No, that will not adjust itself. Forgive my thinking out loud."

"Monsieur, this is intolerable! What is it you wish to know?"

"Simply if M. de Maxwell was acquainted with this paragon of waiting-women before he lodged with her ten years ago?"

"You coward! Why do you not put such a question to M. de Maxwell himself?"

"It might prove embarrassing, madame. Almost as embarrassing as if I had obeyed the orders of your friend M. le Marquis de St. Véran, and brought you to M. le Chevalier de Maxwell, as you wished."

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"I am completely at a loss to know what you mean," I said, boldly, but my heart sank at his words.

"Simply this, madame," and he handed me an open letter.

"Monsieur," I read, "If you have any regard for me, keep the lady claiming to be my wife at such a distance that I may never set eyes on her again. Should she be in want, I will gladly reimburse you for any expenditure you may make on her account.

LE CHEVR DE MAXWELL."

It was almost like a blow, and for a moment I stood numb and bewildered; but the realization of my danger from the man who stood there smiling at my degradation was a spur to me, and I neither fainted nor cried aloud.

"A pitiable situation, truly! Believe me, my dear madame, my heart bleeds for you."

"You are a liar as well as a coward, monsieur. I know not what you have said or written to M. de Maxwell, but neither he nor any man can ever cast me off. I am not his wife!"

"Thank God for that!" he cried, in so different a voice that I looked at him in surprise. "Thank God for that! Marguerite, I love you with my whole heart, and body, and life. I know I am nothing but a rough coureur des bois, in spite of my birth. I have been cruel to you. I have tortured you. Forgive me, forgive me! I knew of no other way to woo you. Teach me to be gentle, and I will be gentle for your sake. But, God in heaven! do not ask me to give you up! I cannot live without you. I have lost my soul to you. I have lost everything, for I should not be beside you even now!"

"No, you should not!" rang out a clear voice, and le père Jean stepped into the path before us. "Man never spake truer words, Sarennes. I have followed you night and day to bring you back to your duty. You are waited for every hour at Louisbourg, for the Indians will not move without you."

He spoke rapidly, like one accustomed to command, and at the same time held forth his hand to me as one might to a child, and I seized it in both mine, and stepped close to his side.

At the first sound of the priest's voice, M. de Sarennes's whole aspect changed; his face took on a hard, obstinate look, and he scowled as if he would have struck the man before him, but he answered him not a word.

"Go!" again commanded the priest. "Go back to Louisbourg! You need no word of mine to urge you; if you do, I will tell you the Cross of St. Louis awaits you there."

"What care I for your Cross of St. Louis? I am not a French popinjay to be dazzled by your gewgaws from Versailles."

"Then go because your honor calls!"

"Who are you to prate about honor? What does a priest know about honor? Keep to your paternosters and aves!" he cried, with an insulting laugh.

"You clown!" cried the priest, trembling with indignation. "My ancestors carried their own banner to the Sepulchre of Our Lord, when yours were hewers of wood and drawers of water! But, forgive me," he added, almost in the same breath, "this is beside the question. M. de Sarennes, you are a soldier, and as such your honor is dear to you; there are hundreds of men, aye, and there are women too, whose honor and safety in a few weeks, perhaps sooner, will depend on your succor. You know your help is absolutely necessary in the event of the place being invested. M. de Montcalm expects you to be at your post; M. de Vaudreuil has himself given you his orders; your Indians will follow no other than yourself, and are only waiting for you to lead them. No one knows better than yourself with what suspicion they will look on your disappearance. Your name will be on every lip in Louisbourg, and every eye will hourly watch for your coming. You carry the safety of the fortress, perhaps of the country, in your keeping."

"What you say is true, no doubt, mon père. But it rests with you whether I go or not," he returned, in a quiet voice, without a trace of the passion which had swayed him a moment since.

"How? In what way can it rest with me? I have given you my message, your orders."

"Yes, mon père, but I require more; I wish for your blessing."

"You shall have that, my son, my blessing and my constant prayers."

"That is well, mon père, but I require more; I would have your blessing for another also."

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"For whom?"

"For this lady, mon père. If you wish me to leave for Louisbourg, you will marry me first," he said, with a laugh.

"Madame de St. Just?"

"No, not Madame de St. Just! But she will then have the right to style herself Madame de Sarennes. Don't attempt any heroics!" he went on, raising his voice angrily, while I shrank close to the priest in terror. "I know all about this pretended Madame de St. Just, perhaps even better than do you. If I choose to give her an honorable name, it is my own affair. Don't prate to me about honor! I am here because it does not weigh with me for the moment. Don't talk to me of the safety of the country; it is in your hands. I tell you plainly I will not go otherwise. Marry me to-day, and I will start to-night; if not, then any blame there may be will lie not on my head, but on yours. Now, monsieur, you have my answer."

The two men stood facing each other for a moment in silence.

Then the priest turned to me: "Will you marry this man, my daughter?"

"Oh, mon père!" I cried, shuddering, and holding closer to him.

He stepped in front of me and faced the Canadian. "Go!" he commanded. "Go! You may succor Louisbourg or not as you will, but before I would raise my hand in such a sacrilege as you have dared to insult your God in proffering, I would see it withered to the bone. I will try to believe you led astray by your evil passions, that you are not sane for the moment; and if God see fit to leave you in your present evil possession, He will have punished you more fearfully than any curse of mine can do. Go, and may God pity you! Come, my daughter," he said to me.

Holding my hand in his strong, assuring grasp, he led me beside him, safe in his protecting presence. Before we gained the open path he stopped, and motioning me to be seated on a log, he remained standing. The moment he withdrew his hand the distance between us seemed immeasurable; all his protection, all his comradeship were withdrawn with his grasp, and he stood before me as the priest and judge only.

"I have no wish to add to your trouble," he began, slowly, and almost unwillingly, I thought, "but for your own safety I must make it clear to you, beyond further question or casuistry, what your position now is, and to what your disobedience has led. For yourself, you are in a position sevenfold worse than you were before; you have carried the harmless deception I authorized, to a point that has placed you in a most dangerous and humiliating situation. Sarennes has become infatuated with you to an extent which threatens ruin to himself, disgrace to those nearest him, and perhaps disaster to greater and more important interests. Nay, do not rise or speak, I know you would disclaim any part in the matter, but unfortunately your intention does not alter facts; it is your presence here that is at fault. Beyond this you are personally in extreme peril; you must realize that this man knows nothing of the restrictions which should govern his conduct toward you. Blinded as he is by his passion, he will not hesitate a moment to carry you off if need be, and his conscience will never suffer a moment's pang provided he find a priest to patter the words of the marriage-service over you, if, indeed, he even hold such a concession to your feelings necessary. The presence of his mother and sister is no real protection, and even his absence is no assurance of safety, for he can readily find means to carry out his purpose without appearing on the scene himself. You had better stay within-doors, or at least within sight of the house, until the immediate danger is past. I will not go with you farther now, as I have no wish to offer more explanations than may be absolutely necessary, and I must follow this unhappy man, if haply I yet may turn him to his duty. Do you go on to the house, and when I return, perhaps on the morrow, I will see what can be done."

"Oh, mon père, mon père, forgive me before I go!" I cried, kneeling at his feet.

"There is no question of my forgiveness," he answered, coldly. "You must learn that wrong-doing need not be personal to produce evil. There is no question of me or thee in the matter at all. It is much greater, much more serious than any personal feeling, and the results may swell out of all proportion that you can see to your action. All that can be done now is to remedy it in so far as in us lies. Go, my daughter, go and ask for guidance, the one thing needful, far above any

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"THE TWO MEN STOOD FACING EACH OTHER IN SILENCE."

mere human forgiveness. But do not go thinking you have forfeited either my sympathy or my help. I owe both to you, as to every helpless creature God sends into my path; and, believe me, no one could appeal more strongly to my poor protection than do you. Go, my daughter, and may God keep and comfort you!"

I found my way back, dazed and confounded, and could only with the greatest effort command myself sufficiently to return some coherent answer to Angélique's inquiry as to her brother; but she covered my confusion with her own liveliness.

"Never marry a soldier, 'mademoiselle!'" she exclaimed. "They worry one's life out with their eternal comings and goings. As likely as not Charles is off again, and will never come near us to say farewell; but that is a bagatelle. The real trouble is that my mother is an old woman; she realizes keenly that any day Charles may say good-by for the last time, and to spare her the pain of parting he has more than once slipped off quietly like this. Never was a man so tender of women as my brother Charles! But you are pale; you look tired out. It is often so in spring-time in this country. What you should do is to get to bed at once, and have Lucie bring you a tisane when you are ready for sleep. Go, that is wise."

It was such a relief to be alone, to lie broken and wretched, but safe and by myself, in my own chamber, that for the moment this sufficed me; then sleep came to me, and when I awoke, quieted and refreshed, the house was still, and Lucy lay sleeping in her cot near by.

With the waking, came back the whole dreadful scene through which I had just passed, and in my ears rang the warnings of le père Jean touching my safety. Alas! I realized the danger only too vividly, and I trembled in the darkness at the pictures I could not help forming



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in my mind. There seemed no outlet and no end to my misery. Even the thought of facing the mother, who saw naught but the chivalrous soldier in her son, and the sister, who so firmly believed in the tenderness and magnanimity of her brother, was a torture to me. In Lucy it would be impossible as well as dishonorable to confide, and, with the priest gone, I stood alone against a danger the very existence of which would be a degradation to reveal.

Suddenly I remembered Gabriel, and the promise which I had dismissed so lightly at the time of its making, and at once a way of escape opened before me.

I did not hesitate a moment; slipping noiselessly out of bed, I dressed myself, and taking my heavy cloak and shoes in my hand, I stole out of my room and into the kitchen, where I felt for the box with the steel and flint beside the fireplace, and then opening the door, I stood alone in the quiet night.

I was country-born, if not country-bred, which served me in good stead now; for the night had not the terrors for me I had feared, and I marvelled at my courage as I went on. I had only one anxiety in mind, and that was lest the beacon should not be in a fit state for firing. Thinking of nothing else, I hurried down the path by the Little River until I reached the Beacon Point, where, to my relief, I found the pile of wood dry and undisturbed.

I knelt beside it; but at first my hands trembled so I could not strike a spark; however, the very effort steadied me, and gathering some small twigs, in a few minutes I had my tinder alight, the twigs caught, with them I lighted others, and when I rose to my feet the flame was curling up through the skilfully piled branches, and in a few moments a straight pillar of fire went leaping up into the night.

### CHAPTER XIX.

### ON THE ISLE AUX COUDRES.

Now that the beacon was fairly alight my purpose was accomplished, and I was free to return to the house; but the night was warm, there was no sound save the lapping of the rising tide, or the short quick puff of some slowly turning porpoise from out the darkness beyond, and I stood there for what I suppose was a long time, held by the spell of the perfect quiet. At length I roused myself, and began to retrace my steps, but as I gained the line of the pine wood I turned aside and stood a moment for a last look at the friendly beacon flaring up into the darkness. The loud crackle of the wood seemed like joyous cries of encouragement, and the strong ruddy flame filled me with a fresh confidence. On the morrow, if Gabriel should appear, I would announce our departure for Quebec, and once there would place myself under the protection of M. de Montcalm until....

"Oh, Heaven!" I almost screamed, for I heard footsteps hurriedly approaching, and had only time to withdraw more completely into the shadow of the trees when Luntook, the Indian, came running down the path, and in an instant scattered the fire on all sides, hurling the blazing brands over the cliff and covering up the embers until not a spark remained.

When the fire was completely extinguished he looked about him slowly, while I cowered there in mortal terror, believing he would immediately search for and certainly discover me; but, to my surprise, he walked silently past my shelter and kept his way along the path.

I was simply paralyzed with fear. I could not have screamed or made a move had my life depended on it; the very presence of the man struck terror to my soul, for he seemed the personification of all the possibility of evil in his master. He it was, I well knew, who would carry out any violence which might be determined against me, and the fact of his remaining about the place when his master was supposed to have left, filled me with alarm. I was persuaded I was to be carried off, perhaps on the morrow, and the priest's warning came back to me with renewed insistence.

My burden of fear so grew upon me that I dared not remain within the shadow of the wood, for every sound in its depths shook me with a new terror, and every moment I imagined I could feel the Indian stealing nearer me in the darkness. I dared not look behind me, I dared hardly move forward, but my dread of the wood was greater than that of the open beach, and I somehow managed to clamber down the cliff and took shelter behind a great bowlder, where I could hear the soothing ripple of the water and feel the soft wind against my face. It brought a sense of being removed from the land

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and men; I was more alone, but I felt safer.

The chill of the night struck through me to the bone, and I was burdened with its length; it seemed as if time were standing still. But at last I was roused by the hoarse call of birds passing high overhead, and saw the sky was paling in the east. Slowly, slowly the gray dawn came, trees began to detach themselves and stand out against the sky, rocks took a vague form against the sands, the wicker lines of the fishery grew distinct in the receding waters, while white wreaths of mist like smoke rose from the Little River.

Slowly, slowly grew the glory in the east, and when at length the first beams of the sun struck strong and clear across the bay, making a shining pathway to my very feet, it seemed so actually a Heaven-sent-way of escape that, trembling in every limb, I rose and staggered forward as if it was possible to tread it; and then, recovering my distracted senses, I fell to crying like a child.

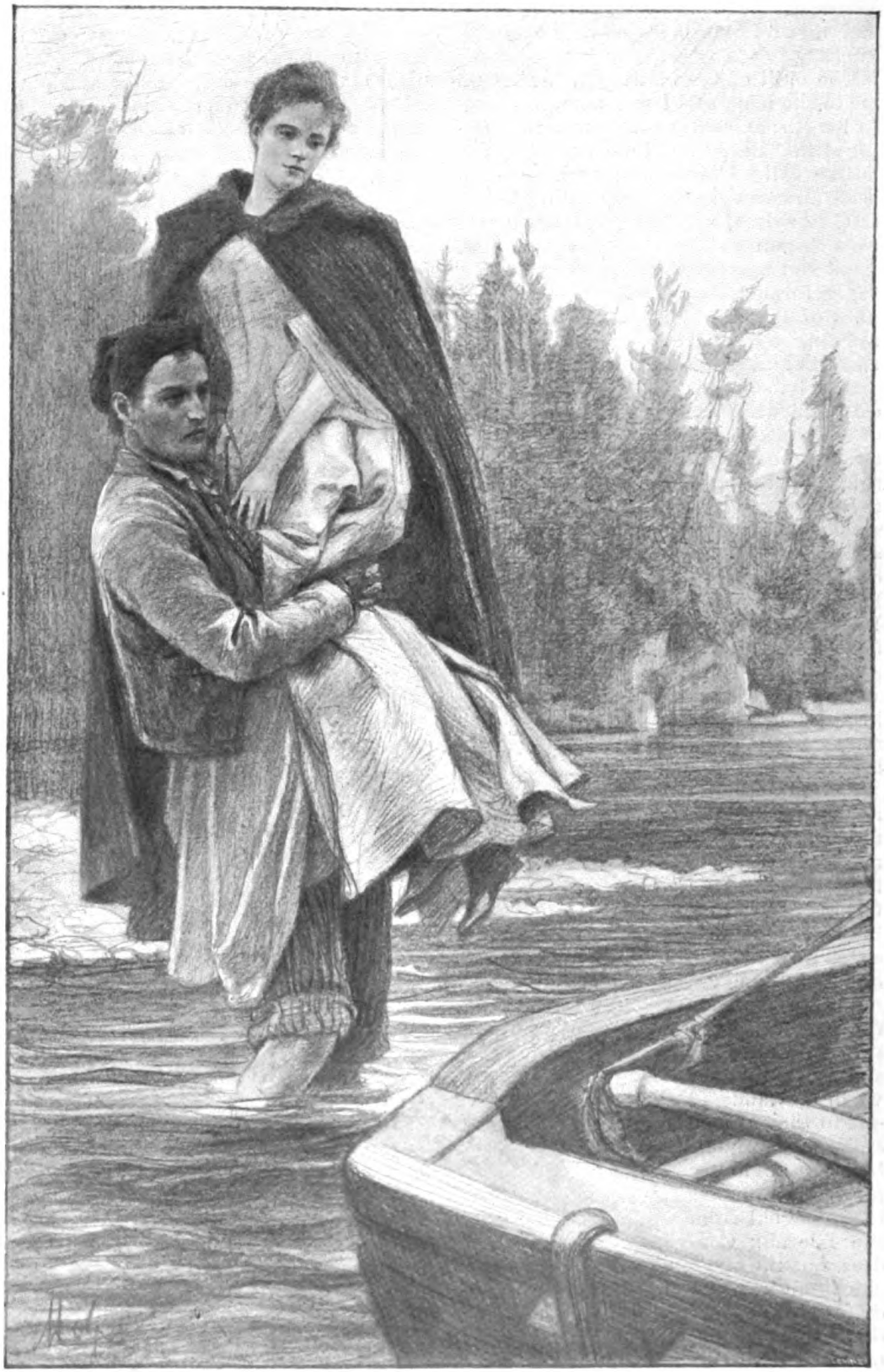
The tears brought relief, and I began to bestir myself, to move about quickly, until I could feel my stiffened limbs again, and recovered some sense of warmth. I did not dare to leave the open security of the beach until the sun was higher, when I wandered out to the extreme end of the sands, looking anxiously for some answer to my signal from the Isle aux Coudres, but the opposite shore was hidden by a close bank of white cloud, broken only by the rounded tops of the mountains above Les Eboulements. Presently the cloud began to lift and scatter, and I could make out the island lying low and dun against the higher mainland. But no answering smoke broke the clear morning air; indeed, it seemed impossible that my signal, which had not burned for an hour at most, could even be seen at such a distance. I turned away with an empty heart, when I caught sight of a boat standing up close inshore, her sails filled with the freshening morning breeze.

The mere presence of a means of escape changed everything in a moment. I was filled with a new courage, and climbing to the top of the outermost bowlder, I drew the long white scarf from my neck and waved it to and fro above my head.



"A STRAIGHT PILLAR OF FIRE WENT LEAPING UP INTO THE NIGHT."

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"HE CARRIED ME THROUGH MUD AND WATER, AND SET ME IN HIS SHALLOP."

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To my intense joy, I was answered by the boat hauling round and lowering and raising the point of one of her sails—the same signal I had seen Gabriel make to M. de Montcalm off Cap Tourmente. It was Gabriel himself; his signal assured me of it; and at the sight the morning took on a new glory, for the terror and bitterness of the night had passed as I watched my deliverance hastening towards me.

As she came on, I made out Gabriel distinctly, and before long the boat was lying motionless, Gabriel had his shallop over the side, and a moment later was splashing through the shallow water, and bowing as though he had parted from me only yesterday.

"'Bon chien chasse de race,' madame. I was cruising about, as I always am, ready for the first ship which appears, when I saw the light; and though it did not burn long enough for a signal, I thought it well to look it up; and now, madame, I am at your orders, as I promised. I was sure you would want me some day."

"Oh, Gabriel, I do want you! I never stood in greater need. Take me on board, and I will tell you."

He showed no surprise at my demand, but merely repeating his favorite proverb, "ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut," lifted me in his arms like a child, and carried me through mud and water, and set me in his shallop, when a few strokes brought us alongside the boat, and I was in safety on her deck. Then the sails were once more set, and we stood away from the shore and up the river.

He did not question me, nor, indeed, would he allow me to speak, until he had provided a hot drink of some sweetened spirit, which brought back the glow to my blood, and then he set about preparing breakfast, keeping up an incessant chatter the while, until he had me laughing at his flow of talk.

"Aha! That is better!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Now, madame, what are your orders?"

"Can you take me to Quebec?"

"I can—but—" and his face lengthened.

"But what?"

"Well, madame, to be truthful, I am expecting the first ships every day now; they are late as it is; and if I am off the ground, why, then the bread must drop into some one else's basket! That is all."

"I can pay you well for what you may lose in this way."

"It is not only the money, madame, 'l'argent est rond et çà roule,' but I have always brought up the first ship since I was twenty, and that was not last Sunday, as one may guess. Yet, if madame says so, I am at her orders."

"I do not know what to say, Gabriel. I will not return to Beaulieu, and though I want to reach Quebec, I am unwilling you should miss your ship; but I certainly cannot remain on board here while you are with her."

"Bedame! I have a plan, if it will answer. We are at no distance from the Island, my good wife is alone as usual, and if I do not ask too much, could you not put up with her for a week or two at most until I pick up my ship, and then the trick is done! Our house is clean, my wife is the best of managers, and will do everything to make you comfortable."

"That will answer admirably, Gabriel."

"Good! Madame, I can also return to Beaulieu and fetch your woman and such things as you may desire."

For the first time I remembered Lucy, and was filled with remorse at the thought of my desertion of her. What could I do? To send word back to Beaulieu now would be to betray my retreat; and what explanation could I offer to my kindly hosts?

Gabriel, with ready tact, saw my distress.

"Pardon, madame; I am not asking questions; I am not even thinking them. You shall come and go as you like with me and mine, and no one shall dare to do aught but obey you. If my plan does not suit, say so freely, madame, and we will go on to Quebec without another thought, and the King's ship must wait, or go on with such bungler as she may find."

"No, no, Gabriel; I will not have it so. I can remain on the Island for a week as well as not, and, in fact, will do nothing else. That is settled. And, Gabriel, because you are a brave and loyal man I shall trust you further—I do not wish any one to know where I am while on the Island, unless I can get word to le père Jean."

"Oh, as for that, you are going to meet him; for he is due on the Island even now. He always comes about this time to see what is left of us after the winter."

"Then I am quite satisfied. Now tell



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me, have you any news from Louisbourg?"

"Nothing, madame; no ship has come up yet; but it will not be long before we hear now."

"Then I shall expect to hear when you return for me."

"You will, madame; depend upon it, I will bring you news. And now, if I may offer a counsel, which I am sure is wise, I would say, madame, that you should lie down and try to sleep."

The advice was as welcome as it was wise, and it was not long until I carried it out.

When I awoke, it was well on in the afternoon, and we were close inshore.

"Yes, madame, it is the Island. There is my house—the one with the flag-staff. See, my good woman has the signal flying for me. I can never come within reach without her scenting me out."

There was a fine pride in his words, and his house was worthy of it. A clean, honest, white face it presented, framed in young hop-vines carefully trained up the low curving roof, and set in a garden which already gave promise of much bloom. His wife, a plump, comely woman, waited for us at the landing-place.

"Ma bonne amie!" said Gabriel, embracing her. "Madame de St. Just has crossed with me from Beaulieu to await le père Jean here, and will stay with you until he comes."

"Your servant, madame," she answered, with a neat courtesy. "If my good man had let me know you were coming, I would have been better prepared."

"'Qui n'a, ne peut,' ma bonne femme. You will do your best, and madame will not ask for more. Had she known of her coming herself, she would have travelled with her servant, as she is used; but she comes alone because she has great need, and I assured her you would be proud to do all you can for her sake."

"So I will, madame; do not let my husband make you believe I am not more than pleased to have you in my poor house. You do us too much honor in asking it. Come, madame, let me show you the way."

The house lost nothing of its charm on a nearer approach, and its interior spoke volumes for its keeper's cleanliness—not a common quality in the country, as I discovered later. The furniture was of the simplest description, but the well-scrubbed floor was covered with bright-colored strips of home-made carpeting—"les catalogues," as she called it—and in one corner stood the pride of the family, the great bed—a huge construction, covered with a marvellous quilt of patch-work, and hung with spotless valance and curtains.

Gabriel was to set off by the next tide, and left only after charging his Amelia with numberless instructions as to my care and comfort.

"Oh, these men!" laughed the good-natured woman. "They think the world can't turn round without their advice!"

I was too tired and too safe not to sleep well, and when the smiling face of Madame Dufour appeared at my bedside in the morning, it was to inform me that le père Jean's canoe was already in sight, and he would be at the island in less than an hour.

Eager as I was to see him, I could not but dread the meeting and what he might say of my desertion, though I begged my hostess to meet him and tell him I was awaiting his leisure.

"Oh, mon père, I did not know what to do!" I cried, when we were alone.

"Thank God you are safe and in good hands," he returned, warmly. "How was it you came to take this step?"

Thereupon I told him of my attempt to signal for Gabriel, of the appearance of Luntook, of my terror, and of my sudden resolve on the pilot's appearance. "It was only when I felt myself safe, mon père, that I remembered what my action might mean to others; and now I am miserable at the thought of the anxiety I have caused. What can be done?"

"I cannot blame you, my daughter, you have been brought face to face with dangers you know nothing of, in surroundings which are strange to you; it is well for your own sake you should be removed from the constant dread of their recurrence. I guessed at your destination, for on landing the same morning you left, André and I saw the beacon had been lighted, and a very little looking about convinced us of what had happened, for we not only found your scarf, but Gabriel's marks in the sand were plain directions."

"But, mon père, what of them at the house?"

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"It is a time of war, my daughter," he returned, smiling. "More than one person is moving about the country in a mysterious way; much greater freedom is allowed; and when I explained to Mme. de Sarennes that you were in my care, and it was necessary you should be absent for a time, she was satisfied with my word, and bade your woman make up a packet of necessaries for you, which André will bring presently. You cannot do better than remain where you are until I can arrange for your woman to meet you and go on to Quebec together. I soon shall know what opportunity offers for a passage to France, which will be somewhat uncertain now, as the English who wintered at Halifax are at sea again; but there is time enough to decide; the whole summer is before us."

And all this without a word, without a look of reproach; how my heart went out to him for his forbearance!

At length I asked the question which was always with me: "Mon père, is there any news?"

"From Louisbourg? Nothing that is hopeful. A more formidable fleet than ever before has left England; we cannot expect any succor from France; and Louisbourg is probably invested by this time, if the enemy have made good their landing. Before another month the matter will be pushed to an issue, and it will be against us, unless the place can be relieved."

Where the expected relief was to come from I did not dare to ask, as I could not doubt but that M. de Sarennes was an important factor in the plan.

Le père Jean had manifold duties to perform during his short stay; expectant couples were married, children were baptized, and many an anxious heart relieved of the burthen which it had borne alone through the long imprisonment of the winter. He did not suffer me to remain idle either, for he gathered the children about him, and showed me how to instruct them in the elements of our faith.

"Here is your work," he said, smiling. "You have your education and sympathy on the one hand, and on the other are these little black and brown heads—Bergerons, Tremblays, Gauthiers, and so on—to be filled with some measure of the grace which God intended for each of them. It will be a comfort to me to think of them in your hands while I am sent on my Master's business into paths not of my own choosing. Do not on any account be tempted to leave here until I come or send for you. Even if M. de Sarennes should appear, be under no apprehension, for all you need do is to tell Mme. Dufour, and it will be a delight to her to balk his plans, as there is no love lost between these Islanders and the people of the mainland."

"I will do my best, mon père. When may I look for your return?"

"I cannot tell, perhaps in a month or so; but do not let that disturb you; for even if I am prevented, I will surely send you word what to do. Seek your quiet in your daily task, and your comfort in prayer."

So he took his way, leaving me in such content as was possible. Had I dared I would have questioned him about the letter, but I could not bring myself to acknowledge this humiliation, even to him. I felt it so keenly that I no longer wondered my tormenter had felt himself free to make any proposal, when it was but to one whom he believed to be the discarded wife of another, and I found a new misery in vain imaginings of what had been written to call forth so heartless a reply. I would comfort myself at one moment by thinking it was not intended for me, only to be met by the alternative of Hugh being married to another. Turn which way I might, I could frame no explanation which brought any comfort. If the letter were for me, then had no man ever betrayed love more cruelly; if for another, then I had thrown away my life.

My work with the children was the greatest boon which could have been granted me, it kept me sane and healthy, and my heart went out to the little ignorant souls so full of life and affection. It was no task; it was a welcome labor of love; and the children saw and felt it as such; on their side, their little feet were never too weary nor their little hands too tired to respond to any service I might ask of them.

But despite their love and the unfailing kindness of Mme. Dufour, it was impossible to escape from my pain. My daily refuge was the altar of the little church, where night and morn, often in company of some other lonely woman anxious for the safety of son or husband far at sea, I laid bare my soul in an agony of supplication

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for the safety of the one dear to me above all others; and I found support, too, in the thought of the devoted priest pursuing his lonely way, consecrating his life and effort for others, most of whom made no return, for they knew not the greatness of his sacrifice.

The rumors that reached us during the next two months brought no assuagement to our fears, and when le père Jean came, towards the middle of August, men, women, and children gathered on the beach to welcome him. His white, worn face and wearied bearing told his message before he spake a word, and my heart failed me at the sight.

With his unfailing consideration, he turned to me the moment he saw my distress. "Le Chevalier de Maxwell is safe; he escaped the night the capitulation was signed," he whispered, and then turned with his news towards the anxious people.

Like one afar off I heard him tell of the long siege, of the hardships endured, the courage displayed, the surrender of the ruined fortress, and the removal of the garrison to the ships of war; but in the selfishness of love my heart was too full of gratitude to have understanding for aught else.

When the story was ended, and the eager questioners answered, he turned to me again, and inviting me to follow, we took our way towards the church.

"You are anxious to hear more," he said, gently. "Let me tell you all I know. M. de Maxwell left the town only after the capitulation was reluctantly agreed to by M. de Drucour, who, with all his officers, had protested against it, and would willingly have held out even beyond hope. He ran the gauntlet of the batteries the whole length of the harbor in safety; he was at Miramichi only two days before I arrived there, and took command of some Canadians in charge of a number of English prisoners to lead them to Quebec. So you may comfort yourself with the thought of his safety, and that your prayers have been answered."

"What will happen now, mon père?"

"That is impossible to say; except that the English will certainly push every advantage they have gained, and, unless substantial help comes from without, the outlook is desperate."

"Did no help come to Louisbourg, mon père?"

"None," he answered; and the one word sank into my heart like a knell. He parted from me at the church door, and I wandered down to the beach alone.

The loss of Louisbourg, even as I could see, might mean the loss of Canada, and, in the priest's eyes at least, its loss was due not so much to the weakness of the garrison as to the failure of the relief, and this relief could only have come from the man who had withstood his commands, holding out a shameful condition as the price of his obedience. Whether le père Jean was right or not I could not judge, but I surely knew he could but lay the source of this dishonor to the wilful act of the woman he had rescued and befriended in her hour of need.

The news of the gallant defence of Carillon went far to offset the disaster of Louisbourg, but not to allay our anxiety, and September was an anxious month for us all; but Gabriel visited us twice, and was unshaken in his confidence.

"Time enough to cry out when we are beaten, madame. We have held them back at Carillon, and will do so again, if need be; they have been beaten in the Upper Country before this, and they will be clever indeed if they can come up the river."

"They did so once before, Gabriel."

"'Une fois n'est pas coutume,' madame; pilots cannot be picked up like pease."

I expected word from le père Jean every day, and awaited it with conflicting feelings. I was most anxious to know the truth about Hugh; and yet to meet him was the last thing I desired if he were really married. Should that be the case, then I would use my utmost effort to return to France without his knowing I had ever been in the country. Should he discover it, then I must bear the humiliation as best I might; but I could not bring myself to go away, and perhaps wreck my future as well as his, through a misunderstanding. I felt I had gone too far, and suffered too much, to throw it all away when the truth was within my reach.

In the beginning of October Gabriel came with the expected letter from le père Jean. Mme. de Sarennes and Angélique had gone on to Quebec to spend the winter there, and I was expected to join them whenever it might be conven-

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ient. I took affectionate farewells of my good friend Mme. Dufour and the infant population of the parish, and set forth with Gabriel. We made a grand run of it, and were in full view of the town before the sun had quite set. I had seen no place, except perhaps Edinburgh, with which I could compare it, and Quebec gained in the comparison. Gabriel saw my admiration, and was delighted.

"Look at it well! madame; it is the gate of the finest country le bon Dieu ever created, and we hold the key! No man need have a faint heart when he can look on Quebec. See the little fort there on the top of the Cape! It was made to signal a King's ships only. See the château where it stands! It looks like the Governor himself. See the steeples of the Cathedral, of the Jesuits, of the Recollets! See the convents and the hospitals! It is like the Holy City of God! And then talk, if one can, of it falling into the hands of 'les goddams' and 'les Bostonnais.' Bah! It is impossible! If not, what is the use of going to church on Sunday?"

Truly he had every excuse for his pride; and when I looked on the majestic river, barred by the mighty cliff with its glittering crown of roofs and spires overlooking the beautiful sweep of the St. Charles, I felt that his outburst was more of a declaration than a boast.

I disembarked with a light heart, and, guided by Gabriel, climbed the steep ascent to the Haute Ville, there to receive a welcome from Mme. de Sarennes and Angélique which none but a daughter and a sister might expect.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AT QUEBEC.

When our first greetings were over, I asked eagerly for Lucy.

"She is not with us at the moment, my dear," said Mme. de Sarennes; "but we look for news of her soon now."

"Where is she?" I asked, dreading to discover the hand of M. de Sarennes in the matter.

"When you left with le père Jean, she was much distressed, for she had not the same reliance on his assurance of your safety as we, and at first insisted that you would never have willingly gone without her, but after a while she seemed to be content. I did not know, until Angélique told me later, that she was possessed with the idea of her son being in Quebec, or I might have persuaded her of its folly. But I knew nothing of it, and thought she was quite content to await your return, when we were astonished by her disappearance. She left a note behind, which, however, did not tell us anything beyond the word Quebec, as it was, of course, in English. Angélique, fetch the note; it is in my red box. We had search made for her as soon as possible, and heard of her along the road as far as Beaumont, but there all trace was lost. Here is the note, my dear," she said, as Angélique entered.

The poor little letter was not addressed, and was written in a trembling hand. "I am going to Quebec to find my son," I read. "M. de Sarennes tells me he is there, and I need not stay from him now my mistress is gone. I am thankful to every one who was kind to me, and I will pray for each one every night. Lucy."

"It is as I thought," said Mme. de Sarennes. "Poor soul, I am more distressed at the thought of her unrest than for her safety, for our people are very good, particularly to any one they see is not of strong mind. She had some money, Angélique tells me. I have sent her description to the different convents, where they are likely to know of any one in want; and in a small place like this it will not be long before we hear of her."

"But I am greatly distressed, madame, that you should have had this anxiety in addition to what I have caused."

"If we had not cared for her, we should have had no anxiety; and as for yourself, my dear, you must not think we were troubled when le père Jean told us you were under his direction; and now that you have come back to us in safety, your long absence is atoned for. I did not know I could have missed any one so much who was outside of my own family."

This unexpected tenderness from one I had respected rather than loved, for I had stood somewhat in awe of the usually unresponsive old lady, touched me more than I can tell, and gave me a sense of home and protection which I had long missed, and it was a pain to think I was forced to hide the true reason of my flight from her loyal heart.

The Sarennes house made one of a towerlike group of dwellings forming a

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little island, as it were, at the head of the Côte de la Montagne, round which swept the streets to zigzag down the long, steep hill, and join, after many turnings, at its foot. Fronting it stood the bishop's palace, a modest enough edifice, and from my window at the back I could look on the house of Philibert, popularly known as "Le Chien d'Or," from the curious carving over the door, hinting at some tragedy of patient waiting and revenge:

JE SVIS VN CHIEN QVI RONGE L'OS.
EN LE RONGEANT JE PRENDS MON REPOS.
VN TEMS VIENDRA QVI NEST PAS VENV
QVE JE MORDRAY QVI MAVRA MORDV.

Immediately above was a bright little cul-de-sac, dignified by the name of la rue du Parloir—the theatre of many of the social doings of Quebec; behind this, on the one side, rose the simple apse of the Cathedral, and on the other the white walls and glistening roofs of the Seminary.

It was not long before I learned the gossip of the town from Angélique, who had already made her first triumphs in society, in which she rejoiced so frankly that I felt like a girl again as she chattered of her pleasures.

"It might not seem much to you, Marguerite, after Paris, but to me it is splendid, and we have all sorts of men here."

"No doubt, chérie. And you find them all charming?"

"Well, they all try to please me, even the bad ones."

"You have bad ones too, ma mie?"

"Indeed we have, Marguerite, as bad as you ever saw in Paris. You needn't laugh."

"Heaven forbid! I never found them amusing in Paris, or elsewhere."

"Oh, but I do! There is M. Bigot, the Intendant. He is wicked, if you like! He is ugly too; but his manner!—it is simply enchanting. He dresses to perfection; and when he plays with a lady, he loses to her like a nobleman. I don't care what they say about him, c'est un galant homme! and the place would be very dull without him."

"But he is not the only man, Angélique?"

"Dear, no! And he wouldn't be so bad, I am sure, if it were not for that odious Mme. Péan; I am sure she is dreadful, and so pretty too! But there are other men; there is M. de Bougainville, who is young, and has le bel air, but is too serious; M. Poulariez, tall and gallant-looking—he is colonel of the Royal Rouissillon; there is Major Joannès—he remembers you on the yacht—he is the little officer who provided the wine for the toasts; then there is M. de Roquemaure, and M. de la Rochebeaucourt, and, best of all, there is M. de Maxwell—M. le Chevalier de Maxwell de Kirkconnel—he is a countryman of your own, Marguerite;" and she paused and looked at me as if awaiting an answer.

"Yes, and what of him?" I asked, with a good show of composure.

"Simply that he is the only man I have ever seen that I could fall in love with. That shocks you, I suppose? Well, don't be afraid. I am not nearly so bold as I pretend, and I don't mean a word of it. I am simply telling you how much I like him; besides, he is old enough to be my grandfather. Do you know why I like him?"

"No, chérie. Why?"

"Because when Mme. de Lanaudière, Mme. de Beaubassin, and others, were being good to me by patting me on the head and bidding me behave like a nice little girl, as it were, M. de Maxwell treated me as if I were the greatest lady in the room. He would leave the best dressed amongst them all to cross the floor openly and speak with me, and because he did so others followed, and I am in request. He is only 'Chevalier,' you know; but he could not have more weight here were he Duke or Prince."

"And he is proud of the distinction, I suppose?"

"Perhaps so, but he does not show it; but all this is nothing to his singing."

"Tell me of that."

"Only the other night, at Mme. de Lanaudière's, he sang so that even the players stopped in their game to listen. I know nothing of music, but I could have cried before he ended; and when he had sung again, as every one wished, Mme. de Lanaudière cried before us all, 'Chevalier, you must not sing again, or we cannot call our hearts our own!' And every one laughed and clapped their hands. That is what I call a triumph!"

"Yes, Angélique, I know. One of the dearest things I can remember is a loved voice singing."

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Only those who have known the hunger of the heart can realize the sweet comfort these innocent words brought to me. They pictured the Hugh I had carried all these years in my heart. How readily I could conceive the gentle consideration and the charm which won the gratitude of the simple girl as they had won my own!

As we settled down to our regular life, Angélique's one distress was that I would not go with her into the society she so dearly loved. She could not understand my refusal, and even her mother thought it would be well if I would show myself, if merely to establish my position and put an end to the annoying questionings which began to circulate concerning my station and intentions. But on this point I was firm, and the only concession I would make was to send a note to M. de Montcalm, begging he would pay me the honor of a visit.

He came on the morrow, and his respect and courtesy towards me went far to establish my position in the eyes of Mme. de Sarennes, for he treated me with all the consideration one would show towards an equal.

He informed me that his aide, M. de Bougainville, would sail for France almost immediately—we were then at the beginning of November—and if I would brave the discomforts of so late a passage, he would place me under his care; but both Mme. de Sarennes and Angélique protested so firmly against my undertaking such a voyage that I was spared a decision.

In truth I did not know what to do. My pride urged me to go; but my love, in spite of what had passed, drew me closer and closer to Quebec. I could not go without learning the truth, and yet I could not bring myself to meet Hugh at the moment, and this I should have to do if I accepted M. de Montcalm's offer; so I allowed matters to shape themselves without my interference.

"Peace may be proclaimed this winter, and if so, Mme. de St. Just can go without danger in the spring. Besides, she cannot go until she knows of the safety of one she is interested in," said Mme. de Sarennes, decidedly; and her reminder of my duty towards Lucy ended the discussion.

"Then, madame," said M. de Montcalm, turning to me, "if you are to stay with us, you must renounce your retirement, and give us your support in our little society. We are too few to spare any possible addition to it, the more so that if peace be not proclaimed before spring, everything is likely to come to an end, so far as we are concerned."

"Mon Dieu, Marquis! Do not speak so lightly of disaster," interrupted Mme. de Sarennes, severely.

"Ma foi, madame! What is the use of shutting our eyes to the inevitable? We are hemmed in right and left, and the next move will be directed on us here. It needs no prophet to foretell that."

"But is there not Carillon?"

"There is also the river."

"They can never come up the river! See what befell them before! I remember well how their fleet was destroyed under their Admiral Walker."

"Nothing happens but the impossible, madame; and we are no longer in an age that hopes for miracles."

"Monsieur, it pains me to hear you speak thus. God is not less powerful now than He was fifty years ago."

"I sincerely trust not, madame; but his Majesty will hardly acquit me if I rely on a chance tempest or a difficult channel. It is only a matter for a pilot."

"And think you, monsieur, a Canadian would ever consent to pilot an enemy up our river?"

"Madame, I cannot doubt that even a Canadian will act as other men, if he have a pistol at the back of his head. No, no, madame; believe me, the river is our danger, and I would that M. de Vaudreuil would see it as I do."

"M. de Vaudreuil is a God-fearing man, monsieur."

"So much the better for him, madame; but, unfortunately, I am responsible for military matters," he answered, with a bitterness which made me most uncomfortable.

He saw my distress, and added, quickly: "But such affairs should not be discussed before ladies; I forget myself. Mme. de Sarennes, I have every respect for your opinion, and it is only my anxiety for our common cause which urges me to exaggerate what may be merely possible dangers, after all.

"Now, Mme. de St. Just, to return to our society. We are dull now, and will be until the last ships leave; but we will have balls and routs later on, and per-

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haps may even offer you a novelty in the shape of a winter pique-nique, a fête champêtre in four feet of snow."

"That, I am sure, must be delightful," I answered, pleased that the conversation had taken a different turn; "but I am afraid I have little interest in amusement as yet."

"We have cards, madame, if you are ever tempted to woo the fickle goddess."

"M. de Montcalm," asked Mme. de Sarennes, in her severest manner, "do you intend to put an end to scandalous play this winter?"

"Eh, mon Dieu, madame! I must do something, I suppose. It is indeed a scandal that officers should ruin themselves, and I assure you I have had many a bad quarter of an hour over it. It cannot be forbidden altogether, for they must amuse themselves in some manner."

"They exist without it in Montreal."

"Possibly, but M. de Vaudreuil is there. We cannot hope to aspire to all his virtues." And to my dismay I saw we were once more nearing dangerous ground.

To turn the conversation again, I asked for news of the English at Louisbourg.

"Some are still there, some in garrison at Beauséjour, some in New York and Boston, and others returned to England; but we will doubtless have an opportunity of inspecting most of them here next spring, unless, as Mme. de Sarennes suggests, peace be declared in the mean time."

This was as bad as ever, but led to nothing more than a momentary stiffness, which Angélique's entrance dissipated, and made a merry ending to a visit not without its difficulties.

Before the Marquis left, he said to me, "You may not have heard, madame, but your brother, who is an officer in Fraser's, a Highland regiment, was captured in the first engagement, and was a prisoner in Louisbourg up to the capitulation. If you wish, I can obtain more definite news of him through M. de Maxwell, one of our officers who was in garrison there at the time."

Nothing could have been more unlooked-for, and for a moment I was overwhelmed at the thought of this innocent betrayal of my presence to Hugh. I could hardly find courage to reply, and it was fortunate that my answer served as a cover to my confusion.

"M. de Montcalm, I have never heard from or written to my brother since he accepted his English commission," I said, in a trembling voice.

"Pardon, madame; I had forgotten when I spoke."

"Just as we forget, monsieur, that our Marguerite is not one of us by birth as she is in heart," cried Angélique, enthusiastically, slipping her arm about me.

This showed me more than any other happening how precarious my position was, for though neither Angélique, nor her mother, nor M. de Montcalm, would now mention my identity, any of them might already have spoken of my brother. M. de Sarennes knew my secret, and Hugh might discover it at any moment.

When the Marquis left, Mme. de Sarennes no longer made an effort to contain her indignation.

"They are all alike!" she burst forth. "They make not the slightest effort to understand us, nor to do aught but amuse themselves. You are quite right, Marguerite, to refuse to have any part in their gayeties! I shall never urge you again. To talk of balls and routs and gaming as necessities, when the people are starving within our very walls!

"What wonder is it our husbands and brothers and sons say these fainéants care naught what becomes of the country or the people, so long as they gain some little distinction which may entitle them to an early return and an empty decoration! They have neither pity, nor faith, nor the slightest interest in the cause for which they are fighting.

"If M. de Vaudreuil, whom they pretend to despise, were permitted to take the field himself, with a few thousand good Canadians behind him, we would hear a different story. Think you if my son had been permitted to reach Louisbourg it would have fallen? No, a thousand times no! And it is the same elsewhere. Who repulsed the English charge at Carillon? The Canadians. Who brings every important piece of news of the enemy? Some despised Canadian. Who know how to fight and how to handle themselves in the woods? Canadians, and only Canadians! And these are the men they affect to despise! And it is their wives and sisters and daughters—more shame to them!—who lay themselves out to amuse and to be talked about by these same disdainful gentry!

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"Go to your room, mademoiselle," she ended, turning on Angélique. "I will hear nothing of your doings amongst a clique I despise from top to bottom;" and the indignant old lady stopped, worn out for very lack of breath, while Angélique made a little laughing grimace at me and fled.

The indictment was severe, but there was much truth in it at the same time. The condition of the people was pitiable in the extreme. Provisions were at ruinous prices, the wretched paper money was almost worthless, and even the officers were beggared by their necessary expenses. At the opening of the New Year the Intendance was invaded by a crowd of desperate women clamoring for relief, and the address of M. Bigot in ridding himself of his unwelcome visitors was laughed at as a joke. Worse than this, no attempt was made to lessen or even hide the gayeties that went on, play was as high and as ruinous as ever, and the town was all agog over the report of a ball to be given with unusual splendor by the Intendant on Twelfth-Night. It was true that he made a daily distribution of food at his doors, that he spoke pleasant and reassuring words to the suffering people, that he even permitted the respectably dressed among them to enter and view his guests from the gallery of his ball-room, but this did but serve to intensify the bitterness and indignation of those who stood apart from him and his party. It would be unjust to brand M. de Montcalm, and perhaps others, as willing participants in these excesses; on account of their position, their presence at all formal entertainments was a necessity, and certainly the town offered no distraction of any other nature whatsoever.

Our inquiries had so far failed in discovering any trace of Lucy's whereabouts, and yet I felt certain she was in or about Quebec, and as she had acquired enough French to make her wants known, and was provided with money sufficient to meet them, we held it likely she was in some family, and probably seldom stirred abroad for fear she would be recognized and prevented from keeping her patient watch.

At length the great event of the winter came on—the ball at the Intendance on Twelfth-Night. Angélique was all impatience for the evening, and when dressed, her excitement added to the charm of her girlish beauty.

"I wish you would come, Marguerite!" she exclaimed, longingly.

"I would like to, chérie, if only to see you."

"And to see M. de Maxwell too. I should like you to see him. I assure you one does not see such a man every day. He has such brown eyes; they do not sparkle, but they are deep. He has lovely hands, as well cared for as a woman's, but strong and masterful, I am sure. He has a fine foot and a well-turned leg. That is nearly all—except his smile; he smiles, and you think he is smiling for you alone; and when he speaks, you are sure of it! Such a low sweet voice! You are always certain he is never thinking of any one else when you are listening to it. And he dresses—plainly, perhaps—but it is perfection for him. But there—I must run; Denis has been at the door for an hour," and kissing me affectionately, she hurried off.

It was well for me she did so, for I could not have listened to her light-hearted babble longer without betraying myself. When I closed the door behind her, and spent half an hour with Mme. de Sarennes, I regained my room overwhelmed by the storm of emotions she had raised within me. "Oh, why cannot I see him, I of all the women in the world?" I cried aloud, and the words set free my tears to relieve me. As I regained control of myself I caught sight of Angélique's pretty fan, forgotten, on my table, in her hurry; and the moment I saw it a plan flashed before me, and I determined to see with my own eyes what I had so long pictured in my heart.

Bathing my face until every trace of my outburst was removed, I dressed myself, and taking a large blue cloak with a hood, which might be worn by either a lady or her servant, I picked up the fan and stole quietly out into the street.

It was a beautiful soft night, without a moon, and I went down by the rue St. Jean and the Palace Hill without interruption, and passing out of the walls, went straight to the Intendance, which was all aglow with light, and surrounded by a gaping crowd.

Quickly passing through the people, and saying to the grenadiers on guard at the gate, "For Mademoiselle de Sa-



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rennes," I was admitted to the court-yard, and passed the lackeys at the entrance with the same password.

Singling out one who looked civil, I drew him aside.

"I bring this fan for Mademoiselle de Sarennes, but I wish, now that I am here, to have a look at the ball. Is there any place where I can go besides the gallery?"

"Perfectly, mademoiselle; I can show you just the place. You were lucky in coming to me. Do you know me?"

"No," I answered, willing to flatter him; "but you look as if you would know what I want."

"Aha!" he exclaimed, pluming himself. "You were right, perfectly right. You have only to follow me," and he led the way down the corridor, and, unlocking a door, he motioned me to enter. I drew back as a rush of music and voices and the warm air of the ball-room swept out.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered, "this is curtained off. You can stay here for an hour if you like, no one will come through before then, only, when you leave, be sure and turn the key again, and bring it to me."

I thanked him, and he left, closing the door noiselessly behind him; and then approaching the curtains, I carefully parted them, and looked out on the ball-room.

### CHAPTER XXI.

### I AWAKE FROM MY DREAM.

IT was a scene that would have done credit to a much larger centre than Quebec. It is true the walls were bare of any fitting decoration, the windows too small to break them with any effect, the chandeliers mean in size, and the sconces but makeshifts; still, the room was imposing in its proportions and the company brilliant.

I recognized the Intendant without difficulty. He was very handsomely dressed, his carriage was dignified and easy, and the charm of which Angélique had spoken was at once apparent. I quite understood how one might forget the red, disfigured face, marked by the traces of excess, for it was frank and open, and one could not but acknowledge its strength.

I saw, too, M. Poulariez, looking very handsome in his new white uniform of the Royal Rouissillon; the Major Joannès, and others whom Angélique had described, or we had seen from the windows on their way to one or other of the three divinities of the rue du Parloir. They were all there, vying with each other, Mme. de Lanaudière, Mme. de Beaubassin, and Mme. Péan, and though their dresses were doubtless far behind the mode, they were all three noticeable women, and dressed with discretion.

At the opposite end were the musicians, whose efforts were surprisingly good; and in a long gallery down one side stood the onlookers, crowding it to its utmost capacity. Angélique sat the centre of an animated group at no great distance from where I was hidden, and her evident delight in the merry trifling that went on about her made a charming picture, but he whom I sought was not one of the little court before her, and I scanned the room eagerly. For the first time I realized that he might be changed; that I had changed much myself, for ten years is a long time out of one's life, and with a pang I thought of Angélique's girlish freshness, and wished I could have remained eighteen for his sake.

At last! My heart leaped within me, and my eyes swam so I could hardly see, for there was Hugh, the one and only love of my life! "Oh, Hugh! Hugh! my darling!" I murmured, forgetful of all save that my dreamings had come true, and my eyes had been granted their desire.

He was coming slowly down the room, making his way gracefully through the crowd, bowing and occasionally speaking to other guests as he passed. It pained me to see how thin and worn his face had grown, but if anything it was handsomer than ever, though, like that of most of the officers, it was too brown from constant exposure. How could Angélique call him old? For his figure was as light and graceful as I loved to picture it, and his bearing as perfect as of yore. He was not in uniform, but was fittingly dressed in a puce-colored coat, relieved with narrow silver braid, and his white satin waistcoat and breeches were ornamented in the same manner.

He came directly up to where Angélique sat, and bowing low, answered her lively greeting with his winning smile, and I could almost catch the soft tones of his voice where I stood.

Presently she rose, and dismissing her court with a laughing bow, they moved down the room together, and as they did

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so my love swept all doubts aside, and I fell to defending him against myself with all my soul. I had never read that letter aright. Should I not have remembered that such a man could never hurt a woman? It was an impossibility for him to have written me direct; and had he not, through the very hands of my enemy, sent me effective warning not to intrust myself to his treacherous guidance? —"Keep the lady claiming to be my wife at such a distance that I may never set eyes on her again." Could anything be plainer or better conceived? If he had denied being married, his letter could have carried no message for me, and would have placed me in even a worse position. It was through my own pride and stupidity that I had blundered into denying the marriage, and so had thrown myself into the power of Sarennes.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle," whispered a voice, and I faced about, trembling with sudden terror, to find M. de Sarennes close behind me.

"Good-evening, mademoiselle," he repeated, smiling at my dismay. "You did not expect to see me?"

"I did not know you were in Quebec," I gasped, trying hard to recover my self-control.

"Nor did any one else, save your friend M. de Montcalm; I arrived an hour ago."

"How did you know I was here?" I asked, to gain time.

"I guessed whither you had been drawn when I did not find you at the house, and a crown to the right lackey brought me here. And now, with your permission, we will finish that conversation your friend the Jesuit interrupted more than six months ago. No, you dare not cry out; and see, I have the key. You are more alone with me here than in the woods at Beaulieu," and he smiled with an air of triumph that made me desperate.

"It is useless to attempt to frighten me, monsieur," I said, boldly. "I am among friends."

"Indeed? And you count this Chevalier de Maxwell amongst them?"

"I do; for now I understand the letter he sent."

"May I ask in what way?"

"In the way of a warning not to trust myself to a man in whom he had no confidence."

"Ah! He has explained this to you himself?"

"No, monsieur; it was my own fault I did not see it at the time."

"Will you answer me one question truthfully? Have you seen M. de Maxwell? You will not answer? Then your silence speaks for you. Now if this letter had been sent with the meaning you pretend to put upon it, do you not think M. de Maxwell would have sought you out in a little place like Quebec, where he has no other occupation on his hands than to win enough at pharaon to dress himself for such duties as these?" he said, contemptuously, as he waved his hand towards the ball-room; and with the sneering words my defence of a few moments before was in the dust. "You have seen him here," he went on, when he marked the effect of his words. "Does he look like a man who is eating his heart out; or like one who is free of a burden and trying to enjoy the present? Marguerite, listen to me! For your sake I have braved disgrace and perhaps ruin; for your sake I would go through it again—"

"How dare you speak to me thus, monsieur!" I interrupted. "You insult me beyond endurance when you dare to say I ever inspired any man to be a traitor and a coward."

"By God!" he muttered. "Have a care lest I strike you! There are some things I cannot stand, even from you."

"Strike! I would rather that than anything else from you."

He glared at me fiercely for a moment, then suddenly changing, he whispered entreatingly: "Marguerite, do not tempt me thus. Do not bring out all that is worst in me. You know I love you."

"I will not have your love; it is hateful to me."

"Why should my love be hateful? It is not different from that of other men. It is as strong—so strong that I cannot master it. It is as tender, if you will but answer it. It is not to be despised, for I have never offered it to another; and as for myself, God made me as I am."

"I will not have your love, M. de Sarennes. I will not answer it, and you degrade it when you would force it on me. Go, and leave me in peace."

"Marguerite, you know nothing of my love. It counts neither insult nor rejection. If you will have it in no other way, let me at least serve you. Let me take up your quarrel."

"What do you mean?"

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"This Maxwell. Say so, and I will hunt him down, and never leave him until you are revenged."

"Are you mad, monsieur?"

"No, mademoiselle, I am not mad! But are you shameless?"

Trembling with indignation, I drew my cloak about me, and sweeping aside the curtain, I stepped out on the floor of the lighted ball-room. As I passed out, the curtain caught my hood, and, to my annoyance, it fell back from my head. The full glare of the light was dazzling, and I was bewildered and confused, but I kept my eyes fixed on the doorway and walked swiftly towards it. No one spoke to me, or uttered any exclamation of surprise. Two gentlemen stepped apart as I advanced to allow me free passage, and I had just gained the entrance when I came face to face with the Marquis de St. Véran.

Without the slightest hesitation he bowed, and at once stepped back into the corridor with me.

"Ah, madame, you should have been on the floor, and not in the gallery. This ball promises to be amusing, and you are running away before it has fairly begun." Seeing I was too embarrassed to reply, he continued with perfect savoir-faire a conversation made up of nothings, leading me down the long corridor away from curious eyes as he did so, until I was able to say, with decency:

"Monsieur, a thousand thanks for your timely attention, but I must return. I have been over-long already."

At this moment M. de Sarennes approached from the opposite direction, and bowing as if he had met me for the first time that evening, said, after saluting the Marquis, "My mother grows anxious at your stay, madame, and has deputed me to be your escort."

But he counted too far on my cowardice, and had no knowledge of how far a woman will trust an honorable man. The Marquis, never doubting his good faith, had already fallen back a step, when I turned to him and said, quietly,

"Monsieur, it is quite impossible for me to accept this gentleman's offer, but I shall be grateful if you will provide me with a different escort."

"There is not the slightest difficulty in that. M. de Sarennes, I must ask you to remain in attendance here, as I will not have another opportunity of seeing you before you start for Montreal in the morning. I will join you within presently;" and he dismissed the angry man with a formal little bow, as if unconscious of anything unusual. Beckoning to a servant, he ordered him to find M. Joannès, and bid him meet us at the entrance.

"I am heartily glad, madame," he said, when we were alone, "that you had the confidence to appeal to me. I shall take means to keep M. de Sarennes so busily employed that he will have no further opportunity of annoying you."

"I am very grateful, monsieur, and would never have troubled you could I have seen any other way of escape."

"'Tutto è bene che riesce bene,' which is the extent of my Italian, madame; but here is M. Joannès. M. Joannès," he continued, to the merry little officer, "you have already had the pleasure of meeting Mme. de St. Just; you now can render her a service."

"I am sure madame has confidence in me; she saw how I had provided the wine when it was essential we should wish her bon voyage off Cap Tourmente."

"Good! The present service only differs in kind. Will you order my cariole and see her safely to Mme. de Sarennes's?"

"With all the pleasure in the world, mon général," and he bowed and hurried off to order the sleigh. In a few moments we whirled out of the court-yard, and were driving rapidly up Palace Hill.

M. Joannès chattered incessantly, which was the very spur I most needed. His open friendliness and the sure confidence of the protection of M. de Montcalm gave me a feeling of safety against any attempt on the part of M. de Sarennes that was perfectly reassuring, and I slept that night without a fear, in spite of what I had gone through, until awakened by Angélique as the day was breaking.

"Oh, Marguerite, for shame! To think of your being at the ball and never letting me know!" she cried, to my consternation; but added immediately: "I'm glad you went, though. Didn't we all look fine?"

"Very fine, and I admired you most of all the women, chérie."

"Flatterer! You made a fine stir yourself when you crossed the floor. I wish I had seen you, and I would have captured you then and there! Did you not know you could have gone round by the passage?"

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"HE BOWED LOW IN ANSWER TO HER LIVELY GREETING."

"That is the way I came; but when I wished to go, the door was locked," I answered, boldly, as I saw she suspected nothing.

"I guessed who it was the moment they spoke of your hair; but I told no one, not even M. de Maxwell. Did you see him? He wore a brown coat laced with silver, and we were at your end of the room, I suppose, while you were there."

"Yes, chérie, I saw him when he first came to you."

"And am I not right? Has he not le bel air?"

"He certainly has."

"But who else in the world do you think was there? You will never guess. Charles! He was on his way to Montreal, and came to the ball only to see me in my finery, he said. Not every brother would do that, let me tell you; and he is off the first thing this morning without ever coming to the house. Now I must be off to bed; I couldn't help waking you to tell you my news;" and she kissed me and went to dream of her pleasures.

The following afternoon we went to the Jesuits for benediction — to me the sweetest service of the day. It was already growing dusk as we entered. Within, the narrow windows broke the blackness of the walls with their slits of dull gray, and the worshippers sat or knelt in the twilight—a shadowy mass, over which the twinkling flood of light from countless tapers on the altar broke in yellow softness.

The peaceful, tender service was in perfect harmony with the quiet of the evening, and I felt my heart filled with a great comfort, when suddenly from the loft behind us, where the musicians stood, floated out the familiar words,

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui....,

and I sank trembling to my knees, for the voice to me was as the voice of an angel—it was Hugh's! I covered my face with my hands and wept silent, blessed tears of joy, while the beautiful hymn thrilled through my very soul.

"It is M. de Maxwell," whispered Angélique; but I could make no answer.

As I walked home with Angélique, her enthusiastic praise of Hugh stirred in me no spark of resentment, much less of jea-



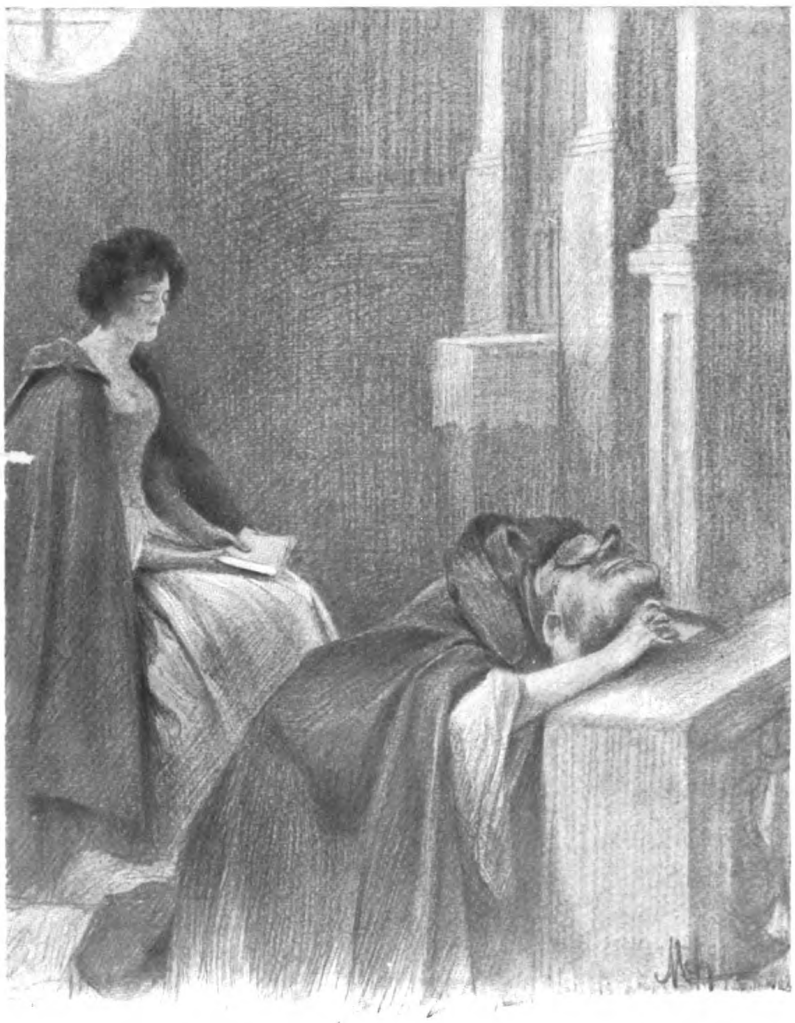
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lousy; her satisfaction that I should have seen and admired was so honest and open, and the glimpse I had caught of his bearing towards her was so reassuring, that I was undisturbed. In spite of the truculent suggestions of M. de Sarennes, and even in the face of my own doubts and fears and pride, I was so won back to the old dreamings, so reawakened to the old longings, that I felt nothing less than his own words would ever satisfy me that I had been mistaken. After all, I could not see that I ran any serious risk in meeting him; in such a place as Quebec it was likely to happen at any moment; and surely it were better to take place when I was prepared. At the worst, my position as Mme. de St. Just would still serve to stand between us, and I felt assured I could rely on his forbearance.

However, I was not suffered to come to any conclusion, for Mme. de Sarennes met us as we entered, with tidings that drove everything else out of my head for the moment.

"Marguerite, I have news for you. La mère de Ste. Hélène sends word saying an English woman has been brought to the Hôtel-Dieu, and from the description I believe her to be Lucie. Do you both go at once and ascertain."

We hurried off in great excitement, and an interview with the Superior satisfied us that the patient was indeed my poor Lucy. She had been found that very morning, by a habitant coming with his load to early market, wandering in a benumbed and dazed condition on the road by the St. Charles, and as he had business at the Hôtel-Dieu, he had carried her there and given her in charge of the nuns. She was much exhausted by cold and fasting, but sleep and food had restored her to consciousness, and on finding she was English they had at once sent us word.



"TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM VENEREMUR CERNUI. . . ."

"If you wish you may see her now, madame," said the Superior. "And if we are right, it will serve to reassure her, for she is much troubled at being detained here."

Thanking her, I took my way in charge of a sister, and quietly entered the sick-room. The first glance at

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the frail face on the pillow told me our search had ended, and there was instant recognition in the eyes that met mine. I was by her bed-side in a moment.

"Oh, my dear mistress!" she sobbed. "It was wicked of me to desert you, but I did not understand where you had gone."

"No, no, Lucy; I am the one to be forgiven. I should never have left you; but now we are together again, and when you are well, nothing shall part us."

"Will you stay with me now? I am afraid here! It is all so strange, and I am not well," she ended, pitifully.

"Yes, Lucy, I will stay. But first I must ask permission, and send word to Mme. de Sarennes."

"Will you say to her that I am sorry?"

"Yes, dear: but no one is blaming you."

"You are all good," she said, with a sigh of content; and I ran off to obtain a ready approval of my stay, from both the Superior and Angélique, who promised to return on the morrow.

My presence was all that was needed to quiet Lucy, and she passed a restful night, to awaken so greatly improved that she readily talked of her wanderings. It was much as I had suspected; M. de Sarennes had wilfully encouraged and deceived her, feeding her delusion at every opportunity, even giving her directions for her road, in the evident intent of getting her out of the way, to have a freer hand in his designs. It was a relief to find that every one had treated her with kindness, and that she had found a shelter in St. Roch, with a widow, who was thankful for the trifle she paid for her lodging. Once she reached Quebec she was quite content, for she had only to wait until Christopher might appear. She gave no reason why she was wandering out by the St. Charles, and I did not question her; but no doubt she had really been ill for days, and was not fully conscious of her action.

Mme. de Sarennes came with Angélique in the morning, and it was touching to see how lively an interest this quiet Lucy had awakened in both their hearts.

"You are in good hands, my dear," said the old lady, graciously. "Show your gratitude by getting well and coming back to us."

"I will do my best, madame. God has been very good to me," she answered, in halting French; whereupon Mme. de Sarennes patted her cheek, and left to speak with her friend the Superior.

As she was going, Angélique beckoned me into the corridor, and whispered: "I was thinking last night that we might ask M. de Maxwell to come and give her news of her boy when he was in Louisbourg. You know, Charles told us he was much with him there, and I am sure my mother can obtain leave from the Superior. What do you think?"

"I think it would do her more good than anything else in the world. We will ask her."

"Lucie," asked Angélique, "would you like me to bring a gentleman who was in Louisbourg, and who can give you news of Christophe when he was there?"

"Oh yes, mademoiselle; I should love it above all things," she answered, and with a flush of joy over her pale face.

"Very well; we will come to-morrow."

There was every reason, for Lucy's sake, why Hugh should come, and in my heart I longed to see him again before I determined on my own course of action. It was a pleasing thought, too, that I should see him comforting one to whom it would mean so much.

The morrow was a long day for both of us, and at four o'clock, just as it was growing dusk, I sat by her bed, listening anxiously to every footfall in the corridor, until at last I caught Angélique's light step, followed by a firmer tread, which I recognized at once.

It would be hard to tell whether Lucy or I was the more excited.

"Be calm, Lucy," I whispered, laying a trembling hand on hers; and I drew my chair up to the head of the bed, so that I was completely hidden by the white curtain.

"Lucie," said Angélique, on entering, "I have brought my friend. Shall he come in?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Lucy, in an expectant voice.

I heard Angélique go towards the door, and then heard Hugh enter. I caught the arms of my chair tightly as he approached the bed, when, to my amazement, I felt that Lucy had raised herself, and the next instant she cried, in a voice strained in agony:

"Hugh Maxwell! What have you done with our son?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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BY SIDNEY WHITMAN, F.R.G.S.

THE late Field-Marshal Moltke was a warm friend of the Turks and of Turkey, and they in their turn have retained a grateful memory, down to the present day, of his stay among them. It was in Syria, in the year 1839, that the great strategist—then plain Captain v. Moltke—gained his first experience of actual warfare. Writing home at the time, the calm and critical observer speaks thus of the country and its sultans:

> The rulers of this empire have won battles and conquered vast territories; they have built aqueducts and mosques, founded schools and hospitals, which have been the means of handing their names down to posterity. But the Sultan who would free his people from the scourge of the plague would *deserve* the gratitude of the world at large, and his memory would eclipse the renown of his predecessors.*

This invocation—this appeal to a Sultan of the future on the part of the thoughtful German soldier sixty years ago—has been heard and its aim fulfilled in our time. For under Sultan Abdul-Hamid the plague has become a memory of the past in Turkey.

A well-known German writer* of the present day, who was born in the East, a son of a German schoolmaster in Turkey, speaks thus of what has been achieved by the present Sultan in the face of almost superhuman obstacles:

> If Turkey—which in the year 1878 looked as if she must succumb under the tremendous blows of Russia's overwhelming power—stands to-day in a stronger position than before, it is without doubt, in the first instance, due to Sultan Abdul-Hamid II. Called to the throne during a period of the deepest depression, this self-contained, clear-headed, and cautious ruler managed, in the midst of military collapse, not only to save the remnants of Turkish *prestige*, but he succeeded, by continuous hard work, tenacity of purpose, and with truly astonishing unerring judgment, in increasing this prestige to such an extent that Europe suddenly, as it were, stood before a miracle. For was it

* *Moltke's Türkische Briefe.* Page 130.

* *Türke, Wehre Dich.* Dr. Hans Barth. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1898.

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not almost a miracle to find the Turkish army—the whole system of national defence—reconstructed and raised to a high pitch of technical excellence, all within the short span of fifteen years?

It is true that Abdul-Hamid found willing material among his people to assist him in his great plans of military reform. The catastrophe of 1878, the eclipse of Turkey's political power, the threatening attitude of enemies all around her, and, lastly, the intrigues and ill will of European states eager for conquest—all these influences had opened the eyes of the Turks. It produced a reaction among the formerly so careless *Osmanli*—a national awakening such as the Sultan himself could hardly have hoped for. And the more intelligent portion—instinctively, the whole Turkish people—felt that things could not go on as in the past. Turkey must remember her great history, her ancient splendor, and must needs place herself anew in a position to face her enemies. This consciousness, in which the people and their ruler met on common ground, gave the latter the basis for his truly stupendous task.

With the aim of rendering his people as capable as possible of withstanding their enemies—in order to "Europeanize" them as far as this was compatible with the spirit of the East—Sultan Abdul-Hamid imitated the example of Scipio Africanus. In the same manner as the latter watched the strategy of his great Punic rival, in order to overwhelm him in due course, so the Sultan of Turkey borrowed the weapons of Europe in order, if necessary, to employ them against his European opponents. And such weapons were of an intellectual as well as of a material kind; in fact, the selfsame which Prussia availed herself of at the time of her deepest humiliation. They were in this case—reform of the schools, reform of the army, and, lastly, the advancement of commerce and economic resources by means of a great extension of the railway system of the country. And this has all been done in unison and contemporaneously with such an increase in the homogeneity of the empire and of the Sultan's power as in former times of weak decentralization would have seemed simply inconceivable.

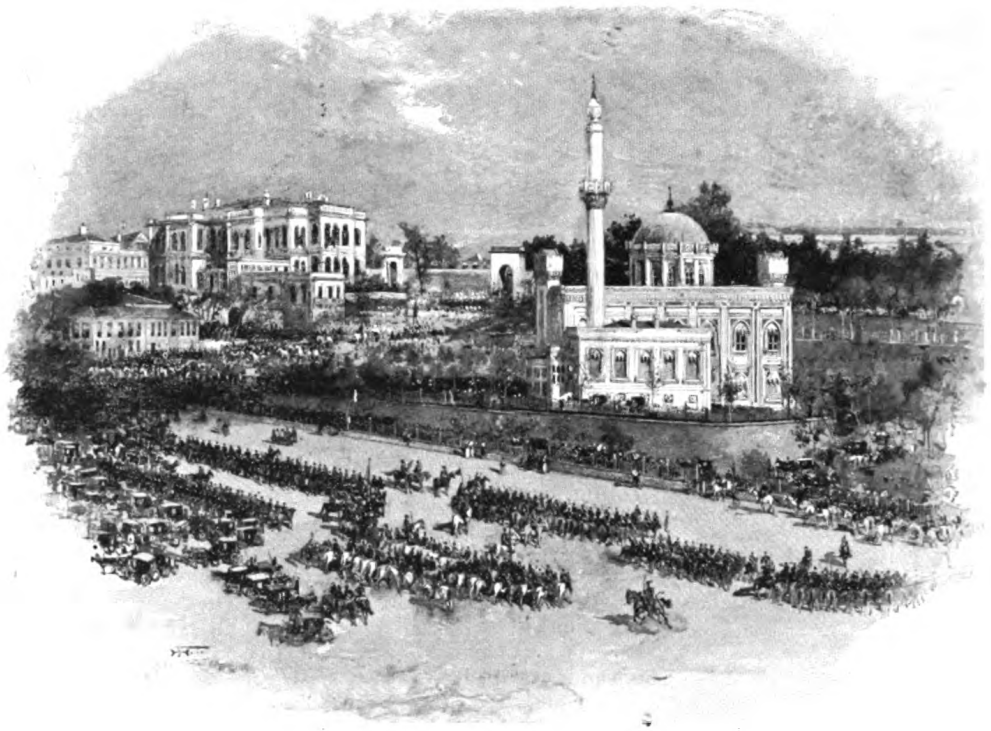
To the millions who have never heard aught of the Sultan of Turkey except long enumerations of his many sins and transgressions, this statement may well be a surprising one. And it is by no means an uncorroborated testimony to the capacity of Abdul-Hamid as a ruler. An even more remarkable tribute to the Sultan's qualities as a man is to be found in the well-known non-conformist monthly, the *Contemporary Review*, of January, 1895. And although it has been before our rapidly moving world now long enough to have become a part of history, I yet deem it fit and opportune to reproduce what is—when all is said and done—the weighty, well-balanced opinion of one who, on the authority of Mr. Alexander W. Terrell, the late United States Minister to the Porte, is described as "the ablest and most scholarly American divine and educator in Turkey, and one who has resided in Constantinople more than twenty years." The extract is as follows:

"He [the Sultan] has never failed to win the heart of any European who has been admitted to any degree of intimacy with him. All find in him the noble and attractive qualities which they cannot help but admire.... Except in religion, he is more of a European than an Asiatic.... He is no more of an Oriental despot than the late Tsar; and many of the fine qualities discovered in the Tsar after his death are equally characteristic of the Sultan. In personal ability I should say he was the Tsar's superior.... It is true of the Sultan, as it was of the Tsar, that his policy was not adopted through personal ambition or the love of power, but from a sense of religion and country.... In Asia Minor the Sultan has had some excuse for the persecution of Armenians in the establishment of their revolutionary committees.... He deserves the highest praise.... It is a new thing in the world to see a Turkish Sultan attempting to cleanse his empire from filth and disease, and rivalling the most advanced countries in the world in his efforts to care for the health of his people.... He has done more for the education of his people than all the Sultans who have gone before him."

The fact that the same writer, in discussing the political conditions of Turkish life, is apparently unable to rise above the average missionary's view of Eastern men and things, may safely be said to lend additional weight to this personal tribute to the Sultan in the face of a world of senseless, not to say malignant, calumny.

The personal appearance of the Sultan has been described by any number of writers—which is not surprising, for no monarch in the world is seen so regularly in public as he. Anybody who wishes to see him has only to walk up to the imperial palace, the Yildiz Kiosk ("Tent of the Stars"), of a Friday morning, and he is absolutely certain of seeing his Majesty as he drives in an open victoria—with Ghazi Osman sitting opposite to him—out of the palace gate to the Ha-

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THE SULTAN GOING TO THE MOSQUE.

midiē Mosque to prayer, and half an hour later, on his way back, when he himself handles the ribbons. It is quite true that the road is double-lined with soldiers, but that in no way prevents the spectator from taking stock at his leisure of the Sultan and all his courtly surroundings. Then, again, a number of rooms adjoining the palace, overlooking the whole pageant of the Selamlik, are placed by the Sultan at the disposal of foreign visitors and the better classes of Constantinople every Friday, and it is the easiest thing in the world for anybody with a decent coat to his back to obtain a card of admission, and thus, for the short period of one forenoon, to become *de facto* a guest of the Sultan. During the interval whilst the Sultan is in the mosque excellent tea, and sometimes, on exceptional occasions, even sweets and cigarettes, are handed round to the visitors, whilst bags of sweets are distributed among the crowd in the road on Mohammed's birthday. Also a list of those present is regularly given by Ibrahim Bey, the master of ceremonies, to the Sultan, who peruses it, and in case any name is familiar to him, sends his personal greeting to the visitor in question. Thus the privilege of witnessing the ceremony of the Selamlik from the rooms set apart by the Sultan for the purpose is one involving the acceptance of his Majesty's hospitality. There every Turk appears dressed in his best, wearing his decorations. This fact is not always realized by visitors of the English-speaking world — some of whom I have seen in flannel shirts, dirty shoes and knickerbockers, mingling with unconscious self-possession among diplomatists and others belonging to good society who are carefully attired for the occasion.

I have often seen it stated in print that the Sultan wears a habitual expression of melancholy—in other words, that his main characteristics are sadness and nervousness.

Neither my own experience, nor the testimony of others best in a position to form a reliable opinion, bear this out, although the tragic circumstances under which he came to the throne, very much against his will, may well have left their impress on his memory. The Sultan's is

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an exceedingly sensitive nature. He is a man in whom the domestic affections are very strong. Thus a blow, such as the recent loss of a daughter, might well have had a cruel effect on him—as only those can understand who have loved and lost children of their own. But I do not believe that the Sultan's temperament is one of habitual melancholy. On the contrary, I know that his Majesty enjoys a joke and a laugh as heartily as ever did Martin Luther, even though it must be admitted that the nature of some of the doughty Reformer's jokes would scarcely suit the refined taste of the Caliph of the Mohammedans.

The Sultan on one occasion was inquiring of one of his confidants about a stranger whose personality interested him. His Majesty's informant told him that the individual in question was never seen in coffee-houses, theatres, or in other places of doubtful repute, much less in suspicious company; that he was most moderate, even abstemious, in his habits; that he sat at home working most of his time, and if he went out, it was often to visit a mosque and watch the Faithful at prayer. "A truly remarkable man," broke in the Sultan; "he might almost be a Moslem."

The other, feeling he had drawn an impossible picture of perfection, which might perhaps encounter the Sultan's incredulity, here rejoined that truth compelled him to confess to his Majesty that he had seen the stranger walk up and down in his room during the recent hot weather with next to no clothes on. This fairly caused the Sultan to burst out laughing. On such occasions—and they are by no means rare—when the Sultan is in good spirits, it is curious to note how the monarch's merriment, as if by magic, finds a reflex in his surroundings. I have seen all Yildiz in the brightest of good-humor, for the word had gone round that "Sa Majesté est de forte bonne humeur," and its rays spread far and wide. Indeed, the general atmosphere found expression in the broad grin of the imperial porter who carries the fat pacha's dinner from the imperial kitchen on his head.

No, I repeat, the tale of the Sultan's habitual melancholy, as distinct from a certain grave seriousness, is a myth.

It would, indeed, be nothing to be wondered at if he were occasionally in a serious mood. There are monarchs besides the Sultan whose humor is not always *couleur de rose*. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is not a Mohammedan proverb. But the Sultan's now universally admitted strength of purpose; his truly phenomenal powers of work; his extreme abstinence from every form of nervous stimulant, except an occasional cigarette and cup of coffee—all this is, the reader will admit, totally irreconcilable with the idea that he could possibly be of a morbidly nervous disposition. As to the Sultan's working habits: I have known him to be at work at five in the morning, and keep a whole staff of secretaries going at that hour who had slept overnight on couches in the rooms in the palace they habitually work in. Munir Pacha, the imperial grand master of ceremonies, and one of the most kindly, distinguished men it is possible to meet, once said to me: "There is one characteristic of his Majesty which conveys a constant lesson to us all: it is his extraordinary self-control—his impassive calm. It is almost sublime. No contrariety, no trial, seems able to ruffle his perfect self-possession. It is truly marvellous."

Making every allowance for the enthusiastic admiration of a devoted servant and a prince of courtiers, I am yet inclined to believe, on the strength of other corroborative evidence as well as from my own personal observation, that Munir Pacha's estimate of his master's nerve is by no means exaggerated. Certain ambassadors, who have had abundant opportunity of testing the cold steel of self-control in the Sultan's character, might, if they were inclined to make revelations of incidents in which they did not come off with flying colors, give even better corroborative evidence than I am at liberty to disclose.

Munir Pacha came to London as the representative of the Sultan on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. He is a bit of a philosopher, notwithstanding the current belief that it is impossible to live in the immediate surroundings of a Sultan and retain an independent estimate of things. Munir Pacha suffers severely from asthma. A friend who happened to call on him one day, and found him in his office at the palace, expressed his sympathy with him. "Yes, mon cher," he replied, with a sigh, as he looked out of the window, and saw one of the porters of the palace carrying a tray on his head, "I pos-

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sess forty *Grands Cordons*"—the highest distinctions at the hands of different monarchs—"and yet I would gladly relinquish them all and change places with that 'ha-



AHMED MIDHAT EFFENDI.
The regenerator of the Turkish language.

mal'* if I could be freed of this distressing complaint."

It is honestly believed by some that the Sultan is constantly surrounded by a fierce soldiery armed to the teeth, and that sudden death awaits the hapless creature who should venture to intrude unbidden within the sacred precincts of the imperial palace. As a matter of fact, there is no palace of any monarch in the world into which it is so easy to penetrate as the Yildiz Kiosk. All sorts and conditions of men—but no women—manage to find their way in and out. I have known the Pera shopkeeper of English nationality enter the palace and walk unbidden into the sanctum of the Sultan's all-powerful secretary, take his seat among ambassadors, pachas, and ministers, sip his coffee and smoke his cigarette, and sit there for hours together as if "to the manner born." So much for the exclusive character of the Sultan's palace.

I remember on one occasion being at the palace rather late in the evening. Everybody had long gone home. A few servants wearing fezzes and dressed in the black frock-coats—*de rigueur* for all those who are in the Sultan's service—were standing silently in the hall which adjoined the imperial apartment. Otherwise, not a soul, much less an armed man, was to be seen, until you passed the sentry at the gate of exit. Nor, indeed, was a sound to be heard in the beautiful moonlight night, except the splashing of the water of the marble fountain, which forms one of the side walls of the unpretentious one-storied wing. To my great surprise, I found that the Sultan was there hard at work with his secretary, in a suite of apartments opposite those of Ghazi Osman. Anybody might have stood there unmolested, as I did, in front of the Sultan's rooms, without a soldier to be seen, much less a policeman to cry, "Move on!"

The prepossessing impression which the Sultan is universally admitted to

* Turkish term for a porter. Almost everything, from grand-pianos, live sheep, down to bricks and mortar, is carried about by porters in Constantinople.

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produce on those who are privileged to come into contact with him is doubtless in part due to that charm of manner, that quiet dignity so free from angular self-assertion, which is more or less characteristic of all well-bred Turks. But in his case it is supplemented by a pleasing smile, and an unusually sympathetic voice, the notes of which always seem to convey a pleasant impression, even to the stranger who is unable to understand what his Majesty has said until it is translated by the interpreter. The Sultan usually gives audiences on Friday after the ceremony of the Selamlik, when he wears a Turkish general's uniform, with the star of the Imtiaz Order in brilliants hung from his neck. As he sits in front of you, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him, and you watch him speak to Munir Pacha in his quiet, dignified way, you cannot resist the impression of his picturesque dignity.

On other occasions his dress is simplicity itself, scarcely differing from that of his secretaries and other officials. He wears a black frock-coat, cut in Turkish fashion, which just hides a white waistcoat with a gold watch-chain. The only other jewelry is apt to be a plain gold ring on the little finger of the right hand with a fair-sized ruby cut or polished *en cabochon*. It is customary to sit in the presence of the Sultan after being requested to do so, but the native-born Turk will only just sit on the very edge of the little gilt chair, and fold his arms across his chest, waiting for the Sultan to address him, and then mutter in reply, while bending low and touching chest, lips, and forehead with the right hand, "Firman Effendemizen" (Master, thy word is law).

During my several visits to Turkey I often came into personal contact with a certain Ahmed Midhat Effendi, Vice-President of the Sanitary Administration of the Ottoman Empire at Constantinople, proprietor of the *Terdjumen Hakkikat*, the leading newspaper of Turkey, and one of the most eminent Turkish philologists and men of letters of to-day. In fact, Ahmed Midhat, whose literary labors, like his own personal appearance (for he is still in the prime of life), have been of a herculean character, is virtually the regenerator of the Turkish language. It is partly my prolonged intimacy with this extraordinary man—one of the few in whose disinterested fidelity the Sultan has the fullest trust—which has enabled me to appreciate the Mohammedan Turk, and has lent me the courage, born of conviction, to speak out in his behalf. The story of Midhat's life is full of dramatic interest. How as a Young Turk he was imprisoned in the island of Rhodes; how he became convinced that the Young Turkey party was a hopeless one; how he was liberated on the accession to the throne of Abdul-Hamid Khan, brought to Constantinople, received in audience by the Sultan, and turned from an enemy into a devoted friend—all this is a tale of almost romantic interest, but one too lengthy to recite in this place.

Our many conversations — always fraught with instruction for me — embraced every imaginable subject, but often turned more especially to the Mohammedan religion, and the attitude of Christianity towards Islam—not merely in our time, but throughout past centuries. It needed no great powers of persuasion to convince me that the European frame of mind towards the Mohammedan world must needs be the outcome of a one-sided version of events—notably in the case of that tremendous movement of the Middle Ages commonly known as the Crusades. How could it well be otherwise, in view of the inaccessibility of Mohammedan historical sources in the past? Thus Lessing's drama of *Nathan the Wise*, and the portrayal of Sultan Saladin as the ideal type of chivalry and religious tolerance, struck the Western world at the time as a revelation. To-day no serious person who has given the slightest attention to the subject can doubt that, whatever may have been the policy of aggression of the great Moslem conquerors, the spirit of Islam was one of broad religious tolerance at a time when such a quality was practically non-existent in Europe. When Sultan Selim proposed to offer the Christian population of his dominions the alternative of embracing Islam or expatriation—or extermination, if you will—it was the Sheikh-ul-Islam at the time who appealed to the precepts of the Koran, prescribing the duty of the Sultan to protect and safeguard his subjects — whatever be their faith — which prevented Selim from carrying out his intentions. It is thus owing in a large measure to



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the Koran that the Christian population in Asiatic Turkey was protected, and allowed to prosper, in days when no European public opinion could have intervened on its behalf. Long after this took place Jews were burnt at the stake in Christian Spain; the most intelligent portion of the inhabitants of France, the Huguenots, were persecuted for their faith and driven from their homes by Louis XIV., who, by a single stroke of the pen, revoked the Edict of Nantes; and lastly, when in England the penalty of death awaited the priest who dared to read the mass.

These are weighty historical facts, without fully and constantly realizing which it is practically impossible for a Christian born and bred man or woman to be fair to the Mohammedan Turk, and approach the study of his customs and character in an impartial spirit.

My friend Ahmed Midhat, in drawing my attention to a recent publication concerning the conduct towards Christians prescribed by the Koran for Mussulmans, writes me as follows:

I do not know whether this document will be sufficient to enable you to appreciate the secular calumny which the Christian world launches at us, in attributing to us a hatred for everything that is not Mohammedan, and more particularly for Christianity and Christians—as such. But if you believe in my honesty, accept my assurance, tendered on my oath as a devout Mohammedan—on my honor as a gentleman—that such hatred has never existed among us. . . .

Quite recently I read Count de Castry's excellent book on the Islam faith. De Castry is an old French officer who has lived long years in the Algerian deserts, and has almost become an Arab himself in language, habits, and even in religion. I call his book excellent, not merely because it is favorable to us, but because it reveals the attitude of the Christian world towards Islamism. I recommend you strongly to read it. But, before you have done so, I will only tell you that we Mohammedans have never produced a single poet or prophet in the East who has written against Christianity and Christians in the spirit of those thousand abominations in which the Italian, French, and Spanish troubadours sang of Islam. In our whole popular literature you will not find a single line of the kind such as De Castry cites hundreds of from Christian writers—and which justly arouse his indignation. I do not exaggerate, my dear friend, I merely tell you the naked truth. You can defy the Christian world to cite, not a single Mohammedan writer, but *a single line in the whole of our popular literature* which could inspire hatred of the Christian. Even the wars of the Crusaders, which lasted through centuries, were powerless to change the sentiment of tolerance towards the Christian world, a sentiment forever rooted in the spirit of the Koran—the Word of God revealed by his *Hadiss* (the words of the Prophet), and by the legislation of his Imams (the so-called Chériat).

The hatred which the Christian world attributes so gratuitously to us is only the reflection of its own animosity towards us. The centuries which have elapsed since the Renaissance have been unable to efface this hatred from the spirit of Christianity. It is now half a century since Orientalists of different countries have been doing their best to eradicate these *voluntary* errors, and to spread the truth with regard to Islamism; but they have not been able to change the old Christian antagonism with regard to us. The last Græco-Turkish war fully demonstrated this. Our legitimate defence against unprovoked aggression was accounted a crime because the aggressors were Christians and we are the "Adorers of Mahom"—according to the words of the mediæval troubadours.

"*Cet animal est bien méchant. Quand on l'attaque il se défend!*"

I see that thoughtful minds, such as Father Hyacinthe, Draper, Carlyle, and others, are supposed to have investigated the tenets of Islamism. Is it really possible to make serious investigations into what you have been accustomed to look upon as a "*multitude of contradictory and false* conceptions—the barbarous ideas of a false prophet; the sanguinary aspirations of a barbarian*"?

Gently, good sirs, I would say here: The time for these blackguardisms, the fashion for these blasphemies, has passed. We live to-day in an age where everything has to submit to the process of analysis. We no longer rest satisfied with abstract ideas or despotic dicta. We insist upon the results of exact observation and study; we ask for concrete, logically motivated judgment. You must study the Mohammedan faith, you must institute a fair, well-balanced comparison between our creed and other religions, before you are in a position to judge—much less to condemn. Is such a comparison feasible? To my mind it is a task of supreme difficulty, and yet without an attempt in that direction it is impossible to be fair and unbiassed towards the Mohammedan world.

Thus far my friend Ahmed Midhat—who at least is sincere, and lives as he

* That this outburst is not entirely unprovoked or unjustified seems to me to be proved by an extract from a public speech of Lord Salisbury on the 29th of June of this year, in which he speaks of England's antagonist in Egypt as representing "the most hideous side of barbarism that a false religion can produce,"—this religion—that of Mohammed—being that of forty millions of the Queen's subjects.

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preaches, according to the laws of Mohammed. He is to-day one of the great living forces of the Islam world. This is indirectly evidenced by the fact that his name has been mentioned in connection with the great position of Grand Vizier, although his vocation is almost outside political life, and he is hardly ever seen at any public function at Constantinople.

Ahmed Midhat lives the life of a true patriarch with his family at Beikos, on the shores of the Bosporus, nearly within sight of the Black Sea. There I have several times been his guest. The house is full of children, ten of which are his own by his two wives. Six others are village orphans, whom he has taken into his house and educated with his own children, because they were helpless and poor. But the strangest part of this true story is that these six children are all Christians, and are being educated by him in the Christian faith in the midst of his own family. "But, Midhat," I said, one day, "surely this cannot be, that a stanch Mohammedan like yourself should teach the Christian mind to shoot in your own eagle's nest. "Bah, que voulez-vous?" he replied. "I am conservative by nature. I do not like proselytism. I hold that what is Christian should remain Christian, and what is Mohammedan should equally remain so. Besides, these children were poor and helpless."

Fortunately the Christian world is not quite so blind to the human side of Mohammedanism as my friend Midhat imagines. The late Sir Richard Burton, than whom no European possessed a keener insight into Oriental life, was once asked by a friend what creed he professed. He made the following reply: "I profess no creed; but if you ask me what I am, I would say more nearly Mohammedan than anything else. There is something sterling in that religion. The Mohammedans do what they profess, which is more than most Christians do." I, for one, believe that it is this sincerity which is the source of their courage and their dignity.

Not only difference of religion, but the Oriental form of government explains the antagonistic attitude of the Western world towards Turkey and her sovereign. As Caliph of Islam, the Sultan, according to Ahmed Midhat, comes in for the ill-will harbored unconsciously towards Islam by the Christian element. As a worldly autocrat he also incurs the jealous displeasure of a rival power—not the Queen of England or the President of the United States, but the real governing despots of England and America—the easily excited public opinion of the masses: far more powerful, more intolerant than ever a personal monarch in our age. That this is so is indirectly proved by the fact that popular hatred of the Turk has manifested itself most passionately in those countries in which public opinion, with all its ignorance on foreign topics, with all its passions fed by a sensational press, is most powerful. Neither Scandinavia, Germany, nor Austria shared this excitement to any degree; and yet, who would assert that they are not highly civilized communities? For years past these passions have been cunningly fed by those who have had an interest in fanning them into open flames. The telegraph wire, manipulated exclusively by Christians, has had the handling of this business. "The Turks are groaning under a despicable despotism;" "The poor Christians find the yoke intolerable;" "The mean-spirited Mohammedans dare not call their souls their own, and maintain an enforced silence, but the long-suffering Christians appeal in the name of humanity to the public opinion of the world;" "No redress possible without armed intervention;" "The Unspeakable Turk, urged on by a wretched Sultan, is murdering the Christian lambs in their thousands." Thus the language of what is at times the most cunning engine of brute force the world has ever known—the telegraph wire—bringing a grossly prejudiced, one-sided version of a strange world to the breakfast table of 250 million human beings every morning throughout the year. According to Napoleon I. a lie needs but twenty-four hours' start in order to become immortal. What are the chances of dispassionate truth when the start is not one of hours, but of years?

The Turk may continue to deny officially this or that; but who reads with an open mind what he has to say for himself? Only those who have seen with their own eyes—the Burtons, the Gordons, the Hobarts. Such men know that, when the Armenian rebellion broke out, about twenty-five per cent. of the highest-paid government officials in the capital were Armenians; that the keeper of the Sultan's Privy Purse is an Armenian still; that half the ambassadors of Turkey

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abroad were from time to time Christian Greeks; that the wealthiest men throughout the empire are Greeks and Armenians; that one of the wealthiest and highest placed of the Armenians has since been convicted of being a tool of the Hindschakists.* The late Turkish ambassador at Berlin, Aristarchy Bey, was a Greek, who, at his death, in return for the favor of the Mohammedan Sultan, left his whole private fortune to the Greek government. And yet we are told that the poor Christians—who probably own three-fourths of all real estate in the Turkish Empire—are groaning under a despicable despotism.

On one occasion I was talking with the late chairman of the Ottoman Bank, Sir Edgar Vincent, who has since resigned and returned to England. He was tired of Constantinople. An Englishman of society tastes, he lacked congenial social intercourse in Turkey. But one thing he told me he felt he should miss terribly in returning to Europe—the extraordinary freedom; the liberty in Turkey!

One of the most widely current forms of misrepresentation constantly transmitted to Europe at the time I am speaking of was that the Sultan was unpopular. Now, bearing in mind that only a very few of the newspaper correspondents in Constantinople speak the Turkish language, and of these few hardly one ever enters the house of a representative Mohammedan Turk during the whole year, it stands to reason that since the Turkish press does not discuss the subject of the feelings of the Mohammedans towards the Caliph, their sources of information can only be what I personally know them to be—either Armenian, Greek, or Levantine generally. I asked Midhat Effendi one day what he thought on the subject, and how I could best obtain an insight into Mohammedan opinion.

"Those who have lived in Turkey under the reign of several successive Sultans," he replied, "are well able to estimate the great popularity of our august master from every point of view. But that will not help you. You must judge for yourself. That you can easily do. You have only to go to one of the mosques of Stamboul on a Friday, wait for the prayer for the Sultan, and note whether, and in what degree, the congregation joins in. If the mosque is full, and the response is earnest and general, you can rest assured that the Sultan is popular, whatever Christian newspapers may say to the contrary. If not, then not. For months before the dethronement of Abdul-Assiz the mosques were very sparsely attended on Fridays, and the responses from the congregation to the prayer for the Sultan were sporadic and half-hearted. A week before his dethronement no prayers at all were said at the mosques. They were deserted. And the explanation is by no means far to seek. Sultan Abdul-Assiz, who was very popular with the Western world, had come to neglect the affairs of state. This fact was well known, and excited discontent among the Mohammedans, who are far more observant and independent in their judgment than the Western world gives them credit for. The Turks love a working Sultan, and that is eminently the character of Abdul-Hamid. Our Christian critics complain that the Sultan does everything himself and leaves no initiative to anybody else. That is his business and not that of Europe to start with, and is just what makes him so popular with us—that he endeavors to look into everything himself. He works from early morning till late at night. His only thought is work. We have had experience of the initiative of others in the past, and it was most unsatisfactory. I do not say there are no malcontents; that would be absurd. Where could such a condition exist? But I repeat, go to the mosque and see for yourself."

During a stay of several months I often went over to Stamboul on a Friday, entered some mosque or other, and always found them crowded by the Faithful. At the prayer, "*Allahumme yansour ous Soultant!*" (May God assist our Sultan!), I gained abundant ocular and oral evidence that the tale of the Sultan's unpopularity among Mohammedans is only another vain story of the "megalosaurus" of calumny—the Apollyon of mendacity—the vicious action of which monster I have had such abundant opportunity of witnessing. And this was before the Græco-Turkish war—a war of legitimate defence in the face of unparalleled provocation and mendacity—the only war in which the Turks have come out as victors in the century. Its success is naturally attributed by the de-

* Apik Effendi. Constantinople, 1896.

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vout Turkish soldier to his supreme temporal and spiritual head, and anybody who passes a Turkish barrack of an evening when the cry of "Padichahime tchok yacha!" (Long life to the Padishah!) is raised by the soldier could judge for himself whether Sultan Abdul-Hamid is popular in those quarters.

Constantinople is a city of diplomatists, and many are the stories circulating concerning them. A European ambassador one day happened to see a carriage coming along, guarded by a eunuch, containing some ladies of the Sultan's harem. The ambassador endeavored to peep in at the window, when he received a blow across the face from the vigilant eunuch. Great uproar thereupon, and formal complaint to the Sultan on the part of the outraged diplomatist. He is received in private audience, and the Sultan listens patiently to the tale of woe. Thereupon the Sultan replies: "My dear X, I have gone carefully into the case, and see exactly how it stands. You are a gentleman, therefore you could never have committed such a breach of good manners as that alleged to have taken place; therefore no eunuch could possibly have presumed to strike you. The whole affair must be the product of your fancy —as which, pray let us dismiss it."

An even more recent ambassadorial story is the following:

An august personage—let us call him Prince Florizel—sent word to the Sultan by the ambassador at Constantinople of the country to which he belonged that he intended to make his Imperial Majesty the Sultan a present of a thoroughbred horse. Now the Sultan already possesses a number of thoroughbred horses, and he was somewhat anxious to find out what sort of horse Prince Florizel had destined for him. If it was to be a racer, or perhaps a so-called Clydesdale horse, the Sultan—to employ an Americanism—could have "no use for it." The imperial horse-boxes are built to suit the size of horse usually kept there; and in order to find room for a racing thoroughbred or a Clydesdale mare, the Sultan would be forced either to enlarge the stable or to make the gift-horse a head shorter in order to find room for him. In this dilemma he sent a trusted servant privately—that is to say, unofficially—to the ambassador in question, with his Majesty's best compliments. Would his Excellency be kind enough to say what kind of horse it was intended to bestow on him, the accommodation of the imperial stable being, etc., etc. Great indignation thereupon on the part of the ambassador. "This is not the proper way to treat me; you are not the proper person to discuss this matter with me. The proper person is the Sultan's master of the horse. Let the Sultan communicate with me through him—or be damned."

The Sultan's trusted servant returned to the imperial palace and gave a truthful, but Orientally diluted, account of what had taken place, omitting the ambassadorial reference to a certain alternative invoked. For an ambassador is usually supposed to be a *persona grata* with the Sultan, and the openly expressed wish that his Imperial Majesty should accept the alternative of being damned would hardly have tended in the direction of rendering his presence in Constantinople agreeable to the sovereign of the country.

In any case the Sultan declined to send his master of the horse to the ambassador. He studiously ignored the whole affair, and took no further notice of the princely offer. When, all the same, the gift-horse arrived, it was received in silence, and put away in the imperial stable to get fat and ugly. No acknowledgment of any kind was vouchsafed, either to the ambassador or to those intrusted with the transport and delivery of the said quadruped. And I am told that Prince Florizel, even to this day, cannot understand how it was that the Sultan, than whom no man more courteous and more genuinely appreciative of a kindness exists in the world, should have had nothing to say in return for this particular mark of attention.

If men gifted with the acute perceptions, the prescience, and tact of an ambassador are not always exact in their judgment in the East, or "happy" in their dealings with the Sultan, it will readily be believed that men of inferior calibre are often singularly wrong in their opinions and unhappy in their experiences with the Turk.

The key-note of the Turk's bearing is dignity. In fact, a lengthened sojourn in the East has an imperceptible effect on the traveller himself. His eye gets unconsciously accustomed to expect a certain grace of bearing in the humblest.

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But when he meets a distinguished representative type from his own home—a man who would be the talk of the season by reason of his Adonis figure, or some man in high station, a law-giver, hereditary or otherwise, or an ambassador plenipotentiary and extraordinary—the traveller is disenchanted, and exclaims to himself: "Is it possible this is the type of man we look up to at home?"

"Lo! the ambassador! Look at him; laugh at him!" But the Turk does not laugh. He gazes at him askance as he passes along the street or the sunny shore of the Bosporus, preceded by the showy braided dragoman—probably an Armenian—who thinks himself more than the equal of ten pachas, and the Turk looks attention and mutters between his teeth, "Ce c-ch-n a voulu avilir sa Majesté." There is a touch of melancholy in this, even of tragedy.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary growth in influence and prosperity of the German element not only in Constantinople, but throughout Turkey. That Germany should stand in high favor in Turkey would be sufficiently explained by the political attitude of that country, and particularly by that of the German Emperor during the last few years towards Turkey and the Sultan. But Germany's commercial progress here has been a plant of slower, though of very remarkable growth. An Austrian physician, who has been domiciled in Constantinople for over twenty-seven years, assured me that the difference between then and now is little short of marvellous. Thirty years ago institutions and imported commodities were either English or French.* To-day the German colony is the most active, as also the most thriving, and German and Austrian goods rule the staple markets. Another feature not to be underrated is that whereas the English colony does not possess a club of its own, but is split up into heterogeneous coteries, the Germans, like the French, have a splendid self-supporting club-house, and several minor club-houses. The Teutonia is the intellectual and social gathering centre of the Germans in Constantinople, and includes both Austrians and Swiss among its members, thus practically realizing here in the East the fond aspiration of the old German song, that the Teuton nationality extends as far as

Die deutsche Zunge klingt.

Nor must the excellent Austrian and German post be forgotten when citing influences that work in favor of Teuton predominance throughout Turkey. For whereas the British post is shut on Sundays, the former are at work every day of the week, and are favorably known for the industry and obliging manners of their employés.

To an Englishman travelling in Turkey one of the least gratifying results of the threatening attitude of England towards the Sultan during recent years is the small estimate in which English people are held to-day in the country compared with formerly. I have heard Englishmen openly deplore this—all the more since, until recent years, an Englishman in Turkey was conceded not merely such a status as is laid down by the capitulations in which other nationalities share, but an exceptional distinction gladly given to the upright-dealing Englishman, whose word is his bond, the friend of Turkey—the Englishman whose Queen is the sovereign of many millions of Mohammedans.* Some one, recently travelling in Asia, was welcomed everywhere—it having got abroad that he knew the Sultan personally. "Is he a German?" the Turks expectantly inquired. "No; an Englishman." A chilly silence was the result.

I may add from personal knowledge that the changed attitude of England towards Turkey has been and is still a source of sincere concern to a great number of Turks, particularly to those who are old enough to remember other days. These men distrust Russia, and still retain a feeling of attachment, of gratitude, towards England and Englishmen in general. For the Turk as an individual, as well as a nation, possesses that most aristocratic of virtues, gratitude, to a truly remarkable degree. It is not part

* Mr. A. Chamberlain, the chairman of Messrs. Kynochs, the renowned Birmingham ammunition and small-arms factors, recently stated that Turkish orders for over ten millions of pounds sterling had of late years gone to Russia and Germany, which in former times would have certainly come to England.

* Mr. Blunt, the English consul at Salonica, who thoroughly understands the Turks, and at the same time is a most energetic official, is even to-day probably the most influential and popular foreign consul in Turkey.

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of my business to play the prophet, but I venture all the same to hazard the statement that the visit of the German Emperor to Constantinople will furnish tangible evidence of the fact that the Germans have usurped the place of the English in the sympathies of the Turks. And this is only the beginning—the first outward sign of things which will work out strange results during coming years.

An old Turk of high station said to me one day, "How is it that England, which is like a garden, should have changed so towards us, and taken to cultivating those serpents, the Armenians?" And many Englishmen deplore this too—men whose honor is as untarnished as ever that of the check-writing meddlers who, tools in their turn, have done so much to harm the legitimate influence of England in the East. Nor is the weight of this fact lessened because these particular dissatisfied Englishmen are only few in number, and cannot compete in noise with the multitude which is leading us no man knows whither. For let there be no mistake about it—as the day passeth and the night cometh in which no man can work, so has the day gone by, probably irretrievably, for undoing the mischief already wrought here.

I happened to be in Constantinople in the midst of the Armenian conspiracy and its violent repression by the mob during the month of August, 1896. Half Europe and America, to judge by the newspapers, seemed to us on the spot to have gone mad. The rumor had been started by some press agency that the British fleet would force the Dardanelles and appear at Constantinople—perhaps even before the morning. I happened to see the Russian ambassador, M. de Nelidow, during those eventful days. Although at the time I was in honor bound to make no use of the information he kindly gave me, or, to put it more exactly, I was not at liberty to mention his name, and give in connection therewith the impression his conversation created in my mind, I yet gained the certitude that the English fleet would not come to Constantinople. That was two years ago. Reviewing to-day the impression received then, I am almost inclined to think that the English fleet will never again see the Bosporus with the consent of Russia. Whether without such consent, who knows?

In the foregoing summary of my impressions I have studiously avoided giving an opinion as to whether the Sultan is right or wrong in ruling his country in the manner he does. I do not consider myself, as an outsider, competent to judge the system of government by an Oriental ruler of an Oriental country literally honeycombed with enemies of his people and their faith. Particularly not in the case of a ruler who, according to the overwhelming testimony which speaks for itself, has achieved so much. I maintain that the Turks, as well as their gifted ruler, have been for years systematically misrepresented and traduced by the public opinion of the Western world. Those who deem my statements inadequate can easily verify the facts of the case for themselves by reading the newspapers of the last three years in the only manner calculated to convey instruction in this particular matter—namely, backwards. That is to say, let them begin with the newspaper of to-day, read the telegrams from Turkey, and work up gradually to those of three years ago, including on the way those referring to the Græco-Turkish war. They will then see by the light of the present whether the Turks and their ruler have been misrepresented.

In the final words of the late United States minister, Mr. Terrell:

> The ruler of this strange race has been called the "Sick Man." He has one million of improved magazine rifles, has purchased one million more, and has trained to use them soldiers who are fatalists, and who see heaven through the smoke of battle. If he should ever be forced, in desperate extremity, to visit Seraglio Point and give to the breeze the mantle of the Prophet, which is there guarded, summoning to its defence all the one hundred and sixty millions of the faithful, he would soon be regarded as the most vigorous invalid of modern times.

The Sultan, like Oliver Cromwell—and in our time President Kruger—is evidently a firm believer in the virtues of an efficient "Feld Artillerie." General Nelson Miles has assured us that the Sultan possesses the article in question, and some people may be of opinion that there are many greater fallacies in this world to pin your faith to than the belief in the efficacy of a good "Feld Artillerie."

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# THE NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR.

BY H. W. WILSON,
AUTHOR OF "IRONCLADS IN ACTION."

IN various respects the naval struggle between Spain and the United States has been abnormal, precisely resembling no war in the past, and affording but doubtful inductions for the future. The general results of the conflict were foretold with some accuracy by all who had studied the navies of the two powers, but the details could not be and were not anticipated by any one. Neither in England nor in the United States would the naval student have ventured to suggest, at the beginning of April, that in two pitched battles of decisive importance the fleet of Spain would be virtually annihilated by the Americans, and this without the loss to themselves of a single ship, and at the cost of a solitary human life. It is the low price at which these memorable victories have been purchased that enhances their brilliancy in the eyes of the world. In England we knew that the seamen of the United States would win; we never dreamed that they would win so easily. Unquestionably we did not comprehend the tremendous efficiency of the American navy as a fighting-machine, nor had we discovered the many grave defects of the Spanish navy. The Spanish ships were good, and in peace there is always a tendency to think good ships must do well. Yet history might have given a very correct idea of what would happen. In all our past wars the Americans are the people who have most seriously challenged our claim to be lords of the sea. Paul Jones, Hull, and Decatur are the names to us of men who were the equals of our great sea-captains. The Spaniards, on the other hand, since the days of Drake and Hawkins, have been the enemies we have feared least.

Rodney, in the war of American independence, defeated them with scarcely an effort, and time after time British frigates captured Spanish frigates with absurdly small loss to our crews. It is curious to note that in his *Life of Rodney*, Mr. Hannay, one of our most distinguished naval historians, speaks of "the extraordinary fatuity which has distinguished the modern Spanish admiral and general." "Extraordinary fatuity" is the one phrase for Spain's course of action in the present war. "A war with Spain," says Brenton, "was always popular with our sailors, who despised her for her want of skill." In our fight for life of 1796–1808, the battle of St. Vincent serves to illustrate once more the hopeless feebleness of the Spanish navy. Nelson* and our great captains looked upon "the Dons" with undisguised contempt. "A Spanish ship chased is a Spanish ship taken" was a saying of those days, which seems still to hold true when the chaser is manned by Anglo-Saxons. Of all things, national character changes most slowly, and what Spaniards were in the last century they still remain, whilst the introduction of steam and machinery into naval war has yet further handicapped them. They lack mechanical aptitude as a race, and have, to judge by the records of the present war, failed to make the best use of the admirable weapons with which English and Italian designers have supplied them. Bad as they were in handling sailing-ships—when it would take them twenty-four hours to form line of battle,† a manœuvre which British seamen executed in as many minutes—they are yet worse in husbanding the frail structures of steel and the complicated engines and machinery which make up the modern ship of war.

The Spanish material was generally excellent. On paper the *Cristóbal Colon*, even without her heavy guns, is a superb new vessel, surpassed in armament and protection by no American ship of her kind. The *Carlos V.*, *Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, and *Maria Teresa* were not her equals, but they were, nevertheless, powerful vessels, supplied with admirable artillery. The Hontoria 11-inch breech-loader and 5.5-inch quick-fire were, weight for weight, better than American guns. The 5.5-inch weapon, for instance, has a muzzle velocity of 2035 feet per second, and will pierce

* He said "the Dons may make fine ships—they cannot, however, make men."—*Despatches*, i. 309.

† The fact that the Spaniards took twenty-four hours to form line of battle is noted in Nelson's *Despatches*, i. 312.

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14½ inches of iron. With skilled gunners it could easily discharge three shots a minute.

The American 6-inch weapon, as mounted in most of the battle-ships and cruisers now in service, is a slow firer, and can only discharge its projectile at a velocity of 2000 feet per second, through 13¾ inches of iron. Even the guns in the Spanish ships at Manila prove to have been of very fair pattern, though, generally speaking, they were inferior to Admiral Dewey's weapons. Spain was fairly supplied with the best type of torpedo craft in her six English-built destroyers. No one can doubt that, had the two fleets changed hands, and the Americans been given the task of fighting Admirals Cervera and Montojo's squadrons, they would have inflicted heavy loss, even if they had not achieved victory, which, judging from their exploits, they might and probably would have done.

It is, then, the first and greatest lesson of this war that good ships and guns are useless if there are not good officers, engineers, and seamen to work the ships, and good gunners to lay the guns. Farragut's wise saying, that "the best defence against the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns," is triumphantly vindicated. It is an extraordinary fact that the Spanish government, whilst purchasing or building the ships, took no steps to train the men. Unlike the great navies of Europe—British, French, Russian, German, and Italian—the Spanish navy has neglected manœuvres in peace. We search in vain for any sign of that incessant drilling upon the sea which has made the American, British, and French fleets so formidable. Target practice, which in these three navies and the German has received the utmost possible attention, was similarly overlooked. There are tales, true or untrue, that the ammunition issued to Spanish ships was never expended. Spanish vessels, indeed, presented a fine appearance at Kiel, Spithead, and the Columbian review, but an imposing exterior is nothing in war. The neglect of battle-training has terribly avenged itself.

The explanation of this neglect may be found in several directions—in national obstinacy, which imagined that the Spaniard was in courage the superior of every foreigner, and that naval war was a mere matter of luck and pluck; in corruption, which diverted from their proper aim sums voted for the navy; and in national poverty, which could not support the heavy cost of an adequate fleet. It is a fairly obvious fact that five ships with trained crews are better than ten ships with untrained men. But the imbecile mismanagement of Spain during the war renders it probable that her rulers had not grasped even this truism.

A second lesson of the struggle is the importance of readiness. "At sea nothing can be improvised," is a French saying which has few limitations. Every military force should be so organized in peace as to develop its full power with the utmost rapidity in war. The plan of campaign should be prepared in its general outlines—that is to say, the direction should be determined in which effort is to be made—whether open attack on the enemy by means of heavy squadrons, or warfare upon his commerce and raids upon his coast after the fashion of the French *Jeune École*, and ships and bases provided beforehand of the required types and in the required positions. The organizer who thus prepared for the future would never commit the extraordinary oversight of neglecting gunnery and training. He would, on the outbreak of war, have been ready with plans and ready with ships and men. It must have been clear to Spain during the last two years that war was coming; we know, indeed, that General Polavieja warned the ministry again and again, but to no purpose. Months and weeks slipped away, and such ships as the *Carlos V.*, *Pelayo*, and *Princesa de Asturias*, which might, with energy, have been got ready for sea before April, were left incomplete.

When war came, the consequences of this initial unreadiness were seen in every direction. With vast mechanical resources and no want of money, the United States could repair the gaps in their defences. But Spain, whose only hope of success lay in swift action, could not. Four cruisers, three destroyers, and three torpedo-boats were concentrated at St. Vincent, but they did not strike when a blow might have been dealt with great effect. The brain to direct the Spanish fleet was wanting. They were not held back "in being" till they could be re-enforced by the *Carlos V.*, *Pelayo*, *Asturias*, *Lepanto*, and *Alfonso XIII.*, with the other serviceable destroyers. The latter

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ships, through the extraordinary inefficiency of the Spanish arsenals, and the want of men, stores, coal, and ammunition, were not ready till the end of June, and some not even then. The auxiliary cruisers which Spain had purchased in Germany were equally unserviceable, and for the same reasons. The strategical mistake of sending Cervera's fleet to a Cuban harbor, where it was to shelter itself behind the land defences, was finally perpetrated. It should have drilled steadily at sea, practising gunnery and evolutions, till Camara was ready to join it. The shameful and ridiculous despatch of Camara's fleet through the Suez Canal, only to return, was the crowning example of the monumental incapacity of the Spanish authorities. Upon their shoulders rests the blame for the terrible defeats which have overtaken Spain.

At Manila there was the same want of brain and forethought. It would have occurred to any capable chief of the staff that Montojo's squadron, outmatched by Dewey's to the extent of 50 per cent. in displacement and inches of gun-calibre, and to the extent of nearly 175 per cent. in weight of broadside, could have only one prospect before it, even if its ships had been in good order. There was no rhyme or reason for killing some hundreds of Spanish seamen to gain no conceivable end. Admiral Courbet's maxim, that "an enterprise which has no possibility of success ought to be avoided at all price, however glorious it may be," should have been followed. The guns and seamen should have been landed, where they could have rendered invaluable service; and the ships should have been prepared for instant destruction when the enemy came into sight. Such, we know, was Montojo's own wish, but here a fresh lesson emerges—that fleets should not be subordinated to the direction of soldiers. He had been placed under the orders of the military officer governing the Philippines, and this gentleman, probably quite ignorant of navies and naval war, required him to sacrifice himself. The command was exactly parallel to Marshal Blanco's order to Cervera to leave Santiago, when the heavy guns and seamen of the Spanish flying squadron would at least have been better employed in withstanding General Shafter's assaults than in firing projectiles into the Caribbean, and not into the American ships.

It is this imbecility which makes the lessons of the war so peculiarly valueless. At each turn we feel that, had the Spanish ships been in American, British, or French hands the results might have been so different, and that the Spanish ministers of marine never gave the unhappy force which they directed a single chance. Taking the incidents of the battle off Santiago, it might at first sight appear that the torpedo-boat is worthless, and that fast cruisers armed with heavy guns and quick firers are absolutely helpless against battle-ships. A little consideration, however, will show that such conclusions are far from being warranted by the facts. Where we shall gain the most valuable information will be in the most technical department, that of ship-construction, when full and detailed reports of the effects of the American artillery practice upon the Spanish hulls are accessible. Modern ships have never before been so severely tested by artillery fire. At the Yalu the Japanese had for their target vessels which were of antiquated pattern; moreover, they failed to make a single hit with their heavy guns. The Americans at Santiago had at least one to their credit. Again, at the Yalu the Chinese vessels which suffered most foundered; at Santiago the Spanish cruisers could be beached, and thus preserved for examination by experts.

The actions of the war — to consider them in greater detail — fall into three classes. These are, first, the pitched battles at Manila and Santiago; secondly, the bombardments of Matanzas, San Juan, and Santiago; and thirdly, several skirmishes, of which the most important is that between the *St. Paul* and the *Terror*.

Taking the battle of Santiago first, as being of vastly the greatest importance, it appears that on paper the odds were not by any means hopelessly against the Spaniards. They had four excellent cruisers, mounting six 11-inch modern Hontoria guns, capable of piercing all but the very thickest plating on the American battle-ships *Oregon* and *Iowa*, and quite capable of riddling the *Brooklyn* and *Texas*. They further carried thirty 5½-inch, ten 6-inch, and six 4.7-inch quick firers—all good guns—and 106 small weapons, supposing none of these had been landed. This is a very powerful battery. Its heavier weapons would be able to discharge over 30,000 pounds weight of

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metal on the broadside in a period of five minutes, made up thus:

| | | | | | | | | | Pounds. | Shots in 5 min. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 11-inch | guns | fire | 1 | shot | in | 4 | minutes.. | 4,500 | 7.5 |
| 15 | 5.5 | " | " | " 3 | " | | 1 | " .. | 16,500 | 225 |
| 5 | 6 | " | " | " 3 | " | | 1 | " .. | 7,500 | 75 |
| 3 | 4 7 | " | " | " 4 | " | | 1 | " .. | 2,700 | 60 |
| 29 | | | | | | | | | 31,200 | 367.5 |

I omit the 6-pounders, 1-pounders, and smaller weapons, which should have been able to pour in a simple hail of steel upon the Americans. The American ships present at the action were three first-class battle-ships, one second-class battle-ship of very inferior type, and the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*. The *New York*, as Admiral Sampson tells us, only fired a single shot at one of the Spanish destroyers, and thus was virtually out of the action. The five American ships seriously engaged mounted eight 13-inch, six 12-inch, thirty-two 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, twelve 5-inch, six 4-inch, and 104 smaller guns. The weight of metal delivered on the broadside by the heavier weapons in five minutes would be about 31,000 pounds, made up as follows:

| | | | | | | | | | Pounds. | Shots. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | 13-inch | guns | fire | 1 | shot | in | 5 | minutes.. | 10,000 | 8 |
| 6 | 12 | " | " | " 1 | " | | 4 | " .. | 6,400 | 7.5 |
| 18 | 8 | " | " | " 1 | " | | 2 | " .. | 11,250 | 45 |
| 7 | 6 | " | " | " 1 | " | | 1 | " .. | 3,500 | 35 |
| 6 | 5 | " | " | " 4 | " | | 1 | " .. | 6,000 | 120 |
| 3 | 4 | " | " | " 5 | " | | 1 | " .. | 2,250 | 75 |
| 48 | | | | | | | | | 39,400 | 290.5 |

The rate of fire assumed for both Spanish and American guns is a very low one, and might easily be exceeded by specially good crews, or for a short time. But it would probably not be exceeded, even if it was reached, in an action lasting more than an hour. The loss in power in the American fleet due to the presence of slow-firing guns is very noticeable.

Thus if the Spaniards had fewer guns, they could deliver seventy more projectiles in a given time. All the Spanish 11-inch shots without exception went wide — it is even possible that most of these heavy weapons were not worked, owing to breakdowns in their hydraulic handling-gear — and of the American 13 and 12 inch guns, only two drove shots home, striking the *Maria Teresa*. As this follows upon the complete failure of the big guns in the Japanese fleet at the Yalu to hit anything, it is certainly startling, and proves what a very great difference there is between target practice and action. The gunnery returns for the British fleet show an average of one hit in four shots with our 13½-inch gun, and one in six with our 10-inch gun. There is no reason to suppose American shooting inferior. Some sixty or eighty shots must have been discharged by the heavy guns, but two solitary hits are the result, instead of the eighteen or twenty we should have expected. The projectiles which did the damage were the 8, 6, 5, and 4 inch, with the 6-pounders and other mosquito shells. And here the Spaniards were just as well, indeed better, equipped with their numerous powerful quick firers. In 6-pounders, however, they were seriously outmatched by their enemy. There is something ludicrous in the idea that the 150 Spanish guns only just managed to kill a single American and punch a few harmless holes in the steel sides of the American ships.

Taking the defensive qualities of the two fleets, the Americans had in the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *Indiana* three well-protected ships. The *Texas* and *Brooklyn*, however, afforded a splendid target for the quick firer, as the armored portion of their side is very small. The Spanish cruisers were of two very different types. The Italian-built *Cristóbal Colon* is, for her size, perhaps the finest cruiser in the world. I saw her in Italy in 1896, and was greatly struck by her extraordinarily perfect protection. She has a complete water-line belt 8¼ feet wide and 6 inches thick at the upper surface, tapering down, I believe, to 2 inches at the lower level. Above this, amidships, is a large citadel 120 feet long, completely enclosed with 6-inch steel. In this citadel all the 6-inch quick firers are mounted. The vitals and armament of the ship are thus excellently protected, and there can be little doubt that at service ranges and at moderate angles the 6-inch nickel-steel would keep out even the 8-inch projectile. Thus the *Colon* could defy the American attack, and ought, with competent gunners, firing in almost complete security, to have inflicted terrible punishment on the *Brooklyn*. The other three Spanish cruisers have a belt of compound-steel armor on the water-line 5½ feet broad, 216 feet long, and 9 to 12 inches thick. There is no side armor and no citadel, as in the *Colon*, but the heavy 11-inch guns are mounted in barbettes of 10-inch armor, and have 4-inch steel shields. Shells, however, could be exploded under these barbettes with the most disastrous effect, and the whole side of the ship is open to the smallest projectile. The very small patch of thick armor can be disregarded.

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To compensate for their want of protection, the Spaniards had high speed. All their four cruisers were nominally good for 20 knots, whereas, with the exception of the *Brooklyn*, the American ships could only steam 16 or 17 knots. Superiority of personnel, however, enabled the Americans to get near their full speed, whilst inferiority of personnel brought down the Spanish rate of steaming to something near 15 knots.

Admiral Cervera had lain inactive whilst the Americans were busy landing General Shafter's expedition, when a sally might have been attempted with some effect against the enemy. He failed entirely to annoy Admiral Sampson's ships by torpedo attacks, though he had two destroyers and presumably four launches, carried on board his cruisers. He made no feints, spread no false reports, and seems generally to have done his very best to acquaint his enemy with his intentions. We should conjecture that from the first he despaired of escaping, and accepted Marshal Blanco's order to go out with a bad grace.

His choice of daylight is quite inexplicable, unless we suppose that his navigating officers were not capable of carrying his ships down at night. But when he had determined to go out by day, he should have taken precautions to prevent the Americans from knowing that he was getting up steam. This they appear to have noticed, because of the smoke rising from his funnels. It would have been quite simple to produce large volumes of smoke for days before, when Commodore Schley and his sleuth-hounds might have been thrown off the scent, or tempted to a moment's carelessness. Again, when Cervera came out and the American ships were steaming at him, a bold, aggressive attack by his two slowest ships might, and probably would, have insured the escape of the two fastest. Had the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* closed in at once on their enemies, they could have made some use of the six torpedo-tubes which they carried. Here they were on perfectly equal terms with any of their antagonists. But they fought to escape, not to kill, and in consequence they did not escape. The two destroyers were sacrificed, splendidly, but hopelessly, on a desperate enterprise, when, if convoyed under the lee of two of the big Spanish cruisers into the midst of the Americans, they might have left their mark on the American fleet. Such attacks are practised in the French navy, and are obvious enough to the most infantile of tacticians.

Where there is weak leading there is usually bad following and listless execution of plans. The Spanish ships do not seem to have prepared properly for action, or to have got rid of wooden bulkheads or cabin furniture, which in a British or American ship would have been hove overboard. All except the *Colon* immediately caught fire under the rain of American projectiles. The danger of fire has been emphasized in every naval engagement since the introduction of shell-guns. At the Yalu almost every Chinese ship and several of the Japanese were at one time or other on fire. The clouds of smoke from the fires would not only impede the gunners in taking aim, but also would interfere with the ammunition-supply to the guns, whilst the fact that the ship was blazing over their heads would have a very bad moral effect upon stokers and engineers, even if it did not render their work impossible by destroying the ventilation of the stoke-holds and engine-rooms. Thus fires directly affect the accuracy and rapidity of artillery fire, and lower the ship's speed. The recommendation of the American Board of Examination against the employment of wood in any form on board ship is sound and judicious. France and Germany, after the battle of the Yalu, tabooed wood, and Germany went so far as to introduce iron or aluminum furniture. It is probable that wisely organized navies will set to work—as did the French in 1894 with the *Redoutable*—to get rid of the useless and dangerous wood which fills the battle-ships and cruisers built before 1894. Certainly there has been proof enough that no combustibles should be employed in the structure or fittings of the ship.

A second recommendation of the board was against torpedo-tubes on shipboard above the water-line. The Spanish cruisers of the *Vizcaya* class carry six tubes—one bow, one stern, and four amidships—of which two are said to be submerged. In the *Vizcaya* a loaded torpedo in the bow tube exploded with most destructive effect. It will be remembered that after the battle of Asan, in the China-Japan war, the Chinese *Kwang-yi* had a torpedo exploded by a Japanese shell. It is possible that at the Yalu the loss of

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the *Chih-yuen* may be ascribed to a similar cause. In any case, the deduction that above-water torpedo-tubes were excessively dangerous was one of the results of the experiences of both sides in that war. I wrote, in *Ironclads in Action*, in 1895: "Another important point to note is the danger of placing torpedo-tubes above the water-line. With quick firers the risk of this has become so great that henceforward all tubes in cruisers and battle-ships must be submerged. The sooner the above-water tubes in our completed vessels are removed the better; they are mere lumber.... No wise captain would employ them in action."

A similar conclusion had been arrived at by the British Admiralty some years before the Yalu. The change is seen in the fact that the *Royal Sovereign*, laid down in 1889, has seven torpedo-tubes, five of which are above-water. The *Majestic*, laid down early in 1894, has five tubes, only one of which is above-water, and that, I believe, is to be removed. In new American ships, where the tube is not submerged, it is usually behind thin armor. Yet even there it is dangerous.

The wisest plan would appear to be the submergence of the tubes. To abolish them altogether would be to weaken the battle-ship by depriving her of her chief defence against the ram. Judiciously used, the torpedo in large ships is capable of rendering the greatest services. Though to-day, in the words of the nautical song,

> If Alderney you wish to hit,
> Why, you must aim at Sark,

the torpedo is yearly improving. With the gyroscope a hitherto unknown certainty of straight running can be obtained, and the range within which accurate aim is possible with the British 18-inch torpedo has been increased to 800 yards. Quite recently a yet more formidable torpedo of 24-inch calibre, 35 knots speed, and 1000 yards range has been manufactured for Japan. If this torpedo prove accurate in service, the gun has a dangerous rival at last. As the torpedo has within recent years gained rapidly upon the gun, it is impossible to pronounce with any certainty that the latter weapon will be predominant in future battles.

It does, however, seem to be a lesson of the Santiago battle, confirmed by previous experience at the Yalu,* that quick-firing artillery of moderate calibre is in every way the most effective. If the big guns cannot make hits in action, of what use is it to carry them about in ponderous turrets, plated with feet of Harveyized steel? And if the heavy gun goes, as a corollary thick armor on the battle-ship will go, being henceforward unnecessary. A movement towards a quick-firing armament of moderate calibre has been quite perceptible of late years in European navies. In the British fleet we have gone down from the 13½-inch 67-ton gun, to the 12-inch 46-ton, which fires a shot every 50 seconds. In the German navy battle-ships armed wholly with quick firers are being built. Such is the *Kaiser Friedrich III.*, with a primary battery of four 9.4-inch Krupp quick firers, each getting off two 450-pound shots a minute. By far the greatest advance, however, has been made by Italy, which in her newest three battle-ships has abandoned the 6-inch quick firer and chosen the incomparably more powerful 8-inch weapon. The *Benedetto Brin* carries two 12-inch guns and ten 8-inch quick firers of 45 calibres, capable of driving a 250-pound shot through two feet of iron. These weapons can fire three shots a minute. In the writer's opinion the 8-inch quick firer will be carried in the future by all large battle-ships, the 6-inch and 5 or 4.7 inch being left to smaller battle-ships and cruisers. An armament of twelve or sixteen 8-inch quick firers can be worked by hand-power, is capable of operating with terrific effect against unarmored structures, and firing at moderate armor such as is now very widely employed in all large war-ships, would prove most effective. The area of thick armor is so small, and the strength of such armor is so great, that it seems useless to carry heavy guns for the special purpose of attacking it in vain. The only type of ship which would be capable of standing up to a vessel armed entirely with quick firers would be the Monitor. But the poor sea-keeping qualities of the Monitor, its uninhabitability, its low radius of action, its quick rolling, its indifferent speed, and its poor command through the fact that its guns are carried low, make it a far from formidable antagonist. It is a type that might with ease be attacked by

* The fact must at the same time be remembered that a single well-placed 12-inch shell from the *Ting-yuen* put the *Matsushima* out of action.

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torpedo-boats, after a preliminary long-range fire had silenced its auxiliary battery, where it cannot compete with the battle-ship. Judging from certain criticisms which have appeared in the *Army and Navy Journal*, American officers are fully alive to the defects of the Monitor, and our only surprise is that four new vessels of this type are to be added to the American navy.

With regard to the question of the torpedo-boat against the large ship, the war has made no contribution to our knowledge. The French advocates of the small craft have never suggested that two or three isolated boats could attack a squadron of battle-ships in broad daylight with the faintest hope of success. They have always pictured swarms of boats falling upon isolated ships by night, and they have urged that during daylight no torpedo-boat attacks should be made until the battle-ship's auxiliary battery has been put out of action. The rush of the *Furor* and *Pluton* at Santiago was as useless as would be a charge executed by a troop of cavalry upon a regiment of perfectly intact infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery. The two destroyers were really thrown away. They do not appear to have been able to get anywhere near their trial speed, but with Spanish engineers this is not wonderful. The attack of the *Terror* upon the *St. Paul*, again in broad daylight, was another rash and hopeless enterprise. The *St. Paul*, though not built for work as a cruiser, mounted a powerful quick-firing armament, and found not the slightest difficulty in putting her puny antagonist out of action. The *Terror's* commander would have been wise had he remembered Admiral Courbet's rule. Temerity is one of the most dangerous of military faults. Spain's flotilla of seven destroyers and five good torpedo-boats was too small to test the torpedo-boat question. Such a flotilla is quite insignificant beside England's 110 destroyers, or France's 300-odd destroyers and torpedo-boats. And the Spaniards have proved wretched seamen.

In the battle of Manila the superiority of Admiral Dewey's fleet was so crushing that there is little to be learnt. The Spanish ships are now known to have been in a bad state of repair. It is highly probable that their ammunition, especially their powder, which would be particularly liable to deteriorate in the hot damp climate of Manila, was in bad order. Their gunnery, of course, was beneath contempt. Here again the number of fires which occurred on board their ships points clearly to the danger of wood in ship fittings. The newest Spanish ship was, however, eleven years old, counting from the date of her launch, and probably fifteen or sixteen years old, counting from the date of her design. A fire in the *Olympia's* ward-room, which was easily got under, showed that even modern American ships are not exempt from this peril. Had the Spaniards been able to place a few projectiles about the scene of the fire, the *Olympia* might have fallen a victim to her wood-work. But, after all, she is in no worse plight than foreign cruisers of her own day, and the risk of fire is the same for all. The helplessness of old ships against modern cruisers is illustrated by the fate of Montojo's fleet.

Turning now to the various bombardments in which the American fleet has been engaged, it does not appear that any very serious injury was inflicted upon the shore fortifications. As at Alexandria in 1882, the ships had good gunners, and the marksmanship in the shore forts was beneath contempt. Indeed, the Spaniard, whether ashore or afloat, seemed incapable of hitting the target, though he had the great advantage of smokeless powder. Practical experiments at Brest and Portland have shown that a fleet assailing British or French coast-works could not expect the impunity which throughout favored Admiral Sampson's ships. At San Juan the fleet fired away a considerable weight of valuable ammunition, but, beyond dismounting one or two guns and killing or wounding a few men, accomplished nothing. The bombardment is now known to have been tentative. Had it not been, Admiral Sampson would not have drawn off as he did.

At Santiago a few guns, not by any means of heavy calibre, kept the American battle-ships from entering the harbor, and though from time to time we learnt that the Morro had flown sky-high in ruins, it was most of it there when Santiago fell. To silence forts effectually, each gun must be hit and disabled. Shots which strike the earth and throw up mountains of dust are practically wasted. The vulnerable target in the fort is thus little larger than the

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muzzles of the guns mounted. The ship, on the other hand, is vulnerable almost anywhere, and can be put out of action by a single lucky hit on the water-line, where this is not protected with thick armor. Hence ships and forts will never contend on equal terms. The Monitor, which is the most invulnerable type of vessel, and which can engage forts with the least risk of injury to herself, carries too few guns, and these of too heavy weight and too slow fire, to silence land batteries with success. Moreover, she, like all modern ships, is helpless against the high-angle fire delivered from mortars and howitzers, which latter are now mounted in all modern works.

Nothing has been more clearly taught by the war than the all-importance of coaling facilities and coal-supply to the weaker navy. The strong navy can seize bases and anchorages for its needs, if it does not appropriate to its own uses the enemy's coaling-stations. This is what Admiral Dewey did at Manila. Neutrals are tending to increase the stringency of the conditions under which belligerents are allowed to obtain supplies of fuel in their ports, and very rightly so. Admiral Cervera's operations in the West Indies were greatly hampered by the fact that he found it hard to get coal. The nominal supply of his cruisers was excellent; they all carried from 1000 to 1200 tons, and had in theory radiuses of action of about 10,000 miles. Unfortunately, however, theory and practice do not always coincide, and in coal-endurance less than anywhere. Instead of being able to steam to Cuba from St. Vincent and back again without replenishing his bunkers, he was compelled to put into Curaçoa after covering little over 3000 miles, and then was only allowed a very limited supply for two of his ships. That he did not attempt to fill his bunkers from colliers in some unfrequented anchorage, such as abound in West Indian waters, seems extraordinary. This is a perfectly feasible operation, and as it was not essayed, we are bound to conclude either that the colliers were wanting—if so, another example of Spanish mismanagement—or that, being a weak power, Spain was afraid to risk trouble with the South American and Central American states. In a war between two strong navies we may expect to see much more disregard for the rights of weak neutrals.

Camara's voyage to the Philippines came to an untimely end at Suez quite as much because of the coal difficulty as because his fleet was wanted for the defence of the Spanish littoral. Had he steamed east, he would not have been allowed by Egypt, France, Italy, or Turkey —the powers which hold the shores of the Red Sea—to coal on their coasts or in their harbors. He must have struggled as far as Colombo or Singapore before the rules of international law would have allowed him to fill his bunkers with fuel to take him to Manila. His helplessness, coming so close upon the voyages of the *Deutschland* and *Gefion*, and of the *Navarin* and *Sissoi Veliki*, to the Far East—voyages which would have been almost impossible had England closed her coaling-stations to these rival powers—has not escaped notice on the Continent of Europe. France, under the guidance of M. Lockroy, is preparing to fortify and provide with docks the chain of harbors which link Toulon and Madagascar. Germany is eagerly looking for points of strategic value on the trade routes, but I greatly fear that she will find none. Here England is without a rival. As her sea-power has not been an ephemeral growth, she has slowly, link by link, forged a wonderful chain, binding India, the Yellow Sea, Australia, and the Cape to the mother-country. In the acquisition, development, and fortification of her coaling-stations she must have spent within the last half-century nearly $500,000,000. Thus it will be seen that the power which is to compete with her in this respect will have to pour out money like water. It cannot be doubted that the United States will equip itself with a chain of stations linking Manila and China to the Pacific coast. Already they possess, or can have for the asking, Hawaii, the Ladrones and Carolines, and Pango-Pango in Samoa. In the West Indies they will have Puerto Rico and Cuba. With these advanced positions, the need for sea-going ships, and not Monitors, grows.

The want of coal and the necessity for occasional docking have made the modern ships far less autonomous than was the old three-decker. The ship of war in Nelson's or Decatur's day could put to sea and subsist for months—sometimes even for years—on her own resources. She had to obtain water and food in neutral

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territory, but no great difficulties were placed in her way. There were numerous remote harbors and anchorages where she could careen or heave down. With the advance of civilization such harbors are few and far between in the present day. The excessive complication of the ship's engines and mechanism, and the rapidity with which boilers are worn out, when continuously pressed, are fresh sources of trouble. The material of which the modern vessel is constructed can only be handled or worked in large masses by machinery. In the old days a dismasted ship could cut new spars wherever pines or suitable trees grew. Now a vessel with a shattered screw-shaft would be generally compelled to repair to a port where there was suitable machinery to forge a new shaft, or where shafts of the required size were stocked. She cannot carry about in her hull a portable foundry. This altered condition of maritime war operated in favor of America and against Spain when the latter power sent a squadron to the West Indies. Admiral Sampson's ships were near their base, whilst the Spaniards had no means of refit and equipment at Santiago.

At Manila in the old days Admiral Dewey might have seized his enemy's powder and cast shot for his guns. With the complication of modern weapons no admiral would dream of making his own powder or manufacturing his own projectiles, nor could he do so without expensive and highly specialized machinery.

The absence of all attempts on the part of the Spaniards to attack the commerce of the United States is striking. It is not, however, a lesson of the war that commerce will not be attacked where there is a probability of inflicting heavy loss, but only that it will not be attacked where the means of such attack are wanting and the prospect of plunder small. At the same time, neutrals, by their strictness in the matter of coal, have made it hard for the future *Alabamas* to do much mischief. At the outbreak of war Spain had few fast ships supplied with armament, and these were wanted for strictly military purposes, to accompany her squadrons as colliers or transports. The three fast Atlantic liners which she purchased from Germany were, it would seem, still unready for commerce-destroying at the end of July. There were then few ships trading to Europe under the American flag, so that the Spanish cruisers would have had to cross the Atlantic to reach their prey. When they arrived in American waters, a powerful force of fast ships could have been sent against them, as all the effective fleets of Spain—in which I do not count Camara's squadron of "lame ducks"—had vanished from the sea. Opposed by such craft as the *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*, *New Orleans*, *Brooklyn*, *New York*, and the four fast ships of the American Atlantic line, with no bases to which to retire, the Spaniards could have effected little. Commerce-destruction has no probability of success, as a scheme of war, where the commerce-destroyers have not the support of a strong fleet, to occupy the attention of the enemy.

Another lesson which the war seems to teach is the great difficulty of severing cable communications. The trouble and delay which the American officers experienced in destroying the cables off Cienfuegos and Santiago have caused much surprise. It is not clear as to how far the trouble was self-imposed, through the Americans refusing to cut cables which belonged to friendly neutrals, England and France, outside Spanish waters. British experts in such matters have usually considered it a perfectly simple and easy matter to break cables, and our enemies are known to have made the fullest preparations to interrupt these great arteries of our empire in the event of war. They will be troubled by no scruples about the three-mile limit, and so, possibly, they will find it an easier task. Moreover, many of our cables touch the land at points where there are no fortifications, and where a boat's crew would have not the smallest difficulty in severing them. On the other hand, breaks near the shore would be repaired with ease and rapidity.

The skill with which the American seamen have maintained the blockade of Havana, and kept the ships before Santiago constantly in order and fit for any service, is very noticeable, and shows that the American officers thoroughly understand their work. They have not, of course, been troubled by the constant torpedo attacks which might be confidently predicted were a British fleet blockading Brest. On the other hand, many of the American ships, especially those of the Monitor type, were built rather for harbor-work on their own coasts than for block-

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ading-work off the enemy's ports, and life on board them must have been exceedingly uncomfortable. Even the fine *Indiana* is nominally a coast-defence battleship, and is, in sea-keeping qualities, inferior to our *Majestic* or *Royal Sovereign*. Thus it follows that the Americans had certain difficulties to face which would be wanting in our case.

The lessons of the war are thus somewhat inconclusive, vitiated at every point by the immense moral difference between the American and Spaniard. This has been a struggle between modernity and mediævalism, just as was the China-Japan war. Exact and fruitful conclusions on such points as the value of the cruiser and the torpedo-boat can only be obtained where navies of larger size meet in conflict, manned on either side by seamen who have been drilled, trained, and taught to shoot straight. At the same time the skill, judgment, and high fighting qualities displayed by the American navy in the present struggle have been such as greatly to enhance its reputation, whilst the excellent performances of its ships prove that its material is of the best.

# THE ROMANCE OF CHINKAPIN CASTLE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

FOLLOWING the passage of royalty there is usually a rural blossoming of royal names. A score of years ago, after he had come a-visiting, the name of a certain noble Russian was in the air, and more than one innocent babe, sleeping in its cradle under the trees, swallowed it, in whole or in part, according to circumstances.

Along the route of the royal train that bore the Russian boy across the continent to the haunts of the buffalo and of the army of the frontier there are to-day Afro-American voters galore answering to such high-sounding names as "Gran'-Duke," "Duke Alexis," and "General Custer," famously associated with the Duke at the period, and of a few composites where both names and euphonious if sometimes veiled expression, as in the case of a certain postmaster registered on the government pay-roll as "General Custer J. A. Johnson," the initials "J. A." artlessly doing duty for "Juke Alexis."

The hero of this little sketch is of an almost inky black as to complexion, and he "stands six feet" on week-days—which is to say, in his bare feet. His name, or, to borrow the vernacular, his "baptized name an' full intitlemints," is "Grand-Duke Alexis," so correctly written upon a certain tax-receipt of which we shall presently hear, but rendered frankly in plantation circles as "Gran'-Juke Alexius."

Duke was six months old, and had already been named John Henry Indigo Columbus, a name his mother had found in her own head and fondly laid upon his, when the incident occurred which precipitated the change and inaugurated his "distinguishment" in life.

There are not many babies, black or white, who can claim to have been named by village acclamation, as was the tiny black "'Lexius" of Chinkapin Turn. It happened this way:

When the special train which was bearing the royal party westward was switched off at "The Turn," and for a half-hour awaited there the passing of the Lightning Express, the whole town came out, hoping "to see what a live duke looked like."

Such as could not find standing-room near the open door of a certain coach either fell back in the crowd, content simply to be there, or climbed to vantage-points more or less distant, as the fences and telegraph poles. Even the roof of the station presented a grinning line of variously colored boys, who swung their bare feet over the heads of the crowd. A few, driven back, seemed to value the simple fact of proximity, and hugged the train even when the slanting embankment robbed them of any chance of seeing more than its wheels and under-gear.

Among these was a slender little black woman who bore upon her arm a wide-eyed six-months-old babe. There was no one in all the crowd, probably, who was quite so humble as poor Becky Backslide



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and her baby — no spectator's position meaner than hers, down so low at the rear end of the coach.

She did not even try to see, nor did she look pleased—or displeased. It was a free country, and it suited her to come and stand with a brave stolidity wherever a crowd came and stood—and to hold her own, which is to say her baby.

But the infant was enjoying things. He was no respecter of persons, and he smiled promiscuously on the just and on the unjust, and even crowed aloud as he impartially offered the great green cucumber pickle with which he regaled his "teething appetite," and with which, betweentimes, he combed his mother's head and wiped the dusty outside of the coach.

After a while, attracted by the hieroglyphics left by the tracings of the wet pickle, he grew ambitious, and throwing back his head, reached upward for a bold stroke, when he happened to see a face in the window above, whereupon he instantly forgot his drawing, and laughed to the face within, and offered it the pickle through the pane. In a second the sash flew up and a pair of strong hands lifted the baby, pickle and all, into the royal coach. The mother, a slight mercurial creature, had intuitively caught the friendly spirit of the act, and before the crowd had realized what had taken place she was facing them with a bland smile, and serenely fanning herself with the baby's pink calico sun-bonnet.

In a shorter time than it can be written even the people in the wagons behind the station knew that Becky Backslide's baby was in the Grand-Duke's car, and the boys on the roof were ducking their heads to see him passing from one to another, and bravely offering his pickle, and bawling aloud when any one pretended to take it.

When at last the bell rang and the boy dropped from the window back into his mother's arms, he clasped a silver dollar in his right hand, and the gathering up of the pink slip into a lap for the accommodation of sundry cakes and fruits left his ebony lower body quite beautiful and bare.

It is really most uncertain whether the royal Russian laid his hand upon the black baby or not, but it was said by some who were nearest the windows that he did, and, moreover, that it was he who gave him the silver coin. These same witnesses, however, when pressed to identify the Duke, testified to a diamond crown and a purple robe, and so—?

One thing is certain, however, the incident served to reverse some of the honors of the occasion in a flash, and the very last became easily first in importance. A few who had come in carriages drove off disgruntled, and when the train was out of sight Becky Backslide and her baby held a reception on the railway track, and some favored few were allowed to handle the silver coin, and even to bite a taste out of a Russian peach bought in Philadelphia.

When some one proposed naming the baby for the Grand-Duke, and another caught it up, and presently a man threw up his cap and hurrahed for the "Gran'-Duke Alexis," the baby waved his pickle above his head and crowed his delight, and the deed was done. There was no one to suggest any special further name for the little fellow. His mother's present surname was obviously not of her own seeking, but had come to her with the baby, somehow, at the time of the preaching of the Reverend Brother Saul of the Buckeye Conference.

The bestowal of a royal name is in itself suggestive of some ceremonial, and if John Henry Indigo Columbus might have made his way through life comfortably, with nothing as a fixitive beyond the maternal decree, even the unanimous voice of the village was deemed insufficient for the legal naming of Grand-Duke Alexis. It was imperative, so said the wise ones, that such a name should be bestowed regularly in baptism.

Becky's adviser in all matters of import was a certain Squire Jackson, for whose family she washed. Now the old squire was a wag, and enjoyed nothing so much as a good joke, and when Becky went to him for advice in the present situation he was immensely interested, and bade her receive in all seriousness whatever the church should offer her in the way of endorsement and confirmation of her son's royal name and title. It was something to the little mother to mollify an aggrieved congregation, and so she carried her babe up the aisle, and obeying the squire's suggestion, had him registered as godson to Alexis of Russia.

For a whole month the mother kept the "Grand-Duke's dollar" as a sort of mascot, refusing to spend it even under some pressure of poverty.

The coin acquired in a way so out of

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the common was easily considered luck-money, a thing to hold against anything less than a lure offering more than an adequate return in value. But it was precisely such a temptation as this that came about six weeks after the passage of the Duke.

Foreign missions have their innings even on Southern plantations, and the ways of such as labor in their behalf here are as varied as they are in more familiar fields. It was freely whispered in plantation circles that the beneficiaries of a certain transaction which cleared a comfortable sum of money for the cause were "not so foreign as Brother Marvin let on," but from his frank presentation of its business value to himself, one would be inclined to say that this was a scandal.

The Reverend Mr. Marvin of Vermont had come to the plantation at Chinkapin Turn several years before the war to serve as overseer. Being of an adaptable nature he took readily to things Southern, so that when the war came and his employer, foreseeing disaster, offered to sell, he was glad to become purchaser of both lands and slaves—to a comparatively small extent, it is true, as he was not a man of great means; but a few acres of cotton-lands and a handful of negroes went a long way as investments along the road to ruin when the war was over. The need that then seemed to Mr. Marvin most imperative in the conditions that confronted him was the one he humbly essayed to fill when he prefixed the "Reverend" to his name, and worked for the saving of the souls of such as had so recently eluded him in the body.

Marvin did many things for the upbuilding of the communities where his lots were cast, and there are yet several substantial edifices consecrated to divine uses which owe their being to his enterprise and devotion.

When he offered a house and lot at a public raffle for six hundred dollars, one-half to go through his hands to foreign missions, he frankly stated that this same property had been on the market for some time at two hundred and fifty dollars, and that in taking the first half of the new price he was asking only the moderate sum of fifty dollars for conducting the lottery. Chances were on sale at a dollar each, payable either in money or trade. As a fact, most of them were paid for in potatoes and corn, and even cotton, weighed at the gin and charged to the owners at a fair retail price.

Marvin was not eloquent; he realized the salient points in a situation, and could utilize them with more skill than some of fairer speech. So ably did he handle this religious appeal in behalf of the heathen, that before the raffle was finished not only had his people learned the words of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," as "lined out" in the altitudinous tones of the Green Mountains of Vermont, but many there were who could not lift up their voices to its stirring measure without shouting. To have fifty cents wisely invested both in heaven and on earth, with a prospect of fictitious returns from both quarters, was no small temptation to such as poor Becky Backslide, for instance, who realized herself doubly bankrupt. Even though she followed her Lord afar off, Becky was by no means insensible to the crying needs of the unenlightened who bow down to gods of wood and stone; and more than that, it seemed to her that "a house an' land goin' at a dollar looked like a chance too p'intedly aimed at luck-money" for her to decline it. And so she dressed her baby in a fresh pink slip and took him up to the pastor's house, and putting the luck-piece in his hand, called for the magic list of numbers, and selecting that which he first touched with the coin, had Mr. Marvin write opposite it the full royal name, which was made legally good by a cross traced by the hand of the child held by his mother, and further directed by the guidance of the strong hand of Brother Marvin—in the presence of witnesses.

Of course the baby's number won the prize. How could it help it? One's first impulse is to say, of course *it didn't*, because most numbers that people know about don't win anything. But this is fallacious. To such as have "secondary sight" and can read occult signs it will appear that Becky Backslide's baby was almost sure to win that house—as he did. Indeed, to prove this true, when it became known, before the raffle, that she had brought this little stray baby with the toppling name, and had entered him as competitor in the race through the instrumentality of the Duke's money, there were some who threatened to withdraw.

To Becky and her baby the lottery had a double meaning. In addition to its winning a roof for their heads, it brought

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them into tangible relationship with the church. She was not a sensitive soul, or of great imagination, but it seemed to her that the angels must know about the little cabin in which, for a certain period at least, heaven held half-interest; and when she first set her baby down in its doorway, she looked upward through the trees and really wished that she were more respectable. The regret was only momentary, however, for her next thoughts were of a number of other people who held up their heads—people of whom she knew things—and so when she first stood in her own door to greet a visitor, she bore herself as befitted a householder and mother to a duke. Not that she was at all "'boveish," to borrow the vernacular, but her hands rested on her slim hips in a confident pose that gave her an unequivocal "good-as-you-is" expression that was not to be gainsaid, and fixed her status at once in the community. It gives one a certain prestige even to own a front door. Poor Becky had been a back-door woman all her life.

One of her first acts after moving into her home was borrowing a dollar—which she was able to do without security on her abstract prosperity—and redeeming the magic "luck-piece." The coin was easily identified by various foreign marks, and its owner was pleased to return it, as he found that, although it was silver, it "wouldn't pass." Her feeling about the coin, though, was of another sort, and when she had recovered it she recklessly impaired its "passing value" still further by making a hole in it and tying it by a bit of string around her baby's neck. On this he cut his eye and stomach, and, for aught we know, his wisdom teeth; and, indeed, during many warm days of summer the necklaced coin was all that he wore that at all simulated a garment.

Duke's mother was of the slighter intelligences, and hence much given to convictions. Knowing few things, she "believed in" a great many. Signs, wonders, visions, and "experiences" were among the articles of her simple creed.

It had been shown her to her own satisfaction, by signs unequivocal, that her offspring was no common mortal. Had he not knocked fearlessly at the door—or window—of royalty, and been taken in and provided for? Had she not "by an' th'ough this distinguishment" been raised from a position below the ranks to be a person of *rank*?

She continued to work for the Jacksons, and to the old squire belongs the credit of instructing her as to the conduct of princes of the blood; and although Becky was no fool, and she often laughed at the things the squire told her, and freely accused him of "makin' game" of her, she pondered in her heart upon the responsibility of bringing up her boy befitting the station of one "providentially set apart for favors" among his people.

First and foremost in her scheme for him there must be no work—not an uncommon ambition for a laboring American parent. With a home and a title and an education, he should be equipped for the life of leisure to which he was born. It was hard that she too liked leisure, and it was not exactly feasible for both, unless— There was the lucky coin! So long as it was in the family possession she felt that something unexpected might turn up, and yet she was not inclined to tempt Providence by investing it again. She had taken things as they came in life, with thanks. She had even taken Duke that way in the beginning, as an unshared responsibility, and she had already her reward, in part. As to the future, she had no misgivings. She was a good laundress, and the spring water at her door was soft as dew. There were opulent folk living in town a mile or such a matter distant. There was the man who ostensibly owned the new railroad, and was buying land in its name, and the civil engineer who worked with several assistants along the line of the projected extension—and there were others. These smart-looking folk had families, and some of their children were of 'Lexie's size.

She always put clothes on the boy on Sundays, when she took him to church, even in summer-time, and as she had neither time nor inclination to keep up with the styles, there was nothing simpler than to use discretion in taking in washing.

When he was four or five years old, and the winter days were chill, he sometimes complained that his little bare legs were cold as he toddled beside his mother in the kilts that were fully three inches above the short hose that came into the wash with them. This was a style of dress worn by young noblemen, so the

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"IN HER SCHEME FOR HIM THERE MUST BE NO WORK."

squire assured her, and was a mark of nobility of a certain sort. This pleased her immensely, and she was glad to recall the fact that those who got glimpses of the Grand-Duke in the half-hour when his car waited at the station had seen only his head and shoulders, and no doubt, if his legs could have been seen, they would have been discovered to be bare. There were perquisites in her laundress's office, and after a year or so there were enough cast-off garments actually belonging to the little Duke for Becky to dress him from top to toe in what stood for the latest mode, and to walk down the main road with him on Sunday mornings, having no fear of the carriages she might encounter on the way, and again there were other Sundays when it seemed best to take a cut through the woods.

These last were of course the days of his high feather. Becky was herself a comely little black girl, and during the years of Duke's childhood there was more than one lover who came and stood beside her and lifted her tubs while she washed at the spring under the trees. But she remained as truly a widow as she had ever been, and her boy grew up knowing no law beyond hers until his eighth year, when he entered the district school.

Duke was popular among the girls of his vicinity, and the boys liked him too—but with reservations. While they liked to come and swing on his gate—and they liked the taste of Becky's cookies, too—they were always conscious in a way of the dollar around his neck, even when it was covered, and it represented a certain superiority that was apt to assert itself under very slight provocation.

For instance, when on one occasion one of them spoke of the cabin as a house, Duke retorted, arrogantly: "House! What you callin' a house, I like to know? Dat's Chinkapin Castle—dat what it is.



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My goddaddy, de Gran'-Juke, gimme dat castle."

"Goddaddy? I say goddaddy," answered his companion. "I don't b'lieve you knows what goddaddies is. De Juke war'n't even heah when you was christened."

"Don't keer ef he warn't. Squire Jackson 'p'inted ole Uncle Sol to stan' 'sponserble for 'im all de samee. You ax de squire."

Of course this was final. Everybody respected what the squire said, and although the small cabin beyond the chinkapin hedge was never seriously referred to as a castle, there was a feeling in the popular mind that, as one old man contemptuously expressed it, "it mought spout a tower an' a cupalow any night."

Indeed, at one period of his callow youth it is a question whether a sudden apparition of battlements and towers emanating from his humble roof would have surprised its imaginative boy owner or not. He had learned many things at the squire's feet in the long summer evenings when he went to carry a message, to ask for an "extry allowance o' starch," or "a cake o' soap," or "bag o' blue" beyond the ordinary. Duke was a dawdler and a stayer, a listener, an asker of strange questions. And his memory was good.

When he was as old as seventeen years he believed as truly as he believed his prayers that a man of his rank and station would have to remain a bachelor until such a time as he should be courted by the lady of his heart. Starting with the proposition, "the queen has to do the proposing," and arguing inversely that she whom he would marry would be in a manner his queen—a duchess being only one remove from her royal highness—the application of this etiquette of courts is apparent.

Had the boy been less amiable and good-looking than he was, and less magnetic, this in itself would have been enough to make him cordially hated. As it was, his sweethearts accepted it as they did the rest of his pretensions, as a silly joke that had a certain amount of truth back of it. Of course there was truth somewhere, for there were the *house* and the *name*, and hanging over Becky's mantel was a formidable-looking document framed in gilt and resplendent in its hanging of red cord and tassel. It was her first tax-receipt, and here any one who could read might see recorded the full royal "intitlemints," in the handwriting and with the great red seal of the court. The framing of this effective document was the suggestion of the squire, and in the expenditure of the dollar and sixty-five cents which it cost her Becky was quick to see a way to get even with certain of her acquaintances who had certificates of another sort in this place of honor in their cabins, a fashion dating from the memorable revival under the preaching of the Reverend Brother Saul Saunders of the Buckeye Conference.

From the time he could remember Alexis had had more girl than boy friends, and he was a little fellow when he began, as his mother fondly expressed it, "layin' down de law" to them.

"Yer know what yer got to be ef you marries me, don't yer? Yer got to be a gran'-duchess—'case dat's de law." So he would open fire, sitting upon his own gate-post, and addressing the half-dozen girls who either climbed beside him or played "jack-stones" on their dress skirts spread on the grass below.

"Purty-lookin' gran'-juke you is, I'll be bound," one would answer, while the rest set up a howl of derision.

"Well, I can't he'p it. I is one, all de samee," he would insist. "He laid his han' on my head an' passed it on—"

"Passed what on?"

"Why, de intitlemints, dat's what—de dukeship. An' all de high-an'-mighties in de car seen 'im do it, too."

"What high-an'-mighties? You mean to say de car was full o' jukes?"

"No, of co'se not. How is you talkin'? Dey warn't no jukes in de car but *jes me an' de yether Juke.*"

At this there would be a chorus,

"Look at de gran'-juke—barefeeted, an' a ole—"

"I don' keer ef my hat is ole an' tore. I knows good tobacker when I sees it—an' I loves a dorg an' a gun—an' I likes to set down an' talk, an' tell jokes, an' spit. All dem is jukish ways de world over—you ax de squire." And seeing that no one opposed him, he would add: "Jukes don't go by clo'es, nohow. *You* couldn't *nair one* be dressed up into a juke, ur a gran'-duchess neither, an' nobody couldn't strip me out o' my title. Don' keer ef I stan's up in my bare skin, I's a gran'-juke, an' don't you forgit it."

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And with this milord would turn a somersault over the head of any one within range, and seeing her dodge, he would roll over on the grass and howl with laughter.

Alexis had been beautiful from his birth, and at eighteen he was a young Apollo, as light and graceful as a fawn, and about as care-free and irresponsible. True, there had been times when he had wept copiously and loudly beneath the chastening rod of the fond mother, who had not hesitated to perform her full double parental duty so far as she knew it. Nor did she hesitate at language, under provocation. There were occasions when "mammy's boy" answered with a quicker step than was his wont such appellations as "imp o' darkness," and "black buzzard," and even another that is not pretty enough to write. The mother part of her was so tender to her offspring, however, that she turned such odious epithets to the account of the abstract *pater*—as, for instance, when, on one occasion, she was overheard to exclaim, as she stood fluting a little dress for him to wear, "You nee'n't to think, 'caze I'm a-standin' up *a-mammyin'* yer wid dis flutin'-machine, dat I won't come over dah an' *daddy yer over de head wid dis flat-iron* ef you don't quit yo' foolin'." It is hard to be mother and father too to a boy, and considering that for the father part she had to project herself, she did fairly well.

But one day Beck laid her slim little body down on her bed, and took both herself and her boy by surprise by quietly dying. She had not even known herself ill until the day previous, and not very ill until about an hour before it was all over, when she called her boy to her, and held his hand, and told him several things. She told him, for one thing, that she thought more of him than she had ever let on; and when she saw that this depressed him, she changed the subject, and mentioned that Mis' Trimble owed for three weeks' washing, and there was a dollar and forty-five cents in the clock; and then she admonished him to "keep on bein' a good boy," and to "go ax de squire whenever he was unsettled in his mind about anything"; and she added, in a whisper, "Don't never ac' low-down about nothin', an' *don't forgit who you is!*" Then, feeling herself failing, she essayed to say something else and couldn't; and Alexis, seeing a change, ran with all his might and called a neighbor, and when he presently returned with three women there was no one in the cabin. That which had seemed to be his mother a few minutes before looked remote and awful to him, and he ran from it to the woods, and cried aloud to God that his mammy was "dead, dead, *dead*, DEAD, DEAD!" And he rolled in the fallen leaves and tore his hair; and then, seeing some ripe berries near, he gathered them, sobbing, and ate them greedily, not knowing what he did until a mocking-bird on a limb above his head began to sing, when he remembered, and screamed to him to shut his mouth, and told him, as he had told God, that his mammy was dead. And then he ran home, and stood outside the door and watched the strange movements of the women as they covered the furniture with sheets, and said things with pulpit words in them, such as "howsoever," and "wherefore," and "springeth up," and "amen." And he knew that he was alone in the world.

The church "Society for the Promotion of Widows an' Orphans," to which she had belonged, gave Becky as fine a funeral as was available. One of its proudest properties was a second-hand hearse and two sets of "plumes," black for the married, and white for such as died in childhood or single. It was deemed fitting to use two of each on this occasion, and the boy, seeing in the white a tribute to his mother's youth and fairer qualities, took pride in the mixed emblems.

When he sat beside the Reverend Mr. Marvin in the buggy, behind the hearse, and saw the procession of women following in poke-bonnets and shoulder-capes, and the men with crêpe bows upon their sleeves, it seemed for a moment as if the hour of his triumph had come, and he said to Mr. Marvin, "Ef mammy could only 'a' lived to see all dis, wouldn't she 'a' been proud?" And Mr. Marvin assured him that she did see it, and that she saw him at that minute, and Duke glanced nervously over his shoulder and shuddered.

There was only one of Duke's young companions who did not come to the funeral. Her name was Talula Malinda, and she worked in the field. Talula and Alexis had been companions all their lives, and she was the one girl whom he knew of whom he was afraid.

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Perhaps she was the only one who did not in a manner fear him. She had quarrelled with him, and fought for him, and made fun of him, and despised him, and dearly loved him ever since she could remember. Talula was a dimpled maid two years his junior, of a color suggesting bell-copper at its richest, and with just enough kink in her hair to carry a glint adown the single braid that fell to her waist. Her father, albeit he was a "slave negro," was half Indian, and in his family there were traditions of tribal distinction that were strong enough to make him so poor a slave, that he had spent more than half his time in hiding in the cane-brakes until after the emancipation, when he settled down with his former owners and served them devotedly all his life. If it was his African wife who gave the little daughter Talula her temperament, there was something of the spirit of her father in the girl that distinguished her even more than the Indian name, "Tuckapaw Lou," by which she was familiarly known—the Attakapas being her grandfather's tribe.

When she heard of Becky's death and saw the women running, she stole away to the woods and remained all day. The women were going from house to house talking about it, she knew, and she feared some one would look at her, and she could not stand it. And when, during the week following, she knew that the girls were going over to Alexis's cabin and carrying baskets of cakes and pies, and that they sat in his door and talked to him, she never went near there, but one dark night she slipped out when her mother was in bed, and put a note under his door, and the note said she was sorry his mother was dead, but for him not to be a fool because all the girls brought him cakes, but to go in the field and work. This made Duke very angry, and as soon as he read it he put on his best clothes—which were not his at all, but a young lawyer's for whom his mother had washed—and proceeded to call upon a girl whom he knew Talula did not like, and they walked down the road together; but he did not tell her about the note.

Then, the next thing Talula heard was that Aunt Ettie Dolittle and her girl Miami had moved into Duke's cabin, and were washing at Becky's spring, and the people said that he and Miami were "keepin' company." Then somebody told her that "'Lexius had p'intedly set out to marry," and had announced himself as "open to proposals," which last was true and seemed important, though he had done the same many a time.

In a week or two it really appeared as if poor Becky had been forgotten. Duke had never been so well dressed—that is, not on week-days. The fact is, he had arranged with all his mother's customers who were what he called "my sized men" to let Aunt Ettie retain their washing, and for a short time Ettie felt a sort of delicacy in interfering with his use of it. But there soon arrived a day of reckoning, and milord was constrained to return to first principles, and to take his chances in getting such "loans" from his tenant's customers as she saw fit to accord him for special occasions. Nor was this his only trouble. No man of society can get along smoothly without any money. It has been done on next to none, but Duke had not any. The promising arrangement which afforded him board and washing, and left him absolutely free to come and go, was found to be imperfect. He had never carried money in his pocket, and it had not occurred to him that he would need any. His first shock was the presentation of his tax-bill. Of course he knew about the taxes, but somehow, even while he lived with the framed first receipt ever in view, he forgot all about them. And then his shoes wore out, and no one offered him a good second-hand pair. His mother had seen to all these small matters, and he had never inquired particularly how she did it. He got shoes by trading some chickens at the store, and then he tried to trade a fighting-rooster and two "frying sizes" for his taxes, which amounted to two dollars and thirty-five cents, but he found they would not take trade in the court-house; but he succeeded in selling these chickens and a half-dozen young hens for ten cents more than his taxes, and he came home perfectly happy, with a bottle of ginger pop inside his person and a wad of chewing-gum in his mouth. And this was the beginning of a new trouble. A taste of money is like a taste of blood. In a week Duke had sold all his chickens and the two geese and the guineas, and had treated the girls to ginger pop and root beer and chewing-gum, and he owed the candy man ten cents, with no pros-

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"DUKE HAD NEVER BEEN SO WELL DRESSED."

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pect of paying it. He wanted to pay it, and even tried to sell the cat to the new lady at the station; but she didn't want any cat—and he hadn't the face to offer it to any one else—and then he began to grow discontented and morbid. And in his extremity he set out to see the squire. The old man had missed the boy since his mother's death. He had seen him only at a distance several times, when he had appeared fine and important; and the contrast as he slunk in now was so great that somehow he could not quite help laughing.

Alexis wore one of his mother's old wrappers, only as a shirt, it is true, but the disposition of its length within a pair of loose trousers gave his body a bulk that was grotesquely in contrast with his slender limbs. The squire gave him a warm greeting, though, and did not in any way refer to his sending the buggy on the day of the funeral—a courtesy that had not been acknowledged. The visit was a comfort to the boy in many ways, and was the renewal of an old and valued intimacy.

The squire was really a kindly man, and he pitied the poor fellow, and, leading him from one confidence to another, he soon understood pretty well the chief trials of the situation. Of course there were a few things the boy did not tell. He didn't tell about the dime he owed at the candy-store, or how he had managed about his toilet, but he did not hesitate to complain that his house was "always so full of gabblin' women and sudsy wash-tubs that he had no peace"; "that half the time he couldn't find a dry place to set in"; that he could not even get them to "keep up with his clothes"; and that he didn't have "any say-so about anything in his own house any more than if he was a stranger," and he was "mighty tired of it."

When he went home the squire was injudicious enough to give him a quarter, which, somehow, made him go home the long way rather than pass the candy-shop.

Although Duke was entering upon a period of sad trials, there were merry hours in his life now, as of old, and when he walked among the girls and announced with a swagger, "Ef any gal wants to be de gran'-duchess, now is 'er chance to step up an' put de fatal question," he felt almost as happy as ever. But in his heart there was a secret chamber of unrest. He continued to be angry with Talula, and he wanted her to know it; but it fretted him to see her pass down the road day after day without turning her head, and often attended by a young fellow he hated—just for this. And yet he did not know how to help matters unless he should "'umble himself" to her, which he would never do "for any gal."

And so time went on. Christmas came, and the girls sent him numerous things; and Miami gave him a set of underwear that she had made for him with her own hands. There were good reasons why the gift should have been a welcome one, but yet he resented it. It seemed a covert proposal of marriage from the girl who was already installed in his mother's room, and whose name was being constantly coupled with his. He wore the things, however; but the home bid sent him out visiting other girls oftener than he had done. He had chafed under so many things that he was half glad when the final row came that left him tenantless and alone. "You ain't de on'y goose in de puddle, nohow," he had called angrily to Aunt Ettie as she went out—a parting shot that seemed to hold a truth, for in exactly three days another had taken her place on even more generous terms. But very soon there was a second rupture, and a third family came in, and erelong a fourth. Things seemed to grow worse with each change, until, in almost despair, Duke went again to the squire and told him all there was to tell—excepting, of course, about Talula. Her name he never mentioned to a human soul.

The squire was thoughtful for a while over the boy's evident dilemma, and then he asked him bluntly why he did not pick out a nice girl and get married. But he instantly saw his mistake. Duke shook his head. "No, no," he protested; "de gals is th'owed out so many hints right an' left dat dey got me clair disgusted; an' I ain't no marryin' man, nohow."

This was final, at least for the present. The squire leaned back in his chair and whistled for some minutes before he ventured another suggestion. But presently he said, tentatively: "Suppose you raffle your house again, Duke, and buy yourself a horse and wagon, and go into the express business? There is something of the sort needed, and no one has taken it

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up. Get old man Marvin to undertake the raffle again."

The joy that overspread the boy's face as the full meaning of the words reached him was really pathetic. It "struck him all of a heap," so he said, and "tickled his funny bone," and gave him the "dry grins," and made him "forgit all his troubles."

He did not sleep that night. To own a horse and drive him, "wid no boss to boss him," had long been Duke's idea of earthly bliss. It is true he had not contemplated it as a means of living, but if the living came as a perquisite in his lordly pursuit of pleasure, so much the better. The prospect fired his imagination, and he realized afresh his rank and "intitlemints" as he had not done since his mother's funeral.

Duke felt pretty blue when the time came and he knew his home was to pass from him. He had not realized how much of his conscious prestige it represented. He had secretly laid the Duke's coin on a number with his eyes closed, and written his name beneath the spot, hoping luck might favor him again; but there was a unanimous protest, and he had to give it up, which he insists to this day was most unfair.

Every girl on the plantation had a chance in the drawing, and most of them had said little flirtatious things about what they would do if they won it. Several had frankly declared that in case they should be so lucky they would make Duke do the proposing, to which he had declared himself "only waiting." "Indeed," said he. "I ain't got no notion o' wastin' myse'f by sayin' yas to a gal befo' I see which way the cat gwine jump!"

It is fun to be young.

The drawing was a semi-social affair. All the young people had on shoes, and there were cake and pink lemonade passed round, and everybody seemed happy.

Somehow it had not occurred to Duke that Talula might be there. Her name had not appeared on the list. But here she was, and at the calling of "Sarah Jane Brown," who but she should step forward, looking like a dahlia, and draw a slip from the hat? She came again in a moment, answering to another name this time, and again to another, each time drawing a blank and moving back demurely to her place. When fifty numbers had been drawn, and she had been up five times, Duke began to feel very strange. She had never looked so beautiful or appeared so utterly hateful to him in her life. He knew she had always been queer and unlike the other girls, but he had never thought her mean. Now he saw her *as she was*. She wanted his house, and he despised her for it. There were several persons present whom he had objected to personally as possible owners of his "estate," but in the excitement of his discovery he forgot all about them. There was only one person on earth whom he would die rather than have win it, and that was the radiant Talula—Talula, who, at his first misfortune, had wanted to make a working-man of him; Talula, whose smile he had seen in his dreams for a year, and whom he had tried in vain to forget.

Even while he writhed in the new realization of her she was up at the hat, drawing again, and presently again, and, after eight others, here she was once more; and this time, when she unfolded the little paper, there was a stir, and every one was shouting "Tuckapaw Lou!" and he saw her "turn every color an' trimble," and he knew she had won. He stood dazed, as one riveted to the spot, until he saw her go into the parlor with Mr. Marvin to get the deed — he had already signed his relinquishment — and then, feeling that he had "stood all he could," he said he was "sick," and went home "before it was out." When the family —that is to say, his tenants—came home, they called to see if he was in bed, and he answered them from the loft.

Now that the house was no longer his and he had money in his pocket, there was no reason to have them remain. The terms of the sale gave him possession until the 1st of January, and he longed for a little peace and quiet. He needed more room to hate Talula in as she ought to be hated. He could not half despise her among the wash-tubs and women—the chattering, flippant women whose jokes, which had seemed only silly the day before, were profanity to him now. And so he asked them to go.

The few weeks while he was alone in his little cabin were the most memorable in his life. He had suddenly come into his hitherto undeveloped manhood, jolted into it as many another has been by the love of a distracting woman. To the

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"ALEXIS LAID HIS HAND UPON HER ARM."

meagre fellow, unused to cope with anything, had come the double tragedy of love and hate, back to back but inseparable, a combination that has torn stronger ones asunder. To his distorted vision Talula's conduct was a perfidious betrayal which had robbed him of home and happiness. Even her entering the list under assumed names seemed a part of her treachery as he thought it over. And yet, as he recalled her standing there that night, he knew that he loved her in spite of all. No doubt she would marry his odious rival now—the rival whom he had never opposed. He was glad that he had never given her that much satisfaction. Of course they would come here to live. Their marriage-certificate would supplant the tax-receipt in the place over the mantel.

Duke was pretty miserable.

Instead of buying his horse and wagon, as he expected to do, he hid his money and sat in his cabin, and thought—for the first time in his life—thought out a course for himself. There was no adviser possible now, no, not even God. He might come to that, but not yet. His first impulse was to start out and "do some killin'"; but when he thought it over he hardly knew whom to kill first, and so he decided against that. He would go away. Yes, he would go—he would go to Russia and see his namesake and godfather. Maybe the Grand-Duke would let him drive the royal coach. Duke knew about "royal coaches," and "retinues," and "courtiers." Of course the Duke might not recognize him, after so long, but he would show him the dollar and the tax-receipt.

The travelling scheme opened a new world to the boy, but it was a lonely one and drear. He did not go with the girls these last days. He couldn't. He had not even been to see the squire in the fortnight that had passed since the drawing. Of course he would go soon—when all his plans were laid—but he had to get himself together before he could talk to anybody.

As he sat alone in the long winter evenings he spread his little school atlas upon the table, and studied the map of

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Russia, wondering just where the Duke's castle might be. He was sorry to find that he could not go from America to Russia without getting out of the book and into it again, and this seemed to indicate that he would have to change boats. He would take the geography over and get the squire to explain all about it—some evening, soon. He quite longed to be gone, and yet he hesitated to go. He would wait till after Christmas, and tell him then. He didn't want any talk, and there would be lots of excitement at Christmas, anyway. He had half a notion not to tell anybody but the squire where he was going. Yes, he would, too. Talula should hear it—from everybody. When she realized that he had gone to "his own title-country," maybe she wouldn't be quite so "bigoty" and "'boveish," in the cabin he had discarded for a palace.

Duke was pretty lively on Christmas eve for a broken-hearted fellow, but he couldn't help it. The girls had prepared so many funny surprises for him, and when they would come in giggling groups of twos and threes, leaving their gifts, he really loved them again—for the moment—and he promised them all that he would "be shore to turn up at de dance, later on."

But as the evening wore away he did not feel inclined to go. Talula might be there. She probably would be, "jest to show off," and he didn't want to lay eyes on her.

It was after eleven o'clock, and he still heard the notes of the string band in the wind, but they held no invitation for him. He was nodding sleepily over the map of Russia, when suddenly his door-latch clicked. He turned half asleep to see Talula herself standing in the doorway. At first wholly dazed, he believed that he saw a vision, but when she came and stood before him, and he heard her voice, he knew that the supreme moment of his life had arrived. He tried to stand up, but could not, and then she bade him "set still," and she sat down. Then she drew from her pocket a long envelope, which Duke instantly recognized. It contained the deed of the cabin.

"I reckon you's surprised to see me here, 'Lexius," she began, looking into the fire as she spoke; "but I ain't gwine to keep you long. I jes brung you dis title-deed back. I would 'a' fetched it befo', but I 'lowed dat Chris'mus was so close-t I'd wait."

She paused here, and Duke looked straight into her eyes, but he said nothing. He was utterly in the dark as to her meaning. But she resumed in a moment, slowly:

"Of co'se you won't min' payin' me—"

But here he interrupted her.

"I didn't sell my prop'ty to buy it back agin, Miss Lou!" He had never called her Miss before, and he saw that it stung her, and he repeated it:

"I say, Miss Lou, ef I had a-been projec'in' to—to *buy*, I wouldn't 'a' *sol' out*. I's tired o' dis neighborhood, an' I's gwine travellin', an' so you'll haf to fin' another purchaser fur yo' investiture. I sho' is rej'iced to see dat you is got a eye for speculation. I don't doubt dat you kin make consider'ble on dis house an' lan'. It couldn't 'a' cost you mo'n ten or twelve dollars, even countin' all dem po'-white names you entered on, an' it has netted three hund'ed dollars—an' I sho' wush you joy."

The girl listened till he was through, but she did not quail.

"I put nineteen dollars in it," she answered, evenly. "I would 'a' put mo' ef I'd a-had it, an' de amount I expected you to pay me was jes exac'ly nineteen dollars—no mo', no less. Ef I had a-started to make money out o' de trade, I wouldn't 'a' come Christmus. You know I don't want yo' house, 'Lexius. I'd *give* you de nineteen dollars, on'y I don't want to 'umble you. I jes took all de chances I could so as to try to keep some o' dem fool cake-makin' gals from winnin' it—dat's all. But of co'se, ef you say you don't want it—"

She rose to her feet, but Alexis laid his hand upon her arm.

"Talula," he cried, "hush! Set down!" And when she obeyed him mutely, he leaned forward and seized her hand.

It was after midnight when Duke and Talula started out in the moonlight to the dance, hand in hand.

As they passed out the gate, Duke happened to glance over his shoulder. As he did so there was a flare of light in his window, and he started back in alarm, but Talula held him fast.

"Come along, boy," she cried; "dey ain't nothin' de matter. Hit's jes dat ole title-deed I laid on de live coals."



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# FIFTY YEARS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY is the negation of much that is usually understood by the word nation. At the mention of England or France or the United States, one thinks of various races that have been fused through the centuries into a compact whole, dotted here and there with local peculiarities of speech and thought, but presenting in the mass a fairly unified and homogeneous appearance, with a common language, a common system of law and government, and a special set of mental and moral qualities peculiar to the people of the soil and marking them out from the men and women of other lands. In France the Celts, Gallo-Romans, Franks, and Iberians have combined to produce the modern Frenchman. The English from Sleswick and the Northern Seas absorbed not only the races they subdued in Britain, but the Normans, by whom they were conquered six hundred years later. In America the process of fusion goes on all around us with bewildering rapidity and completeness. In each of these countries, and, of course, in many others, one dominant type has gradually mastered its weaker neighbors and impressed itself on the whole nation, so that it is possible to speak without any absurdity of the English, French, or American character; of English interests, French literature, and American patriotism.

Now the primal fact of the realm of the Habsburgs is that its development has proceeded on exactly opposite lines. The nationalities that make up the Dual Monarchy, though cooped together in a country smaller than the State of Texas, and acknowledging a common sceptre, have never mingled. Each race, so to speak, has lived its own life, made its own history, produced its own literature, and struggled unceasingly to dominate its neighbors. As a consequence, to talk of Austria or of Hungary in such a way as to give the impression that either state can act or think as a unit is, as Professor Freeman used to insist with somewhat rasping iteration, to talk nonsense. Between so many nationalities, with their diverse ambitions and violent patriotisms, there can exist no common standing-ground. If, for example, by "Austrian interests" it is understood one means only the interests of the ruling family in Austria, well and good. The phrase may pass, and not much harm is done. But if it is used in the same sense as "English interests" or "American interests," to denote the interests of the people of Austria, it is open to the objection that there are no interests that are common to all the peoples of Austria. The interests of the Germans are not those of the Czechs, nor are the aims of the Poles those of the Ruthenians. So far from being in agreement, they are often entirely opposed. In the same way there is no Austrian literature, no Austrian language, no Austrian patriotism, no Austrian standard of civilization. There is a German language and a German literature here, and a Czech language and a Czech literature there, and a Polish language and a Polish literature a little further on, and some Slav dialects elsewhere, with patches of Italian and Roumanian. Each of these races, the German and Czech in particular, claims to be the only true and genuine Austrian, but none of them really is. The true Austrian would be a medley of eight or nine different nationalities, as appalling to contemplate as the monster conjured by Horace for the edification of young Piso.

Very much the same might be said of Hungary, though in that division of the monarchy the easy supremacy of the Magyars has given to the kingdom a certain air of solidity and oneness. "Hungarian interests" are usually taken to mean the interests of the dominant race in Hungary, the Magyars, who are, however, considerably less than half the total population. The Servians and the Croats, the Slovacks, Slovenians, and Roumanians, have interests and racial ambitions of their own which are not in harmony with those of the Magyars, any more than the interests of the Armenians are in harmony with those of the Turks. The struggles between the nationalities of Hungary have ended in a more or less sullen acquiescence in Magyar rule, but

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in Austria they are still bitterly active—more so, perhaps, during the last two years than ever before—and form the battle-field of all Austrian politics. The following table will make clear the numerical strength of the various races:

| Austria. | | Hungary. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Germans | 8,461,580 | Magyars | 7,426,730 |
| Czechs | 5,472,871 | Servians and Croats | 2,604,260 |
| Poles | 3,719,232 | Roumanians | 2,591,905 |
| Ruthenians | 3,105,221 | Germans | 2,107,177 |
| Slovenes | 1,176,672 | Slovacks | 1,910,279 |
| Servians and Croats | 644,926 | Ruthenians | 388,392 |
| Italians | 675,305 | Slovenes | 94,679 |
| Roumanians | 209,810 | Gypsies | 82,256 |
| Magyars | 8,189 | Other nations | 94,679 |
| Total | 23,473,756 | Total | 17,300,357 |

As the Czechs, Slovacks, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, and Servo-Croats are all offshoots of the same race, the grand total of Slavs reaches something over twenty-two millions, or more than half of the whole population of the Dual Monarchy. Were they massed together in one spot, like the Germans in Austria and the Magyars in Hungary, their influence in that section would of course be overwhelming. As it is, their geographical distribution and many internal differences of dialect, religion, and political aims help to keep them everywhere in an inferior position, though the spectre of Pan-Slavism is still the official nightmare of German and Hungarian statesmen. They are divided into two main groups, one dwelling in the north, the other in the southwest of the monarchy, and between these two groups lie precisely those races that are most interested in holding them down. The Czechs occupy the greater part of Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia; the Slovacks, the north of Hungary; the Poles, the northeast of Galicia; the Ruthenians, the rest of Galicia, part of Bukovina, and a few districts to the northeast of Hungary. These form the northern division of the Slav race. In the south they are split into two groups—the Servo-Croatians, who inhabit Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Sirmia, and the lands that used to be known as the Military Frontier; and the Slovenes, who occupy Carinthia, Carniola, and part of Istria and Styria.

The Germans are about a quarter of the Dual Monarchy, but except in Austria, where they are still the ruling race, have been scattered through the empire, and in many districts form small ethnographical islands surrounded by Slavs, Magyars, and Roumanians. Upper and Lower Austria, with the Duchy of Salzburg and the neighboring portions of Styria, Carinthia, and the Tirol, are the only provinces wholly German in speech and sentiment. In Bohemia, along the frontiers of Saxony and Bavaria, they make a respectable and compact colony of over two millions, but even so are outnumbered by the Czechs in the ratio of five to three. Elsewhere they are in considerable minorities, slowly losing their nationality, and especially in Hungary, taking on the complexion of the races that hem them in. Their companion race in the struggle against Pan-Slavism, the Magyars, occupy practically the whole of central Hungary with a force over six millions strong. Another body of them, perhaps a million, is settled in Transylvania, where, although outnumbered by the Roumanians, it keeps up its position and vitality by constant intercourse with and assistance from the main group.

Among such a jostling crowd of nationalities racial jealousy and antagonism were inevitable. In Austria-Hungary they have been complicated by the presence of certain historical rights. Four hundred years ago what are now the crownlands of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia formed the Czech Kingdom of St. Vacslav; and what is now Hungary was then the Kingdom of St. Stephen. In 1526 the Czechs and Magyars voluntarily offered their crowns to the House of Habsburg for protection against the Turks. The only conditions attached to the gift were that the two kingdoms should continue to enjoy all their old rights of independence and self-government. This contract has played a considerable part in the history of the Habsburg possessions. It was the legal basis for the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, and it is used to this day to point the justice of the Czech demands for a resurrection of their old kingdom. The Habsburgs never lived up to their side of the agreement. They treated Bohemia as the English treated Ireland—as a conquered province to be held down by a German garrison in the north—and they allowed the Turks to overrun Hungary at will. Up to about the middle of the eighteenth century the realm of the Habsburgs was a loose collection of crownlands and grand-duchies without unity of government, law, or representation, and connected by a merely personal tie to

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the House of Austria. The first sustained attempt to break up the territorial system and replace it by something approaching the modern state was made by Joseph II., the son and successor of Maria Theresa. Unluckily, Joseph II. went too far and too hurriedly. He had worked out for himself, with the help of the French encyclopædists, a theory of an ideal Austrian Empire, with one language, the German; one law, also the German; one strong, centralized government, German again; and complete religious freedom. But his subjects refused to give up all that was most sacred and precious to them for the sake of being Germanized; and in the end Joseph II. literally electrified into life the very sentiment of nationality he was trying to stamp out.

A great wave of patriotism swept through the races that had been so nearly extinguished. It was felt among the Czechs in the north, among the Poles and the oppressed Ruthenians of Galicia, among the Magyars in Hungary, and the Slavs whom they held in bondage. At first it took the form of a swift revival of local dialects. Everywhere schools, colleges, and literary societies sprang up to interest the people anew in the products of their own tongue. The despised Czech and Magyar languages, long relegated to the peasants, became once more the speech of the nobility. From the hands of patriotic poets the movement spread to patriotic historians, archæologists, and finally statesmen, under whose guidance it culminated in a demand for the restoration of national rights. The racial ferment grew through the Napoleonic wars, and received fresh life from the repressive policy of Ferdinand and Metternich. No amount of persecution or ecclesiastical thundering could stop it, and it burst at last in the five-cornered revolution of 1848. Ferdinand IV. bent beneath the first blast of the coming storm, and on December 2, 1848, abdicated in favor of his nephew, the present Emperor.

There was this about the commotion of 1848 that marked it out from most other revolutions: it had no common objective, no central rallying-point. Each race felt on a sudden the impulse to struggle for liberty; but liberty meant a different thing to almost every section of the empire. In Vienna it was a struggle for such purely political objects as an extended suffrage, liberty of the press, and the publicity of courts of justice. In Bohemia the Czechs demanded the reconstitution of the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, with a central diet at Prague, and a recognition of the equality of the German and Bohemian races. In Galicia the Poles asked for the management of their own affairs, and the Ruthenian peasants called for protection against the Poles. In Hungary the Servians, Croats, and Roumanians rose against the Magyars, and the Magyars themselves proclaimed their independence. In the Italian provinces, Milan and Venice headed a revolt against all Austrian rule whatsoever.

The revolution failed because it had no unity. The aspirations of the different races were mutually antagonistic, and it was not a matter of much difficulty to play them off one against another. By 1850 Hungary and Italy were "pacified," and a pitiless vengeance taken on all the insurrectionists. The young Emperor, a mere boy of twenty, was execrated as the master of Haynau and the commander of the legions which drenched Vienna in blood. Two ways lay open to him of governing the empire—the way of centralization, which is the system of most of the European countries to-day, and the way of federalism, which is the basis of the American commonwealth. He chose the former, or had it chosen for him. The first ten years of his reign were a long attempt to revive Joseph II.'s plan of Germanizing the empire from Vienna. The army and Church were called in to make each section of his empire forget that it had ever had an existence and language of its own. The policy was at least impartial. The Slavs who had fought for the dynasty and the Magyars who revolted against it were treated alike. Among both races an inquisitorial police was employed to ferret out treason. In Bohemia and Croatia, as in Hungary, government appointments were placed in German hands; the German language was enforced in all the public schools and colleges; trial by jury was suppressed, and the liberty of the press done away with. The Church sanctioned these proceedings with the famous declaration that "all differences of language were the consequence of sin and the fall of man," and presumably could not be put an end to too soon. For this

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they were rewarded with the control of all education, public and private, and immunity from civil courts of justice. So zealous were Schwarzenberg and Bach in their work of clearing away the old national landmarks that, by 1860, Prussia itself was not more outwardly and officially German in all the details of its government than this empire of Francis Joseph, four-fifths of which had grown to hate the very name of German.

The system failed, as it failed eighty years before, as it will fail again if ever it is tried. Absolutism is not the key to the Austrian puzzle. A single shock from the outside was enough to show how superficial was the much-prized uniformity. Neither Bohemia nor Hungary professed much regret when the war with France ended in disaster to the Austrian arms. The battle of Solferino did more than free the greater part of Lombardy; it broke the back of German absolutism in the Austrian Empire. Francis Joseph saw that the system of the past ten years was dead of its own deserts, and began groping towards a compromise that would retain German ascendency and at the same time go some way towards satisfying the various nationalities. Schmerling was the man chosen to carry out his master's ideas. The new minister drew up a constitution in 1861, which was as clumsy a fraud as was ever perpetrated on an expectant nation. It satisfied no one but the Germans, whose political power was maintained by a clever manipulation of the electoral divisions. The Hungarians simply declined to accept it; so did the Transylvanians, Venetians, and Croatians. When the Reichsrath met, one hundred and forty deputies, more than a third of the whole number, were missing. Bohemia, though the Czechs consented to attend at Vienna, was hardly more satisfied than Hungary, and it seemed as though it was all for nothing that the Emperor had violated his Habsburg conscience in granting a constitution at all.

Another foreign war and another defeat were necessary to convince the German-speaking Austrians that for them the days of absolute control over the whole empire had passed away. By what characteristic moves Bismarck worked the Schleswig-Holstein tangle into a *casus belli* has been told often enough since the Chancellor's death. The result of the war was the final expulsion of Austria from Italy and from the German confederation. Sadowa forced the empire to seek its centre of gravity within its own borders, and to give an undivided attention to its internal troubles. The system of centralization was finally abandoned, and in 1867 the Hungarians were readmitted to their much-longed-for independence. What had been known since 1804 as the Austrian Empire became now the Dual Monarchy. The Emperor was crowned King of Hungary at Pesth, and the two halves of the monarchy entered into a partnership agreement—the famous *Ausgleich*. By this compact, which is renewable every ten years by a two-thirds majority in both Parliaments, all matters of common concern—foreign affairs, for instance, and naval and military matters—are settled by delegates from each division of the realm meeting twice a year. At the same time a commercial and tariff union was comprised in the *Ausgleich*, and the rate of contribution to imperial expenses was fixed at about seventy per cent. for Austria, and thirty per cent. for Hungary. Within these limits Hungary is as free to manage her domestic affairs as any State in the American Union.

The inwardness of German expectations in consenting to dualism was expressed by Count Beust to a Hungarian statesman thus: "You look after your hordes and we'll look after ours." It may be imagined that the Czechs were not pleased at seeing home-rule granted to the Magyars and withheld from them. The historical claim of Bohemia to independence stands on all-fours with that of Hungary. It is founded on the same document and coronation oaths, and supported by the same arguments. The Germans saw that the Hungarian success would encourage the Czechs to push their demands with greater zeal, and they relied on the now satisfied and complacent Magyars to aid them in maintaining German ascendency in the Austrian half of the monarchy. In this they have not been disappointed. The Magyars have their own Slav difficulties to attend to, and make it a matter of policy to check the growing influence of the despised race in every part of the empire. The politics of Austria-Hungary during the last thirty years show a steady German-Magyar coalition of resistance to Bohemian independence; and as the Magyars

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are supreme in their own division of the monarchy, and vote and work as a unit on all questions of racial supremacy, their influence at Vienna has more than once turned the scale against the Czechs. In 1871 the Emperor, who is probably a federalist at heart, issued a rescript acknowledging the rights of Bohemia, and promising to have himself crowned at Prague. The excitement throughout the empire was intense. The Magyars threatened revolt unless the decree were revoked, on the ground that they had undertaken to work a dual and not a triple monarchy. Joined by the Germans, and aided perhaps by Bismarck, their pressure proved too much for Francis Joseph, whom they forced to go back on his pledged word. The odd sight was seen of the Austrian police tearing down the imperial proclamation, and ordering the surrender of all private copies on pain of imprisonment.

Bohemia has been often and not inexactly compared with Ireland. In both countries there is a fierce and ineradicable racial antipathy. In both there is a demand for home-rule supported by the native majority and resisted by the foreign "garrison." The position of the Germans along the borders of Saxony and Bavaria is precisely that of the English settlers in Ulster. The position of the Czechs is precisely that of the Irish Nationalists. The German feels for the inflammable and "interesting" Slav the same pitying contempt as the Anglo-Saxon for the Celt, and the Slav retorts upon the "pig-headed German" the same epithets that fall from the mouths of Mr. John Redmond and his followers. The Germans in the central parliament at Vienna consider themselves bound in honor to the preservation of the German colony in Bohemia just as the English majority in the House of Commons holds itself responsible for the safety of the English colony in Ireland. There is, however, in Bohemia an added complication from two circumstances happily absent in the case of Ireland. The first is a difference of language, and the second is the neighborhood of two great powers, each claiming kinship with the warring races. A concession to the Czechs tends to drive the Germans into the arms of their Prussian brethren; and a strengthening of the German "garrison" is always the signal for an appeal from five million Czechs to the sympathy of Russia.

The language difficulty has come very much to the fore within the last two years, and forms an important part of the whole struggle. In the spring of 1897 Count Badeni, the Austrian Premier, issued a decree placing German and Czech on an official par in Bohemia. As the Czechs number 3,644,000, and the Germans only 2,159,000, the equality of the two tongues in law courts and government departments does not on the surface of it seem unreasonable. The decree went on to provide that after 1901 all officials in Bohemia should be acquainted with both languages. This, again, however inconvenient, is not *ipso facto* objectionable. Nothing, in fact, to the eye of logic looks fairer and more impartial than Badeni's proposals. But the Germans would not listen to them. They argued that German is the language of a great commerce and a great literature, known and spoken the world over, while Czech is a mere Slav dialect, confined at most to five million people, and utterly useless outside Bohemia. Every educated Czech knows German, whereas a German would as soon think of learning Czech as an English official in Scotland of mastering Gaelic. Moreover, they pointed out that there are over seventy administrative divisions in Bohemia, containing a population of a million and a half, in which the Czechs number barely ten thousand. Why should a German letter-carrier or tax-collector in these districts be made to learn an inferior Slavonic dialect?

There is point in these arguments, but none of them quite explains the fury of opposition that united the Germans of all factions and led to the remarkable scenes in the Reichsrath at the end of 1897. What inspired that opposition was the perception that the official equality of the two languages was merely the thin end of the wedge of Slav inundation, the forerunner of German absorption by an inferior and hated race. In their fury the Germans refused to allow any measure to pass the Reichsrath till the language ordinances were repealed. They even blocked the *Ausgleich*, and brought on a constitutional deadlock between Austria and Hungary, to carry their point. All efforts to force a compromise on the two races have signally failed, and the Germans, after receiving the encouragement of Count Badeni's dismissal, are not

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likely to be content with anything short of an unqualified repeal of the ordinances. At the time of this writing the ordinances are in existence rather than in operation —at any rate, they have not been formally repealed—and the tension between the two divisions of the monarchy is rapidly reaching a crisis. The Hungarians have drawn up a tariff and customs schedule of their own, and threaten to enforce it, unless the *Ausgleich* is immediately renewed by the two-thirds majority in the Vienna Reichsrath. As the *Ausgleich* is the very basis of the Dual Monarchy, and its non-renewal means the destruction of every tie but the purely personal one between Austria and Hungary, it is hoped but hardly expected that eventually the Germans will have their own way, and the language ordinances be cancelled by imperial decree.

Such a conclusion, even if it were possible, would not, of course, be a final answer to the Bohemian riddle. It would merely restore the *status quo*, and leave the main question as unsettled as at any time during the last thirty years. Mr. Gladstone prophesied long ago that federalism was the ultimate destiny of Austria-Hungary. It is at least certain that the Czechs are not easily rebuffed, and will continue agitating for their autonomous kingdom of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia until they get it. As a warrant of final success they can point to their most striking development during the last hundred years in music, literature, industry, and politics — a development all the more striking when compared with the curious blight of ineffectiveness and lassitude that has converted the Germans in Austria into emasculated editions of their Prussian brethren. Nor is it quite necessary to credit all the German prophecies of what would happen if the realm of St. Vacslav became once more a living fact. Home-rule in Bohemia need not mean inevitably the Slavonization of the whole of Austria. It is true the Czechs appeal now to Moscow just as the Germans turn to Berlin, but these dramatics are at bottom political effects intended for home consumption. The tune would be quickly changed if the Czar or Kaiser were to take them too seriously. What the Czechs want is the same independence as the Magyars possess, and such independence is as inconsistent with Russian as with German domination. It is open to doubt, too, whether the Germans in Bohemia would make good their fantastic threat of secession in the event of home-rule. The disposition is strong everywhere "to stay and fight it out," and it is not clear how they would be benefited by changing the Habsburgs for the Hohenzollerns, even supposing the latter were inclined to receive an addition of several million Catholics. One heard much of similar blood and thunder protestations during the debates on Mr. Gladstone's home-rule bills, but they were discounted by most sensible onlookers. A strong man in Austria, taking the right moment—which is *not* when the *Ausgleich* comes up for its renewal—and exacting sufficient guarantees for the protection of the German minority, might close forever an issue which threatens the safety of the whole empire so long as it remains open.

The Emperor cannot escape responsibility for the non-settlement of this most pressing problem. Half the firmness with which he opposed the Vatican and abolished the Concordat would have been enough to force his German and Magyar subjects into accepting the inevitable. But the Emperor's policy on the Bohemian question has been the merest opportunism, distasteful probably to a man of his straightforward nature, and adopted, it is easy to believe, against his clearer vision. Twice he has pushed his resolve to the very brink of federalism, and each time been forced to hark back at the noisy bidding of the anti-Slavists. At one time he had hopes of shelving the whole question by pushing to the front social and economic issues, of which there are enough and to spare in Austria-Hungary, and flattening out racial enmities beneath the steam-roller of universal suffrage. This rather desperate project never came to a head, the minister who proposed it being instantly voted out of office. Nor does it seem possible that the German-Czech feud is one of those matters that can be circumvented or side-tracked. A more resolute order of statesmanship, simple in its outlines and strong in its determination, is rather the needed specific. The Emperor might learn from modern American history, from the civil war, and even from the Presidential campaign of 1896, how much can be saved to a state by a little anticipatory boldness.

In matters of more purely local policy

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Francis Joseph has earned the reputation of liberalism, mainly on the strength of the reforms of the last thirty years. The first ten years of his reign were as reactionary as a narrow aristocracy and strenuous priesthood could make them; and even the latter-day progressiveness has not placed Austria-Hungary above the political level of the England of 1800. But that, considering that the empire to which Francis Joseph succeeded was practically a feudal state, not unlike England before the Reformation, must count for much. Education has been freed from clerical control, and the peasant is no longer subject to the lord. The oppressiveness of the old trade guilds has been largely removed, and commerce allowed more or less to take its natural course. Individual liberty, with the right of association and public meeting, is secured, civil marriages permitted, and trial by jury and the freedom of the press exist—on paper, at any rate. In actual working, racial enmities interfere considerably with the last two provisions. The suffrage has been extended within the last three years by a considerable reduction of the voter's tax; but the change, like so many other Austrian reforms, is more liberal in appearance than reality. It does not touch the device of representation by "class interests," which is in effect a clever trick for the maintenance of German ascendency; and so long as that mediæval principle is upheld, no electoral system to which an Anglo-Saxon could subscribe is possible. The voters in the Austrian half of the monarchy who are entitled to send deputies to the Vienna Reichsrath are divided into five classes. The landed proprietors, holding fiefs from the crown, elect 85 members, the chambers of commerce 21, the cities 118, and the rural communes 129. The fifth class, composed of laborers and small burghers who can pay the prescribed price of admission—4 gulden—was included by Count Badeni in 1896. It elects 72 deputies, and increased the number of voters from 1,700,000 to 3,600,000. In all this there is not much to show that Austria has learned more than the alphabet of modern liberalism. But on the basis of national rather than international comparison, the reign of Francis Joseph shows some remarkable advances. Whole centuries seem to separate the Austria of Metternich from the Austria of to-day.

The liberalism of the Cisleithanian half of the monarchy has been almost without effect on Hungary. The Magyars are a one-ideaed race, and in the long-run it is the one-ideaed men, like Wilberforce and John Bright and Bismarck, who win in politics. When her Parliament and constitution was restored to Hungary and recognized by the Austrian Emperor, the Magyars set themselves one definite object, to which they have bent all their impetuous energy. That object was to rule in Hungary as the Germans ruled in Austria; and in striving after it they reproduced down to its most repressive detail the political system against which they rebelled in 1848. The Magyars who objected to being Germanized saw no harm and no inconsistency in insisting that all the Roumanians, Croatians, and Slovacks within their borders should be Magyarized. Their work has been made the easier for them by this, that besides being naturally a very gifted people, they are the only race in Hungary, except the Croatians, who can appeal to historic tradition. The Slovacks and Roumanians have always been more or less in a state of subjection; indeed, the Slovacks to-day are little better than serfs to the Hungarian nobles. But with all these advantages full credit must be done to the undeviating persistency, saved from relentlessness by a rare political wisdom, with which the Magyars have pushed their policy to a successful end. Unable to denationalize the Croatians, they met them half-way in their desire for independence, granted a liberal measure of local government, and admitted to the Hungarian parliament forty Croatian members, whose conduct is governed by an "in-and-out" clause like Mr. Gladstone's arrangement for the Irish members at Westminster under the home-rule bill of 1893. That is to say, they vote only on such matters as are of common interest to the whole country. Their presence has the grand political virtue of satisfying the Croatian demands without in any way impairing the ascendency of the Magyars. Politics in Hungary do not, as in England and America, sway in a line from right to left, and the members from Croatia do not find, as the Irishmen at Westminster most certainly would have found, a permanent opposition ready to give them all they ask as a price for their assistance in turning out the gov-

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ernment. A Magyar nobleman would never stoop to an alliance with Croatians for the sake of driving his brother Magyars out of office.

The presence in Transylvania of a large colony of Magyar gentry and landowners made inevitable the treatment of that dependency on other lines. Home-rule would have meant handing over their kinsmen to the domination of the Roumanian majority, and this the Magyars were very far from even thinking of. They solved the problem by simply annexing the entire province and incorporating it with Hungary. On the whole, time has justified the boldness of the step. The resentment of the Roumanians ran at first to extremes, under the shattering definiteness of this response to their dreams of autonomy; but the hopelessness of struggling against their dashing, tenacious rulers, who see no two sides to a question of racial supremacy, has brought about a certain forced acquiescence in subjection. With these two difficulties off their hands, the Magyars went on to make the whole land thoroughly Hungarian in feeling. A restricted suffrage, excluding nineteen-twentieths of the people from the polls, kept all public affairs in their own grasp. The schools became a rather more legitimate instrument for the development of national sentiment, and were deliberately worked to that end. Fifty years ago German and a bastard monkish Latin were the speech of the Hungarian nobility in their homes and diets. To-day the native tongue is dominant everywhere, and a question asked in German is as likely as not to be answered in Magyar with jealous and proud exactitude. Where the language is, there ultimately is the heart, and the universal enforcement of Magyar in the schools, colleges, parliament, and bureaucracy has proved, as in the United States, the most effective of all engines for the work of racial absorption and fusion. In the last fifty years the Magyars have increased nearly three times as quickly as any of the surrounding nationalities.

In the task of administering the Transleithanian half of the monarchy, the fierce hardihood of their stock has been guided by an admirable political intelligence. Whatever could be done by way of building railroads, remitting taxes on new industries, making transportation easy and favorable to domestic manufacturers, and excluding foreigners in the allotment of state contracts to make Hungary prosperous, the Magyars have done. At times, indeed, their efforts have been almost too valiant, and the spirit of their enterprise more prodigal and generous than wise. In Austria, as in Spain, trade is shackled by a contemptuous bureaucracy with a hundred entangling regulations, and the factory placed some distance behind the barracks as an element of national well-being. In Hungary the Magyars have pushed paternalism to the very opposite extreme, forwarding with almost excessive zeal and readiness every commercial scheme that had in it the promise of adding to the country's industries. The policy has had the result of winning over the commercial interests—mostly in Jewish hands—to their side of the racial issue, and still further strengthening their position. The development of Hungary under the rule of the Magyars, and their unbreakable unity as a political force, have made their influence pretty nearly decisive at Vienna on all questions that affect the monarchy as a whole. The Austrian delegation to the joint commission that meets twice a year to arrange imperial affairs is composed of Germans, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, and so on, whose varying interests and feuds make steady co-operation all but impossible. The Hungarian delegation, on the other hand, has in it fifty-five Magyars and five Croatians working with the directness and harmony of a single man. The consequence is that, in the end, the Hungarian view is almost sure to carry the day. So far each renewal of the *Ausgleich* has brought substantial modifications in favor of Hungary, and it has been noticed already how the hopes of the Czechs in Bohemia have been frustrated more than once by the strength and tenacity of Magyar influence. There may be much ground for fault-finding in their treatment of the peasantry and the subject Slav and Roumanian races, but the fact remains that the Magyars are the backbone of the Dual Monarchy.

The visitor to the parliaments of Pesth and Vienna will find there a compact summing-up of the difference between Hungary and Austria. The debates at Pesth are conducted only in one tongue; the parliamentary machine works with less friction than even the English House

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of Commons, because practically there is only one party and only one programme; there are discussions and eloquent harangues, but no organized opposition, and consequently no obstruction, unless the small band of Kossuth irreconcilables can be called a party of obstruction. From this scene of quiet, one-sided government the change is violent to the Vienna Reichsrath, where a single sitting will often produce speeches in six or seven different tongues, and parties past numbering and comprehension revolve in a chaos of polyglot intrigue round the hapless ministry. Of the four hundred and twenty-five members of the Austrian parliament it is possible to make some fifteen distinct groups. There are Germans from Bohemia and Moravia who will hear of no compromise on the language question, and there are the German landowners who take up a milder attitude. There are Germans who make a creed of anti-Semitism, Germans who are opposed to clerical domination, Germans who support the Church on all questions, Germans who wish to incorporate Austria with Prussia, Germans who want universal suffrage, and Germans who are the special guardians of agrarian interests. There are Poles who want home-rule in Galicia and unrestricted freedom to oppress the Ruthenians, and there are Ruthenians who oppose on principle everything that the Poles demand. There are Czechs who think of nothing but the autonomy of Bohemia on their own terms, and other Czechs who work for conciliation with the Germans. There are Slavs who look forward to the union of all southern Slavs into a self-governing province, and Italians whose object is the division of the Tirol into German and Italian sections. If from such a confusion of groups and creeds there can be picked out a single principle which may be said to divide Austrian politics in two, that principle would be the same as underlies the resonant commonplaces of the Republican and Democratic conventions in America. The Germans favor centralization, and the other races federation.

With such conditions obtaining, prophecies of disruption were to be expected, and have been frequent, but the realm still holds together. Three bonds unite all its discordant nationalities. The first is the monarchy; the second the army; and the third the international necessity of the existence of Austria-Hungary. The monarchy is accepted everywhere, and no race or faction wishes to replace it with any other form of government, or can conceive of any one but a Habsburg occupying it. The power of the throne, always great, is now unusually so; partly because the intrigues and wranglings of small political groups make the Emperor's support or disfavor of supreme moment, and partly because the character of Francis Joseph, his untiring labors and conspicuous fairmindedness, as well as the great tragedies of his life, have made him to all his peoples an object of sympathy and respect. A second and even stronger tie is the army. It stands as a visible badge of solidarity that takes no account of race or creed, and lays upon German, Slav, and Magyar alike the duty of obedience, not to the Emperor of Austria as such, nor to the King of Hungary as such, but to the ruler of the Dual Monarchy. Every man has served in it, done something, sacrificed something for it, and every man carries with him through life a reflection of its broad imperial temper. The nature of the third bond of union was explained by the Czech historian, Palacky, when he wrote that "even if it were not already in existence, an Austrian Empire would have to be established, not only to insure the welfare of the numerous nationalities involved, but also to secure the peace of Europe."

The dictum needs some development. That the preservation of the Dual Monarchy is essential to European peace will hardly be denied by any one who tries to picture the scramble its partition would involve among Russia, Germany, and Italy—the three countries that dwell upon its borders and claim kinship with four-fifths of its inhabitants. Nor are "the numerous nationalities involved" less concerned in its maintenance. Dismemberment would mean for them the very fate of absorption each and all are most anxious to avoid, and a final answer, from which there could be no appeal except by insurrection, to their dreams of autonomy. It is not for admission into the Russian Empire that the Czechs are agitating, nor to be housed by Kaiser Wilhelm II. that the Germans are opposing them. So far the triple bond of attachment to the army and monarchy and self-interest has been able to keep

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the realm intact. But the situation is and must be one of the greatest hazard. The geographical position of the Dual Monarchy, and the responsibilities it assumed by occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina, make its foreign policy a matter of arrangement between Berlin and St. Petersburg. It is practically forced to follow the lead of its two powerful neighbors, and preserve an embarrassing neutrality when they disagree. Were dismemberment to set in, it could rely on no friendly state coming to its rescue, least of all on its partners in the Triple Alliance. Austria-Hungary must work out its own salvation, and float or sink without help from outside. It is this isolation that constitutes the peril of the internal feuds that have paralyzed the realm during the past two years. They must find their own remedies if decomposition is to be prevented. The constitutional specific of "justice towards all nationalities" has failed, because even the persuasive authority of the Emperor has not been able to secure for it a fair trial, and no other prescription is in sight that promises anything more than a temporary relief. The state physician whose moderating influence has restrained even if it could not kill the national disorders is now an old man; the heir-apparent is little known or cared for; and it is hard to resist the gravest fears of what may happen to the Dual Monarchy when the patient wisdom of Francis Joseph is no longer a rallying-point to his subjects.

# BROTHER JONATHAN'S COLONIES.

## A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT.

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

"MANKIND is divided into three great classes," says a learned German follower of the philosopher Hegel: "those who are Hegelians and are proud of it; those who are Hegelians and protest against it; and those who are Hegelians without knowing it." In their colonial policy the nations of the earth might be put into three similar categories: those which, like Germany, are proud of their colonization; those which, like England, colonize with apprehension; and the United States, which for more than a hundred years has been a great colonial power without suspecting it. Because we have heretofore had no far-lying islands, or yellow or brown nations of dependents, we have been accused of entering on "a colonial policy" of which we understand neither the responsibilities nor the dangers; but though the term "colonies" sounds strange, the thing itself is as familiar to us as vote by ballot.

What is the essential in the conception of a colony? Is it anything more than a tract of territory subordinate to the inhabitants of a different tract of country, and ruled by authorities wholly or in part responsible to the main administration instead of to the people of their own region? Distance is not necessary to make a colony: Algeria is only twenty-four hours steaming from Marseilles, yet is a French colony. Separation from the home country is not necessary in true colonization, for Siberia is one of the greatest examples of a modern colony. A hegira of settlers over the seas is not necessary for colonization; is not Java a colony, though only 60,000 of its 24,000,000 people are Dutch? Arbitrary control is no necessary part of colonization, for nowhere in the world is there greater freedom of local government than in Australia. Alien or inferior races are not necessary for colonial life: Newfoundland has no Indians. The important thing about colonies is the coexistence of two kinds of government, with an ultimate control in one geographical region and dependence in the other; and since 1784 there has never been a year when in the United States there have not been side by side such a ruling nation and such subject colonies, only we choose to call them "Territories."

Even that term perhaps carries with it an idea of settled representative government, of inchoate Statehood; but we have, or have had, nearly every variety of colonies known to history, from recently occupied conquests, like Puerto Rico, with

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no régime except the will of the military commander, through all the gradations up to a community like New Mexico, long on the verge of becoming a State. We have military stations, such as Fort Snelling, which are almost as free from any near-by control as Gibraltar; we have had a distant protectorate in Liberia; our Indian agents have a status very like that of British residents in the native states of India; our share in the control of Samoa resembles that of Belgium in the Congo Free State; the Aves Islands and Navassa are in their political status very like the English Bahamas; the French in Madagascar have set up a system resembling our control of Alaska; and the great self-governing Dominion of Canada is not so completely subject to home control as our own Territory of Oklahoma.

Notwithstanding the variety of our dependencies, no one doubts that, in practice, the colonial aims, methods, and purposes of Brother Jonathan have been very different from those of other great powers, although the foundations of his system are much the same. Germany, France, Holland, Portugal, England, are small, thickly populated countries, with boundaries pressed close together by centuries of hammering wars; hence they are forced to seek their colonial expansion on other continents or in other oceans. We, on the other hand, up to 1898, have been able to expand in regions almost uninhabited, and near our own doors. All European nations have found it a problem how to regulate the trade of their colonies, and hard to enforce their regulations; but our colonies have heretofore been simply admitted into our unlimited inter-State free trade, and have desired no special status in foreign commerce. Foreign colonies have always been pulling their home countries into wars, or at best into international scrapes; Brother Jonathan has never had to fight for the defence of his colonies, and only once against one of them. English and Russian statesmen are at this moment brooding over the question whether their outlying possessions would be loyal in case of war; never, since the civil war, have we doubted that our colonies would stand by us in any crisis. The English in India are 100,000 against 300,000,000 natives; our red, black, and white aliens altogether make up less than a fourth part of our population. The iron subjection of dependencies to a distant rule is a principle as old as the Phœnician trading-posts on the Mediterranean; but from the beginning of our federal history up to 1898, Americans have accepted it as an axiom that our colonies were eventually to become States of the Union. Notwithstanding the talk about imperial federation, it is plain that England must continue to have colonies so long as English hearts hold their courage; but, up to the Spanish war, Brother Jonathan never looked in the face the prospect of a Union in which there should be permanent colonies.

With all due allowance for special conditions, the truth remains that the United States has had a long and varied experience of colonization; and whatever is done in the future will be based on the habits of the past. For good or evil we have taken on ourselves the task of governing new dependencies. How far does the history of our own Territorial system throw light on the capacity of Americans to perform that task? For convenience of treatment the history of our colonization may be taken up under the following topics: 1. Foundation of a Territorial system (1780–1803). 2. Internal colonies in the West (1803–1898). 3. Absorption of French and Spanish colonies, and Oregon (1803–1848). 4. Liberia (1817–1861). 5. Indian reservations (1830–1898). 6. Territorial slavery (1820–1862). 7. Utah, and the South during reconstruction (1865–1886). 8. Outlying colonies (1856–1898).

Notwithstanding that the Revolution was a protest against a colonial régime, the model for the original American Territorial system, which has so far been little altered, was the previous colonial administration of Great Britain. That system in most colonies included five principles: the right to annex territory without the consent of its inhabitants; the right to dispose of the lands; control of the aborigines; allowance of personal rights and privileges, guaranteed by a charter; and an administration consisting of an appointed Governor, appointed judges, and a legislature whose statutes were subject to the veto of the Governor, and also to annulment by the home government. Every one of these principles was adopted in the earliest Territorial ar-

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rangements of the United States; and most of them are still parts of our colonial organization. We inherited also, and have since enlarged, that double population which all over the globe embarrasses European colonies—a white race in the midst of inferior native races—and hence a double system of law, with the presumption always in favor of the white settler. To this was added the special complication of the negro slaves—always a subject of dissension in America, and of interference from abroad.

Annexations began with the Virginian invasion of the Northwest Territory in 1778; since that time the consent of previously existing independent governments has been obtained in two cases—Texas and Hawaii; but there has not been an instance in the history of the United States in which a popular vote has been taken by the inhabitants of an annexed region, except in the unsuccessful attempt to secure St. Thomas in 1867 By purchase, conquest, or voluntary union the United States has exercised all the rights of annexing new colonies which have ever been enjoyed by any colonizing power.

The ownership and disposition of lands in colonies has also been a principle of the federal government ever since the extinction of the State claims to the Northwest in 1784. While recognizing previous private holdings, and while making various deductions for State reservations, the immense areas of wild lands have been as completely national property as the German "Hinterland" in Africa or the Russian holdings in Siberia. The principal change from earlier colonial conditions is that the United States has never tried to exact quit-rents, and has seldom leased public lands; but it has followed the earlier English colonial principle of putting the ownership as speedily as possible into private hands; and during the last fifty years it has sold or given lands in small parcels to actual occupants.

The settlement of the lands has made it necessary to provide a system of colonial government till the Territories were ready to enter the Union as States. Here again the plan was simply to follow the time-honored English idea of granting a written charter, in which personal rights should be defined and a form of government indicated. The germ of our colonial system is a vote of the Continental Congress of October 10, 1780, elaborated in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, which systematized and enlarged these principles, and was the first great colonial charter granted by the United States. Besides a bill of rights, a detailed system of Territorial government was sketched; it was to include two successive stages of administration—a temporary form, in which the Governor and judges appointed by Congress could make laws subject to annulment by Congress; and later a Territorial legislature, with a veto power in the Governor. From that day to this the acts of Congress creating Territories have followed the main principles of the Ordinance of 1787. Nor has the control by the Federal government been nominal; Governors and judges have been appointed, instructed, and sometimes removed by the President, and Territorial statutes have repeatedly been disapproved by Congress.

In cases where the population was inconsiderable, the Federal government has held colonies without a charter. For instance, the territory west of the Missouri remained without any organization from 1820 to 1854; California never had an organized Territorial government; and Alaska has for thirty-one years remained an unchartered colony. A case perhaps even more striking is that of the District of Columbia, which is now administered by commissioners appointed by the President; it is taxed by act of Congress, without the slightest representation, even by a delegate in Congress; and it has no control of its own local affairs. From the beginning the policy of the United States has been applied to some colonies which needed a special arbitrary régime and were not able to sustain any representative government of their own.

After a slow preliminary growth, about 1800 the feeble American colonies began to experience an amazing movement from the Eastern world to the Western world, and from the Atlantic coast to the interior valley. The "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is no more romantic; the invasions of Goths and Visigoths were less far-reaching. In all essentials the conditions of our first colonial settlements were reproduced and magnified. A tract of land which last week was a virgin forest, and yesterday a backwoods farm, is to-day a village, to-morrow a county-

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seat, next month a Territorial capital, and next year the seat of government in a rich and populous State.

The transformation is not solely the work of Americans born; the raw Irish lad is soon to be the owner of a block of houses; the runaway German apprentice will shortly build a music-hall; the Norwegian ploughman has the most valuable farm in the county; and the poor English weaver lives to see his children name the manufacturing city which he has founded after the Devonshire hamlet in which he was born.

To be sure, the same process has gone forward in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and Siberia; but nowhere on such a scale, nor with such a variety of race elements. From 1820 to 1898, 18,000,000 foreign immigrants have come to our shores; and whatever their adherence to their original national character, their children, or at least their grandchildren, are no longer colonists, but complete Americans. The frontier has repeatedly been transformed from a group of colonies to a belt of the States of the Union, which again send out new swarms. With all the unfavorable conditions of a growth too rapid to be refined, the result has been a lesson to the world in the art of practical colonization. Montana is a rude community, but it has got farther forward in civilization in thirty years than Cuba in thirty decades. North Dakota needs polishing, but it is a better place than Algeria. When Brother Jonathan draws a long breath, as he begins his work of shaping a new batch of communities, let him remember that out of the most diverse white colonists he can make a race of Americans!

With the admission of the States of Tennessee in 1796, and Ohio in 1802, the machinery of colonial government was in full operation; and before 1822 Indiana, Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, and Missouri passed through the four successive stages of unorganized colonies, of colonies with appointed law-makers, of colonies with a local legislature, and of full-fledged States. Meanwhile the United States had advanced another step in colonization, by the annexation of large territories already inhabited by people of alien races, languages, religions, and laws.

When Louisiana was annexed in 1803, it had a population of about 42,000, as against 5,500,000 in the rest of the United States. There was a state Church, a system of civil law founded on Roman jurisprudence, and most of the people, black and white, understood no language except French. Since 1769 the government had been the harsh and corrupt rule of Spanish officials, themselves disliked by the people. The ceremonies of transfer, then novel in the experience of the United States, may perhaps be a useful precedent: "Being convened in the hall of the Hôtel de Ville of New Orleans," reported Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson, "the Commissioners, accompanied on both sides by the chiefs and officers of the army and navy, by the municipalities and divers respectable citizens of their respective republicks, . . . . Citizen Loussat . . . . delivered to the said Commissioners of the United States in their publick sitting the keys of the city of New Orleans, declaring that he discharges from their oaths of fidelity to the French Republick the citizens and inhabitants of Louisiana."

The critical question of the temporary government of the ceded territory was settled by Congress providing that the President might designate some one to take the functions previously conferred on the Spanish or French administrators. Claiborne therefore proclaimed to the Louisianians that "the American people receive you as brothers, and will hasten to extend to you a participation in the inestimable rights which have formed the basis of their own unexampled prosperity." As soon as Congress could reach the matter a regular Territorial act was passed, March 26, 1804, on the general model of the first stage of the Northwest Territory. In October, 1804, three unofficial commissioners, appointed by a public meeting at New Orleans, appeared at Washington to voice the bitter protests of the Louisianians: they complained that their province had been divided into two territories, that their slave trade was forbidden, that they had only a limited right of trial by jury, that their land titles were questioned, that their official language was changed, that their civil law was administered by judges who did not know civil law, that they did not like their Governor, and had no legal appeal from his decisions. It was the period commemorated by the local artist in Cable's novel

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with his "pigshoe of Lou-isiana rif-using to hanter the h-Union."

In this long indictment we have most of the complaints which have recurred whenever the United States has colonized former French or Spanish territory: the new citizens naturally claim all the privileges of the old régime, and also all the benefits of the American political system. However advantageous the English common law is in criminal cases, it sets up principles of inheritance and property rights very different from those to which the Latin races have always adhered. On the other hand, in demanding an elective legislature instead of the small appointed council, the Louisianians clamored for what they had never possessed for a moment under the old régime. Yet Congress good-naturedly passed another act, January 28, 1805, granting them the second stage of Territorial government, with an elective assembly, and promising them speedy admission as a State. Nor had they long to wait. April 10, 1812, when the population was still only 85,000, Louisiana was admitted to the Union.

When the Floridas were finally annexed by the treaty of 1819, very much the same trouble came up again. As in the case of Louisiana, the inhabitants were promised religious freedom, the right to remove into Spanish dominions if they chose, or to be "incorporated in the Union of the United States....and admitted to the enjoyment of all the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States." After some experience of the *pocos dias* delays of Spanish administration, the province was duly transferred to General Andrew Jackson, July 17, 1821; and he at once gave notice that the old laws continued in force, and that the old civil officers would continue for the time being.

Under a commission as Governor, Jackson was authorized by the President to exercise "all the powers and authorities heretofore exercised by the Governor and Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, and by the Governors of East and West Florida, within the said provinces," except the laying of new taxes and the granting of lands. This fine bold position suited Jackson, and within three months Colonel Callava, the former Spanish Governor, declared that Jackson threatened to put him into a dungeon, a suggestion "which could not but raise a blush in my face, and disorder my stomach in the very act of eating, . . . and I felt myself attacked by a deadly pain." The wicked threat was carried out by soldiers, who escorted him before the terrible "Don Andrew Jackson." That potentate, "with much violence and furious gestures," harangued his prisoner for two hours, in a language which Callava, perhaps to his own peace of mind, did not understand, and finally the Governor *in esse* sent the Governor *in fuisse* to prison.

Behind the comic side of this episode there were two issues of some importance. Callava was trying to carry away some documents which Jackson considered the public property of his colony; and Jackson was exercising authority such as no person in time of peace could possibly have claimed in any other part of the United States, through troops who could nowhere else be used for such purposes. Since this is a difficulty of a kind likely to occur in our new possessions, it is worthy of note that Fromentin, the Federal judge, attempted to release Callava by a *habeas corpus*, which Jackson disregarded; and that Monroe's cabinet was much perturbed by the happening. In 1822 this extraordinary use of arbitrary Spanish principles within the free United States was withdrawn, by the organization of a regular Territorial government.

A very curious kind of colonization was that of Oregon. Here alone, in our whole territorial history, is a region claimed, occupied, and eventually held as a colony planted in no man's land. From the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805–7 to the Oregon Act of 1848 there was never any government except the voluntary association of neighbors in local affairs; and from 1818 to 1846 there was joint occupancy with Great Britain, from which might be drawn some lessons useful in Samoa.

In every one of these cases the work of civilization was finally successful, but there are still traces of the old order of things. Louisiana to this day has a special system of civil law; Spanish titles still sometimes vex the courts of Florida; and the Oregon controversy was not finally settled till 1872.

While Brother Jonathan was adding to his territory, and gaining experience in colonization, a movement had begun for

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ridding him of a part of his children, by colonizing the free blacks in Africa. The first trouble was to find a part of the earth where persons would be received who, as Jefferson neatly phrased it, were "not malefactors, but guilty of what the safety of society under actual circumstances obliges us to treat as a crime"—that is, men who were determined to be free. In 1820 the first realization of the idea was carried out by President Monroe, in connection with the American Colonization Society, when eighty-six negroes were sent to the African coast. From that time for many years the United States took, in the scattered settlements first known as Liberia and Monrovia, an interest summed up by Amos Kendall as follows: "To colonize captured Africans, to build homes for them . . . to purchase ships for their convenience, to build forts for their protection, to supply them with arms and munitions of war, to enlist troops to guard them, and to employ the army and navy in their defence." In 1837 the people constituted themselves the Commonwealth of Liberia, and in 1847 the little state declared itself sovereign and independent. Like many other small nations, Liberia soon found herself involved in a quarrel with Great Britain. Had the settlement been one of white men, there can be little doubt that the United States would have acknowledged the duty of protecting it. As it was, the administration of President Polk refused even to acknowledge Liberia as an independent nation. England, however, came to terms with the little land, agreed to respect the "sovereignty" of Liberia, and gave her a cutter with four guns—all exactly like a picture in *Punch;* but not till 1862 did the United States recognize Liberia as a sister nation. In 1884 Secretary Frelinghuysen said that "Liberia, although not a colony of the United States, began its independent career as an offshoot of the country, which bears to it a *quasi*-parental relationship."

The colony of Liberia is almost the only example of an eddy of Western civilization turning Eastward; and it was too feeble a movement to affect either slavery or territorial rights in America or Africa. President Lincoln made an attempt to revive the scheme by placing a new colony in Central America. Perhaps the Liberians may some day be stirred up by the good fortune of the Hawaiians to offer themselves to be a recognized colony of Brother Jonathan's. At present our relation to Liberia is practically that of a protectorate.

Much has been said during this year of war and peace about the difficulties of governing inferior races, especially in a colony, and we are left to infer that for such a task Brother Jonathan is both raw and clumsy. To say nothing of the negro question, we have had on our hands ever since 1775 the Indians, inhabitants of our colonies — pagans, savages, enemies, splendid fighting-men, yet wards of the nation.

From the beginning the Federal government has had definite and righteous principles. It has recognized the Indian's right of occupancy in his lands; it has tried to keep them separate from white settlers; and it has looked forward to his civilization. Our chief trouble has been that in every attempt to give the Indians such a status in our colonial system as is occupied by the Ceylonese under English rule, or the Javanese under Dutch rule, we have run up against a total difference of conditions. Few of the Indians are or ever will be tillers of the soil, and hence ten white families can live on a tract too small for one Indian family; and most of the tribes have no traditional social organization which can be used as a foundation for modern life.

The reservation system, finally put in force about 1830, has been the essential feature of our Indian colonies, for it provides at the same time personal protection, a kind of local government, and ease of national administration. The defect of this system is best seen in the present condition of the so-called "five civilized nations"—one of the most perplexing of Brother Jonathan's colonial experiments. The Indian Territory has a legal status very like that of the native states of India. There is a little legislature and an executive; there is a tribal title to the lands of the Territory; but everything is in confusion. Legally the lands are held in common, but in one of the tribes about half the land is actually possessed by sixty-one persons. Legally none but persons of Indian blood can share in the privileges of the colony; but if a white man marries an Indian, he thereby becomes an Indian, and their children are

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"Indians," and share in the tribal property. Legally no one can give title to the lands except the tribe, yet there are towns of five thousand people plumped down on Indian lands without a shadow of tribal grant. Legally the Territory should be reserved for Indians; actually there are nearly five times as many whites as Indians. Legally crime should be repressed by the United States judges in adjoining States and Territories; actually, according to Mr. Dawes, one judge has in fifteen years sentenced a thousand desperadoes to be hanged, and the supply seems undiminished.

For the intolerable condition of affairs in the Indian Territory there are several reasons, all of which may suggest the need of wisdom in organizing colonies over the seas. The Indians have for nearly a century been treated as "domestic dependent nations" with whom treaties could be made; and yet they have not the numbers or the stability to protect their lands or themselves from the aggressions of the white so-called "intruders." On the other hand, the five "nations" claim to own grazing, mineral, and coal lands of such value that it is a piece of luck to be born a Cherokee baby. The tribal system of land-holding is not suited to the conditions of the Indians themselves, and the United States has made great efforts to induce them, both in the Indian Territory and in other reservations, to accept land in severalty; but if this is done there is reason to believe that in the long-run most of the Indians will part with their individual lands and be left homeless.

The deadlock in Indian affairs is not due to the injustice of the government or to the rapacity of officials, but to the character of the Indians and of the frontiersman. The inability of the United States either to civilize the mass of the Indians where they stand or to protect them from the greed of the frontiersman is one of the things which must give greatest anxiety as we look into the future of external colonies with large negro, Hawaiian, or Malay population.

From most of the dangers of a colonial system the United States has been happily free; we have never lost a colony in war, or suffered from a colonial insurrection other than Indian outbreaks. The ticklish question of "taxation without representation" is settled by giving the Territories a representation, and then paying their expenses out of the national treasury. One terrible, persistent, and agonizing colonial question we have had —the question of slavery; and it was the direct occasion of the civil war. The difficulty, simply stated, was that, down to the Mexican war, the question was settled by giving a part of the Territories to the South and part to the North—as though the protectionists were to control Hawaii, and the free-traders Puerto Rico.

The compromise of 1850 practically extended the geographical line to the Californian boundary. Unfortunately, the compromise dodged the real issue by using obscure phraseology, and in 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Act introduced the new and baneful principle of "squatter sovereignty," by which the colonies were left to decide for themselves on the momentous question of slavery. The next step was an attempt by the two sections to control the new colony of Kansas by sending emigrants into it; the result was anger, mutual denunciation, rival colonial governments, and a local civil war; an attempt was made to force Kansas into the Union with the "Lecompton" slavery constitution, against the known and expressed will of the people. This curious outcome of "popular sovereignty" shocked the moral sense of the nation; and Abraham Lincoln, three years later, was the agent of the nation in putting an end to this great colonial question; and in 1862 he signed an act of Congress destroying slavery in all the Territories.

In thus declaring all the colonies free, Congress did more than to assert a splendid principle of human rights; it settled once for all the question of national supremacy; it asserted the right of Congress to legislate for the American colonies, both those then existing and such as might later be annexed; it made it certain that thenceforth there would be a tolerably uniform system of colonial administration. Of course this gives to Congress precisely those despotic powers the application of which at the hands of Parliament caused our American Revolution. Congress may permit colonies to govern themselves in minor matters, but it has complete power to legislate for every colony, and no act of a Congress



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can bind its successors to refrain from exercising its powers.

The broad principle of colonial regulation seemed very simple in 1862, when there was no expectation of keeping up permanent colonies; for as soon as the seven then existing Territories should be admitted as States, the question would disappear. At the end of the civil war, however, the power of Congress over colonies was invoked in three unexpected directions—in reorganizing the Southern States, in breaking up polygamy in Utah, and in providing for the new colony of Alaska.

At that time and since, the best constitutional lawyers have been unable to frame any theory which fits the case of the seceded and beaten States. Charles Sumner set up the ingenious theory that secession was State suicide, and that the Southern communities had reverted to Territories. Thaddeus Stevens denied the seceded States even a status as Territories, and looked upon them as conquered provinces, to be organized at the pleasure of Congress; in fact, the South was for several years in a colonial status, subject to a degree and pertinacity of national interference never known by any organized "Territory." Military Governors were appointed for them, and these Governors removed State officials, made appointments, reorganized city governments, ignored State laws, retried persons acquitted by the State courts, compelled the judges to call negro jurors, and even presumed to regulate the sale of whiskey. Gradually the States were readmitted to the privileges of the Union, under onerous conditions not required of other States; and in 1871, Georgia, the last reconstructed colony, was readmitted to the Union.

The relations of Congress to Utah include the only colonial insurrection in our history, and mark the highest point which has ever been reached in the direction of annulling colonial statutes and controlling colonial government. The Mormons went out to Utah in 1846, while it was still Mexican, and were much chagrined to find themselves transferred to the very nation which they had been seeking to escape. In 1850, when the Territorial government was organized, Brigham Young was made Governor; but in 1857 a new Territorial Governor was sent out, with troops to back him, and Young called on the people to resist the troops. In April, 1858, President Buchanan proclaimed the Mormons to be guilty of treason, and they at last yielded. During the civil war Utah was out of the currents of national life, but in 1862, 1874, 1882, and 1886 Congress passed sweeping acts abolishing the whole Mormon régime. The "Edmunds-Tucker Act" of 1886 dissolved the corporation known as "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," and confiscated its property for the support of schools. After thirty-seven years of resistance to the laws of Congress, the Mormons at last yielded; a convenient "revelation" took away the religious sanction of polygamy; the Church managed to hide the most of its property; but the resistance was broken, and in 1896 the long-delayed Statehood was conferred.

Though the United States was victorious in the end, the whole affair shows that even a feeble colony may for years defy the public sentiment of the land and disobey acts of Congress; and the episode shows, also, how hard it is effectively to deal with questions in which—however wrongfully—appeal is made to the principle of freedom of conscience.

The experience of successfully carrying on colonies within our continental borders, reached by lines of land transport, and hemmed in by organized States, may not apply to distant colonies reached and defended only by sea. Such dependencies, however, the United States has possessed for more than half a century; and several forms of colonial policy have been marked out for them.

In 1854 certain American citizens found guano deposits on the Aves Islands, a group long known, but then occupied by no power. When Venezuela drove off the guano-seekers, our government exacted an indemnity, on the ground that the lands were, at least for the time being, American soil. A result of the controversy was an act of Congress of 1856, authorizing the President to protect Americans in their occupation of such islands, if not already occupied by some other country. Accordingly claims have been laid at various times to Cayo Verde, near Cuba, and Alta Vela, off San Domingo, and other small islands, and especially to Navassa Island, just off the coast of Haiti. Here in 1889 and 1890 it was found that

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contractors were virtually holding their laborers to slavery, and the long arm of Brother Jonathan was stretched out to release them. There is also a vague claim to the Christmas and Midway islands in the Pacific. None of these distant islands is of consequence; but the principle that the flag will follow the discoverer is a colonial principle.

Coaling-harbors have often been discussed as though they had a colonial status; the only ports actually taken over by the government are Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, Samana Bay in Haiti, and Pango-Pango Bay in Samoa. To be sure an act of 1842 authorized the Secretary of the Navy to establish them wherever he thought necessary; but such harbors are held by consent of the power in whose territory they lie, though they undoubtedly incite to annexation and consequent colonization.

The really serious instance of outlying colonies previous to the cessions of Hawaii and Puerto Rico are Alaska and Samoa. Alaska had been Russian from the time of discovery, about 1728, till in 1867 it was taken over by the United States, as a favor to Russia, who preferred seven million dollars to a sub-arctic province. No popular sentiment demanded the annexation, and until the sealing troubles of 1884 there was no popular interest in Alaska, and no definite colonial government.

In 1868 Alaska was made a collection district; and in 1888 "a civil and judicial district," and also "a land district." It was then enacted that the laws of the State of Oregon then in force should be the laws of Alaska so far as applicable, and provision was made for a Governor and a court, but no legislature. The principal subject of national regulation has been the seal-fishing, for which there has been a series of statutes, contracts with private corporations, executive orders, decisions of courts, and international arbitration. The Alaska Fur Company has had some rights over the Indians, and somewhat resembles the South-African Company. But for that controversy, and for the recent gold discoveries, the country would be content to leave Alaska in the condition of a formless, unorganized colony, without a Governor, a legislature, or court of its own.

The present colonial status of Samoa is defined by the general act of the conference at Berlin, signed June 14, 1889, and intended to be a permanent adjustment of the rival claims of England, Germany, and the United States to rights in the islands. The official reports of the working of the government are droll reading, and furnish a sufficient comment on joint colonization. When the council of Apia votes that English silver shall be legal tender, but not German marks, "Freiherr Senfft von Pilsach, Chairman of the Municipal Council," resigns, and appeals to Germany; but when four other members of the Municipal Council resign, the German vice-consul thinks that they ought to be punished. The municipality of Apia takes the import duties allowed by the treaty, so that the rest of the kingdom of Samoa is in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog. It costs $1246 to collect $4789 of duties; and the titular king, by aid of the protection of three mighty world powers, is paid a quarterly salary, "in instalments," at the rate of $47.70 per month, till the instalments give out. The royal government has a right to $20,000 of poll-tax on the natives; but the government has been able out of this sum to collect only $10. The antics of two drunken sailors ashore have caused the exchange of grave despatches between the ambassadors of the Court of St. James, the Court of Berlin, and the administration at Washington. It is the three kings of Chickeraboo over again—only there is only one king and three discoverers.

Our experience of colonization in the Pacific has not been such as to throw much light on Brother Jonathan's capacity for dealing with rich, prosperous islands, necessary for naval defence.

What light does this experience of the last century and a quarter throw upon the future of American colonization? It shows, in the first place, that the idea of national colonies is as old as the republic, and that during the last fifty years the nation has grown accustomed to outlying dependencies. The annexation of territory and acceptance of protectorates which result from the Spanish war are therefore not signs of a new policy, but the enlargement of a policy long pursued.

In the second place, Brother Jonathan has been very successful in at least one kind of colonization — he has received emigrants from all Western nations, has

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put them on wild land, together with his own children, and has seen them grow up together in vigorous self-governing colonies. If our future colonies can repeat the conditions of our Territories, they must also be successful. Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, have all become Anglo-Saxon communities; why not also Puerto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii, Guam, and Luzon?

If a strong current of American or foreign immigration flow into those regions it will be contrary to the experience of all other colonizing powers. There is not a tropical colony on the globe with a considerable European population except Cuba and Puerto Rico. Madagascar, Ceylon, Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Jamaica, St. Thomas—they all have a thin stratum of dominant Europeans, there to make money or to rule, but not to make a new home for their children; for the hewing of wood and the drawing of water they all depend on natives, on imported coolies, or on the descendants of negro slaves. Of our new dependencies, Hawaii alone is likely to become an American community.

Can the native population be educated up to self-government? We may trust Puerto-Ricans as far as we trust Peruvians and Guatemalans, but no further. Judging from the experience of other nations and of ourselves, the Pacific islands (except Hawaii) will not be allowed anything like our Territorial governments till the French let the Anamites govern themselves, and the English turn Bengal over to the natives; or the Sioux send a delegate to Congress, and the negroes are allowed to vote in the Southern States.

The only alternative is the rule of the few—and those few exercising power conferred by a distant administration: but that system means a change in American standards of government and human rights. We must give up our fine contempt for other nations which rule with an iron hand; we must abandon the principle that "all just government depends on the consent of the governed"; we must look on the colonial status as permanent, and not a stage on the way to Statehood; we must begin to settle difficult questions of religion and worship by orders from Washington; we must surround our colonial Governors with body-guards, and arrest insurgent leaders; we must either yield part of our protective policy, or give up the principle for which our forefathers fought in the Revolution—that colonies exist for their own benefit, and not for the advantage of the mother-country; we must give up our principle of free intercourse between the parts of our empire, or else we must admit Chinese to the continent.

To avoid these perplexing questions would be very comfortable; but the die is now cast; we take the problems when we accept the responsibilities. The question is no longer, "shall we face the difficulties of colonization?" but "how shall we face them?" One way is by adding no more colonies; another is to try to adapt our government to new strains. For efficient colonial administration we need a Colonial Department, to which shall be committed the questions of lands, natives, appointment of officials, and colonial finance; and we need a sense of colonial responsibility in Congress. That body finally settled the slavery contest and the Utah trouble; but it acts too slowly for efficiency in a colonial policy. We need a public sentiment which will recognize the necessity of trained colonial administrators, who learn to know their people by a lifetime of service. The spirit which has reformed the Treasury and the Indian service must be invoked to create a professional colonial service.

The most serious difficulty of all is that we are trying to apply a good system of Anglo-Saxon government to those who prefer a poor system—to give jury trials to people who think it is a shorter cut to bribe the judge. We must learn to show patience to pagans, and toleration for imperfect Christians. In questions of human rights, the limited privileges which we can allow with safety will be freedom in comparison with the previous experience of our new colonists; and in the long-run we must trust the American people who freed the negro slaves to deal justly with half-breeds—Kanakas and Malays—though justice no longer means political equality even at home. Whether we like it or not, we have no longer the right to sit quietly under our own vine and fig-tree. May it be said of the United States as Bacon said of Rome, "It was not the Romans that spread upon the world, it was the world that spread upon the Romans; and that was the sure way of greatness."

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# BISMARCK THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN.

BY CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

I.

IS history the record of movements imposed by natural forces upon masses whose molecules are men? Or is it the storied achievements of genius and valor, the garnered fruits of work done by the individual will? Can a single mind and character fix the destiny of multitudes and shape the future of nations, or are the wide interests and movements of mankind moulded and controlled by laws as definite and general as those by which the stars hold their courses? Whether the prime factors of historical phenomena must be sought in fate, or in human choice, may be debated as long as Spencer and Macaulay are read; but surely no man, not Carlyle himself, has done so much to impress on the mind of our age the personal theory of history as Otto von Bismarck. There is no standard for human greatness, and all comparison of mental or moral superiority fails where no two objects admit of the same unit of measurement. With the right to define greatness for himself, each man can prove his own hero the greatest. But if true greatness be to stamp one's impress on his epoch, to draw anew the boundaries of nations, to transform governments, to change the currents of public thought, and by personal force to add new elements to the civilization of his age and make the world other than it would have been without him, then the highest meed of fame which the century now ending has to bestow must be given to Bismarck.

Every reader knows something of his marvellous career, with its sharp contrasts of exalted authority and humiliation, of triumph and fall. To depict his titanic personality, too, all the resources of graphic and literary art have been called into service, until no figure, no intellect, no moral nature of our times seems to be more minutely known. His bearing, his manner of speech, his habits in daily life, the traits of his style, his treatment of friends, of foes, of servants, even of his dog, have been brought before us as familiarly as the features of his homely and impressive face. Yet there is no eminent man upon whom the judgments even of the best informed have differed so widely. Among people with similar education, associations, and principles, and with the same sources of information, he is now praised above his kind for wisdom, patriotism, and true nobility, now denounced as a ruthless and vulgar foe to humanity and civilization. Calm thinkers grow passionate and moderate writers betake themselves to superlatives when his name appears. That he is a fact most notable, and one to be seriously reckoned with, is plain to all; but no semblance of agreement, no drift towards a harmonious estimate of his meaning and value, can be discerned amid the voices of the time, even around his grave. Like another chancellor of older date, whose fame, though won in widely different fields, is equal to his own, he appealed, on the loss of place and power, "to foreign nations and the next ages." But, unlike Bacon's, his appeal to foreign nations was in vain. It has but made the controversy upon his merits as doubtful and almost as bitter in other lands as at home. His appeal to posterity, in its final form, is before us in two volumes of his *Thoughts and Recollections*.

It is a book of confessions, conscious and unconscious. There is nothing like it in literature. We have all, when bewildered in state problems of their times, wished for the private note-book of Cæsar or of Richelieu, as the true source for a solution. But the greatest men have almost always been too reserved for the curious interest of posterity; and when, like Frederick II. and Napoleon, they have been eager and lavish in giving information, we must be glad to accept it, not as what we wish for, but as what they would have us see. The curtain is lifted, but scenes are set to shut off most of the stage. Bismarck, on the other hand, gives us an unreserved sweep of vision, a reckless thoroughness of exposure, which seems to negative all concealment. If he is misrepresenting facts, if his story is partial and misleading, if his strictures on others are unjust, then the semblance of perfect candor is assumed with such art that the illusion becomes more com-



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plete the more it is scrutinized. The revelations here given of the secret springs of many events momentous in the history of Europe will long afford themes for investigation and controversy, and will be of even greater value when the partisanships of to-day shall have been silenced than they are now. But the interest they have for the general reader lies most of all in the new light they undesignedly throw upon the person and character of their author.

If the impression they leave must be summed up in a single formula, it will be that Bismarck was a giant in force who belonged to an earlier stage of human development, and was misplaced in the Europe of the nineteenth century. Throughout his public career he seems to have been untouched by that moral transformation which has been the characteristic of this age—that passion for humanity, that spirit of universal brotherhood, that resulting esteem for the life and liberty of man as man, which inspires the movement of recent civilization. Incomplete as is its work, and imperfect as are the forms in which it is as yet embodied, the sense of community in aims and interests has gradually extended through ever vaster masses of men, has changed the spirit of legislation and administration, brought to life innumerable institutions of charity, revolutionized half the relations of men to one another, given to the words and formulas of social and political life meanings undreamed-of before. It has also suggested a thousand Utopias, and has set incompetent enthusiasts at work in vast numbers striving to reconstruct society on some theoretic basis of lofty benevolence, until the notions of half Christendom as to the purpose and scope of government have become confused with that superintending Providence, and parties are forming, far and wide, to force a millennium on us by the tyranny of a social democracy. But, none the less, the history of this idea, within the limits of its sane and beneficent workings, has become the real history of civilization; and yet there is not a passage in the book or in the life of Bismarck to suggest that it ever found a place in his system of thought.

To enter into the great Chancellor's mind, we must lay aside at once and wholly the conception of government as an agent of society for the equal protection of its members and their common welfare. Only by looking at it as a stupendous game for the aggrandizement of rulers and the consecration of traditional inequalities, in which men and principles alike are but pawns, to be put forward or sacrificed as this end may require, can we comprehend his motives and his achievements. Once admit this as the true meaning of statesmanship, and his career stands before us a consistent and magnificent whole. From his entrance into public life as a youth of seventeen to his enforced retirement, at more than threescore and ten, from the first office of the empire he had created, he maintained his preeminence above all associates and rivals—in his mature manhood, indeed, above all contemporaries—for profound insight and effective power in statesmanship. In the later years of loneliness and inaction, no doubt, the personal note became dominant; the great endowments which had disdained exertion for petty issues were absorbed for a time in private enmities, and the mightiest intellect of Europe became a source of petty scandals. But coming ages will forget this sad and brief eclipse of the mind which again shines out in all its majesty in this last legacy of its thoughts and recollections. There is a splendid reticence even in his notices of those who hampered his efforts and grudged him every triumph; and the breadth of view, the appreciation of character, the insight into obscure causes, and the large toleration often shown in recording the acts of his opponents, give an authority to his final judgments which the reader finds it hard to reject. Again, as in the days of his supremacy, his style and tone reflect the greatness of an impersonal tribunal. His contempt is crushing for littleness, his sarcasm is biting for weakness, but they express scarce ever a touch of personal enmity.

II.

There is perhaps no passage more characteristic of Bismarck's statesmanship, nor any which throws more instructive sidelights upon important historical events, than his review of the foreign policy pursued by Prussia before he assumed responsibility for guiding it. His criticism is a political masterpiece, and deserves the closest study of all who read the history of central Europe during the formative period of its modern society since the first

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French revolution. The kingdom which at the death of Frederick the Great, in 1786, seemed to be not merely the strongest military power in the world, but the assured centre around which the future of Germany must needs organize and be consolidated, made for the next seventy-five years hardly any real progress towards achieving the task of destiny. There were many and rapid alternations of prosperity and ruin, of confidence and despair, but no definite aims nor consistent principles were pursued, in relation either to the other states of Germany or to neighboring nations. The royal authority, even when its resources were greatest, failed to appreciate them; and when opportunities for leadership were offered, as continually happened through the embarrassments and disputes of other powers, they were neglected. Unessential and even injurious objects were sought, such as new subjects in Poland, regardless of their fitness, or the mere gratification of dynastic or local vanity, without the substance of international authority.

The weaknesses and blunders of Prussian diplomacy during this period are exposed without mercy, and the strictures upon them reveal by contrast the principles and methods by which Bismarck himself in after-years moulded anew the policy of his government, and elevated it to the highest place in the European system. From the first he sought to understand clearly the resources and possibilities of the nation. Determining what changes were desirable for it, he next inquired how far these were attainable, and bent all his energies to the attainment. Prussia had wavered in her alliances, governed from time to time partly by the fluctuating sentiments of her rulers, partly by the prospect of temporary or apparent advantages. Bismarck from his earliest manhood fixed upon the hegemony of Germany for Prussia, and the national union of all her states in the organization of a great power of the highest rank, as the one true aim of Prussian policy. When but seventeen years old he laid a wager with his American friend Coffin that Germany would be united within twenty years. Though the work occupied nearly twice that time, he lived not only to see it done, but to be the chief agent in doing it. With this definite purpose firmly grasped, and giving direction and consistency to every movement, he entered on his career as a diplomatist, and rapidly acquired the control of the state in its foreign policy.

The relations of Prussia with the eastern empires, Russia and Austria, are explained simply, but with mastery, so that it becomes evident how vacillating and destitute of fixed principles this vital branch of German policy was until it felt Bismarck's influence. It is a study of peculiar interest that is suggested by his disclosures of the lines of policy which, steadfastly followed from the time his voice first became potent in the councils of the kingdom, guided it through so many dangers, from a position of dependence on the forbearance of its great imperial neighbors to that which it occupied ten years ago, of the mightiest power of the European continent. It was a perpetual theme of reflection to Bismarck, and he never tired of making it a source of instructive warning to others, that the July revolution of 1830 found Europe unprepared, and that for a year or more afterwards Prussia was the only power whose military organization was not demoralized and helpless; that she had, at least, in spite of a cumbrous system of recruiting, much the strongest army in Europe; and if a definite policy of aggrandizement had been formed and vigorously followed up, might then have made herself felt in shaping Germany to her will. But the habit of dependence on Vienna and St. Petersburg was fixed in the rulers, and the subjects acquiesced. No statesman or publicist grasped the meaning of the opportunity. Metternich was permitted to suppress the liberal spirit throughout Germany in his own way, and Prussia went on contentedly with the petty aims of a small state—a giant in leading-strings, unconscious of his powers. Nothing in the history of statesmanship presents so impressive a picture of the successful struggle of intellectual power against limitations which seemed insuperable as the management of the foreign relations of Prussia during the eight years before the war of 1870.

For the people were awake to the spirit of the age, and restlessly pressing for a degree of freedom and for a control of the government by public opinion, such as must defeat his purposed concentration of the national forces in the interests of empire. They sought peace, and more

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and more spurned as barbarous and antiquated the necessary expenditure of their life and means of happiness upon military preparations. The royal authority was itself hesitating, and the court influence was divided between the dynastic ambitions to which he appealed and the sympathies of Western civilization. The administration was busied in all its departments with local and temporary emergencies, and had no centre of unity in its policy save in the mind of the great minister. His first step was to defy the constitution and show that the representatives of the people had but the right to register the will of the crown. As soon as the efficiency of the army was secured, and its support obtained by an outrage upon the legislature, he looked about for some foreign complication which would arouse patriotic feeling and national ambition. The timely death of Frederick VII. of Denmark in 1863 afforded the opportunity not only to unite all parties at home in the support of an aggressive policy, but to harness Austria herself in one team with Prussia, Bismarck holding the reins and the whip.

There is no reason to believe that when Frederick VII. died any other man in Europe thought of the occasion as an opening for Prussian ambition. At a council of state held immediately afterwards Bismarck spoke out for the first time. He appealed directly to the King, of whose energy and capacity for a great career he then was almost despairing; he reminded him that every one of his predecessors for generations had extended the boundaries of the kingdom, recounting the conquests and annexations by which the Electorate of Brandenburg had in two centuries grown to be one of the great powers of Europe, and exhorted him not to fall short of their achievements. No record of his address was entered on the protocol of the session, and Privy-Councillor Costenoble told him that the King had requested the omission, believing his minister to have spoken after indulging too freely in wine. Indeed, while he was speaking, the Crown-Prince Frederick raised his hands to heaven as if he doubted the speaker's sanity, and all the ministers present were silent. But Bismarck insisted on his right to be reported, and the entry was made—an imperishable testimony that the destiny of Germany, with the fortunes and the fame of the dynasty he served, then lay in one mind and will alone.

No doubt if this pretext for a war had not been furnished by the fates at the fortunate moment he would have found another. For the time was propitious, not by chance, but by circumstances which had been carefully created. Russia had just been drawn close to Prussia by her support against the Polish sympathies of the western powers early in 1863. France had been practically isolated by skilful pressure upon her old allies, and was wasting her diplomacy upon dreams of an impossible alliance with England. Never was a safer opportunity to trample on treaty rights and guarantees than now, for the settlement of the Danish succession by the treaty of London in 1852, to which all the great powers were parties, had no longer a police force in Europe to enforce it. The rapid march of events from Sonderburg by way of Königgrätz to Sedan and Paris is familiar; but the methods by which they were brought about, the foresight, practical wisdom, persistence, and resistless force of the mind of Prussia throughout this period, are illustrated in many novel and impressive ways by these volumes. They impress the reader irresistibly that the mind of Prussia in those days of unparalleled triumphs was Bismarck.

Yet in all his career no trait of his character is more conspicuous than his moderation. In every victory he forbore to exact from the vanquished that which might in any way embarrass the victor. When the King himself wished to dismember Austria, Bismarck resolutely insisted on keeping her strong enough to become a useful friend. When the Crown-Prince was ready to do violence to the South German States, he relied on conciliation and the encouragement of German brotherhood. Even towards prostrate France, in 1871, he showed himself the most forbearing and considerate of her foes, limiting his demands to the guarantees he deemed essential to the safety of the new empire. But he makes it plain in his records of his own mind that he was wholly incapable of being influenced by a sentiment of generosity towards a defeated enemy, or of regard for the welfare of mankind. Such an impulse as a motive for political action was to him but a weakness, which, if found in smaller minds, rendered them

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easier to play upon, but had no place in his own. We must not ascribe to him or to any man such superhuman powers as could in some of these instances have foreseen how subsequent history would vindicate the wisdom of moderation; nor does he claim to have discerned the future. Let it be granted that his controlling motive in each instance was to avoid outraging the public opinion of the world, and preparing fatal enmities. Yet it remains true that he alone, of all men who ever won such dazzling triumphs and swayed such resistless forces, was intoxicated by success, nor ever tempted "the envy of the gods" by extremes.

III.

In the mind of Bismarck avowed principles were but instruments for the attainment of practical ends. In early life he had beliefs, prejudices, strong sympathies with particular systems of economic and political thought, avowed them freely and defended them strictly. But he found himself and all around him fettered by such limitations, and rapidly fought his way to the clear conviction that in the great arena of statesmanship, when a supreme end is in view, it must be pursued without regard to any obligation save the duty of success. No other great statesman of modern times has been so entirely out of sympathy with the moral and social forces at work in the mind of this age, and no other has ever been able on so grand a scale to control these forces for the execution of his own plans. The ideas, principles and parties, whose success most statesmen seek as their highest aim were to him so nearly indifferent that, with utter seeming, he throws his resistless energy now on one side, now on the other. But always with the one master purpose.

His early observations and studies convinced him that the general prosperity would be best served by freedom of trade, and that the ultimate strength of the nation must be impaired by any legislation, in the interests of manufactures, which should lessen the resources of the landed proprietors. This was the tenor of his policy from the commercial treaty with France in 1862 until the complete triumph of the Delbrück system in the liberal tariff of 1893, which brought Germany side by side with England as a representative of unrestricted international intercourse. Until after 1875 Bismarck seems to have accepted without reserve the leading principles of the Manchester school as scientific truth. Yet at the age of seventy he turned his back upon the economic views of a lifetime, and by his personal ascendency and force, rather than by persuasion, compelled the adoption of an extreme protectionist system. It had become evident that a community of selfish interests among the German states would promote the development of a national consciousness and consolidate the unity of Germany; and when the temporary current of popular feeling offered him an opportunity he threw his potent influence without reserve upon the side of restriction, and walled in the empire by the extreme protective tariffs of 1885 and 1889. His course can only be explained by recognizing the supreme motive of making Germany one in heart and hand, for peace or war—a purpose to which all other interests and convictions were but means. But the fabric could be maintained only so long as the Atlantean shoulders of its builder held it up; and his successor hastened to undo much of it by the commercial treaties of 1892.

For any definite religious creed we look in vain through the records of Bismarck's utterances. In the first lines of his great posthumous work he tells us that at the age of seventeen he was a Pantheist, as well as abstractly a believer in republicanism. Yet throughout his public life he posed as an orthodox adherent to the Established Church, and professed amazement that any man could doubt the Christian doctrine of redemption. But religion was always to him a branch of politics. During the long struggle with the Catholic party which centred in the "May laws" of 1873 there is no doubt that Falk, the Minister of Education, was inspired and guided by Bismarck to push the Church to extremes. He perhaps for a time underestimated the strength of the religious sentiments in the nation; he certainly underestimated the depth to which the Churches were rooted in the habits of thought and the social life of citizens. Long before the contest culminated he foresaw the political necessity of a radical change in his position. But this only increased the zeal of his crusade against ecclesiasticism, while eagerly awaiting the death of his chief adversary, Pope Pius IX., which he knew was

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approaching. Whether Bismarck exercised any direct influence on the choice of his successor, "the Pope of peace," may never be known; but he soon sacrificed for the forbearance, not to say the support, of Leo XIII. not only the principles he had most earnestly advocated, but, what was to him much more serious, the friends whom these principles had brought around him. The clerical party became the strength of his new and strange economic policy, and a few years later the Chancellor, whose championship of the supreme state over the subordinate church had won him the repute of persecutor and infidel, accepted from the Pope the decoration of the Order of Christ. In 1887 this amazing alliance culminated in a new exchange of friendly offices, when Leo rallied his followers to the support of the centralizing military plans of Bismarck, and the government opened the soil of Germany again to many of the long-exiled religious orders.

The perfect consistency of this statesmanship can only be appreciated by those who discern how one central purpose dominated all his powers and directed his entire career. Personal and political rights, promises, laws, treaties, and constitutions, economical doctrines and religious faiths, were of value as means to be used or discarded, to be defended or trampled down, as should most effectively conduce to the supreme end. Bismarck always reserved to himself the choice among these means, to be made and changed from time to time as freely as the traveller to a distant city may choose and change the roads by which he will move. The end in view, as defined by himself, was the unity and consolidation of Germany, and it is hard indeed to find in history a splendid purpose so consistently and magnificently pursued, through difficulties that seemed like barriers of fate, to a consummate triumph. His whole story of his life, and, above all, his final revelation of his own mind, must be read with a clear apprehension of this as at once the inspiration and the limitation of his thoughts and efforts, in order to do justice to his capacities and his character.

IV.

It would be wholly unfair to question the sincerity of his declaration that this was ever his guiding star. He appears to us in his uttered recollections just as he appeared to himself in reviewing his career, just as he did not doubt that impartial history would depict him: the intrepid, far-sighted, and efficient creator of the new era of united Germany. But we cannot fail to discern that his conception of national unity was shaped by his own nature and prepossessions into something remote from the aspirations of his compatriots. The immense intellectual activity of the German people had, before Bismarck's day, given birth to a sense of brotherhood in science, literature, and art which every year grew more incongruous with the political division under numerous dynasties and with the social distinctions of rank. Nothing but frequent wars could prevent free thought from invading and occupying the domain of government. With a few generations of peace the new political ideas which had dawned in the revolution would have crystallized in a public opinion before whose resistless might traditional authority must vanish. The events of 1848 showed that the time was almost ripe for society to throw off the inherited incubus of privilege and organize itself for the welfare of all its members. When the German National Assembly, in 1849, offered the imperial crown to the Prussian King, under a constitution which would have made his government the executive of the national will, it was possibly his refusal which prevented Germany from becoming a true federated republic under imperial forms. Had his ambition for personal distinction and the name of empire overcome his dynastic prejudices, it is not clear that the national movement would have failed. That its forces fell into pitiful fragments upon his refusal does not prove that, around a strong centre of organization, they might not have marshalled the resources of the land on a basis of freedom and peace.

In his final reflections on this event Bismarck adheres to the conviction that the King's refusal was necessary. He doubts whether the proposed union was possible in the face of the strong dynastic feelings among the people. He does not believe that the institutions of the empire could have been built up and fortified under Frederick William as they were after 1870 under his brother. He is confident that the wars for the expulsion of Austria from Germany and for the overthrow of French influence were inevitable, whether

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the empire was to be constituted before them or only through them; and having found it hard enough to persuade the strong soldier William to engage in them, he apprehends that his scholarly and eloquent brother would have been slow indeed to move in "iron and blood." But the old Chancellor admits that at the time, in his fierce youth, his delight in the King's veto of the grand scheme rested on none of these considerations. It was founded on his jealousy of the prestige of the crown and his instinctive distrust of popular movements and parliamentary government. We do him no injustice, in view of this confession and of the tenor of his later career, in holding that his aspiration for national unity was one with his fixed faith in Prussian absolutism.

No doubt his protest against this understanding of him is sincere. But he couples it with explanations which rob the distinction of practical value. He is convinced that Prussian honor is to be sought, above all, in shunning absolutely any "shameful connection" with democracy, and in "permitting nothing to happen in Germany without Prussia's assent." Further, it is the fundamental thought of his political creed, which he never wearies of enforcing and illustrating, that government can only be strong and successful when wielded by a single will. This principle is as old as Homer, whose Odysseus cries, "Worthless is many-lordship; be there one lord, one king," and the history of thirty centuries has echoed the cry. Fertile as was the mind of Bismarck, versatile and opportunist as was his policy, this one law of political thought shapes his reflections to the end, as it always inspired his actions. Government by a college of minds, whether a ministry, a parliament, a bureau, or a town meeting, is the object of his scorn. That "arithmetic and chance" take the place of logical deliberation when any decision is made by the vote of a majority, and that measures so adopted gain nothing in honesty or in appropriateness, while they lose the only effectual guarantee of conscientiousness —that of individual responsibility—is plain to him. Hence diets, councils, ministries, congresses, parliaments, were always, in his view, instruments to be manipulated or obstacles to be conquered. The conception of a great people deliberating, by its representatives for the common welfare never presented itself as a practical possibility to his thoughts.

Yet there was nothing in the Prussian monarchy, nothing in the social and political institutions connected with it, to attract the splendid allegiance of this mighty mind. He discerned all its personal pettiness and weakness, all the narrowness of its bureaucracy, all the anachronisms of the "Junkerthum" around it. From the first his sympathies were attracted by English civilization and culture. For the political incompetence of the Germans he had not, indeed, sorrow, but bitter scorn. Had he been touched in any degree with the spirit of the age, he would have sought the future of the nation in popular education, in training citizens to independent thought and political action. But it never occurred to him that these habits could be acquired, and that it was the task of statesmanship to show the way. To him the childishness of voters was but the opportunity of rulers to keep them under control. Had loyalty to the throne been his single governing motive, as he doubtless believed, he would have been content, if not to serve it in its own way, at least to deal openly with it in advocating his own. But his intercourse with his monarch was always a struggle to manage him, shape his policy, and use his power for ends fully understood only by himself. He acknowledges that he often withheld even from William I. the reasons for the measures he wished to enforce, and by unreal pretexts led him to adopt them. Wishing to bring on the war of 1870 with France, he resorted to a misrepresentation of a message from his King, for the purpose of stirring the populace to fury. His final fall from power was brought about by his determination to be the sole adviser, with undisturbed opportunities for the manipulation of the young Emperor's mind and will.

It is impossible, then, to resist the conviction that personal lust of power was the inspiration of Bismarck's genius. His ambition was nobler than Napoleon's, not only because it was moderated in the hour of triumph by a larger wisdom, but because it commended itself to less vulgar motives, and was always associated with historically defensible aims. There are many points in which his nature resembled the Corsican's; in fearlessness, in breadth of view, in knowledge of the

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mainsprings of action in men and in ability to play upon them, he was at least his equal; in promptness of decision and in energy of purpose he was little inferior; while in the practical wisdom which measures the opposing forces, and in the self-control which can abide its time, he was vastly the greater character. But the most salient contrast between the two lay in the fact that Bismarck was wholly devoid of superstition. He was never tempted to intrust to chance the issue which thought and toil could control. Hence it would be doing far too much honor to the prototype if we should call him the Napoleon of statesmanship. Yet the chorus of glorification in which so many writers now join over his career is the apotheosis of sublime selfishness.

V.

The reader will look eagerly in Bismarck's final revelation of himself for glimpses of the man in his inner life—in his affections, tastes, enjoyments, aspirations, and antipathies. But it is a book of thoughts, not of feelings. Married in 1847 to an excellent lady not quite his equal in birth, he proved tender and true as the head of his household, and his home was always his favorite refuge from the cares of state. But the impersonal tone is so rigidly maintained in these memoirs that neither wife nor children appear with any distinctness in them. We learn only how on one significant occasion the King complained that his devotion to his family made him careless of his office and his master. There is hardly an expression of personal attachment on his own part to any one except the old Emperor William; and the calm and critical estimate of his character, which fills many pages of absorbing interest, is not only the most impressive ever written, but the most impartial and just. The affection of the servant for his life-long master was genuine, but far from blind, and history will find little to add to this portrait, and nothing in it to efface. Always as royal in his own mind and heart as in his bearing before the world, slow of thought and slower of confidence, with a high sense of duty and a narrow range of vision, quick to anger and easily appeased, but relentless when his dignity suffered, filled with the belief that his claim to obedience was perfect, yet glad, when in doubt, to be relieved from the task of deciding, eagerly accepting as his right the prizes which, when his conscience had bidden him abstain, he had been duped into seizing, and grateful in right kingly fashion for the magnificent services done him, which yet he regarded as but his due, his glory before posterity will be the light reflected from the brilliant instruments which he had the fortune to find and the wisdom to trust. It is the mockery of history which gathers the statues of Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon as side-pieces around the monument of "William the Great."

Less elaborate and formal, but hardly less instructive, are the incidental sketches of Frederick William IV., of Manteuffel and Gortchakoff, of Moltke and Roon, of the Empress Augusta, of the Crown-Prince, later the Emperor Frederick III., and his English wife. They live before us in lines which illuminate many a hitherto obscure passage of history. If the volume still unpublished shall prove to contain a characterization of the reigning German Emperor of as clear insight and as candid judgment as these, it will be an important contribution to the solution of a problem which has a fascination for multitudes of students. But of all the figures in this marvellous gallery of portraits, that of Napoleon III. will perhaps fall furthest short of the ideal his admirers cherish. There is no estimate of his capacity or character; but the simple narrative of his conversations as Emperor of France with the ambassador of Prussia leaves no doubt of his utter incompetence as a ruler. Vacillating in purpose, rash, unscrupulous, incapable of discerning the real temper and purposes of those who wrought upon his weakness, he was ever the dupe and tool of stronger conspirators, and was as wax in the hands of Bismarck. That Germany should be welded into a nation and become the queen of the continent, instead of France, said Carlyle, "seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time." To others it seems the despair of our civilization that paternal government with supreme militarism should overspread the fairest fields of human activity. But however this may be, it is certain that this transformation of the European system has been the constructive work of Bismarck, made possible only by the blundering policy of Louis Napoleon.

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# THE DRAWER

## THE BOY IN THE CLOTH CAP.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

I HAD seen the little fellow but a moment before, standing on the car platform and peering wistfully into the night, as if seeking some face in the hurrying crowd at the station. I remembered distinctly the cloth cap pulled down over his ears, his chubby, rosy cheeks, and the small baby hand clutching the iron rail of the car, as I pushed by and sprang into a hack.

"Lively, now, cabby; I haven't a minute," and I handed my driver a trunk check.

Outside the snow whirled and eddied, the drifts glistening white in the glare of the electric light.

I drew my fur coat closer around my throat, and beat an impatient tattoo with my feet. The storm had delayed the train, and I had less than an hour in which to dine, dress, and reach my audience.

Two minutes later something struck the cab with a force that rattled every spoke in the wheels—it was my trunk—and cabby's head, white with snow, was thrust through the window.

"Morgan House, did you say, boss?"

"Yes, and on the double-quick."

Another voice now sifted in—a small, thin, pleading voice, too low and indistinct for me to catch the words from where I sat.

"Want to go where?" cried cabby. The conversation was like one over the telephone, in which only one side is heard. "To the orphan-asylum? Why, that's three miles from here.... Walk?.... See here, sonny, you wouldn't get half-way.... No, I can't take yer—got a load."

My own head had filled the window now.

"Here, cabby, don't stand there all night! What's the matter, anyway?"

"It's a boy, boss, about a foot high, wants to walk to the orphan-'sylum."

"Pass him in."

He did, literally, through the window, without opening the door, his little wet shoes first, then his sturdy legs in wool stockings, round body encased in a pea-jacket, and last, his head, covered by the same cloth cap I had seen on the platform. I caught him, feet first, and helped land him on the front seat, where he sat looking at me with staring eyes that shone all the brighter in the glare of the arc-light. Next a collar-box and a small paper bundle were handed in. These the little fellow clutched eagerly, one in each hand, his eyes still looking into mine.

"Are you an orphan?" I asked—a wholly thoughtless question, of course.

"Yes, sir."

"Got no father nor mother?"

Another, equally idiotic; but my interest in the boy had been inspired by the idea of the saving of valuable minutes. As long as he stood outside in the snow, he was an obstruction. Once aboard, I could take my time in solving his difficulties.

"Got a father, sir, but my mother's dead."

We were now whirling up the street, the cab lighting up and growing pitch-dark by turns, depending on the location of the street lamps.

"Where's your father?"

"Went away, sir." He spoke the words without the slightest change in his voice, neither abashed nor too bold, but with a simple straightforwardness which convinced me of their truth.

"Do you want to go to the asylum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I can learn everything there is to learn, and there isn't any other place for me to go."

This was said with equal simplicity. No whining; no "me mother's dead, sir, an' I 'ain't had nothin' to eat all day," etc. Not that air about him at all. It was merely the statement of a fact which he felt sure I knew all about.

"What's your name?"

"Ned."

"Ned what?"

"Ned Rankin, sir."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eight"—then, thoughtfully—"no, I'm nine years old."

"Where do you live?"

I was firing these questions one after the other without the slightest interest in either the boy or his welfare. My mind was on my lecture, and the impatient look on the faces of the audience, and the consulted watch of the chairman of the committee, followed by the inevitable: "You are not very prompt, sir," etc. "Our people have been in their seats," etc. If the boy had previously replied to my question as to where he lived, I had forgotten the name of the town.

"I live—" Then he stopped. "I live in—Do you mean now?" he added, simply.

"Yes."

There was another pause. "I don't know, sir; maybe they won't let me stay."



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Another foolish question. Of course, if he had left home for good, and was now on his way to the asylum for the first time, his present home was this hack.

But he had won my interest now. His words had come in tones of such directness, and were so calm, and gave so full a statement of the exact facts, that I leaned over quickly, and began studying him a little closer. I saw that this scrap of a boy wore a gray woollen suit, and I noticed that the cap was made of the same cloth as the jacket, and that both were the work of some inexperienced hand. Instinctively my mind went back to what his earlier life had been.

"Have you got any brothers and sisters, my boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know, sir; I was too little to remember."

The pathos of this answer stirred me all the more.

"Who's been taking care of you ever since your father left you?" I had lowered my voice now to a more confidential tone.

"A German man."

"What did you leave him for?"

"He had no work, and he took me to the priest."

"When?"

"Last week, sir."

"What did the priest do?"

"He gave me these clothes. Don't you think they're nice? The priest's sister made them for me—all but the stockings; she bought those."

As he said this he lifted his arms so I could look under them, and thrust out toward me his two plump legs. I said the clothes were very nice, and that I thought they fitted him very well, and I felt his chubby knees and calves as I spoke, and ended by getting hold of his soft wee hand, which I held on to. His fingers closed tightly over mine, and a slight smile lighted up his face. It seemed good to him to have something to hold on to. I began again:

"Did the priest send you here?"

"Yes, sir. Do you want to see the letter?" The little hand—the free one—fumbled under the jacket, loosened the two lower buttons, and disclosed a white envelope pinned to his shirt.

"I'm to give it to 'em at the asylum. But I can't unpin it. He told me not to."

"That's right, my boy. Leave it where it is."

"You poor little rat," I said to myself. "This is pretty rough on you. You ought to be tucked up in some warm bed, not out here alone in this storm."

The boy felt for the pin in the letter, reassured himself that it was safe, and carefully rebuttoned his jacket. I looked out of the window, and caught glimpses of houses flying by, with lights in their windows, and now and then the cheery blaze of a fire. Then I looked into his eyes again. I still had hold of his hand.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this boy must have some one soul who cares for him." I determined to go a little deeper.

"How did you get here, my boy?" I had leaned nearer to him.

"The priest put me on the train, and a lady told me where to get off."

"Oh, a lady!" Now I was getting at it! Then he was not so desolate; a lady had looked after him. "What's her name?" This with increased eagerness.

"She didn't tell me, sir."

I sank back on my seat. No! I was all wrong. It was a positive, undeniable, piteous fact. Seventy millions of people about him, and not one living soul to look to. Not a tie that connected him with anything. A leaf blown across a field; a bottle adrift in the sea, sailing from no port and bound for no haven. I got hold of his other hand, and looked down into his eyes, and an almost irresistible desire seized me to pick him up in my arms and hug him; he was too big to kiss, and too little to shake hands with; hugging was all there was left. But I didn't. There was something in his face that repelled any such familiarity—a quiet dignity, pluck, and patience that inspired more respect than tenderness, that would make one want rather to touch his hat to him.

Here the cab stopped with so sudden a jerk that I had to catch him by the arms to steady him. Cabby opened the door.

"Morgan House, boss. Goin's awful, or I'd got ye here sooner."

The boy looked up into my face; not with any show of uneasiness, only a calm patience. If he was to walk now, he was ready.

"Cabby, how far is it to the asylum?" I asked.

"'Bout a mile and a half."

"Throw that trunk off, and drive on. This boy can't walk."

"I'll take him, boss."

"No; I'll take him myself. Lively, now."

I looked at my watch. Twenty minutes of the hour had gone. I would still have time to jump into a dress suit, but the dinner must be brief. There came a seesaw rocking, then a rebound, and a heavy thud told where the trunk had fallen. The cab sped on.

The boy made no reply. There were no thanks, no outburst. He was merely a chip in the current. If he had just escaped some sunken rock, it was the way with chips like himself. All boys went to asylums, and had no visible fathers nor invisible mothers nor friends. This talk about boys going swimming, and catching bull-frogs, and robbing birds' nests, and playing ball, and "hooky," and marbles, was all moonshine. Boys never did such things, except in story-books. He was a boy himself, and knew. There couldn't anything better

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"PASS HIM IN."

happen to a boy than being sent to an orphan-asylum. Everybody knew that. There was nothing strange about it. That's what boys were made for. All this was in his face.

Suddenly a thought rushed over me that culminated in a creeping chill. Where was his trunk? In my anxiety over my own, I had forgotten the boy's.

I turned quickly to the window, and shouted:

"Cabby! *Cabby*, you didn't leave the boy's trunk too, did you?"

The little fellow slid down from the seat, and began fumbling around in the dark.

"No, sir; I've got 'em here;" and he held up the collar-box and brown-paper bundle!

"Is that all?" I gasped.

"Oh no, sir! I got ten cents the lady give me. Do you want to see it?" and he began cramming his chubby hand into his side pocket.

"No, my son, I don't want to see it."

I didn't want to see anything in particular. His word was good enough. I couldn't, really. My eyelashes somehow had got tangled up in each other, and my pupils wouldn't work. It's queer how a man's eyes act sometimes.

We were now reaching the open country. The houses were few and farther apart. The street lamps gave out; so did the telegraph wires festooned with snow loops. Soon a big building, square, gray, sombre-looking, like a jail, loomed up on a hill. Then we entered a gate between flickering lamps, and tugged up a steep road, and stopped. Cabby sprang down and rang a bell, which sounded in the white stillness like a fire-gong. A door opened, and a flood of light streamed out, showing the kindly face and figure of an old priest in silhouette, the yellow glow forming a golden background.

"Come, sonny," said cabby, throwing open the cab door.

The little fellow slid down again from the seat, caught up the box and bundle, and said, as he turned to me,

"It was too far to walk."

When I reached the platform and faced my audience I was dinnerless, half an hour late, and still in my travelling dress.

I began as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I ask your forgiveness. I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, but I could not help it. I was occupied in escorting to his suburban home one of your most distinguished citizens."

Then I described the boy in the cloth cap, with his box and bundle, and his patient, steady eyes, and plump little legs in the yarn stockings.

I was forgiven.

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### THE MAN FROM KENTUCKY.

MY reference to a recent achievement of Soledad having suggested the turf to the agile mind of Mr. Milo Bush, he immediately launched into the following story, which, from the impressive manner of its delivery, he seemed to think possessed of edifying and perhaps even of educational qualities:

"You've heard of Ajax, the celebrated Kentucky runner, of course," he said. "I once owned a son of his. I called him Bjax. Fastest hoss ever brought to the Territory. *Too* fast. It would 'a' been money in my pocket if he'd had only three legs. Where I made my mistake was in not keeping a ball and chain fastened to one foot. Ought to 'a' kept him *hobbled*.

"I bought that hoss Bjax with my hard earnings," he continued, looking off sadly, oblivious of the notorious fact that he had never done a day's work in his life. "Bought him with money which I had *saved*. Money which I had laid up agin the time when I should be *old* and unable to *work*. But it all went, and it has *staid* went, and the hour when I should rest is come, but there is no rest for me. Sometimes, when I'm alone, I say to myself, firm, just like this: 'Keep still, sad heart!'

"Well, I bought this Bjax just to show the boys. They thought they had hosses that could run, but I wanted to show them that their hosses was really *stationary* hosses, rooted down to the spot. I says to 'em, 'I am sending for a *movable* hoss—a self-propelling hoss—a hoss that goes alone—*not* a animal that has to be warped along with a house-moving windlass, and men putting their shoulders to him and pushing behind.' It took all my savings—the savings of forty years of *toil*—but I got the hoss.

"It was a proud day for me when that hoss come. I took him right over to the track, and I showed 'em that I was right. Bjax *was* fast. He beat every hoss in town. A great igee struck me—to take him around on the fall racing circuit, and make some money and get back my savings. I knew there was nothing in the Territory could keep up with him. My heart beat gayly. Says I, 'Old man, Fortune is at your door, a-taking off her gum shoes and preparing to stay.'

"I had just said this, and also, 'Tell me not in mournful slumbers, life is but an empty dream,' when up steps a well-dressed young man, and says he, 'Sah,' says he, just like that—'sah, may I have the privilege of admiring your hoss?' 'Wade in, stranger,' says I. He looks over Bjax, his eyes getting soft and tender, and then I'll be snaked if he didn't bust right out crying. Then he wipes his eyes, and says he: 'Sah, do not laugh at these tears. Them are not tears of weakness. Them tears come from the heart. I am touched,' and he begins to sniffle again. 'I know how it is,' says I, swallering a great lump in my throat. 'Manly tears like them are all O K. You are touched. Lay right down on the ground, young man, and have it out.' 'No, no,' says he: 'it is past. The storm is over. My heart was full, and she overflowed—that was all. Sah, I am a Kentuckian!' 'I'm sorry it is so small,' says I, pulling out my pint flask, 'but you're welcome. Finish it up, and I'll send for some more.' 'No, no,' says he; 'not at present. My emotions even now threaten to overmaster me. Let me simply admire your hoss—your *Kentucky* hoss. An exile from home, cut off from ancestral halls, this is the first Kentucky hoss I've seen for five years. Sah, I am touched.'

"Well, I told him to go ahead and admire till he thought he'd got enough, and he thanked me, and kept walking round Bjax, and feeling of him, and patting him, and all the time a-saying he was touched. Then he says: 'Sah, would you mind if I mounted your hoss for one turn around the track? Riding was formerly my delight. Fox-hunting was my favorite sport. Will them happy days ever come again? Sah, I have not been so touched since a crool, mistaken father druv me from his door.' 'Hop on,' says I. 'Hop right on.' And he done so, and pranced Bjax round me once or twice, and then galloped off, easy like, down the track; and when he got to the first quarter, he turned round in the saddle, graceful, and waved his hand and threw me a kiss, at the same time lifting the hoss right over the fence, and starting off across the perairie like a bloo streak, and me yelling bloody murder for help. Well, every man that had a hoss started after him, with me follering along on foot, still yelling in a general way; but they might as well 'a' chased a zigzag of chain-lightning going end over end. They lost sight of the feller and Bjax in twenty minutes. Then they come back. I was laying on my back on the perairie, my jaw still moving faintly, but little or no yell coming forth. 'Old man,' says somebody, 'wot's the matter?' 'I am touched,' says I."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

### THE AUTHOR AND THE SALESMAN.

THE author wanted some summer reading, and he sought out an unfamiliar shop. Unfortunately he was a facetious author. There were people who thought him rather proud of himself. At any rate he thought he would be recognized anywhere, because his portrait had appeared with some frequency in the periodical press. So when, after he had chosen several works of fiction by other writers, the salesman handed him a copy of his own latest book, he winked drolly at the man behind the counter, and pushed the book away from him in mock disgust.

"For Heaven's sake, no!" he cried. "I can't read that man's stuff."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the salesman, solemnly, "*I can't, either.*"

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### WANTED—A SAILOR.

"NAVAL militia?" said Lieutenant Conningtower, U.S.N. "Naval militia's all right. Good boys, good fighters, fine fellows, splendid record, magnificent amateurs. Poor Billy Bobstay, executive of the *Milwaukee*, thought he had a cinch when he got a crew of them; but you can't turn two hundred theorists, however well-meaning they may be, into men-o'-war's men overnight.

"We were lying off Guantanamo, and I had not seen Billy for two months, when one morning the *Milwaukee* came in. She had been in two or three pretty lively scraps, and had come off with flying colors, and I was planning to go over and give Billy a pat on the back, when an orderly reported a boat from the *Milwaukee* alongside, and handed me a characteristic note from Billy.

"'DEAR CONNY,' it read, 'please lend me a boatswain's mate for the afternoon.

W. B.'

"Well, I had a chief boatswain's mate who was a dandy; a youngster only a few years out of his apprenticeship, and a typical modern sailor-man. So I told him to report to Lieutenant Bobstay at two o'clock.

"He reported back on board at six, and handed me another note from Billy.

"'DEAR CONNY,' he wrote, 'I return your chief boatswain's mate in good order, and with many thanks. He was a splendid object-lesson to my crew. If I can reciprocate at any time, don't hesitate to call on me. Should you desire the services of a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, a banker, an actor, or a minister of the gospel, I have representatives of these, and most other professions. W. B.'"

H. G. P.

### A COMING DILEMMA.

OLD ninety-eight is nearly past,
And ninety-nine is coming fast;
And soon our poets will be found
All writhing madly on the ground;
For ninety-nine, like ninety-eight,
A twelvemonth hence must meet its fate;
And then our poets will be caught
At finding rhymes for "naughty-naught."
Not that the rhymes are very rare—
They can be found 'most anywhere.
But how can one refer with pride,
In lofty rhythm and dignified,
In periods full of sentiment
Of nobler sort, from Heaven sent,
When in the end slap-bang they're brought
Against a term like "naughty-naught"?
And after "naughty-naught" is done,
Good lack! then comes the "*naughty-one!*"




PLAID RABBITS.

"I have a pair of bunnies, and their eyes are large and sad;
The coats are white as buttermilk, and also somewhat plaid."

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

III.

"WELL, what do you think?" begins Ethel Benton, as she and her husband take their seats at the dinner table.

This is a favorite interrogative of hers, and Benton finds it a difficult one to reply to. The number of suitable answers is certainly limited. He may say, "I don't know," which would be untrue. He may say, "I don't think anything," which would be derogatory to his self-esteem. He may say, "A great many things," which would require a lengthy explanation; or he may say, briefly, "What?" which does not mean very much. As a rule he plays Irish, and replies with another query, thereby successfully throwing the burden of proof upon Ethel. So he does upon this occasion. He asks,



"MAMMA HASN'T DECIDED."

"What do *you* think?"

"Mamma wants to give a reception," Ethel answers, proudly.

"That's good. And you will receive with her, I suppose?"

"Oh—but she wants to give it here!"

"HERE!"

"Yes, in our house."

"The deuce she does! Did you tell her these premises are not for rent?"

"I told her nothing of the kind." This with dignity. "I think it is a very good idea."

"Oh yes. It *is* a good idea—for her. One of the cleverest ideas she has evolved in a long while. The best since she thought it would be a good idea to have me for a son-in-law."

"But, honestly, *don't* you think it will be nice? I was only going to have days, you know. So when mamma said she was thinking some of giving a reception, I told her she ought to let *me* give it, and put her card in with mine."

"Oh! then it was *your* idea?"

"Well—partly. But it's mamma's reception, in that she will pay all the bills. And we ourselves could never have afforded to give a reception."

"Blessed be poverty!"

"What do you mean? I thought you would like it so much. It is very unkind of you to throw cold water on my plans like that. It is so ungrateful, too, when mamma is doing so much for us."

"I'm not throwing cold water, my dear."

"Well, then," gleefully, "don't you think it will be nice—"

"To have a lot of people cackling all day in the front rooms?" And here, unfortunately, Benton imitates the noise of hens—joyful hens in a barn-yard—a vocal specialty he had become quite proficient in as a small boy—"Kack, kack, kack—!"

"Stop it," cries Ethel. "I never want to do anything that you don't make fun of me, or try to put obstacles in my way. And," almost tearfully, "I thought you would like it *so* much. We can make the parlor look so pretty, and I can have Dorothy and Mrs. Dufour and Mrs. Willis and Emma to help receive, and it will be perfectly lovely."

"So you've got it all fixed?"

"No, I have not."

"Where's the hitch?"

"Mamma has not definitely decided that she will give the reception."

"So this is a false alarm,—I mean a—a faint hope, only?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so mean."

"I am not mean. I don't intend to be mean. If you hold a reception, my dear, I shall come home early that afternoon, and rig myself up like a fatted ox, and stick a flower in my coat, and go about and show myself to the crowd. That's what you want; that's what you and your mother both want. I know it. I am willing to parade, if it's going to give you any fun."

"I think men are most ungrateful, inconsiderate creatures. If you do not wish to help your wife when she is entertaining her friends, you may stay away. I can get along very well without you."

"But I do wish to help my wife, likewise my wife's mother. And I have just told you I will come to the front like a soldier when you have your little party. By-the-way, is there going to be a punch?"

"Punch and bouillon. I shall not have any tea. It is too much trouble to make fresh tea all the afternoon."

"I don't care so much about the tea; but what kind of punch will it be?"

"Claret punch, of course."

"Claret punch? Why don't you have real punch? Now if you will let me brew the punch, I will guarantee that it will be a drawing card. The girl who presides over it will easily be queen of the drawing-room. I have a friend downtown who has a recipe for punch; he's a barkeeper—"

"Arthur!" exclaims Ethel, with a horrified look.

"What's the matter? Barkeepers usually know recipes—"

"But you said he was a *friend* of yours."

"He has been—on many occasions. But I will call him an acquaintance, if you prefer. I'll get his formula, and then, if you put on the cards that *I* shall brew the punch, you will have more men at your reception than will be seen at any similar function in New York this winter."

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"I have not any doubt of it. Anything to eat or to drink will attract a man. If I had the gift of story-telling I should write a book, a novel, about a country in which marriageable girls would go around with terrapin and canvas-back ducks in their hands as attractions for the marriageable men—just as you offer buns to the animals in a menagerie. There would be no old maids in that land, I can assure you, for the marriageable men would rush for the terrapin and the ducks just as their caged fellow-animals in the Park always grasp for the buns."



"I ORDERED THE CARDS."

"Really, Ethel, I don't see how you ever brought yourself to an alliance with a specimen of such a sex."

"I sometimes wonder at it myself; but I always find consolation in the thought of how much better off you have been since you were married, and I persuade myself that in this world it is the duty of the women to take care of the men. You know very well that you don't know how to take care of yourself. It is a wonder to me you ever got along so well as you did before we were married."

All this because Benton made light of that reception scheme. He soon sees that he must mend his ways.

"Well, dear, what can I do to help you about getting up your shindy?"

"I wish you would not use such vulgar words, Arthur. If you are going to be good and kind and help me, why do you spoil it all by offering your services in such an unpleasant way?"

"I am yours to command, madam," says he, bowing as gracefully as he can.

"Very well, then. The first thing you want to do is to go down to Tiffany's to-morrow and see about those cards."

"I ordered the cards for you several days ago."

"You ordered cards with 'Fridays in January and February' on them. But if I am going to give a reception, of course I shall not want to have days at home."

"But the cards must be all printed by this time," objects Benton. "I told them to rush the order."

"Well, I don't think they are engraved yet, because they sent me a note asking what size card I wanted, and I have not answered, so they won't go on with the order till they hear from me."

"Did they say so in the note?"

"No; but I know they won't. While you are down there, get three hundred envelopes (and be sure you get them the right size), so that we can hurry things by getting the envelopes addressed before the cards come home."



ENVELOPES EASILY ADDRESSED.

"I suppose your mother will come down and help you address the envelopes?" ventures Benton, hopefully.

"I suppose nothing of the kind," Ethel promptly retorts. "You can address them in the evening yourself. It won't take you long, and you write such a good hand."

"Oh, *la*, la, la!" he shouts. "A good hand! Well, that's news to me. What do you think I bought a type-writer for? I bought a type-writer because I got tired of hearing the printers complain that they couldn't read what I wrote."

"Printers are probably ignorant men," sniffs Ethel, contemptuously.

"Printers are the cleverest decipherers of hieroglyphics in the world," Benton returns. "But I can address those envelopes on the type-writer."

"Send out type-written invitations to a reception!" Ethel almost shouts. "You must be crazy! What do you suppose people would think of *me*?"

"Oh, well, if you are sending out these invitations to get a concensus of popular opinion concerning yourself, why don't you have them addressed by Professor Graphohand?"

"I wish you would not be so absurd about these little things. Do what I tell you, and don't make any comments. In the end you always admit that I am right."

Then follow detailed and explicit orders as to what Benton shall do the following day in regard to the cards. As Ethel finishes giving her instructions the bell rings, and in a few moments the maid comes into the dining-room with a package, which, when opened, is found to contain the three hundred cards and envelopes that had been ordered a few days previously by Benton. The former bear the neatly engraved legend that Ethel will be at home to her friends on "Fridays in January and February."

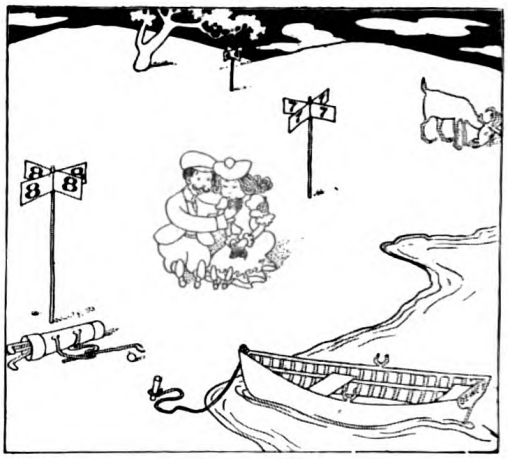


THE MAID ENTERS.

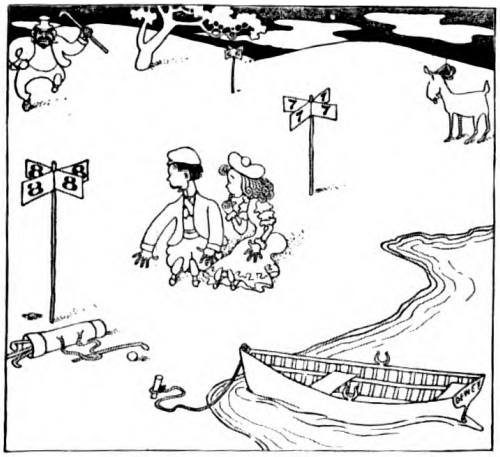
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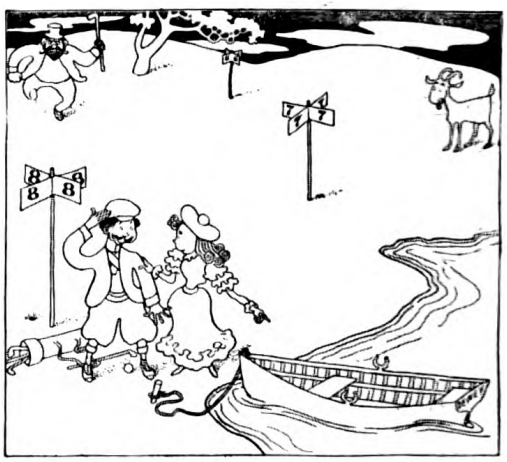
1.—They play golf.



2.—They rest a little.



3.—The father! They must escape.



4.—A boat—but no oars!



5.—Happy thought!



6.—They decide to elope.

A GAME OF GO-OFF.

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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IF there is any one thing in life that more interests mankind than what people say and think of each other, it is what people say and think of themselves. Whether it be a failing or a virtue, a vast majority of people, if one has observed men and manners correctly, would rather talk and hear of persons than of things and events, and this among the presumably intellectual too, the tendency not by any manner of means being confined to the mentally submerged. Hence it has happened that in literature one of the most popular branches thereof has been that of biography. When a great man or a little man dies, if he has, for one reason or another, occupied a place, large or small, in the public eye, he is in great danger of being written up either by one who has known him intimately, and who loves him, and who is in sympathy with that for which he has labored, or by one who has not known him at all, and who derives an individual impression of his subject from the papers which the unhappy deceased has forgotten to burn, and the letters which his friends fortuitously or otherwise have preserved. The memory which is kept green through the efforts of the latter class of biographers is to be commiserated. One might better be shown up by a viciously inclined enemy than fall into the hands of one of these cold sifters of diaries and correspondences. But should one's personality and influence on others, one's strength and one's weakness, become the burden of the sympathetic, judicious, and just pen of a friend, the result is more likely than not to prove pleasing at least, and, in so far as it is just, of value in making a final estimate of the career involved.

Biography, and Autobiography.

As a matter of fact, however, a biography should in a sense be the verdict of mankind upon the finished work of the individual discussed. With all due respect to those who look upon Boswell's charming volumes as the finest specimen of biography extant, one may still think, without being charged with iconoclasm, that later judgments of Johnson are nearer the truth than those to be derived solely from the *ex parte* enthusiasms of his idolatrous companion. The reader who sincerely wishes to get at the man should no more accept the portraiture of the friend than the caricature of the enemy. In other words, the immediate biography, that which follows close upon the death of the individual, has no more, and at the same time no less, value than exhibits placed in evidence by advocates of one side or of another in a matter under controversy. The enthusiasms of the intimate must be discounted; the animadversions of the antagonistic must be seasoned with that grain of salt which often gives savor to an otherwise unpleasant dish.

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Now it has happened that in the year of 1898 two truly great men have died, Gladstone and Bismarck. It is a sad fact that Mr. Gladstone was not in his grave before some half-dozen complete lives of himself were published. England and the United States fairly ran riot with biographies of the dead statesman — one might almost suspect that certain publishers had realized that one of his advanced years must, in the nature of things, die shortly, and were prepared to meet their loss by having their lives waiting upon the press, well in hand before the fatal hour. With Prince Bismarck it has been much the same. We have had *ex cathedra* statements about the great Chancellor, his work, his influence upon history, from all sides. Some of these have been essentially worthy—others as essentially worthless. Conspicuous among the former was the work of Dr. Moritz Busch, who had opportunities for observing the Man of Blood and Iron at close range that were accorded to few. What he has had to say about the great Chancellor has had a distinct value, and if regarded merely as the testimony of an observer of a great man's life, his book should rank high in the court of popular approval; but it is not by any manner of means a final estimate of a great career. It partakes too much of the Boswellian ardor to be entirely convincing, and there is, unfortunately for the work, regarded even in this light, no reason for believing that the biographer ever enjoyed to any appreciable degree the confidence of his hero that Johnson lavished upon Boswell. Nevertheless, when Dr. Busch loses his sense of self and sticks to his apotheosis he is certainly entertaining and instructive, and no final view of Bismarck in perspective can be had that is not somewhat influenced by the side-light that Dr. Busch has brought to bear upon his subject.

The Autobiography of Bismarck.

Whatever may be thought of the historic importance of any or of all of these biographies, however, it is no exaggeration to say that the Autobiography of Bismarck has an interest which, looked at from any point of view, surpasses that to be found in any work of a similar nature published in the last fifty years to precisely the extent that Bismarck himself towered head and shoulders above all other public men of his time. As the testimony of Bismarck himself on the subject of the Bismarckian virtues, as a sort of laying bare of



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a great soul in so far as that great soul could be undiplomatic enough to lay itself bare, it has an interest which reaches beyond the mere question of his influence on history—important as that may be—into a psychological realm, giving to those who read it carefully, not alone for its matter, but for its manner as well, some notion of the kind of man this was who so outstripped all his contemporaries. The narrative has all that lack of frankness which one might have expected from so reticent a personage, and is therefore characteristic. It was not the habit of the man to take the world into his confidence, and one may easily imagine the old Chancellor saying to himself, as he dictated the contents of these two volumes to the two gentlemen who aided him in the preparation of his *Thoughts and Recollections*, "What is proper for the world to know let the world read. As for me, I am, after all, an integral portion of the German Empire, and it is just as well that, concerning certain matters of state, I should hold my own secrets, living or dead."

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Mr. Sidney Whitman, in the November issue of *Harper's Magazine*, writing of Bismarck's oratory, said: "Much has been written about Bismarck as a public speaker—for his published speeches fill twelve bulky volumes — and a deal of argument has been sent to prove that he was indeed no orator. In a certain sense this is and must be true. For if there was one thing he loathed, it was the art of the rhetorician — the born mob-hypnotizer. He was no actor; he could be none, since he disliked the very rudiment of the art—self-conscious pose. But this does not mean that Bismarck could not speak effectively. This does not mean that he has not spoken with more lasting effect to a whole nation than have a full generation of gifted orators intoxicated with their own phraseology, whose efforts fade from human memory ere scarce the echo of their voice has died away. Bismarck was a child of Goethe herein—that he believed with Goethe,

Bismarck's Style.

> For there just where ideas are lacking
> A word comes handy in the nick of time.

That is to say, volubility of speech, too fluent readiness with empty phrases, was repugnant to him; it excited his suspicion. To hear him speak in public was to receive the impression that he was continuously engaged in a grim wrestle with his inner self to force out what a rugged nature refused to yield up without a struggle, the clear crystals of his pellucid mind."

Had Mr. Whitman, who had the good fortune to be one of Bismarck's intimates, written these words of the Prince's account of his own life, if so the volumes may be termed, they could not have been more happily chosen. There is nothing of the pose; there is no volubility of speech; there is no too fluent readiness with empty phrases. There is through all the direct, incisive, overwhelmingly forceful manner of him who has been for longer than the memory of most of us the most vital of the living forces of European statecraft—or, as a clear-visioned writer has elsewhere expressed it, "of an armor-clad knight of the Middle Ages come to life."

There are many thousands of readers to-day who rejoice in reading of the prowess of the men of old who went about crushing all before them, clad in knightly garb. In these volumes they have the story of one of these knights reincarnate, and whatever Bismarck's "Thoughts and Recollections" may lack in imaginative quality they more than make up in their wonderful reality.

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In connection with the publication of Prince Bismarck's Autobiography and comments of certain persons thereon, the following note from the London *Academy* of October 29, 1898, is not without interest: "The booksellers' windows in Berlin and elsewhere, which were recently hung with black-edged notices of special necrologues and memorials, are aflame to-day with yellow placards of the forth-coming 'Thoughts and Recollections' of Prince Bismarck. It may be remembered that Dr. Busch's account of these memoirs described them as practically of very little value. He related that the ex-Chancellor's memory was failing when he dictated the work to Lothar Bucher, and, further, that his rage and resentment at his dismissal, and at all the circumstances attending it, had warped his judgment and his sense of truth. So far as these statements have been made known in Germany, they are taken as an attempt on Dr. Busch's part to assist the sale of his own 'Secret Pages' by spoiling the market for the authentic work. But the name of Professor Horst Kohl—the editor of the *Bismarck Annual*, and the original nominee for the once projected chair of Bismarck in Leipsic University—who is preparing the 'Thoughts and Recollections' for the Cotta Press in Stuttgart, is accepted as a sufficient guarantee for the historical worth of the publication."

Note from the London *Academy*.

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The cold sifters of diaries and correspondences referred to a moment since would find it difficult to destroy the wonderful charm of the series of letters, now for the first time published, that passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett in 1845 and 1846. While there is no similarity in the two volumes, one's mind in reading these delightfully intimate letters reverts to the title of Miss Anna Fuller's pretty little story published some years ago, "A Literary Courtship," for this is precisely what these letters amount to. Indeed,

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 1845-6.



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to so strong a degree does the sympathetic reader feel that these are genuine love-letters, unconfessed yet obviously so, that he finds himself somewhat oppressed by a sense of intrusion upon something not intended for his eyes. Courtship is a game for two, and the prying third party has no place in it; and to just the extent that he realizes the intimate nature of this correspondence the reader of a sensitive organization will at first feel somewhat guilty. There will come later, however, a mitigation in a grateful sense of a confidential relation established between authors and reader. The idea of intrusion will pass away, and the letters will be read with unmixed delight for the sheer beauty of them, not alone in sentiment, but in literary quality.

There has not been for many years anything in *belles-lettres* quite so satisfying as these almost daily missives of two poets who have left a deep impression upon the literature of their time, and in a day when so much that is ephemeral in its nature is being put forth by cruelly overworked presses it is a relief to find something that carries with it an assurance of permanence. The subtle and seductive humor, the incisive comments upon other men and other women, as well as upon each other, the wonderful intellectual comradeship of the correspondents, their unvaried frankness, and throughout a most appealing and pervasive atmosphere of sheer enjoyment in the interchange of ideas—these are a few of the qualities of the volumes which assure them of a welcome among the real treasures of all libraries which are inspired by a love of what is pure and good in literature.

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"Wessex Poems." By Thomas Hardy.

No man who has touched so strongly upon the deeper chords of life as Thomas Hardy has done can be said not to be a poet. There is more real poetry in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" alone than in hundreds of other more pretentiously poetical volumes. In the poetical handling of his prose Mr. Hardy has made a deep impression upon the literature of his time, and it is therefore somewhat to be regretted that in his metrical efforts he seems to be very far from his best. However greatly endowed he may be in other directions, Mr. Hardy has not the gift of song; the lyric quality is conspicuous by its absence from his poems, and as a result his poetry is difficult, even to one who can read Meredith at sight, and to whom the intricacies of Browning have taken on what a writer of olden time once referred to as "crystalline pellucidity." It has been said of the vigorous verse of Mr. Kipling that it rises above the mere restraint of rhythm, but it should be added that it does not rise so far above that level that it loses itself in the hopelessly obscure. Mr. Kipling's poetry can be read aloud by one who has rehearsed it sufficiently with marvellous effect, and none can deny that it has swing. Furthermore, Mr. Kipling deals in realities and not in abstractions, and when he is most formally formless one feels that his subject matter is perhaps resentful of the restraints of metre. Unfortunately, for Mr. Hardy no such extenuation can be urged, and unless his little collection of *Wessex Poems* was designed for the very fittest and fewest — for those who occasionally, in the need of purely intellectual recreation, seek out a mental gymnasium where they may put their minds through a drastic course of training—one must feel that the usual success has not attended his efforts. The nearest approach to music in this collection is in "The Sergeant's Song," and unhappily there comes with the reading of this a sense of wonderment that anything so essentially worthy of the comic muse of to-day should find a place in a volume otherwise given over to a consideration of the more significant facts of life.

Whatever interest there may prove to be in "Wessex Poems" will come from the fact that they were written by Mr. Hardy, and there is little room to doubt that those who read the poems will rejoice when their author comes into his own again in prose; for there is equally little room to doubt that in later years no man has shown himself more forceful in the delineation of life and character, and, despite detractors, more sure of a high place among the writers of English prose fiction, than the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd."

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"Social Life in the British Army."

It matters very little whether times be warlike or peaceful, man, old and young, and of either sex, is interested in the doings of the soldier. The civilian may object to being taxed for his maintenance, but he would no more be without him than without his daily bread; indeed, a most vociferous objector has been known to imperil his digestion by bolting his daily bread in order to get a good stance on a gutter kerb for the delight of seeing the soldier march by in all the glory of his gorgeous uniform. In campaign-times much is written about the man and his manners, about his diversions and his duties, and by degrees the public comes to know something of the kind of creature it is who is off shedding his blood on its behalf, but in peaceful days the warrior cuts less of a figure in the public prints than the football-player, the golfer, or the sea-serpent. He bobs up occasionally in fiction, and Mr. Kipling has made of Tommy Atkins a live being even to those who never saw him. But Mr. Kipling's soldier has been an idealized reality. He is always up to some bit of mischief or of heroism—more often than not, too, the point of difference between the heroism and the mischief is not discernible—but he is rarely to be caught at rest, and socially he is frequently impossible. In gen-



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eral, then, the public knows very little of the soldier, save when he is in action of one kind or another. The Sirdar, for instance, who has recently covered himself with glory in the Soudan, came to thousands of well-informed persons in the nature of a surprise. Three months ago Kitchener was a mere word. To-day it is a name, and a great one. We know now all about his heroic side, but all the time he has had his other side, and how he and his brother officers live when out of action possesses an interest which the anonymous author of *Social Life in the British Army* must have foreseen when he wrote his attractive little book.

The author, himself an officer of high standing in the army of her Majesty the Queen, lets us into some of the secrets of his profession—gives us a peep into the expense account of the favored individual who looks so well on parade, tells us of the difficulties that beset him in the selection of his chargers and polo ponies, dilates somewhat upon his clubs and what these cost him—in short, in a very pleasant, gossipy fashion, takes outsiders behind the scenes and shows all that is proper for the outsider to see. The volume is slight indeed, but its contents seem to cover the ground which the author had in mind, and whether regarded merely as a side-light upon a certain phase of British society or as a guide-book for the young and inexperienced subaltern, it amply and attractively fulfils its mission.

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"The Day's Work." By Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Kipling continues his triumphant career with a reversion to the kind of work for which his genius is best suited. He is an undoubted master of the short story. As a writer of sustained fiction he has been disappointing. It is the episodical portions of his sustained work that give to it whatever degree of popularity and literary value it possesses; but as an observer and painter of detached phases of life it may be asserted with confidence that Mr. Kipling is without an equal among the literary personages of the day. In *The Day's Work* the qualities that have made him so vital a force in letters are gratifyingly insistent. The opening story, "The Bridge Builders," is particularly pleasing, for the reason that it is, in a sense, a composite of the author's earlier and stronger tales dealing with life in India—as in "Plain Tales from the Hills"—and those charming bits of fancy and allegory to be found in the incomparable "Jungle Books": a combination of virtues which makes the story doubly characteristic. One finds here, too, much satisfaction in renewing one's acquaintance with "The Walking Delegate," one of the most exquisitely humorous stories Mr. Kipling—or any one else, for that matter—ever wrote, and having beyond its humor a sociological significance of unusual import. As a tract the virtues of "The Walking Delegate" are transcendent, and one might almost wish that it might be printed as a leaflet and distributed among the amiable masses who are discontented on demand rather than through any conviction of injustice. The good hard common-sense—the horse-sense, one might say—of the group of pasturing steeds on the Vermont farm when confronted by the seductive eloquence of the walking delegate—too indolent to work, too rebellious to serve, too vindictive to be trusted, too gluttonous to do anything but eat between speeches, too garrulous to do anything but speak between meals, and too ignorant to be of any use to his fellows—cannot but appeal to any one who has a sense of humor and a real knowledge of present problems. If Mr. Kipling had never written another line, this story would entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of all whose good opinion is worth having.

It would be too much to say that the other stories in "The Day's Work" are equally good. They are distinctly not so. "The Ship that Found Herself" is, frankly, unworthy of the author. If it had been the work of a parodist it might have sufficed, but in connection with the other narratives in the book it is out of place, and one fears, in reading it, that the author has been carried away by the public's appreciation of "McAndrew's Hymn." The point in "McAndrew's Hymn" that appealed was the love of the engineer for his engine. It was not the engine that took hold, and Mr. Kipling should be told that when he writes of machinery successfully he is mistaken if he believes that it is the virtue of the piston-rod, or the suavity of the oil-can, or the grace of the wheel, or the vigor of the cog, or the effervescence of the boiler that has appealed to the reader. This is distinctly a false notion. It is the infusion of a human emotion into the story that has carried it through. A reader may fall in love with a villanous heroine who is yet a living creature, but it is too much to ask that he shall lavish affection, or even sympathy, upon a locomotive. One may admire a locomotive, and if one lives out-of-town one may be grateful to a locomotive, but it is hardly possible that in the abstract even a locomotive can be taken into one's heart and cherished as a friend.

To speak more seriously, Mr. Kipling has evinced latterly a tendency toward the technical, and in the collection now under consideration he is too technical even for the most appreciative of his readers. One does not care, in reading for pleasure, to spend one's time looking up text-books, in order to comprehend the subtleties of a short story, any more than one cares to read a Scotch dialect novel with a glossary at the back as a *sine qua non* of its comprehension. But, so far as the book "The Day's Work" is concerned, despite these technical objections, it contains much that is worthy of Mr. Kipling at his very best.



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# THREE NOTABLE BOOKS OF EXPLORATION.

DR. SVEN HEDIN, though still a young man, has placed his name in the first line of explorers of the largest continent by the results of three and a half years' work that led him from Russian Turkestan to Peking. He now describes his explorations in his book, *Through Asia*, the most conspicuous geographical work of the year. It was to be expected that a geographer who, from his boyhood, had been in scientific training for the researches he hoped to make in Asia, would do work of value and help to fill some of the wide gaps between regions in high Asia, whose geographic problems had been partly solved. This is what Dr. Hedin has done; and the great honors bestowed upon him by many leading geographical societies show the high estimation in which his work is held. Dr. Hedin's linguistic attainments have enabled him, in the past year, to deliver long lectures to audiences in several countries in their own vernacular. The fact that this young Swedish explorer, in the midst of his arduous work in the study and the field, should have found time to master our own language and make "Through Asia" so admirable in literary form, as well as in contents, is itself an achievement of no mean importance. The book will rank among the best that have been written on the high plateau and mountain regions of Asia. It deals with colossal phases of topography; with the effects of such environment upon human development; with experiences in the loftiest altitudes of the world and among burning sands where half his expedition perished; with the discovery of half-buried cities nearly hidden under sand-drifts, relics of Buddhist civilization before the Mohammedan invasion, and with many other results of the work of a keen and well-equipped geographer, whose book promises to be one of the geographic classics of Asia.

"Through Asia." By SVEN HEDIN.

He completely traversed Asia, and on the way explored some of the intermediate regions which are least known. This plan led him first to pause near the "roof of the world," the Pamirs, among which he made three extended excursions, exploring the eastern, or Chinese, Pamirs in many directions. He was the first explorer to cross the Takla-Makan, the great western extension of the Gobi desert; and it was in this frightful waste that he nearly lost his life and made his important archæological discoveries. During his first crossing of the desert he was ten days without food, while no water passed his lips for nine days. His little party could push onward towards the river only in the cool of the night; and often by day they buried their bodies in the sand out of the sun's reach, sheltering their heads in the shade of their clothing hung on sticks. It was during these days of acute suffering that Hedin showed the stuff of which he is made. If death had been his fate, it would have seized him with note-book and pencil in his hand. As his strength and buoyancy decreased he carefully recorded the lessening pulse-beats and symptoms of failing vigor. The scientific impulse was master even after he had crawled on hands and knees to the brink of a clear, cold stream. He wished to ascertain the effect upon his pulse of the reviving water; and so before he drank he paused to count his pulse-beats, then drank his fill, and counted his pulse again. It is enthusiastic devotion to the cause of discovery such as this that makes the heroes of science.

The work is copiously illustrated by Dr. Hedin's photographs. It is the most interesting record of exploration since Nansen's famous voyage and sledge journey, and it may be long before anything so excellent is again written on Asia.

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MR. FREDERICK G. JACKSON has written a very spirited and interesting account of his three years' sojourn in Franz-Josef Land, from which he returned in September last year. His book, *A Thousand Days in the Arctic*, is the only one relating to this large and scattered mass of islands since the Austrians discovered them twenty-five years ago; and Mr. Jackson has revolutionized our ideas of this distant corner of the world, which is far nearer the pole than any other lands we know about, except those near North Greenland.

The archipelago of Franz-Josef Land has had a great fascination for arctic geographers ever since it was discovered. Mr. Jackson's book tells why this is so, and how it came about that he dispelled the cherished illusions concerning the group, and blasted the hopes that had been centred in it as a most convenient and desirable station on the way to the north pole. Jackson did a great deal more than upset the theories of the experts as to the prime importance of Franz-Josef Land as a base for future arctic work, for he made some highly important discoveries. African explorers are wont to say that it is the unexpected that always happens in Africa. This peculiarity of the Dark Continent was transferred to the arctic regions for Jackson's benefit, for it was the unexpected that confronted him at every turn he made in Franz-Josef Land. The information he gives in his volume was a great surprise to geographers, and they have had to surrender most of their preconceptions.

"A Thousand Days in the Arctic." By FREDERICK G. JACKSON.

The fact is the Austrian discoverers gave the world quite an incorrect idea of the archipelago, and their map of it was very misleading. While we follow Jackson, as he flounders through the snow on his long sledge journeys, it is interesting to observe his perplexity at first, when he tried to reconcile the facts before



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him with the map in his hand. He was constantly hunting for water-channels that could not be found, for mountains where bleak, level snow-fields spread away, and for big islands far to the north that were never revealed to him. But instead of the large land masses he had expected to traverse, he discovered an open sea, to which he gave the name of the British Ocean. So it happens that one of the main results of the three years' work is a new map of Franz-Josef Land, which upsets our old ideas of the islands. Instead of large masses of land, he found the islands to be comparatively small, and, what is more important in their relation to polar work, they do not extend nearly so far towards the pole as they were supposed to do; and thus the theory held ever since their discovery, that they probably offer the best base for an attempt to reach the pole, has received a sad blow.

But though the islands were not the stepping-stones they were supposed to be to the goal so many have sought, they offered a rich field for arctic research, and Jackson and his very competent assistants improved their opportunities. In addition to mapping the archipelago, a great deal of scientific work was done, which has added much to our knowledge of the fauna, flora, geology, and meteorology of the group. The book, however, being intended for popular reading, is not overburdened with scientific data. Full justice is done to the discoveries made, but the more solid portions of the book are diversified by many lively and even exciting incidents—the sporting adventures of the keenest of Nimrods, journeys among the ice-floes in Jackson's birch-bark canoe, stories of the dog teams and the long sledge journeys, and anecdotes of arctic life on land and sea.

The one thing better than the most vivid descriptions, to give the reader an accurate idea of arctic scenes and phenomena, is illustrations that are clear, graphic, and true to life. The admirable pictures in this volume depict all phases of scenery and work in Franz-Josef Land. It would not have been possible a few years ago to adorn this excellent work with pictures so instructive in themselves and so helpful to the text.

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"In the Forbidden Land."
By A. Henry Savage Landor.

"In the Forbidden Land," by Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, will occupy a unique position in the literature of Tibetan exploration. Of all the white men who in recent times have attempted to reach Lhasa, the sacred city of the Buddhists, Landor alone was horribly maltreated and placed in serious peril of his life. At least a dozen explorers in the past thirty years—from Przhevalsky, the Russian, to Bonvalot, the Frenchman; Carey and Littledale, the Englishmen; and Rockhill, the American—endeavored just as strenuously as Landor did to gain access to the forbidden city. When they knocked at the door, admission was denied them, but, though completely thwarted, they were treated with courtesy. Landor is the only white visitor to Tibet, in many years, who has suffered physical violence. He shows Tibetans to us in a new character, for none of his predecessors had been able to exhibit them to the world's gaze, as his interesting narrative does, in the light of savages, whose ingenious cruelty is not surpassed by the most fiendish achievements of renegade Apaches. The latest book on Tibet contains, therefore, a tragic element, a record of great suffering, that is lacking in the others; it has this other distinguishing feature, that, while the other explorers approached Lhasa from the side of Turkestan, Cashmere, or China, Landor entered the country from the south, and pushed east towards the capital through virgin country, save so far as the native explorers in the service of India have revealed it. His work, therefore, gives us most interesting glimpses of the grand mountain region of southwestern Tibet, an almost unknown part of the country.

The Tibetans distrust their Indian neighbors, and watch them closely, for they are fearful of invasion from that quarter. It may be that they would have dealt less cruelly with Landor if he had come among them from any other point of the compass. Perhaps they were exasperated, too, by the sheer audacity of his proceeding, for he dared to advance toward Lhasa, fifty-six marches, with only two companions. The other twenty-eight men of his party deserted him soon after he entered Tibet; but, in spite of this reverse, he kept on for nearly two months before the Tibetans seized him. It was a wonderful journey, a remarkable exhibition of pluck, and the explorer paid dear for his temerity.

The three men were put in chains and sentenced to death. Landor was tortured with hot irons. He was taken to the execution-ground to be beheaded. While one man held the explorer by the hair, another made flourishes with his sword, preliminary to the final stroke. At the last moment an order came from the Grand Llama staying the hand of the executioner, and condemning the prisoner to torture on the rack. His spine, legs, feet, arms, and hands were injured by the terrible ordeal through which he passed. He was chained up for eight days, and his two men were manacled for eighteen days. In the end, however, all were released, and made their way back to India by slow and painful stages.

The whole of his journey was through regions that, for the most part, had never enlisted the service of an explorer's pen. As an exploratory enterprise Landor's journey, though so abruptly concluded, was brilliantly successful. He is a writer and an artist as well as an explorer. His narrative is brightly written, and full of entertaining as well as thrilling incidents, and his pictorial delineation of a new corner of the world adds much to the value of the volume. Cyrus C. Adams.

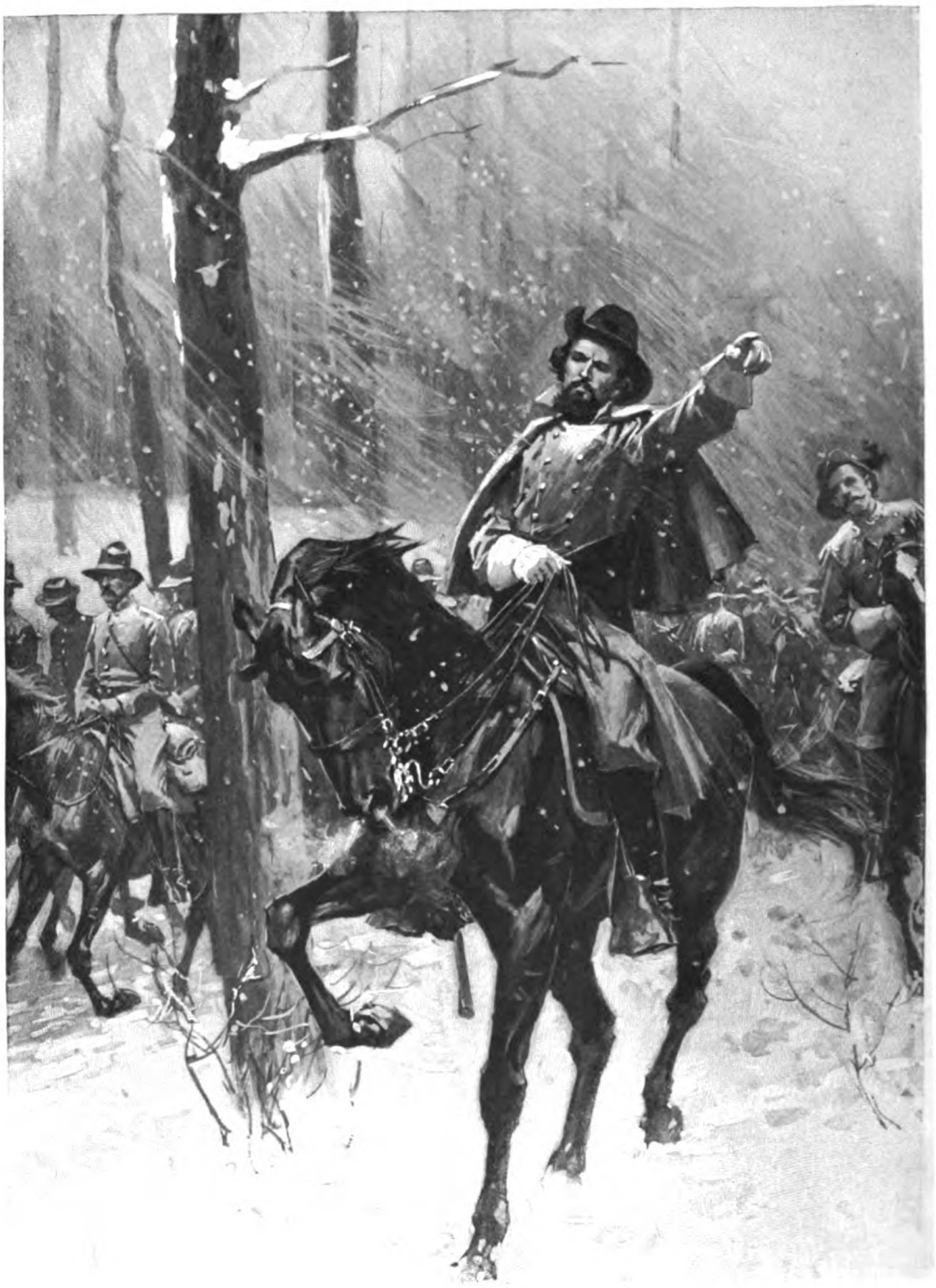


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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORREST MARCHING OUT FROM DOVER TO ATTACK THE FEDERAL RIGHT.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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# LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORREST AT FORT DONELSON.*

BY JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

THE struggle at Fort Donelson was the first decisive battle of the civil war. In many respects it proved to be the most important engagement between the contending armies of the North and the South. There were to follow many more desperate encounters, where greater numbers were engaged, where the slaughter was more fearful, where day after day the murderous storm swept on with unabating fury, where the flash of musketry was more vivid and the thunder of artillery louder, and caught more readily the eye and ear of the world at large. But in all probability the careful historian will yet decide that in shaping events which, step by step, wrought the downfall of the Southern coalition, Fort Donelson stands pre-eminent. It was a blow which staggered the Confederacy, and from which, it is safe to say, it never wholly recovered. A disaster which led into captivity thousands of its best and bravest men, and thus early in the contest weakened the *morale* of one of its armies in teaching it the bitter lesson of defeat. Above all, this monumental blunder made possible the career of a man who, from that day until the end, with untiring energy and relentless hand, with giant blows struck down the Southern cross. Out of the clouds of smoke and mist that settled down upon that fatal field, where friend and foe alike lay frozen and stiff with the agony of death in every feature, there rose to the horizon one star of destiny. Surely at its birth the evil genius of the Confederacy presided, and as it shone above those snow-clad hills of Tennessee, even had one prophet of history lived he might have seen against the screen of night, cast in fateful characters, the ominous words of Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and then Petersburg, the death-bed of the lost cause, and Appomattox, its grave.

Fort Donelson may, without successful contradiction, be asserted as the turning-point in the career of Ulysses S. Grant, a man of tremendous courage and tenacity, possessing a genius for war of a high order, and yet achieving, by fortuitous circumstance in the dawn of his career, the success which made his greatness possible. Driven from the field at Belmont, on which he had first been victor, and forced, in order to escape capture, to take refuge on his transports, himself the last man to quit the shore, riding his wounded horse with daredevil recklessness down the precipitous bank and along a single gang-plank to the steamer's deck, he there even in defeat gave evidence of that bull-dog tenacity which was yet to stand him in good stead on more successful scenes. Signally failing in his next essay, at Fort Henry, on February 6, to throw his investing troops in overwhelming numbers around the garrison, in co-operation with the attack by Foote's flotilla, his soldiers, by inexcusable miscalculation, were four miles distant when the engagement opened. They did not reach the fort until it had been knocked to pieces and surrendered to Foote after a terrific cannonading of one hour and fifteen minutes. The garrison of 2610 men were, by this blunder, permitted to escape and march without hinderance to Fort Donelson, with a loss in sick, wounded, and captured of less than 200 men.

At Fort Donelson on the 15th of February, absent from his command, and miles away on board a steamer of the Cumberland flotilla when his army was being knocked to pieces by the desperate onslaught of Pillow, Johnson, Buckner,

* A condensed chapter from the life of General N. B. Forrest.

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and Forrest, arriving in the very crisis of defeat, when, as one of his lieutenants says, "crowds of men in blue, with anxious faces and empty cartridge-boxes, were running to the rear, and the cry, 'We are cut to pieces!' was sweeping down the lines, when panic was in the air"—just at this moment a halt was called along the Southern lines, and the troops thus far victorious were ordered back into the trenches, from which a few hours earlier they had sallied and fought with unequalled valor and persistence for this opening of escape. Had this army marched out then and there, as it might have done, or had it later in the night escaped, as we now know and shall prove it could have done, Shiloh and Vicksburg would not be named on the pages of history, nor that majestic and matchless mausoleum now lift its marble dome from the banks of the Hudson in the heart of the metropolis of the Western World!

Had Nathan Bedford Forrest been in command of that gallant army of Southerners, no one who has read aright the story of his remarkable career can believe for a moment that he would have ever permitted a surrender. He might have died, and many more might have died than fell there then, but there would have been no laying down of arms. When the final disaster came, and the commanding general notified him of the capitulation, his answer was, "I cannot and will not surrender my command or myself."

Thirteen thousand men, the living and unwounded remnant of that heroic army, tried in the balance and not found wanting, under the leadership of this undaunted and unconquerable soldier, would have marched out of Fort Donelson to swell the ranks of Albert Sidney Johnston. Who can question the assertion that these additional veterans at Shiloh would have crushed the army which triumphed there? With defeat and flight at Belmont, and the escape of the garrison at Fort Henry, had the Confederate troops at Fort Donelson also escaped, can it be doubted that General Grant would have fallen short of that great career which was made possible by the capitulation of Generals Floyd and Buckner?*

The campaign which ended in the surrender of the greater portion of the Confederate troops at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, on Sunday the 16th of February, 1862, may properly be said to have begun with the bombardment and capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River by General Ulysses S. Grant ten days earlier. On the 12th, dividing his army into three divisions, of which the first two numbered fifteen thousand men, Grant marched out on the two roads which run nearly parallel from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, eleven miles distant; the third was loaded on transports, and started for the same destination by water, some two hundred miles down the Tennessee and up the Ohio and Cumberland. When the advance-guard of the Federal army reached within about three miles of Fort Donelson, their approach was for the first time contested by the cavalry of Forrest. This officer, acting under orders from Brigadier-General Clark, had marched with his battalion to Fort Donelson, arriving on the 11th of February. Scarcely had he reported at headquarters when he was ordered by General Pillow (then in command) with three hundred of his troopers to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Fort Henry. About three miles out from Donelson he came in sight of a detachment of Federal cavalry, which he attacked with the same impetuosity that had carried everything before it in his first fight at Sacramento. The Union troopers were driven back in the direction of Fort Henry, losing two or three prisoners. Coming upon their infantry column, Forrest desisted from further pursuit, returned, and reported to his commander.

On the following morning, Wednesday, 12th, he was directed to advance over the same route, taking his own command, and, in addition, three companies of Kentucky cavalry under Captains Williams, Wilcox, and Hewey, and a battalion of mounted Tennesseeans under Lieutenant-Colonel Gantt, a cavalry force

* The official records give the correspondence between Halleck and McClellan and Grant, and show the expressed intention of Halleck and McClellan to remove Grant and promote General Charles F. Smith in his place. One despatch of Halleck to Grant reads: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of the expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders?" In 1864 Sherman wrote to Grant, "Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed, . . . but that admitted the ray of light which I have followed since."

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present for duty of about 1300 men, over which he was placed in command as acting brigadier.

As soon as Forrest came in sight of the advance-guard of the Federal army he dismounted a portion of his command, took advantage of a ridge which was favorably situated, and from this position the Federal advance was checked. As additional troops from the Union column came up, an effort was made to turn the left of the Confederate line. As their cavalry made this essay a squadron of two hundred Confederates, under the gallant "fighting preacher," Major D. C. Kelley, dashed into them for close-quarter work, and the Federal troopers hastily retired upon the infantry. As these advanced, Forrest fell back, skirmishing steadily until he was within the intrenchments about Dover, which, by dark, were well invested by the army of Grant.

General Buckner, in his official report, speaking of the thoroughness of the work done by Forrest, says: "During the morning of the 12th, Forrest reported the enemy advancing in force with a view of enveloping our line of defence, and for a time he was engaged with his usual gallantry in heavy skirmishing with them, at one time driving one of their battalions back upon their artillery."

Early in the morning of the 13th the skirmishing was resumed, the infantry of both sides taking part, the Confederates behind their intrenchments, the Federals being the aggressors. Meanwhile the commander of cavalry was not idle. Everywhere along the lines during the day he was attending closely to the duties of observation which devolved upon him. It was from the skirmish-line that the movements of the enemy could best be observed, and throughout his military career he relied on his unaided eyes rather than upon field-glasses, which he very rarely employed.

Major J. P. Strange records the fact that while thus engaged, noticing one of Birge's sharp-shooters well up in a tree and rather recklessly exposing himself, Forrest took a Maynard rifle from one of his men, and with the clear eye and steady aim of the backwoodsman, fired at the unfortunate soldier, who tumbled headlong to the ground.

At 10 o'clock A.M. the Federals made a vigorous attack upon a portion of Buckner's and Heiman's lines, but were repulsed. An hour later in the day quite a furious assault was made upon a Confederate battery by another portion of McClernand's division. This attack, made with great yet ill-advised gallantry and persistence, was repulsed with heavy loss to the assailants, while the Confederates, being protected by their intrenchments, suffered comparatively little.

Grant says: "This general, without orders or authority, undertook to capture a battery of the enemy which was annoying his men. Of course the assault was a failure, and the loss on our side was great for the number of men engaged." No Confederate troops were engaged on the 13th excepting Buckner's command, and these for about two hours.

As dark came on, the weather, which had been mild for the preceding days, suddenly became bitter cold, with alternating snow and sleet throughout the night, which continued for the next forty-eight hours. Having waited for re-enforcements to arrive before the attack, which it was intended should be made by the gunboats under Flag-officer Foote, and everything being now in readiness, Grant ordered the grand assault by the flotilla upon the water-batteries of the Confederates. Beginning at 3 o'clock on the 14th of February, it lasted with unabated fury for one hour and thirty minutes. It was probably one of the most spirited affairs of its kind which occurred during the war, and the result was entirely different from that which had been anticipated by Grant and Foote, who had learned to believe from the reduction of Fort Henry that Donelson would as easily fall captive to the Federal flotilla. The water-batteries silenced, and the river above in possession of the gunboats, the fate of the garrison was sealed. Although the gunboats steamed up to close range, and sent a furious storm of well-directed shot and shell, which ploughed through the Confederate earth-works and exploded in and around the narrow enclosure, dismounting or rendering unavailable all but one of the long-range guns of the fort, the boats were beaten off and so badly crippled that they drifted unmanageable from the scene, and never again became factors in the siege. The exultation of the Confederates over this result was as great as the victory was unexpected.

Captain Dixon, the commander of the wa

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ter-batteries, had been killed while bravely on duty. After his fall Captain (afterward Brigadier-General) Reuben R. Ross, of the Maury (Tennessee) Artillery, took personal charge of the only long-range rifled gun in the fort, and this gun, served with wonderful accuracy, without doubt saved the fort, and entitled him to the honor of being the hero of the day. At a distance of nearly two miles such was the precision of the Confederate artillerists that "a 128-pounder struck our anchor; another cut away our boat-davits; another ripped up the iron plating; another struck the pilot-house; and still they came harder and faster, taking flagstaff and smoke-stacks, and tearing off the side armor as lightning tears the bark from a tree." Captain Ross reports: "One of the balls refused to go down, stopping half-way, our rammer was not sufficient; ten men left the battery, went out in front, cut a log of wood of size to fit, stood on the ramparts, and coolly drove the shot home. They then deliberately scrubbed out the bore with warm water, and with the rifler cleaned the caked powder out of each of the six grooves, and all this while the air was full of shot and shell from the whole fleet of the enemy." Well might General Lew. Wallace write, "The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor."

There was probably no more interested witness of this thrilling scene than Forrest, who from that day on showed little respect for the Union gunboats. Riding along a small depression (now known as Forrest's Ravine), which concealed his person until it brought him out at a point where the fleet and battery were in plain view, he sat, by no means a calm spectator of the mighty duel. While it was at its height, the shells of the enemy exploding almost without cessation in and about the fort, and the issue yet in the balance, Rev. D. C. Kelley says, as he rode up to Forrest, who gave every indication of the most intense excitement, he shouted in earnest tones to his friend, "Parson! for God's sake, pray; nothing but God Almighty can save that fort."

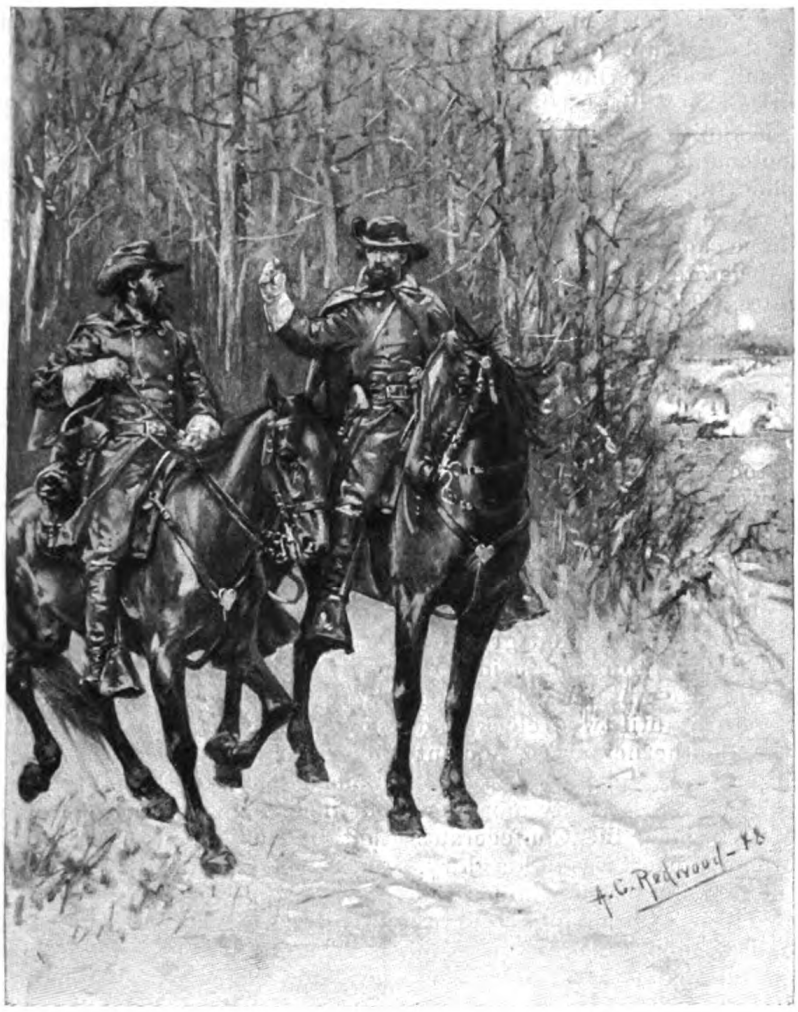
A few days later, in his official report, Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest says: "No one could do justice in description to the attack or the defence. More determination could not have been exhibited by the attacking party, while more coolness and bravery never were manifested than were seen in our artillerists. Never were men more jubilant than when victory crowned the steady bravery of our little force."

This affair seemed to have satisfied the warlike propensities of both armies for the day. General Grant had received re-enforcements, which, as he states, had brought his investing army to a total of 27,000 troops on the ground and ready for action, excepting a small contingent (probably the cavalry) used to guard the road four or five miles to his left and rear, over which all "our supplies had to be drawn on wagons." As these roads were immediately in the rear of the Federal army, and covered by their gunboats, and as there was not a Confederate soldier in all that country excepting those penned up within the rifle-pits at Fort Donelson, it may fairly be stated that this entire force of 27,000 ready for battle confronted the 14,800 Confederates within the lines on the night of the 14th and on the 15th of February.

Despite the exultation of the Southern troops over the bloody repulse of McClernand on the 13th, and the confidence which the signal defeat of the flotilla on the following day had inspired in the rank and file of the army, the general in command and his immediate advisers were ill at ease. They were aware of the arrival on the 14th of heavy re-enforcements for Grant, although, as usual under such circumstances, they greatly over-estimated the number of the enemy. General Floyd said they were 50,000 strong, and that the Confederate army of 13,000 men was hopelessly unable to cope with its opponents. A council of war was called, and it was decided to attack the right wing and centre of the Union line early on the following morning, beat this back, and if possible destroy it, and thus open the way of escape in the direction of Nashville. Unfortunately the plan of escape was not thoroughly understood by all, nor the details for its execution arranged.

The right wing of the Federal forces was commanded by General J. A. McClernand, the centre by General Lew. Wallace, the left by General C. F. Smith, in all, including the reserves as given by Grant, 27,000 strong. In order to mass a sufficient number of troops to make the attack on McClernand successful, Buckner's command was quietly, and before the dawn

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"PARSON! FOR GOD'S SAKE, PRAY; NOTHING BUT GOD ALMIGHTY CAN SAVE THAT FORT."

of day on the morning of Saturday the 15th, withdrawn from the intrenchments they had previously occupied on the extreme Confederate right, their places being taken by a single regiment of 450 effectives, the Thirtieth Tennessee, under Colonel Head.

The brigades of Pillow, Floyd, and Johnson, and 1300 cavalry under Forrest, were to move out from Dover while it was yet dark, and at daylight attack McClernand. General John B. Floyd was in command over all, while the attacking column was led by the gallant soldier General Gideon J. Pillow. The understanding, as expressed in the official reports, was that Generals Pillow and Johnson and Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest should attack vigorously on the Confederate left, and that as soon as they were well engaged, in order to prevent any reenforcements from the Federal centre and right under Wallace and Smith, General S. B. Buckner should move out and hold Wallace engaged until the proper moment, when a grand advance of the whole line should be made, and the defeat of McClernand assured.

Had General Grant known before daylight on the morning of the 15th, as he was mounting his horse to ride several miles away down the Cumberland to hold a conference with Flag-officer Foote on one of his gunboats, the weakness of the Confederate right wing — that, in fact, only 450 men stood between Smith's division and the possession of Buckner's intrenchments—the probabilities are that



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the battle of Fort Donelson would have ended with the capture of the garrison before the sun was an hour above the eastern horizon. With 8000 infantry, General C. F. Smith, one of the ablest of Grant's lieutenants, was lying within short gunshot range of these intrenchments, at that time practically deserted, and could have captured the entire works of the Confederate right wing within thirty minutes. This accomplished, Fort Donelson was lost, and the Confederate army, at that time completely invested by twice their number, must have laid down their arms then and there. But the rumble of artillery, the tattoo of horses' hoofs, and the tramp of men over the frozen snowy ground were unheard. The Union army was asleep, and their outpost pickets, instead of being keenly on the watch, were sheltering themselves from the keen blasts of the winter's night. Their commander, famous and great in after-years, had not the remotest idea of being attacked. He was, in fact, riding away not to return until two o'clock, and never to the Southerners was moment more propitious.

At four o'clock on Saturday morning, the 15th of February, the Confederates were in motion. Forrest was in his glory, for it was he and his troops who led the advance of Pillow's attacking column. Before the day then breaking was to close, that gallant band of 1300 horsemen were destined to write their names imperishably in history; their chieftain to win his place among the immortals.

Soldier by nature, from earliest boyhood at home on horseback, with firm, erect, and easy seat, he rode at the head of the column an ideal of the *beau sabreur*. From beneath the wide and slightly upturned brim of the soft felt hat, which bore no tawdry plumes, the large, deep-set blue eyes were peering with more than usual alertness. The look of kindliness which came in moments of repose or gentler mood was gone, and something hard and almost savage had replaced it. The broad high forehead, the shaggy brows, prominent cheek-bones, and bold assertive nose told not only the story of his Gaelic origin, but the bull-dog tenacity of the man. About the ears and neck heavy half-curling tufts of deep black hair hung so stiffly and stubbornly that they were scarcely swayed by the strong cold wind which swept the snow-flakes in miniature clouds from the tree-tops and sent them scurrying to the ground. The dark mustache and heavy short chin beard were gray with frozen moisture of the expired air. The massive, firm-set jaw told of the strength of will which mastered all; the compressed lip and deep flush of the face bespoke the bloody business of the hour. Six feet and two inches in stature, broad-shouldered, and of athletic frame, well might one say there was in him

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

A plain caped overcoat of coarse heavy home-made gray, close buttoned to the throat, reached amply beyond the knees. About the waist, and buckled on the outside for quick and ready use, there was a broad black belt in which two "navy sixes" showed, and from which hung that famous sabre, heavy and long, and, against all military rules, ground to a razor-edge, and swinging from the right side of the cavalier. No regulation sabre, nor school-drilled swordsman, this left-handed scion of the American pioneer, but in all our war there was none other that did such bloody work. To his crude and earnest mind "war means fighting, and fighting means killing." He could cut or thrust deeper with a sharp than with a dull sword, and if in the *mêlée* he should happen to hit one of his own, it was all intended for the good of the cause. He spoke not much, but when his thoughts were fashioned into words, they came like pistol-shots—short, quick, sharp, and sped right to the spot. Who heard them had no thought of answering back, no dream of questioning, no argument, and, above all, no flickering. To his subordinates his order was, "Shoot any man who won't fight," and he set the example. They had hot work in hand, must fight, must win, and out they rode for the fray.

It came full soon, for at six o'clock the guns began to crackle at the front. McClernand says, in his official report: "At early dawn the enemy were discovered rapidly moving in large masses on my extreme right. The battle opened at six." It was no surprise to this vigilant officer, who was in line of battle before the attack begun. Learning a lesson of caution on the 13th, he had thrown up earth-works for the protection of his batteries. The overture of skirmishers was

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N. B. Forrest
Late Gen'l

of brief duration. The Southerners, many of whom had only shot-guns and squirrel-rifles, rushed in for close work in order to make their weapons effective, and the fighting was at once severe and deadly. They pressed up to the Federal lines, but were met with stubborn resistance. The hardy men of the West were made of game material, and it was give and take with their brothers from over the border. With little advantage on either side, but with terrific carnage, the conflict raged for two hours. Then the Southerners began to gain, and McClernand cried out for help. He was getting the worst of it, and sent hurriedly to Grant for troops; but Grant was not upon the field. He did not even know the battle was on. The cry was unheeded, and no help came. Oglesby's Illinois Brigade, the foremost in the Union line, was knocked to pieces, losing 836 men in this short cyclone of destruction.

Ever watchful for a place at which to

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strike from his position on the extreme Confederate left, Forrest had worked his way well around the Federal right flank and in their rear. His quick eye caught the first break in Oglesby's ranks, and shouting "Charge!" at the head of his men he rode into the wavering yet gallant Westerners. The pressure from the front and the rush of the horsemen on flank and rear were more than they could stand. Holding their empty cartridge-boxes up to tell why they yielded, they broke and fled the field.

Panic was in the air, and to the mind of Forrest the crisis of the battle had come. Galloping at full speed to General Bushrod Johnson, he pleaded with this officer to order an advance all along the line, but the West-Pointer would not presume. General Pillow was over on the right, intent on urging Buckner to move out and attack, and the order for which Forrest was praying was not given. Observing a battery of the enemy comparatively unprotected, the lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, this time not asking for orders, put himself at the head of his command, and rode the gunners down before they could escape. The battery of six pieces was his. For the first time in the war he was able to show what cavalry could do. General Pillow, in his official report, says: "I found the command of General Buckner massed behind the ridge within the works, taking shelter from the enemy's artillery on the Wynn's Ferry Road, having been forced to retire, as I learned from him. Our force was still slowly advancing, driving the enemy toward the battery, and I directed General Buckner immediately to move his command toward the rear of the battery, turning its left, keeping in the hollow, and to attack and carry it. Before the movement was executed, my force, forming the attacking party on the right, with Colonel Forrest's regiment of cavalry, had reached the position of the battery. Colonel Forrest's cavalry gallantly charged a large body of infantry supporting the battery, driving it, and taking six pieces of artillery—four brass pieces and two 24-pounder iron pieces." Here fell a number of his men. His horse was shot, and that of his brother, Lieutenant Jeffrey Forrest, was killed, and in falling badly crushed his rider.

The lieutenant-colonel of cavalry did not rest upon this feat which won for him and his men the high commendation of his chief. Leaving the guns to be taken from the field by others, and under orders from General Pillow to leave Gantt's battalion to guard the left, he immediately moved his own regiment toward Buckner's position at the Confederate centre. As General Buckner was advancing to the attack, General Pillow pointed out to Forrest two guns of the enemy which were doing considerable damage, and greatly annoying the Confederate advance, and said, "They must be silenced: you must do it." Leading the squadron in person, he asked General Pillow to give him the support of the nearest infantry. Roger Hanson's "Orphans," the Second Kentucky Regiment, stripped for the fray and moved up for the work. With pistols out and bayonets fixed, horse and foot plunged through the tangled mass of undergrowth, so thick that the infantry easily kept pace with the mounted troopers until reaching the edge of a narrow field or clearing. Here Hanson, shouting to his men, "Hold your fire until at close quarters," and calling for the cavalry to go with him, rushed into the opening. With equal valor the Federals stood their ground. They swept the field with bullets, and crowds of the Confederates went down. Riderless horses scurried from the scene, while the troopers yet mounted, yelling like demons, with guns discarded and pistols in hand, leaped over their fallen friends and went right on. Like a canebrake on fire the Union muskets blazed and crackled right in the faces of the Southern men, and then it was hand to hand bravely and briefly. Under the pressure of this desperate onslaught the Federals finally gave way. Forrest's men charging with the infantry were first on the guns; but the glory was equally with the Kentuckians and their peerless leader, who, later on, at Murfreesboro, slept

> On Fame's eternal camping-ground.

Among the gallant dead of the mounted troops in this charge was Captain Charles May, of the Forrest Rangers.

The commander of the cavalry found himself now on foot. Too fair a target, his horse, bleeding fatally from repeated wounds, fell beneath him. Securing another mount, he pushed on after the retiring Federals. Some distance in front of Buckner's infantry he halted his men,

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"FORREST'S MEN WERE FIRST ON THE GUNS."

and with one or two members of his troop rode forward to reconnoitre. Pushing through the heavy undergrowth, he came suddenly upon a line of infantry and a battery, which made their presence known by a volley. Quickly turning about to escape, the battery opened upon the group. A shell crashed through his horse's body just behind his rider's leg, and tore the animal to pieces. Disentangling himself, Forrest ran on foot to the rear until he came up with his command. Here meeting with General Pillow, this officer gave him orders to employ his men in collecting the captured artillery and small-arms, and in removing the Confederate wounded from the field. At the same time, for it was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, a general retrograde movement of the Confederate line in that part of the field which had been occupied by General Buckner had been ordered by General Pillow, and these troops retired within their intrenchments. The left wing was also ordered to retire, and did this slowly, being followed only a short distance by McClernand's division, which had been heavily re-enforced. The Federal line, however, occupied only a portion of the battle-field of the morning. The Confederates were busy until dark gathering up the wounded and the guns and accoutrements scattered over the battle-field.

The official records show that between 4000 and 5000 stands of small-arms and other military supplies were gathered up by the Confederates between the close of the fighting on the Federal right—about two o'clock—and sundown.

Colonel Forrest himself, in his official report made a few days after the battle, states distinctly that he was several times over the battle-field from one end to the other from the close of the fight until dark. About the time the retrograde movement of Buckner was ordered, and as he was retiring toward the centre and right of the Confederate works, General Smith, commanding the Federal left wing, under orders from Grant, who had arrived upon the field of battle just as the Confederates were being withdrawn within their fortifications, made an assault upon the intrenchments which were immediately in front of him. The gallant Colonel John W. Head, with his 450 men, although assailed by overwhelming num-

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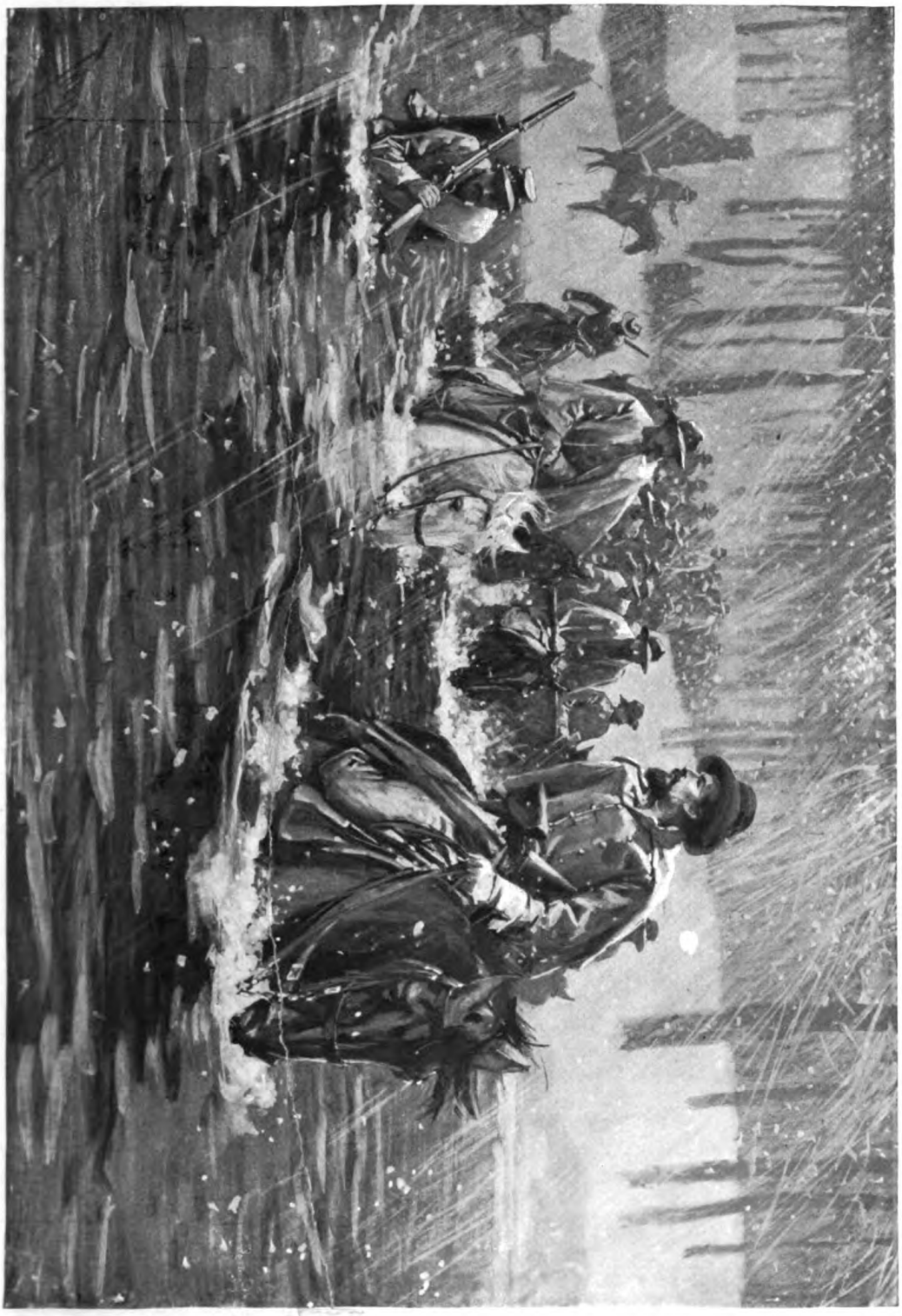
"THE COMMANDER OF CAVALRY FOUND HIMSELF NOW ON FOOT."

bers, held the position with heroic obstinacy. As soon as the firing in this direction was heard, the danger of the situation was appreciated by General Buckner, who hurried re-enforcements to the scene. Unfortunately, these did not reach there in time to prevent Smith from forcing an entrance into one of the outer angles of the Confederate intrenched position, beyond which, however, he was unable to advance. Assault after assault was made, but Buckner, arriving on the scene with re-enforcements, had taken command, and successfully held his ground until night put an end to the combat.

General Grant says: "When I left to visit Foote I had no idea that there would be any engagement. From the 12th to the 14th we had but fifteen thousand men and no gunboats. Now we had been re-enforced by a fleet of six more vessels, a large division of troops under General L. Wallace, and 2500 from Fort Henry for Smith's division. The enemy, however, had taken the initiative. Just as I landed (from Foote's flag-ship) I met Captain Hillyer, of my staff, white with fear for the safety of the national troops. The enemy, he said, had scattered McClernand's division, which was in full retreat. In reaching the point where the disorder had occurred I had to pass the divisions of Smith and Wallace. I saw no excitement on the portion of the line held by Smith; Wallace was nearer the conflict, and had taken part in it. When I came to the right, appearances were different. McClernand's division had to face the brunt of the attack. His men had stood up gallantly until the ammunition in their cartridge-boxes gave out. Then the division broke and a portion fled, but most of the men, as they were not pursued, only fell back out of range of the fire of the enemy. It must have been about this time that Thayer pushed his brigade in between the enemy and those of our troops that were without ammunition. *At all events, the enemy fell back within his intrenchments, and was there when I got on the field.*"

The serious nature of the dilemma in

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORREST LEADING HIS COMMAND OUT FROM FORT DONELSON.

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which General Grant found himself upon arriving on the field is shown in his despatch to Foote:

CAMP NEAR FORT DONELSON, *February 15, 1862.*

*Andrew H. Foote, Commanding Officer Gunboat Flotilla:*

If all the gunboats that can will immediately make their appearance to the enemy, it may secure us a victory. Otherwise all may be defeated. A terrible conflict ensued in my absence, which has demoralized a portion of my command, and I think the enemy is much more so. If the gunboats do not show themselves, it will reassure the enemy and still further demoralize our troops. I must order a charge to save appearances. I do not expect the gunboats to go into action, but to make appearance and throw a few shells at long range.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

It was toward the close of this memorable engagement that a young artillerist, just in his twentieth year, a lieutenant in Porter's battery, attracted the attention of Forrest. This company had been so badly cut up that he was the only unwounded officer left. As Porter was being carried from the field, terribly wounded, he shouted, "Morton, don't let them have the guns!" This young man afterwards became famous as Forrest's chief of artillery; for, in 1863, when the general was given a special command in the Department of Northern Mississippi, at his earnest request Captain John W. Morton went with him in command of his battery.

Having by dark performed the duty which had been imposed upon him by General Pillow's last order, Forrest led his command within the intrenchments, where they were made as comfortable as the conditions would permit, and weary with the hard work of the day, they were soon asleep.

At midnight a messenger came to awaken the lieutenant-colonel. He was wanted immediately at headquarters. Arriving there, he saw Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner and other officers in consultation. To his amazement, they were discussing the surrender of the army. The generals said that the enemy had received heavy re-enforcements since the fight, and that they had returned to the position they had occupied when attacked that morning.



INFANTRY ESCAPING FROM FORT DONELSON.

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Forrest protested that the army was not hemmed in and was not whipped. Of the three senior generals, two, Floyd and Buckner, thought the situation of the Confederates was hopeless. One of them, the brave old warrior Pillow, agreed with Forrest that the army was there to fight, not to surrender. These two had stood shoulder to shoulder through that bloody day, had hammered McClernand with terrific blows, and had beaten him back for nearly two miles, and still were full of fight. They knew the army was not whipped, and come what might they would not give up. Not over-given to speech, but rather a man of action, Forrest stalked out into the night. Arousing two of his most trusted men, he sent them out on the road to Clarksville to see if it was open. With these two men there went Dr. J. W. Smith, a practising physician in Dover then, and at this day (1898) a venerable and respected man living in retirement at his boyhood's home on the battle-field. The Clarksville road, the most travelled route to and from Dover, crosses Lick Creek about one mile from town. The crossing is on the farm which Dr. Smith now owns, and upon which he was born and reared. Every bend in this stream, every tree on its banks, and every point where it can be crossed was as familiar to him then as now. As a boy he had waded and swum in it, and fished along its banks. They reached one of the crossings and forded it. The water just touched the saddle skirts—the depth was three feet —the width here less than one hundred yards. There was not the sight or sound of an enemy. The way was open, and Dr. Smith so reported. All claims to the contrary disappear before the overwhelming evidence obtained. They returned and reported to Forrest, and he to his superiors.

In conclusion, General Floyd said: "There were but two roads of escape. By one they would have to cut through the enemy in strong position, besides having to march over the battle-field strewn with corpses. If they retired by the lower road, they would have to wade through water three feet deep, which latter ordeal, the medical director stated, would be death to more than half of the command, on account of the severity of the weather and their physical prostration." How strange this would have sounded to the veterans of 1864, to that lion-hearted, half-famished, and barefooted rear-guard which, under Forrest and Walthall, day and night, through the ice and snow of December, stood off the victorious legions of Thomas and Wilson, and saved the remnant of Hood's beaten army! How strange it reads now after these many years! General Buckner, too, had weakened and gave up the fight. He said his troops were so exhausted they could not make a march. Their ammunition was nearly expended. There had been no regular-issued rations for a number of days. The Confederates were completely invested by a force with four times the strength of their own. An attempt to make a sortie would have been a virtual "massacre of the troops, more disheartening in its effects than a surrender." It is true that the men had fought for a good part of the daylight of the 15th, but they were not so exhausted that they could not have marched away. Many of them on foot did march away, waded the eddy backwater of Lick Creek, or crossed on foot-logs and escaped, and all could have followed. The fighting, as far as Pillow's division and Forrest's cavalry were concerned, ended at two o'clock, and from that time until dark these men were engaged in gathering up arms from the field of battle, and in retiring within the intrenchments.

Buckner's division had not been as hard worked or fought up to two o'clock as Pillow's command, but later in the day was heavily engaged with Smith's assailing column. The fight, however, ceased at dark, which was between five and six o'clock at that season of the year. These troops had from that time until midnight to rest and make ready for the effort to escape. By this time they would have been fully able to march away, and, as we know now, practically all could have made their escape. General Buckner claimed, in extenuation of the surrender, that the ammunition was expended. A steamboat load of ammunition was coming then from Clarksville for that garrison, the telegraph was working, and he and General Floyd knew, or should have known, that this vessel was coming, and that plenty of ammunition would be on the ground in time for distribution. This boat did arrive in the night, and in time to distribute the ammunition had the fighting been continued on the 16th. These are facts of official record. Had these men started out at



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twelve o'clock, as they could have done under the offer of pilotage on the part of Forrest, they might have marched at least six miles by daylight, and have been free and beyond pursuit. Forrest pleaded for escape, or an effort at it. He offered to cover the retreat, and guaranteed that the Federal cavalry would not bother the rear of the infantry.

As to the failure to issue rations, none but the general in command was to blame for this. In his official report General Grant says: "The amount of supplies captured here is very large—sufficient, probably, for twenty days for all my army. Of rice I don't know that we will want any more during the war."

General Buckner claimed that he could not hold his position after daylight, and in fairness to this officer it must be said that the position gained by Smith gave the Federal commander a great advantage; but since the Confederate general had maintained his second line from all the vigorous assaults of Smith's division on the afternoon of the 15th, had further resistance been determined upon it seems clear that had he strengthened the line he had without breastworks so successfully held, the enemy could have been kept in check for a while on the morning of the 16th. General Pillow pleaded for further resistance, either to cut a way out if necessary with all the troops that could be gotten ready for a march, or to cross over to the opposite bank of the river in the boats that were nearing Dover at that hour. But no argument or protest of Pillow or Forrest wrought a change in the mind of Floyd or Buckner. The latter, in his report of the surrender, says, "Overton's cavalry, following after Forrest, was cut off from retreat by an infantry force of the enemy at the point where Forrest had crossed the stream on the river road."

On the contrary, Overton's company went out with Lieutenant-Colonel Forrest and were not captured. Captain Overton, who did not accompany his command and later in the day tried to escape, was taken prisoner. General Buckner does not state how long after Forrest had passed out the troops, if any, which followed were captured. In unanswerable proof of the fact that this army might have escaped, it is shown that a goodly number of the men on foot did escape, and some of them as late as an hour or two after the surrender was made.

Colonel Daniel R. Russell, of the Twentieth Mississippi Regiment, testified: "My son made his escape with Adjutant Couper and Lieutenant Conway, after they were ordered to stack arms. They waded the slough, which my son says was about breast-high to him, and then they marched without encountering the enemy to the railroad, reaching it at Columbia, Tennessee. Williford made his escape after the boat left." These brave and determined men were not retarded by water or weather.

General Gideon J. Pillow reported the sworn testimony of Captain Hinson, Dr. Moore, Captain Newberry, and Lieutenant Hollister—all of whom testify that "the enemy had not reinvested our position or army on the night of the 15th of February as was then supposed, and never did reinvest, and that the army was surrendered under a delusion, and that our army could have marched out on the night of the 15th or morning of the 16th of February without any obstacle or opposition."

The following sworn statement, made on January 1, 1897, by Dr. J. W. Smith, who (1898) lives on his farm about one mile from Dover, is characteristic of numbers that are recorded:

"I am seventy-eight years of age, and have resided in Dover, Tennessee, since 1853. My occupation had been practising medicine up to a few years ago, when I retired. I was born and reared on a farm one mile from Dover, near the ford of Lick Creek, on the Dover and Clarksville Road. My father and I have owned this farm and this ford, now known as 'Smith's Ford,' for over seventy-five years. From my earliest boyhood I have been familiar with this road and creek. On the night of the 15th of February, 1862, about eleven o'clock, I was requested by my fellow-townsman, J. E. Rice, to go with him to the room of General J. B. Floyd. I accompanied him to Floyd, finding him in his private quarters, with his aides. As soon as I reached General Floyd he placed before me a map of the battle-ground of Fort Donelson, which had been drawn by General Buckner. Finding that I understood the map and was familiar with the ground, roads, and creeks, General Floyd requested me to go out on the Clarksville road and investigate and examine the ford of Lick Creek. He requested me specially to ascertain

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the depth of the water in said ford, whether or not it was possible to cross it on horseback, and to report as soon as practicable to him at the residence of Mr. Rice in Dover, where he went to hold a council of war. I went to said ford, examined carefully, and found the water just high enough to reach the saddle skirts on a horse of medium size. It was easily fordable. There were no Federals in that locality, and I returned by way of the big road to the city, and found Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner, and Colonel Forrest holding a conference at the house of Mr. Rice, and made my report, assuring him that the road was open, and that the creek could be crossed. This was about midnight. General Pillow declared in my hearing that the army could get out, and that the attempt should be then made. General Buckner entertained the opposite opinion, saying that an effort to take the army out then would bring on a night engagement which would result in the loss of three-fourths of their command, and that no commander had the right to sacrifice his men in a hopeless encounter. Colonel Forrest expressed a desire to make an attempt to carry the army out, saying he would look after the rear. About two hours later Forrest went out and crossed at the ford of Lick Creek on the Dover and Clarksville road above mentioned. I went with him, and separated from the troops at the main ford. I crossed at the Hay Ford, about three hundred yards above the Dover and Clarksville road. The water where I crossed was not exceeding eighteen inches deep, and there were no Federals nearer that point at that time than Bufford's place, which is about one mile from the main ford where Forrest crossed."*

As soon as the conference ended, Forrest announced that he would not surrender himself nor his command, and strode out of the room. Arousing his sleeping troops, he gathered them about him, and told them the situation of affairs, and that he would endeavor to take out all who would follow him; that he was going out if he went alone and died in the attempt. These brave men mounted their horses with their devoted commander; not a man was lost, not an enemy encountered.

As Forrest and those who followed him on horse and foot were marching away, before the day had yet dawned, a Confederate bugler from the parapets of Fort Donelson sounded a truce. The echo brought an answer from the lines of Grant, and there was sent a message from General S. B. Buckner to General U. S. Grant with offers of capitulation, and asking for terms. The gruff soldier had no time to talk of terms. With him it was "unconditional surrender or I will storm your works." That was all. Buckner laid down his arms and accepted the humiliating conditions. Thus fell the curtain upon the opening scene in the bloody drama of the ill-fated Army of Tennessee.

From Donelson to Nashville, almost without surcease, the clouds of disaster gathered over it. The annals of warfare will in vain be searched for an equal record of persistent courage, of heroic self-sacrifice, of valor that availed naught by reason of unfortunate leadership. What a tragedy of errors! The unnecessary surrender at Donelson; the delayed attack at Shiloh, and the lamentable failure to reap the full benefit of the first day's victory; Corinth, where a thousand of its gallant spirits laid down their lives in vain assault against impregnable intrenchments; the trap at Vicksburg; then Perryville, and the retreat from Kentucky; Murfreesboro, with the loss of Tennessee; Chickamauga's bloody and bootless victory; the defeat at Knoxville; and the wild stampede from Missionary Ridge. Only for a little space of time the clouds rolled back and the sunlight of hope shone through. From Dalton to Atlanta the mighty genius of defensive warfare guided this army and made it stronger, and even victorious in retreat, under this great leader of brave men. But the strategy of Fabius, which alone bore promise of success, was not to be permitted. The mad policy of aggression prevailed, and then the meteoric campaign

* In *The Life of General N. B. Forrest* the greater freedom of book-form publication will permit me to present further testimony showing that it was unnecessary to surrender, and that a large number of those who were in Dover and Donelson at the time of the capitulation went out on foot over the road which Forrest took. This testimony will be from Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson; Lieutenant-Colonel Milton A. Haynes; Captain B. G. Bidwell; and from the following gentlemen, who are still living and have furnished sworn statements: Mr. James H. Chandler; Mr. S. G. Morgan; Mr. James Woodard; Mr. G. W. Bufford; Mr. Ed. Walter, and others.

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of Hood, Atlanta, Peach-Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Altoona, Franklin, and Nashville in quick and bloody succession, and the Army of Tennessee vanished in air.

Ten thousand men armed and ready for battle should have marched out that night, and with the boats which arrived in the early morning three thousand more could have escaped across the river. Grant would have arrived to find the bird had flown. The empty fort and the artillery only would have been his. How changed would have been the pages of history if the plea of Nathan Bedford Forrest had been heeded by Generals Floyd and Buckner!

In Forrest's report, written immediately after the battle, he says:

"*February*, 1862.

"The fight ended about 2.30 P.M. without any change in our relative positions. We were employed the remainder of the evening in gathering up the arms and assisting in getting off the wounded. I was three times over the battle-field, and late in the evening was two miles up the river on the road to the forge. There were none of the enemy in sight when dark came on. Saturday night our troops slept, flushed with victory, and confident they could drive the enemy back to the Tennessee River the next morning.

"About twelve o'clock at night I was called in council with the generals who had under discussion the surrender of the fort. They reported that the enemy had received 11,000 re-enforcements since the fight. They supposed the enemy had returned to the positions they had occupied the day before. . . .

"I returned to my quarters and sent out two men, who, going by a road up the bank of the river, returned without seeing any of the enemy, only fires, which I believed to be the old camp-fires, and so stated to the generals; the wind, being very high, had fanned them into a blaze.

"When I returned, General Buckner declared that he could not hold his position. Generals Floyd and Pillow gave up the responsibility of the command to him, and I told them that I neither could nor would surrender my command. General Pillow then said I could cut my way out if I chose to do so, and he and General Floyd agreed to come out with me. I got my command ready, and reported at headquarters. General Floyd informed me that General Pillow had left, and that he would go by boat.

"I moved out by the road we had gone out the morning before. When about a mile out crossed a deep slough from the river, saddle-skirt deep, and filed into the road to Cumberland Iron-works. I ordered Major Kelley and Adjutant Schuyler to remain at the point where we entered this road with one company, where the enemy's cavalry would attack if they attempted to follow us. They remained until day was dawning. Over 500 cavalry had passed, a company of artillery horses had followed, and a number of men from different regiments, passing over hard frozen ground. More than two hours had been occupied in passing. Not a gun had been fired at us. Not an enemy had been seen or heard.

"The enemy could not have reinvested their former position without travelling a considerable distance and camping upon the dead and dying, as there had been great slaughter upon that portion of the field; and I am clearly of the opinion that two-thirds of our army could have marched out without loss, and that, had we continued the fight the next day, we should have gained a glorious victory, as our troops were in fine spirits, believing we had whipped them. The roads through which we came were open as late as eight o'clock Sunday morning, as many of my men who came out afterwards report. . . .

"My regiment charged two batteries, taking nine pieces of artillery, which, with near 4000 stands of arms, I had taken inside of our lines."

A careful study of the records and official reports show that the Confederates had at Fort Donelson

| | |
|---|---|
| | 13,165 infantry |
| | 1,340 cavalry |
| | 300 artillerists |
| Total | 14,805 |
| There escaped with Floyd and Pillow | 1500 |
| infantry. There escaped with Forrest | 1500 |
| cavalry and infantry. There were | 1134 |
| wounded sent away on boats. The Confederate dead on the field amounted to | 400 |
| Total not surrendered | 4534 |

Exclusive of the marines and navy, of which there was a large flotilla under Foote which took part in the attack, General Grant acknowledges that he had 27,000 effective troops in front of the Confederate position.

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# GHOSTS IN JERUSALEM.

BY A. C. WHEELER

I.

ONE night while I was in Jaffa, waiting for supplies and forced to do a good deal of Oriental loafing, I accidentally discovered that my man, Bish, could see the moons of Jupiter with his naked eyes.

We were lying on our backs on the roof of the stone house, looking at the stars, which shine with a mystical radiance through the Syrian atmosphere, and listening to the growl of the Mediterranean. I was thinking of the girl I left behind me in America, trying to remember what it was Poe said about a particular star that always recalled the woman he loved, and wondering if it could be the star I was looking at.

I was astonished at Bish's power of vision. It awakened a new interest in the fellow, and I got him to tell me his whole history while we were lying there.

How dreamily that Bedouin life, with its uneventfulness and its fatalism, fitted the time and the place! Here was a poor Arab who did not know how old he was; but he could look farther into heaven than I could. His mother had borne him while the caravan was on its way to Mecca. He had worked as a laborer on the Suez Canal, and he had been a dog-knacker in Constantinople before that. He had gone hungry in the wadies of Idumæa, and had run as a cameleer barefoot in the burning sands of Arabia Petræa. He had vegetated into manhood on the lower stratum of this strange Oriental existence, content to believe that life was an unavoidable curse with a drowsy intimation of eternity in it, always associated with the tinkling of bells, the rattle of castanets, and the sweet smell of Beirut

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tobacco. But he could see some things that were beyond my vision, and I wondered if this true child of the desert, born under indigo skies, of a race that had been guided since the days of Moses and Menephtah by the pillars of fire by night, had not preserved some powers of vision that were common to the primeval man. He never lost the true Oriental disdain for enterprise and contemporaneous disturbance; and he made an engineer feel that his work, seen in the light of the unperturbed stars, was, after all, an impertinence to a true pariah.

I might as well confess at once that I would not have been in Palestine if it had not been for sentimentality and pique, so mixed that I could not separate them, till I got into this marvellous atmosphere, where a man contemplates his own mysteries by a heavenly radiance. There was not a French officer in the whole commission that suspected me of sentiment, and I never breathed a word to one of them of what I am telling now for the first time.

There I was, lying on my back, staring into the fathomless vault with an intolerable homesick pensiveness and a deep vacancy of reproach within me. I had tried the efficacy of distance and the cure-all of hard work, but there was that ghost of the heart filling all the areas of the Orient and phantoming everything sadly. A man's idiosyncrasies, and his idiocy as well, come out sharply in that Syrian starlight. I had done just what thousands of other young men have done —pulled on my seven-league boots of pride and stalked away exultantly into desolation, to put it metaphorically. Quarrelled with the girl I loved, and buried myself in the land of the Philistines, to put it plainly.

Bish, with those wonderful eyes of his, must have caught me more than once looking at Lou's photograph when I did not see him, but he never gave a sign of sympathy or interest; and yet, after that night, I had a lurking suspicion that the man who could see the moons of Jupiter could see some of the things in a fellow's heart that are too deep for ordinary eyes. I wondered, as I lay there in that mystic light, whether if I told Bish all about it, he would understand, and say something with that primitive tongue of his that would have an occult encouragement in it. It was the same feeling that one has when he goes to a fortune-teller. I cannot help smiling at myself now when I think how near I came to making a confidant of that Arab and telling him all about my absurd freak, as if it had been the most serious affair in the world. Of course there wasn't anything to tell, and Bish would not have understood it at all. I doubt if even you, that I have got to tell it to, will understand it, unless you have had a similar experience. I can see Lou standing in the middle of the floor, her indignant eyes flashing at me, but disdaining to make any explanation. I can still hear my own impetuosity charging her with being a coquette, and then, stung by her manner, working up a melodramatic farewell and stalking out, all afire with pride and indignation. But that was not the worst of it. When I got up the next day, with a dull sense of vacancy, I went to work practically to fill it with the "second best," and in a spasm of self-willed delusion appeared suddenly before Miss Emily Hawes—you must excuse me for calling her "Em"; there's local color in it.

"Em," I said, with ominous promptitude, "you need not be surprised to see me. It was my sober good sense that brought me to you, for you at least understand me, and I have enough sense left to do the sensible thing sometimes."

She looked at me with her barbed directness, and said, "You have quarrelled with Lou."

"We have parted," I replied, correctively and grandiosely. "It was inevitable. I came straight to you."

When I think of the superb masculine stupidity and ruffianism of it, I wonder that Em did not order me out of the house. But that was not her way. She treated the matter with a self-assured incredulity that was more aggravating than her indignation would have been. "Oh no, it couldn't be permanently over; I was too fatally enmeshed for that, and, being a man, was too weak."

"Em," I said, "I feel that I can talk frankly to you and you will not quarrel with me. I shall take good care that it is over permanently. I am going to leave the country, and you are the only unburned bridge I leave behind me."

"Oh!" she said, with an obvious belief in a man's fraudulency that always makes him reckless. "When do you go?"

I remember saying to myself, with sea-

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sick satisfaction, when I was on the French steamer, that these women will learn now to have some respect for a man's resolution.

Perhaps I ought to say here that it was Em's father, Judge Hawes, who gave me the letter to the French capitalists and secured for me the position on the staff in Palestine.

So there I was, on a roof in Jaffa, very much in the condition of a man who has put an impassable gulf between himself and the object of his affections and then begins to fall in love all over again.

"Bish," I said, "your people read the stars. Do the stars ever tell them anything about the friends who are far away?"

"No, master," replied Bish; "no one can do that but Bel Amish."

"Who is Bel Amish?"

"He is a great Rabbi and lives in Damascus. He only can tell, by looking into the stars, if your friends love you."

I ought to have told Bish that we have women in Bleecker Street in New York who claim to do this. But Jaffa is not New York. There is a great difference in their atmospheres. I doubt if Peter would have seen that sheet let down from heaven if he had been in Bleecker Street instead of on a house-top in Jaffa. And I had been in the Orient two years.

II.

Compared with Jerusalem, Damascus is Parisian. The Jerusalem air presses heavily with its melancholy past. Half a score of sects make it a rendezvous for pillage or for mummery, and its memorials of imperishable events have to be looked at through the dust of perished dynasties. It is mystic, solemn, arcane. Damascus is practical, positive, and even merry. The wail of Israel sounds along the arid valleys of Zion, but Damascus sings a voluptuous carol by means of its ice-cool, fabled river. The tinkle of its bells mingles forever with the gurgle of its waters, and above all you hear the silvery laughter of the Syrian girls, and catch the dancing humor of their dark eyes through their little veils. Jerusalem has its austere character to sustain. Its temples are tombs. Its weight of poignant history keeps it grave. But in Damascus you are under no obligations to the past that the present cannot make you forget. Its innumerable shuttles and armories call you back to the bustling exigencies of life. The coffee-bazars defy melancholy. So this stranded city on the shores of time—the gold on whose mosques never corrodes—basks in the sun and eats figs merrily just as it did when Saul of Tarsus journeyed that way.

El Merj appeared to me to be the most magnificent stretch of greensward I had ever seen—but that was because one sees so little grass in Palestine; it would have looked very sterile beside a "wet, bird-haunted lawn of England." It was a favorite idling-place of mine, because it is here the ships of the desert take their departure. Here, as of old, still gather the camels and the water-skins, and here assemble the people to say *au revoir* in a score of tongues to the sound of the kamanjeh. Then fades slowly away eastward, like a mirage, the long and dwindling line of the caravan, in the direction of Babylon and all the other waste places of story.

It was here that I first met Bel Amish, of whom I had heard so much from Bish. The man was standing beside an Albanian merchant, who was selling love-potions, amulets, and Albanian scarfs from a little folding-table. I was listening to the merchant's solemn declaration that no woman need go without the husband of her choice if she bought his snow-water from Ararat, or kept next to her heart his little crescent, made from the sandal of a prophet. Bel Amish was looking at me with a mild stare, apparently quite oblivious of the chattering hubbub around him. He suddenly said, in excellent English,

"My brother is lonely, and his heart turns to the West."

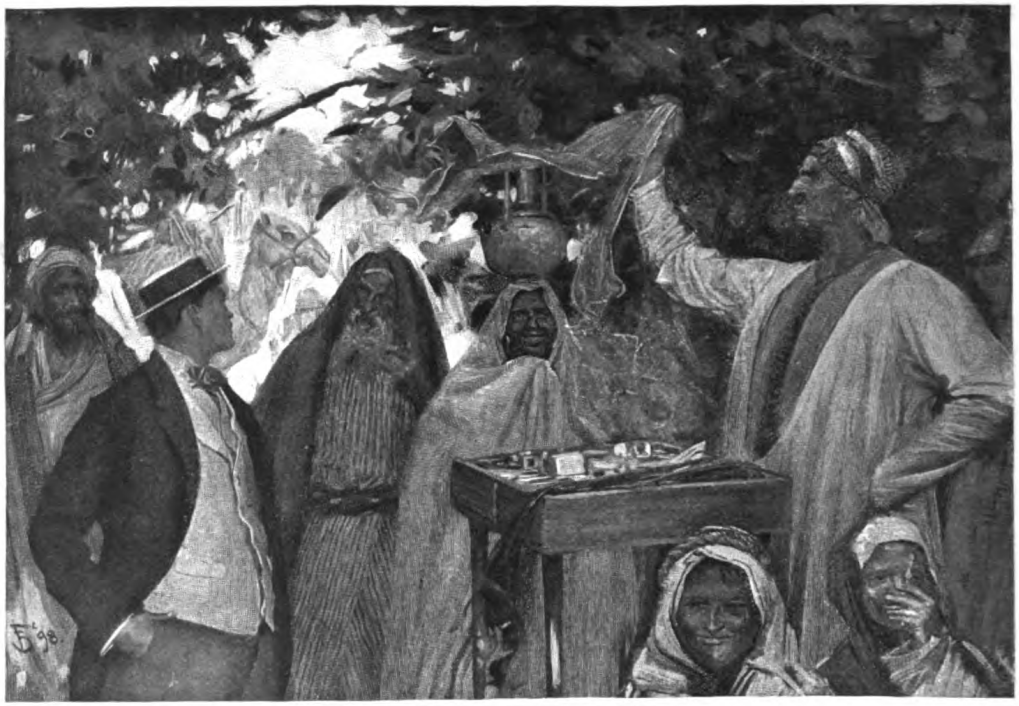
I could not help being a little startled, and I resented what appeared at the moment like an impertinence.

"It is not given to even so great a Rabbi as Bel Amish to read my heart," I said; "and when it is, he will not read it in the market-place."

He put his hand on his breast in the graceful Oriental manner, and bowed slightly with dignity, as if accepting the reproof. "Good news is not ungracious even in the market-place," he said. "Let my brother take comfort, for the West comes to the East."

At that moment one of those dragomans who let out others of their fellows to tourists came galloping into the crowd. He

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"MY BROTHER IS LONELY."

stood up in the stirrups and waved a Bedouin gun in the air as he shouted in frenzied manner. He was followed by half a score of other mounted men, who made the hubbub and confusion worse; but it was only the customary attempt to get his retainers together, though it drove off my merchant to some more congenial spot, and when I looked around, Bel Amish had disappeared.

It was not difficult to make the acquaintance of this man, and what he had said piqued my curiosity. He frequented one of those little bazars that overhang the Barada. There he spent a good deal of time drinking a thin pomegranate wine, and smoking the cigarettes which the Syrian girls roll so dexterously, and light for you so inimitably at the little brass lamps that forever swing and smoke all round the place.

He was, I should say, sixty-five or seventy years old, but marvellously preserved, almost to the hardness of a mummy, and was the color of an old mahogany carving, with furrows radiating in all directions over his face. He wore the traditional beard of the patriarch, somewhat tobacco-stained, but there was not a hair on his brown and shining poll. In spite of age and acquirements, indolence clung round his mouth, but his large, liquid brown eyes were mystical and magnetic.

His local reputation for medical lore was something prodigious, but I think he acquired a great deal of his influence by accommodating himself to the common superstitions. I found that he prescribed mandrakes, pulled on the Anti-Lebanon in the moonlight, for barrenness, and the prescription had a fine Shaksperian flavor about it.

But there could be no question of the man's sagacity and lore. He knew more about the ruins of Syria than any local authority I had met in that land, and he had a Rabbi's talent for reading between the lines of the Kabbala. Some of the Greeks in Jerusalem told me that he was over a hundred years old, and had climbed the Tul-wa-ir-ja to look for Napoleon. He appeared to me to be a unique compound of Mohammedan fatalism, Parsee mysticism, and Hebraic stolidity of faith. He was never one thing sufficiently long to exclude the other, and somehow I could not quite free myself from the impression that his unperturbed air of authority, his equable acceptance of wholly inexplicable mys-

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teries, and his calm adjustment of irreconcilable facts to a preconceived idea belonged to a dim and far-away condition of the race, when men may have apprehended a great many things which they are now struggling to comprehend, and I found myself comparing him to that great block of stone in the Baalbec quarry which the unknown workmen cut thousands of years ago, and no subsequent workmen have been able to move.

I understood that he owned some grazing-lands in Samaria, which he farmed out, getting a pretty sure income in that way, even when the brigand tax-gatherers of the Turkish government had been appeased. It was this that made him set out once a year, generally about sheep-shearing time, on a donkey, and go jogging patiently over the Libanus and round the base of Hermon to wind down into the pastoral valleys of Samaria.

I had to cultivate him cautiously. He had a reticent contempt for the work that brought me to Palestine; but he treated me indulgently, especially as I paid for his pomegranate wine.

I said to him one day, when we were sitting there in the coffee-house, that I thought it quite likely the old Chaldeans had a power and a quality of vision that had been lost to the race. They studied the heavens with their unaided eyes, and invested them with an interest that is astonishing, when we consider their means.

I said this with the composure of a man who feels that he has worked out an original thought. Bel Amish looked at me with just the flicker of an indulgent smile on his carved face, as if he had said, "Well, my son, what then?"

"I was thinking," I continued, "that the early patriarchs may also have had a quality of vision that enabled them to see things that are no longer visible. What Jacob really saw when the ladder was let down from heaven we cannot now determine, but if there should survive, in this unprogressive country, men who have preserved in some degree the original quality of vision, what an admirable thing it would be for science to authenticate and determine it! I have long suspected that some of the lower animals are gifted with this function, and see things that entirely escape our perception."

"How much science my Western brother will waste," said Bel Amish, "to prove that which no good man doubts!"

"Do you mean to say you have no doubt animals see things in the universe about us that are hidden from men?"

"Does any one doubt it," he asked, "except the men of the West? Nay, even they cannot doubt it, for some of them live under the stars on the great plains and are mighty herdsmen—Bedouins who have learned where the sun sets. Do they not tell you that their flocks are panic-stricken when no man pursueth?"

I thought it remarkable that he should have instanced this fact—and fact it is, as every ranchman knows who has had a herd of cattle stampeded when there was no discoverable cause. "You are right," I said; "they have told me. I did not think it necessary to invent an imaginary cause to fit the phenomenon."

"That is remarkable in my brother, who invents whatever he wants," said Bel Amish. Oriental irony is like Oriental medicine—it is buried in fig paste.

"The Western mind," I ventured to say, somewhat apologetically, "is taught to know, not to believe."

"But we were talking about the eye," he remarked, "and it has been taught not to see. The men of the West must have spectacles to look into heaven. The men of the East let heaven look into them. The pride of the mind hunts for facts with a focus, and it misses the truth, which is a general irradiation."

I am not giving Bel Amish's words, but I think I have preserved his thoughts. I asked him one day if he could give me the smallest proof that the lower animals can see things that are hidden from men, and his answer only shows how unlike are the Eastern and Western methods of reasoning.

"No," he said; "one does not insult his soul by calling on his reason to prove that which he knows. Do I try to prove that the grapes of Eschol are sweet, or that the fleas of Galilee will bite? Do the jackals of the Syrian Desert run from a foe that is unseen by us? Will the Moabite ass discover the djan before the driver sees him? Will the camel of Nubia walk on holy ground without kneeling? Will the nubk grow on the grounds of the Temple? Have you not the story of Balaam in your own clumsy version of the Law?"

"These are questions," I replied, "that I cannot answer; but I have been long



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enough in Palestine to observe that the air is thick with fables that no one attempts to explain. I have been shown the footprint of Lazarus in the limestone rock, and I have to assume a continuous miracle to keep it there, without purpose, against the warring and wearing elements. I have come over the Mount of Olives with a devout party of my own countrymen, and they were all deeply affected by the notion that they were walking in the footsteps of the great Christian Teacher. Even Canon Farrar and Stanley give way to this topographical illusion. But to the man trained to the observation of physical facts it is known that the attrition of the elements wears down the surface of the hardest mountains at the rate of about a foot in a hundred years. Given eighteen hundred years of this work, and the path where the Galilean walked would have been about twelve feet above the heads of the present tourists. To the engineer it does not appear to be necessary to the beauty and veracity of the tradition that the physical forces should stand still. That they do not has been shown by Wilson and Warren, who found sixty feet of débris in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

This argument, I must confess, had no apparent weight with Bel Amish.

"The Western man," he said, "is always digging in the shifting earth for the glory that endureth forever. He measures the stones under the Temple, but he cannot see with the doves' eyes the new Temple in the air."

"Can the doves see it?" I asked, quickly.

"Will the doves of Olivet fly through its walls? Do they not always go round them?"

I smiled incredulously, and merely remarked that the doves of the East have fine fancies.

"No," answered Bel Amish; "they have fine eyes. It is the vision that my brother from the West is looking for and cannot find. The desert destroys the weak eye with sand, just as the sun destroys the weak egg with heat."

"Then," I said, "the doves of Olivet fly round the Temple area and never over it, on account of its unseen walls and domes?"

"My brother can see for himself if he watches them, and he will try to explain it; but there is too much sand in his eye. He cannot see that his friends from the West are looking for him."

"Rabbi," I exclaimed, "you must explain yourself. What do you know of my friends?"

"Salam aleyk," he said.* "I have spoken. God be with you!"

III.

Three days later we all set out for Jerusalem, to be present at the formal opening of the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railroad. I say we, meaning all the officers and engineers and invited guests. Bel Amish refused to take the slightest interest in the affair. But to the reflective man it could not fail to be a most important event; for, often as conquest had knocked at the gates of the Holy City with its iron sledge, this was the first time in its long and cruel history that enterprise had summoned Israel to her walls. There was little enthusiasm of this kind among the French officers, who were mainly anxious to get a good dinner in courses and then get back to Damascus; and as for the Moslems themselves, they insisted that Allah had built the road as a means of communicating the truth to the infidel world.

Never was there a more picturesque and incongruous mob than that which gathered on that September morning round the stone depot near the Jaffa Gate and stared at the American locomotive, that was boiling and hissing contentedly, under an extra load of Turkish and French flags, on the new track. Every nationality that makes Jerusalem so full of contrarieties was there, from the tomb-dweller in rags to the English tourist, and the Yankee globe-trotter with his hands in his pockets. While my eye was brimming with this new Babel, some one hailed me in a familiar and cheery voice, and there, not twenty feet away, conspicuous in a white cork hat, and holding a yellow umbrella over his head, was my friend Judge Hawes, with Em hanging on his arm, and eagerly staring at me as if she was afraid she would lose sight of me in the lazy shifting of the human phantasmagoria. Their very attitude and expression of satisfaction told me that they had been looking for me, and the first thought that shot through my mind was that Bel Amish was right, and that Lou must be somewhere about.

A warm hand-grasp, an exclamation in

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welcome American contralto—"Heavens! how black you are!"—and then, after short sharp side-glances all round, to see only swart faces set in the inevitable white burnooses, the fussy Frenchmen gesticulating, and the immobile groups of Ishmaelites, I asked, "Are you alone?"

Yes, they were alone. Their coming had not been known in advance, for they had only made up their minds to come from Florence when they received the invitation to the opening, and a retiring consul had placed his house at their disposal. It would be ready on the morrow. The agent had come from Ramleh ahead of them, and had a gang of Sadducees, the Judge said, fixing up the place.

Miss Hawes insisted that I should establish myself in the pension, a squat pile of limestone that stood on the eastern slope of the Kedron Valley, just south of the city, and looked at a little distance, as some one had said, "like a white refrigerator with a sap-kettle turned upside down on top of it," but which had a little balcony on the Olivet side, a fig-tree at the door, and a flag-pole sticking out of its one embrasure, upon which the wife of the consul had been in the daily habit of running out the stars and stripes. As they had brought a cook from Alexandria, and had an excellent housekeeper in a devout Mrs. Sanders, who made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem as regularly as does a monk of Asia Minor, everything was inviting and everything was settled at once.

The moment I had Em to myself on that balcony she said, with a woman's quick recognition of the essentials, "Have you heard from Lou?"

I shook my head. "I am waiting," I said. "She knew you were coming here?"

"Haven't you sent her any word since you came here?"

"No. I could not send words very well and keep up my New York independence."

She looked puzzled. "If not words, what did you send her?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I saw a curious Albanian scarf one day in Damascus. The man was exhibiting it on El Merj, and would not sell it. He said it was woven of starbeams and was charmed. If the man who owned it threw it into the air, it would float toward the woman who loved him. Then he gave it a flirt, and the filmy thing seemed to spread itself out like a pink vapor, and would have sailed away if he had not caught it with one hand and crushed it all in one palm. I thought of Walt Whitman's line, 'Threads that connect the stars,' and I tried to buy the scarf in vain. When I had given up the task, my man Bish said to me, 'If my master wishes the scarf, Bel Amish will get it for him.' The next day a dirty Greek slave brought it to me in a cedar box. I was delighted. Bel Amish had written on a card, 'There is but one,' and, with the delicious ambiguity of these oracles, had left me to decide whether he meant the woman or the scarf. When I came to pack it, I put in a pair of Persian slippers with chrysolite clasps—you know what a pretty foot Lou has. I sent them by Dr. Robinson, who left early in the season. It was a kind of peace-offering, I suppose; but, do you believe it, I had a boyish superstition for weeks that it would work some kind of magic."

"Yes," said Em, dreamily; "and you never heard?"

"Not a whisper. I must have thought a great deal of that girl without knowing it, until I had taken myself out of her life. And I seem to have taken myself into a new kind of life. Jerusalem is peculiar; it has two atmospheres—one is a little dry stratum of the present; the other is a fathomless abyss of the past. The moment you get here you begin to live backward. I can't make out if it is enervating or inspiring, but I have been looking over my shoulder penitently ever since I came."

To this rhapsody Em replied, "Let's send for Lou."

I must have looked grotesquely incredulous, for she added, as if in recognition of it: "No, it isn't so very absurd. Pa has got some kind of a contract to supply the Egyptian market with kerosene-stoves, and he is trying to get another for the whole of this country. It will keep him here six months or a year, and there will be a party coming out from New York in the spring, and they can just as well bring Lou with them as not. I'll write her a letter, and you put a postscript to it."

That was how we came to send the curious summons to Lou to come to the Holy Land. We worked over it a great deal, with the double tact of unlike conspirators, and under Em's direction I ignored the past, assumed all the old obligations, and very jauntily proposed to

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Lou to come to me in forgiveness, and let me consummate my pledges among the corn and wine and oleanders.

Having relieved ourselves of this duty, we relapsed with clear consciences into the enjoyment of the historic out-doors. We even became confidential over our secret, the girl listening to me every day, as I told her all the stories I had picked up, and which I was fast learning to tell with something of an Oriental flavor. She was particularly interested in Bel Amish, and nothing would do but we must make up a party and visit Damascus, so that we could hunt up that living antique.

We found him in a tomblike house, out in the suburb of Salihiyeh. It had an absurd door on one side like a slit, and stood in a bunch of walnut-trees; but when we had squeezed ourselves in, we found Bel Amish in a luxurious little lewan, seated on a rug, smoking a narghileh, with climbing-roses running all round on the fretted wall, a tinkle of water falling pleasantly on the ear, and the everlasting smell of musk in the air. There were three other rugs near him, freshly indented, as if he had been holding council, and his companions had disappeared at our approach.

I made my obeisance, and said at once: "Rabbi, you are a great prophet. My friends have found me."

He sat unperturbed and silent a moment. Then removing the stem of the narghileh from his mouth, he made the sign of welcome deliberately, and said, "Why, then, does my brother come to me, if they have arrived?"

"I come," I said, "to show my respect for your vision, and to ask if any more are coming."

"No," he replied; "they are all here. But the eye of the earth-worker is not clear enough to see the one he is looking for. Peace be with you!"

And he salaamed us out with most admirable contempt.

We walked along the canal, until we came to a half-buried block of sculptured porphyry, canopied by a mulberry-tree, and there we sat down to reflect.

"What do you suppose," I said to Bish, rather testily, "that old wizard finds to think about, sitting there all alone?"

Bish, who was standing at some little distance, regarding Em and myself with his usual complacency, looked surprised.

"Alone?" he said. "Why does my master say he was alone?"

"I say alone because there was nobody with him."

"And my master, then, did not notice the three sheiks on the three rugs?"

There was no sign of duplicity on Bish's immobile face.

"Did you see three men sitting on the rugs?" I asked.

His expression changed slightly to one of incredulity as he said: "One must see what is before him. Why should not my master see them? He is trying his servant."

One of the pictures that I suppose will hang the longest in my memory of the Holy Land is of that American girl, so clearly cut in her contemporaneous piquancy and charm, against the purple mists of the desert, resting her bright face on her hand as she sat in pensive mood under the mulberry-tree, with the occult atmosphere pressing upon both of us.

"What ever do you suppose he meant by saying *she* was here?" she asked.

"He did not say she was here," I answered. "He said the one I was looking for. It is a common trick of the soothsayer. Such a conclusion would have occurred to any fortune-teller who had seen us together," and I added deliberately, "who did not understand."

"Perhaps she is at Jaffa. We ought to send and see."

"Yes," I replied, with a heavy sense of duty. "It would be too bad to have her poking about among the ruins of Jaffa looking for us, and we here enjoying ourselves in the sunshine in Damascus."

"It's awfully selfish," said Em.

"Oh, it's base!" I rejoined.

Then we both looked penitent, and walked away down that beautiful avenue quite soberly.

IV.

After this I thought Em drew back a little from the free condition that had existed. I did not see so much of her. Other duties intervened, and I noticed with annoyance that she had attracted the attention of several of the French officers, who were now making visits to the pension.

In brooding over it I grew slightly indignant at my own predicament, and began to suspect that I had made a shuttlecock of myself. I tried to displace the

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fresher and more piquant impression by dwelling upon the earlier and statelier Lou with a great deal of moral stress. I was too old to be swung about in this manner. But I need not say that this subjective experiment did not succeed at all. The more I thought of Lou with my reason, the more distinct became the intervening blue eyes and laughing personality of another. Finally I settled down into the conclusion that I had offended Miss Hawes by presuming to fall in love with her like a poltroon when logically and honestly I ought to be in love with somebody else. That she should suddenly come to have a deep feeling of contempt for me hurt me. I made up my mind in a moment of moral heroism that I would ask her pardon frankly, and thus preserve my self-respect and her friendship. And this is how it turned out:

One morning from the Judge's stone balcony I saw the sun rise. I had been kicking about all night restlessly, and getting up while it was still dark, I went out among the vines and lit a cigar. The few large stars were hanging low down beyond Carmel, and a gray light, like a diluted darkness, wrapped the far-reaching scene with ghostly indistinctness. At the bottom of it the walls and domes of Jerusalem lay uncertain and grizzly, like the bones of a city that had been destroyed by the night, and encompassing it were the pitch-black masses of the wadies and gulfs. Eastward this dull mystery lightened a little, as when an artist in black and white rubs away some of his shadows. It was the first pallid intimation of morning.

All at once there began to burn in the northern sky a pink banner softly outlined. It hung clear of everything, like a triangular gonfalon, with soft folds of deeper tint. It was Hermon (Jebel-esh-Sheikh), the immemorial avant-courier of the sun, his snows flushing with the announcement of day. I had a sudden consciousness that just so it must have looked to Abraham and Lot, and just so unfolded itself to the shepherd king on many a dewy morning when with heavy eyelids and a glad heart he had leaned on his staff and turned it all into imperishable poetry. I was looking at that part of the Holy Land that had undergone no change. Presently Tabor, Carmel, and the mountains of Gilead and Bashan caught the signal and answered with rims of pearly light, and Olivet turned one cheek to the morning, so that these airy beacons, as the summons leaped from peak to peak, were burning all round the horizon. What wonder, I said to myself, that David called on these hills to clap their hands and skip for joy, for he was looking at them at daybreak—and just then an unseen lark somewhere began to pour his carol. Subtle pulsations of it all seemed to go through me and awaken new emotions. The words of Bel Amish came back to me, mingled with the faint stir of the city and the tinkle of sheep-bells: "The Western man is forever digging in the shifting earth for the glory that endureth forever;" and such is the chaos of mere emotions that the words seemed to be set in contralto notes and to wear the inscrutable sparkle of blue eyes.

I turned round, and there stood Em in the stone doorway, with the Orient flushing her glad face, and the dewy vines emblazoning her with an aureole of diamonds, as if she had been Aurora herself.

I must have made an impulsive move toward her, almost like a jump, I dare say, for she held up a yellow telegram protectively in front of her, as if it had been a shield or an amulet, and said: "Good news. It came last night to pa from Jaffa."

I think I went backward and sat down, as if good news had given me a push. Then I began to fumble apologies.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I was so full of this glory of the morning that telegrams seemed almost impertinent."

"The Cook steamer *San Marino* is detained at Genoa with a party from New York on board. Don't you feel in your bones that Lou is coming?"

But by this time I had recovered my balance, and replied with something like bravado. "No. I have succeeded in steeling myself to the truth. Lou belongs to the dead past, like these sculptured scenes. They are chiefly tolerable under the rosy light of a new dawn."

I am afraid this was slightly esoteric, if not rash. I thought she looked piqued as she crumpled the telegram in her hand, and sat down with her arm on the stone balustrade. For a moment she was so much a part of the morning in her dewy freshness that I felt a sudden and absurd fear of dissipating her with my words and manner, and in an instant I was apologetic again.

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"I beg your pardon," I said. "I have disappointed you."

"You surprise me," she answered, and not even the Rabbi of Damascus could have told if it were the surprise of exultation or of disappointment. "I think you ought to remain an engineer, and when you run your lines — isn't that what you call it?—you ought to work up to them."

"Em," said I, "even you can conceive of an engineer who is idiotic enough to spike his guns first and then haul them off afterward, but you can hardly conceive of his being compelled to go into action again with the same guns."

"What guns?" asked Em, with pellucid feminine innocence. "I don't know what you mean by guns. You sent a flag of truce, and one doesn't follow that with guns, does he? It was woven of threads that connect the stars—you said so yourself. I never received such a token, but I can understand how its magic works, being a woman myself."

Before I knew it I had said—with an effusiveness that was both recreant and earnest—"Miss Hawes, will you permit me to find you such a scarf?"

"Oh, but you said there was only one. There never is but one."

"Nonsense; that is one of the ghost-stories of the place."

"No. Everything is terribly real here. I have never seen a ghost since I came."

Just then Bish came up, and with his imperturbable gravity said, "Master, the Rabbi."

"Permit me," I said to Em, "to show you one."

So, you see, this was the way all my moral resolution ended.

V.

Bel Amish had come in obedience to the summons of the Judge, who had been directed to him for information about the oil region round about the Dead Sea. A more remarkable conjunction of the past and the present than these products of two hemispheres presented cannot be imagined. The Judge, with his American irreverence and speculative practicality, entertained some kind of a scheme for tapping the wilderness for oil. "From all I hear," he had said to me, "it is the flowing well of the world. Some of the old fellows struck oil there in Chosroes's time. Did you ever hear of Chosroes?"

I confessed that I had but a very vague idea of him.

"Well," said the Judge, "you've heard of Herod. He had the rheumatism, Bright's, erysipelas, and all the other things, and was always looking for hot springs. Wherever he found a spouting well he made a contract for a new palace. One day he heard of sulphur baths down there on the west side of that big sink-hole, so down he goes and begins staking out a ranch; but as there were not springs enough, he begins to dig for more, and strikes oil. When his gang found petroleum and natural gas instead of water, they smelt Tophet, and all lit out in a panic. They gave me that as a straight story in Constantinople, and referred me to an old rooster in Damascus for particulars."

"Ah!" I said. "Bel Amish. He was probably there when they bored. They say in Damascus he is more than a thousand years old."

"See here," continued the Judge; "this whole thing is a question of wire-pulling and engineering. I can work that old Mormon at Constantinople for a firman through the Russian minister, who has been fighting the American oil syndicate for several years. The rest is merely a question of pumping the stuff thirteen hundred feet up to sea-level. We'll go down there and make a survey, and take that antediluvian with us. They tell me the thieves of the desert are afraid of him."

To this chimerical scheme I tried to interpose, as gently as I could, the practical objection of an engineer, but he insisted on carrying out his project, and always closed out my conservatism by taking me by the lapel of the coat and saying: "See here, young man, who's doing this thing? I'm going down into the wilderness like an American rajah, not like an impecunious missionary."

It was difficult to withstand the nervy magnificence of our Mæcenas, especially as there was very apt to come into his eye at the last moment a subtle reminder in blue that he had a daughter. I was present at his interview with Bel Amish. He had not the slightest conception of the archaic man he was talking to. He came at him with his magnificent patronizing manner, hammer and tongs. "I propose to do this, my dear fellow, and I want to do that, and I'll pay you well

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for your services," etc., and once or twice Bel Amish, in the height of it, pulled the corner of his jibbeh over his face; and the Judge, turning to me, would say, "What the deuce does he do that for?"

"Go slow, Judge," I would whisper. "Your magnificence dazzles him."

Finally, when it was all over, my American sheik said, "Well, come, come, my man, what have you got to say?" and Bel Amish, with a profound bow, replied, "God be with you!" and moving backward, seemed to fade away instead of going out at the door.

I followed him, and walked part of the way down the hill, as he led his donkey over the stones.

"Rabbi," I said, respectfully, "my master has not been in the East so long as I have. He does not understand; but you can tell me what you think."

"There is much sand in the desert," said Bel Amish, oracularly.

"True," I replied, "but the man of the West is not afraid of it."

He turned slowly, and looking at me in his inscrutable way, said, quietly, "My brother is not interested in the desert—let him speak to me out of his heart."

"You are right, Rabbi. I want you to get me another scarf."

Then, to my bewilderment, he said: "There is near the Damascus Gate a crystal globe. Let my brother look into it, and he will learn of the stars. Peace be with you! I would be alone with the ass." And he pulled the animal's head to him, and together they went jogging down the hill, as if in deep consultation.

This was not encouraging. I had noticed the conjurer at the Damascus Gate with his crystal globe, into which the women of Galilee looked for their loves, and my respect for Bel Amish was not increased by this necromantic allusion.

## VI.

Here we were, Bish and I, back in Jaffa, listening again to the growl of the Mediterranean. We would wait for the *San Marino*, and then good-by Palestine.

I gave up the preparations for the Judge's expedition at the last moment, in spite of his dependence upon me. It is true, I did all the hard work—bought all the donkeys, engaged the guides, fought with the dragomans, and secured the supplies for a fortnight's encampment. The work was beset with all kinds of blackmailing difficulties, peculiar to the country. I bought several of the donkeys twice, and had to go three times before a dirty justice before I got the horses I purchased. As soon as the brigands sniffed the affair they beset me from all quarters. I found them sitting in a semicircle around my room door at the German Hotel in the morning. They choked up the narrow street and fought and fell over each other. There is an understanding between the dragomans, the sheiks, and the pettifogging lawyers to make existence unendurable to tourists, and they were especially rapacious when the prey was a rich and generous American. Every gang of nomads in the Syrian Desert has, I believe, an agent or a spy in Jerusalem, who sends word when a party is to set out, and how many dollars it has.

It sounds very ridiculous, no doubt, to you in New York, to talk of the dangers and hardships of taking a jaunt of thirty-five miles—not, indeed, any farther than is the town of Sing Sing from the metropolis. But if you will try and imagine the alkali plains of Kansas, some of the canyons of southern Colorado, some of the burnt wastes of Arizona, and a few of the basaltic cliffs of the Great Range, split by chasms and torn by watercourses, all jumbled together, and leading downward to a dark, smoky, and forty-mile Tappan Zee, lying thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean, and bounded on its outskirts by the great Syrian sea of sand, you will get some idea of the wizard land of Moab and the wilderness on the east of the Dead Sea. But this is not all. The whole of the land, and far beyond into the desert, is claimed and traversed by the ghosts of the original Ishmaelites, who look upon you as intruders, and are very apt to treat you as their natural prey. These Bedouins flit mysteriously before you, circle round you, and as mysteriously disappear. They have their phantom rites and vague but unchangeable hereditaments. They possess traditional boundaries in the sand that no man can discover, and they maintain feuds that no man can understand. They may be bandits or hosts, as the mood serves them; but they exact tribute either by flattery or by force, and to pay them is simply to convert them from a menace to a nuisance.

Add to this a superstitious and ill-omened mystery that has surrounded the place ever since the destruction of the

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Cities of the Plain; a curiously compounded dread of natural and deleterious influences and a preternatural curse; a sea of death, almost a subterranean cesspool with no outlet, whose history begins in punitive convulsion and fire and brimstone, and seems to have ended with the barbaric tragedy of John the Baptist; a country whose whole record is ghastly with ruins and significant of disaster, as far out toward the Syrian sands as that bleak and beautiful monument of Chosroes's magnificence, standing there in the centre of desolation, one of the most striking achievements of art that the world possesses, but left unfinished, with the sculptured blocks ready to be set, as if some bolt of destruction had smitten the workmen, and suspended forever the effort to banish the local curse with the pride and pomp of man's power.

Take all these things into consideration and you will see that the thirty-five-mile jaunt to Ain Jady, that point where the western wilderness seems to gather itself into supreme effort to overlook the abyss of the Dead Sea, is not without its real as well as its fanciful discomforts. Men have gone down there with their lives in their hands, and always with a certain knowledge that law and its protection cannot easily reach them after they have passed Hebron; that abduction and murder, even when made the subject of diplomatic demand, virtually resulted in the Turkish government's paying a premium on it by cashing the bill.

Several times I heard that El Diah, better known as The Wolves, were hard up for tribute, and were flitting about between Jericho and Ain Jady, and it was only a month or two before that they had carried off a venturesome English tourist and demanded ten thousand pounds for his ransom, which, it was generally understood, had been paid at Constantinople.

Still, there was a prospect of adventure in the trip, and I should not have withdrawn from it if it had not been for an incident that occurred unexpectedly one morning. I came suddenly upon Miss Hawes and one of the French officers on the slopes of Olivet. They did not see me, and I stood a moment in bitter chagrin among the olive-trees and watched them. There was my vivacious girl, pointing out with all her old zest of enjoyment some of the objects of interest to her companion, and obviously enjoying herself with all her old spirits. I thought she had taken extra pains with her attire, and added a touch of freshness and piquancy to her dress. I could hear her laugh unconcernedly and spontaneously, and it cut me somehow with a keen edge.

I am telling you frankly what I did, without any effort to explain or excuse it. I turned away somewhat savagely, for I knew now, by the quality and acuteness of my feelings, just how far I had involved myself, and I went straight down the hill and into the city with very much the same unreasoning impetuosity that had carried me out of America.

I wrote a brief note to the Judge, saying that I had completed all his arrangements, and that now, as matters of supreme importance called me to America, I must leave the direction of his expedition in better hands. I believe I added some kind of lame apology, and sent the letter over to the pension by Bish. But the Judge did not get it till the next morning, and the next morning Bish had my traps all packed and we were on our way to Jaffa.

It was with a depressing sense of the futility of everything, and in a rather querulous state of mind, that I found myself once more on the house-top at Jaffa. You have to wait for events at Jaffa, and there is nothing for it but to wait on the house-top. You are at the mercy of the sea. It connects you with the rest of the world capriciously. I looked for the same star, but it was not there. I tried to rekindle the old homesickness, but that too would not return. Nothing was the same exactly, except that dull pounding of the Mediterranean.

Bish aggravated me with his sublime indifference to circumstance and to space. He was ready to go to America with me, or to stay in the desert, and his immobility of soul was growing to be something like a reproach.

"Have you no human feeling," I asked, "that you can be blown about like the sand of Sahara without caring?"

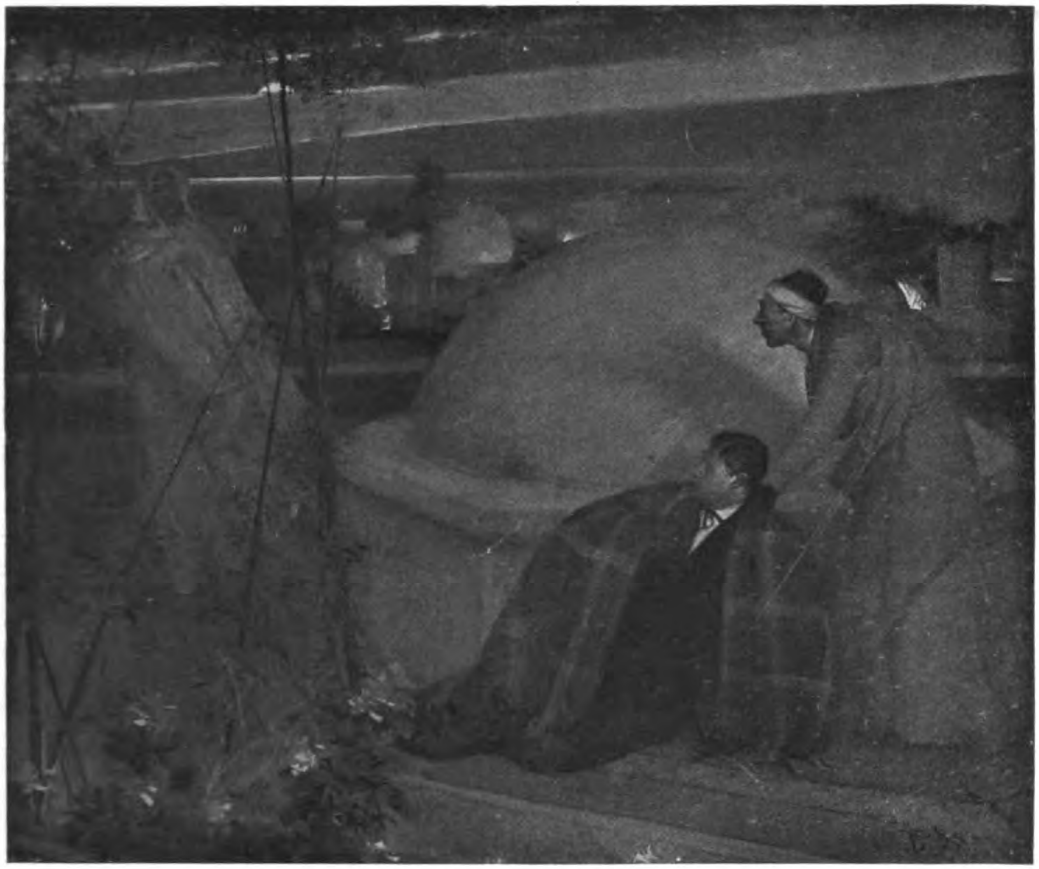
"One goes where his thoughts beckon," said Bish. "Your servant has no thoughts, for in the end it is all one."

"You think my thoughts beckon me to America?"

"I am but a dog—but I do not think that," he replied, as if it would be contemptible to harbor such a thought.

"Then what in the name of hanky-

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"I FELT HIS HAND ON MY SHOULDER."

panky do you think, you immemorial mollusk?"

"Why should one think? It will not make the sun rise nor the camel drink. My master will stay in the East."

"Oh, you think so! Now that is where you are wrong, my occult donkey. To-morrow we buy our tickets, and shake the sand of the desert from our feet."

"It is the will of Heaven," said Bish, with a vacuous humility.

"Yes, and it's a good thing that Heaven has allowed us to have a will of our own. I want to get where I can exercise it."

Having launched this truly Western sentiment, I pulled the rug around me to shut off the fatalism of Bish, and fell into a reverie.

Suddenly I felt his hand on my shoulder, and heard him hiss, in a whisper,

"Does my master not see any one?"

It startled me. I must have been dozing. The starlight made a mysterious shimmer. Things were not very distinct, even against the black background of the Mediterranean. But there stood Em in misty outline against the leaden horizon, like an apparition.

"A curse on your mumbo-jumbo!" I exclaimed, jumping up with an impression that it was Bish's work.

"I beg your pardon," said the apparition. "I came for you. You must go back with me."

For an instant it was like a call from the land of ghosts. But you must know that these house-tops all have a trap in the centre, and everybody that appears rises mysteriously and softly, for the steps are often padded with goat-skin.

"Miss Hawes?" I exclaimed, in some doubt.

"Surely," she replied, with true bodily complacency. "It was a case of emergency, and I would have been here before nightfall if your American locomotive had not broken down at Ramleh. My father needs you."

"Hardly," I said. "Your father is able



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to command better help than mine. There are French officers of more experience—and, as you know, of more address."

She instantly and effectually punished me for this speech with a counter-thrust.

"If it is a matter of ability and pay, he will double the amount."

I drew myself up; for that is the way a man has of showing that the point of the blade has touched him.

"It is not a matter of pay. Even your father cannot buy my discomfort."

"True," she said. "It is a matter of sentiment. I told him so. You wished to be here when the *San Marino* arrived; but your sentiment should not make you rude."

"You are mistaken. I wanted to be here when the *San Marino* sailed. You wilfully misrepresent my motives and my feelings. I have no desire to be vindictive—only to be comfortable."

"Yes, I know. If I hadn't sympathized with you I wouldn't have come."

"Your intuitions told you that you could do it?"

"Yes. Why not, *ad interim?*"

When a woman has the whip-hand of an emotion she tickles you with the snapper, and then cuts you with the thong. "*Ad interim*" made a welt.

"Miss Hawes, your father has no claim upon my services that honor cannot dismiss. It never entered my head that I was running away from him."

"That's what I told him, and that's why I am here. It would be perfectly loathsome to let me go back alone now."

"Do you wish me to understand that I am to go back for your sake?"

"Do you wish me to kneel and beg, Pasha?"

What is the use in trying to resist this kind of a ghost? When I said to Bish, "Look here, you star-reading dromedary, you can pack that hand-satchel again: we go back on the paymaster's car to-night," he only replied, "It is the will of Heaven, master—the satchel is already packed."

But it occurred to me even then that a fellow who goes about with the will of Heaven somehow knit into his bones must have a serene contempt for the will of man.

VII.

Thus it was that I went down, after all, into the Wilderness to look for the springs of Callirrhoe, and got stalled on the wrong side of the Dead Sea, between Gilgal and Ain Jady. The French officers at Damascus will give you their version of it in feuilleton style to this hour, but they never knew the best part of it. That I have reserved for you.

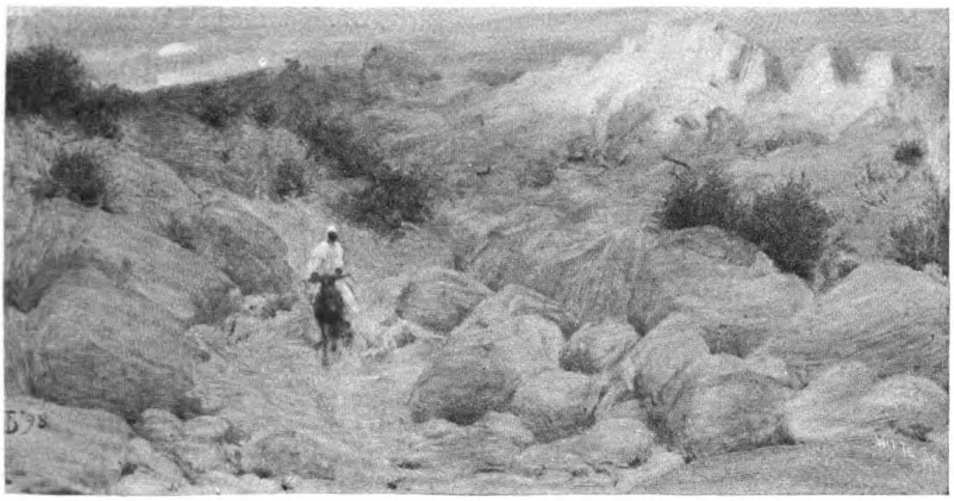
The moment Miss Hawes had accomplished her purpose she drew back and held up her dignified reserve. She took good care to praise me several times for coming to her father's rescue, but she managed to protect herself by a superhuman tact from all tête-à-tête.

The preparations were speedily completed. The Judge expected important letters and documents by the *San Marino*, and as he had planned to be away at least two weeks, he asked me to find a reliable courier who would undertake to bring the mail and packages to us down in the Wilderness. Reliable couriers are rare birds in Jerusalem, and after a vain search I caught Bel Amish one day just outside the Damascus Gate in Jerusalem, with his donkey loaded, and his head turned toward Libanus. I threw myself upon him with an absurd deference, and begged him to tell me of an honest man that I could engage. He listened to me all through without a word. Then he turned his donkey round toward the gate, and said: "Let my son depart. I will find the courier."

We set out on a Monday, which is fair-day at the Khans. Two of the French officers had been invited to accompany us. The Pasha had furnished us with a small guard of Turkish soldiers, and the cavalcade was quite imposing. For my part I made up my mind that as I had been entrapped for my services only, the best thing I could do would be to wrap myself up in them like a diligent porcupine. So I exhibited an executive fussiness, which, being at bottom mere boyish pique, was a little overdone. I refused to be anything but the careworn officer of the day—bullying the dragomans; whacking the mules, as we used to do in Arizona; going about in rough dishabille, as if I meant to say: "Oh, you enjoy yourselves! I've got these details on my mind." I kept just a little outside of the social headquarters, but I watched them round the juniper coals in the evenings as Em tried to teach the French officers the game of euchre.

She must have felt that I was trying to punish her by attending strictly to

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THE COURIER THAT WAS FOUND BY BEL AMISH.

business, for she came at me on the Plains of Jericho one morning and scolded me with a privileged tartness that filled me with delight. "Why will you not be reasonable and decent and patient?" she had said. "You are trying to make me uncomfortable, and to tell everybody that we have had a quarrel. It's awfully boyish, and it isn't true."

I could not deny this, but to hear her unwittingly declare that she had a special right to scold me confidentially was "awfully" comfortable as well. I think I said with incomparable politeness, "I am trying to carry out your programme, Miss Hawes, scrupulously—*ad interim*."

We were standing near the house of an old Kurdish woman, where on a former occasion we had tied our horses and eaten the old woman's dinner of goat cheese and lentils, with a dessert of barley cakes and quinces, like two hungry children out for a holiday. I must have referred to it in some way, for Em came up close to me and said, in a monitory way, "You have a perfect right to make yourself uncomfortable, and me also, I suppose, but you have no right to ask people to notice it!" and then she ran away. It was this kind of a web that entangled me more and more. It was woven of the softest intimations and the gravest doubts. It left me in the toils of uncertainty. I could not make out if coquetry were playing with me or sincerity whispering asides to me and asking me to wait. Always these confidences were followed by a fresh flirtation with Lieutenant H——, that blasé Frenchman, who, I could see, was pretending not to be able to play euchre, so as to get fresh lessons. By the time we had reached the gorge of the Kedron and could hear the bells of Santa Saba, I had worked myself into a condition of sullen perplexity that was becoming unbearable. The weight of testimony convinced me that I was being played with. One day when I was in the group, the Judge said I acted like a man who was determined to get the Dead Sea fever. I told him I had better go back; and Em cruelly told the group that it might be contagious, and I ought to go to the sea-shore at once—Jaffa was a good place.

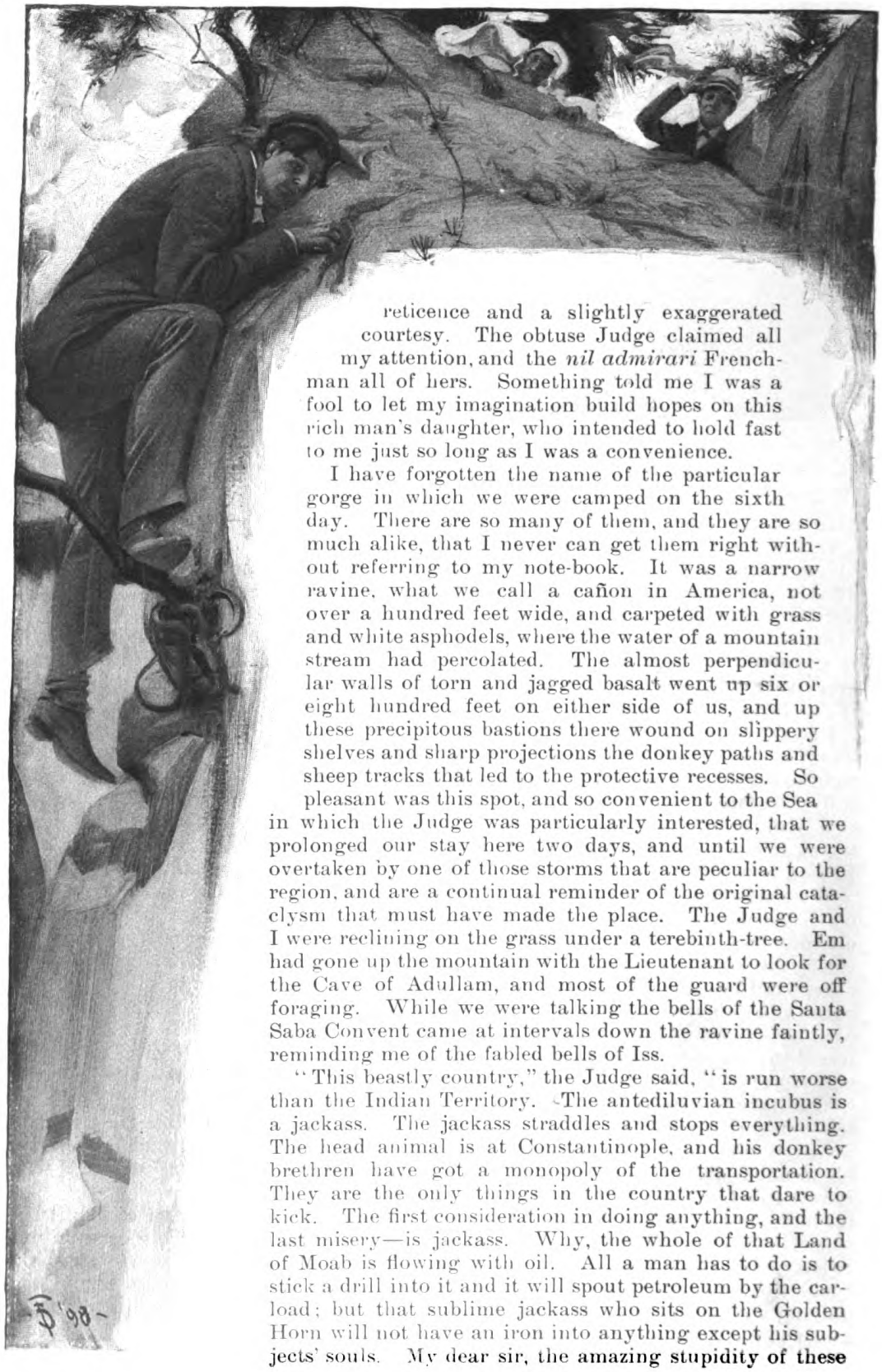
"Miss Hawes is cruel," I rejoined, "seeing that I would be in Jaffa now but for her."

She flashed up a little. She could be reckless at times as well as I; and disregarding everybody, she said: "True. I was a partner in the mistake. Permit me to join you in the regrets." Then, turning to the Lieutenant and asking if their horses were ready, she executed her customary ghost trick and vanished with an extra flout.

Where this would have ended if Nature herself had not got her back up and intervened, it is hard to say. It was the sixth day out when the unexpected occurred, and it is that which remains to be told.

After the incident we preserved a new

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reticence and a slightly exaggerated courtesy. The obtuse Judge claimed all my attention, and the *nil admirari* Frenchman all of hers. Something told me I was a fool to let my imagination build hopes on this rich man's daughter, who intended to hold fast to me just so long as I was a convenience.

I have forgotten the name of the particular gorge in which we were camped on the sixth day. There are so many of them, and they are so much alike, that I never can get them right without referring to my note-book. It was a narrow ravine, what we call a cañon in America, not over a hundred feet wide, and carpeted with grass and white asphodels, where the water of a mountain stream had percolated. The almost perpendicular walls of torn and jagged basalt went up six or eight hundred feet on either side of us, and up these precipitous bastions there wound on slippery shelves and sharp projections the donkey paths and sheep tracks that led to the protective recesses. So pleasant was this spot, and so convenient to the Sea in which the Judge was particularly interested, that we prolonged our stay here two days, and until we were overtaken by one of those storms that are peculiar to the region, and are a continual reminder of the original cataclysm that must have made the place. The Judge and I were reclining on the grass under a terebinth-tree. Em had gone up the mountain with the Lieutenant to look for the Cave of Adullam, and most of the guard were off foraging. While we were talking the bells of the Santa Saba Convent came at intervals down the ravine faintly, reminding me of the fabled bells of Iss.

"This beastly country," the Judge said, "is run worse than the Indian Territory. The antediluvian incubus is a jackass. The jackass straddles and stops everything. The head animal is at Constantinople, and his donkey brethren have got a monopoly of the transportation. They are the only things in the country that dare to kick. The first consideration in doing anything, and the last misery—is jackass. Why, the whole of that Land of Moab is flowing with oil. All a man has to do is to stick a drill into it and it will spout petroleum by the carload; but that sublime jackass who sits on the Golden Horn will not have an iron into anything except his subjects' souls. My dear sir, the amazing stupidity of these

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people would make a Georgia nigger seem inspired. They go without water for three months—bathe in their own cisterns and then drink 'em dry, and never a monk who sees his cucumbers dry up or a herdsman who sees his cattles' tongues hanging out ever heard of driving a well."

While he was talking in this strain I was partly conscious that the bells of the convent were ringing strangely, and, softened as the sound was, it occurred to me that it was like an alarum.

"What do you suppose," I asked, suddenly, "those bells are ringing like that for?"

"Like what?" asked the Judge, as he lit a fresh cigar.

I listened, and then I noticed that a peculiar yellow gloom had settled in the valley.

"It's a thunder-storm," said the Judge. "We must look to our tent-pegs."

We both jumped up. The truth came upon me like a flash as I heard the cries of the returning Arabs.

"It is the sirocco," I exclaimed. "The convent is warning the shepherds. Where is your daughter?"

"Oh, she's in good hands. Look to the camp," said the complacent Judge.

I knew enough of the meteorological phenomena of the region to comprehend in an instant the whole danger. Those great sand-storms that form on the Arabian Peninsula and race over the Syrian Desert now and then touch with their devastating edges this desolate spot, and although the Judge said that we were safe enough "here," I knew that the worst possible place to be in, next to the desert itself, was a narrow ravine facing the southeast, which would be swept clean of everything except the rocks that would come crashing down from above. I knew, too, that Em was somewhere on that mountain, and in her ignorance was liable to be caught unawares and swept off like one of the anemones. The instantaneous apprehension of all this was accompanied by the dull sense that the possible heroism and rescue had been apportioned to a Frenchman. But quick as this mental operation was, it was scarcely quicker than the storm itself. I made a jump for the north wall of the ravine. As I reached it I was blown flat against it violently. The light seemed to have been blown out, and a yellow darkness took its place. A hot and smarting sense of suffocation overcame me. And even then, as I stood there, I caught one glimpse of our camp flying up the valley in whirling fragments—tents, boxes, mule-trappings—like leaves before a tempest, and heard the cries of the animals and the shouts of the men above the organ tones of the blast as they disappeared among the rocks. Then it was that Bish—the faithful Bish—called to me out of the darkness: "My master must lie down and follow his servant." I in turn called to the Judge, "Where are you?" His answer was worthy of Farragut: "I'm all right and on my stomach. Go ahead. This is a red-hot blizzard."

Bish knew the mazes of the mountain and its shelters better than I, but, in my impatience, I got ahead of him. I may have crawled over him. I ran along the ledges like a goat, when I could stand at all, where one false step would have dashed me into the jagged darkness beneath. I heard Bish trying to bore through the blast with a howl to me from the shelter of a crag to "Wait here, master!" But I howled back, madly, "Come on—the lady!"

Thus crawling like serpents; clinging like insects to the shelves of this scarred mountain that had been cut by the diamond points of a thousand such storms into so many flinty weapons; blown flat against the basalt so that its merciless arrow-heads tore and cut us; panting for air and stifled with sand—we came, Heaven knows how, to that frightful bench of rock shoved out in the teeth of this tempest, and over which we must pass to get round to the protecting angle of the mountain. Bish held me by the arm. He pointed at it with a warning gesture that said we should be blown off. I answered, "The lady!" and dropped flatly upon it to crawl over, heedless of whether he followed me or not. I dug my fingers into the crevices and literally held on to the wiry terebinth roots with my teeth, and thus, like a leech, I made my way slowly to the bit of protecting battlement at its far end. My heart was beating at a dangerous rate, but I jumped to my feet as I saw that Bish and the Judge had followed me, and let out a shout of triumph. Here on this outpost of the mountain, from an embrasure in the natural battlement, the whole terrible magnificence of the storm broke upon me. I was too impatient to contemplate it as it deserved,

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but its awful expanse and supernatural splendor were photographed on my mind forever. The black metallic caldron of the Dead Sea, instead of raging with all this wind, was blown flat and lifeless like a slab of Egyptian marble, and all around it, in a Titanic dance, the mountains heaved and staggered in giant shadows as they kept time to the spectral light in the sulphurous sky, that came in pulses of magnetic illumination, showing the cañons on the western shore, through which we could see the sirocco tearing across the Syrian Desert, with its mighty couriers of death, giant sand pillars, bending forward and reeling in a monstrous dervish dance.

In the very teeth of this stupendous spectacle the Judge pulled himself up to the embrasure, and peering over into the eyeless socket of that Dead Sea, said, with undisturbed practicality, "No, you can't pump the stuff up out of that sink-hole, but what's the matter with making a backwater dam at the Jordan and floating it out?"

At the moment this speech seemed to me to be utterly devoid of humor, and, as if to make it still more fantastic, the wind lapsed a moment, and in the lull we heard the clear soft tinkle of a kamanjeh, as if some one was picking an Oriental love-song somewhere, and the great audiphone of the mountain had caught it.

A few moments later we stood on the northern angle of the rock, before the mouth of a cave. The transition was so sudden that I must have stood looking into it dumfounded. There sat Em within its protecting gloom, with her back against the wall, and on the other side, smoking his cheroot and picking his kamanjeh, was her French companion. Back of them, in receding indistinctness, were grouped the listening goatherds and women of the wadies who had fled here for protection.

I thought she looked from the gallant gentleman playing the kamanjeh to me as if to contrast barbaric impetuosity with a civilized nonchalance, and then, emphasizing her conclusions, she rushed at me, and I saw that she had been crying.

Into this delightful crisis Bish thrust himself with a positively theatric impudence, and striking an attitude, pointed, in accepted stage style, into the blackness of the cave, saying, "The Rabbi."

We strained our eyes to bore into the impenetrable depth, and there slowly materialized, from a gray film to a dirty but distinct outline, Bel Amish and his donkey, as they came forward, softly, but in the most matter-of-fact manner.

He waved the theatricality all away in his patriarchal style as he lifted his hand and said:

"Why should my friends be astonished? I was on my way with the letters from the steamship when I saw the storm coming. It is here that the wise man has taken refuge ever since David's time."

"And you brought the packages yourself?" I asked.

"Did not my son ask me to find an honest man? Does one know another's honesty better than his own?"

The Judge was the first one to break the spell, and in five minutes he was tearing open his letters and trying to read them in the mouth of the cave, utterly oblivious of anybody else. There was one letter for me, addressed to his care. I did not know the superscription, and I cannot attempt to describe the confused effect that it produced upon me. It was the first and only time in my life that I ever tried to read anything by flashes of lightning, and was paralyzed by the experiment.

"DEAR SIR,—My wife has instructed me to return to you your beautiful gifts, because they were made with a misunderstanding, which does not permit of her accepting them. I therefore reship them to you, with our kindest respects, believing that any further explanation will be needless, and trusting that you are enjoying yourself in the Orient, and reaping the rich reward that your many talents have earned."

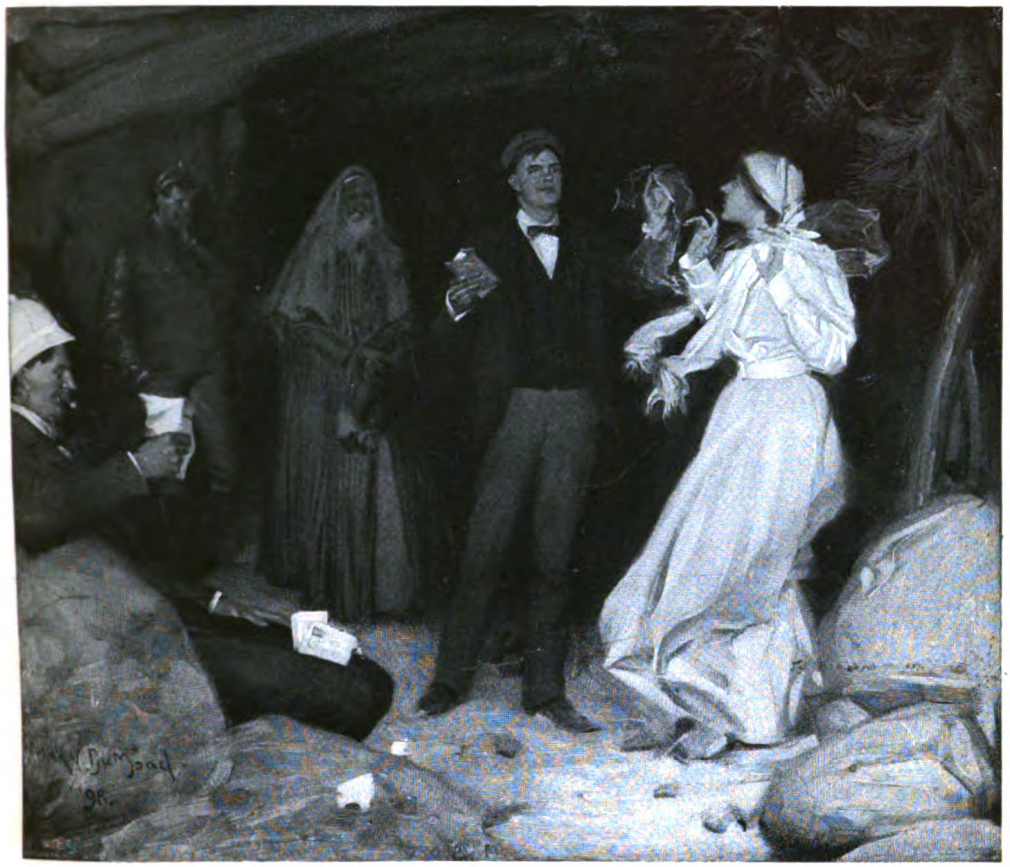
I must have stood there in the yellow dusk a picture of dishevelled imbecility. I only know that Em stole up behind me and put her hand softly on my shoulder.

"Lou has come?" she asked, and the ghastly light made her look pale.

"No," I replied, with anything but a heartbroken alacrity, as I gave her the letter—"but the scarf has. We are in a land of fatalism, and this is fate."

I went to the box. I tore it open nervously. I pulled out the magic fleece, and came at Em with a consummating impetuosity. I whipped it round her before she knew. I wanted to go down

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"I WHIPPED IT ROUND HER BEFORE SHE KNEW."

on one knee, but there was that infernal Frenchman picking the kamanjeh and watching me with one blasé eye; but I bowed my head loyally as Tancred might have done.

She unfastened it deftly, and held it out toward me with a half-protesting hand; but she said, softly, with a half-averted face, "Is there but one?"

"I swear to you," I replied, almost as softly, "that there never was, and never shall be, but one."

Then she put it back around her waist, and without a word turned her face to the wall.

I walked mechanically to the mouth of the cave, without knowing exactly what I was doing. I felt sorry for the Frenchman, and wanted to slap him on the back. Even one's soul has to take breath after long storms. I thought of Saul, for a great light seemed to shine upon me, and there through the murky atmosphere the afternoon sun had shot a golden shaft across the abyss below from the defiles of Ain Jady, and the Dead Sea was beginning to dance with a golden joy.

Bel Amish came softly up to me.

"Rabbi," I said, "it was a bad storm."

"Yes," he replied; "but it has blown some of the sand out of my son's eyes."

And for weeks afterwards I felt that to be true, for, sitting on the stone balcony there at the pension, I said to Em one morning,

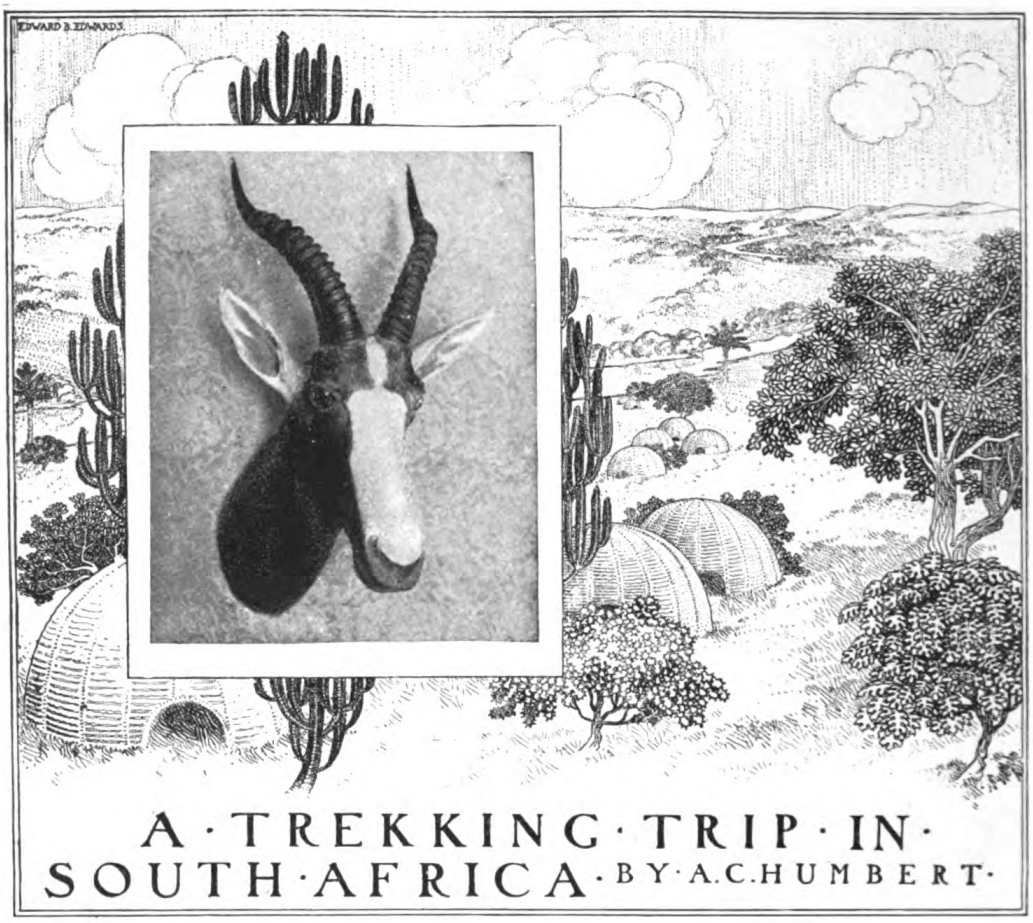
"Do you know, my dear, that that whole story of the Exodus may be a parable to teach us that men take forty years to do what God would do for them in forty days!"

She was looking demurely over at the sunlit Dome of Omar.

"I am convinced," she said, "that the doves do not fly over the Temple Area—they fly round it."

"Yes," I answered, humbly, "they probably do, but how long one has to watch them to find it out!"

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# A·TREKKING·TRIP·IN·SOUTH·AFRICA

·BY·A.C.HUMBERT·

ON the 12th day of March I was seated on the veranda of my house at Rondebusch, a suburb of Cape Town, when my boy David handed me a letter, which contained an invitation from a friend asking me to join him on a trekking trip through the Caledon district. I was to meet him at Caledon, a town one hundred miles distant, prepared to spend a month camping along the southern coast of Africa. He had obtained permission from Messrs. Kingsmill and Christian to shoot over a range known as Ratel River, which abounds with game.

After procuring a shooting license I set out on my journey to Caledon, leaving Cape Town by the Cape Colony Railroad. In four hours I reached Sir Lowrie's Pass, the terminus of a branch of this road, situated twenty miles west of the Cape of Good Hope.

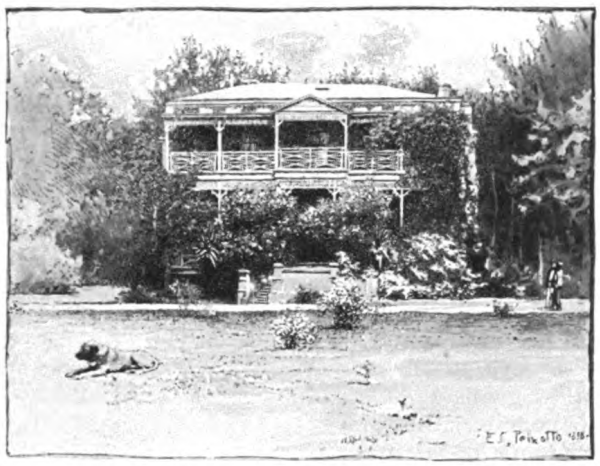
I proceeded by the stage which carries the mail, and soon began ascending a steep mountain. The road wound around rocky cliffs, and when we reached the summit we had an impressive view of Simon's Bay, which lay at our feet, with the sun reflecting from its surface. The African sky at this season is often spotted with wind-clouds, which glow in the sunlight, and at sunrise and sunset produce effects more beautiful than I have ever seen in the Sierra Nevada or Rocky Mountains.

Our first stopping-place was Howe Hook, a farm half-way between Sir Lowrie's Pass and Caledon, where we changed horses. The road to Caledon proceeded through deep cañons, with mountains on either side rising abruptly to the height of eight hundred feet. Everywhere along the horizon I could see mountain ranges with bold peaks standing out against the sky. Far to the right glimpses of the sandy coast added variety to the landscape.

After a long and dusty drive of fifty miles we came in sight of Caledon. The

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road approaching the town was lined with small trees, which looked much out of place planted amongst rocks and rhinoceros-bushes. Here, as in all South African towns, the churches attract one's attention from their size and prominent location. The stage stopped in front of the Alexandra Hotel, a two-story house with two verandas, one above the other. Here my friends greeted me with the information that we would start the next day to trek for Ratel River.



THE HOUSE AT RONDEBUSCH.

The following morning our baggage and the necessary provisions were roped on the rack along the sides of a large wagon, which was standing in front of the hotel. At one o'clock the driver cracked his long whip and the ten mules started on a trot. As we passed out of the little town of Caledon the old Dutch inhabitants congregated along our route to see us off. Our two dogs, Clara and Point, were chained in a Cape cart which followed close behind. This cart we often used to make trips into the veldt, and found it a very necessary addition to the large unwieldy mule-wagon.

After we had trekked four hours we reached Goudini's Farm, and decided to camp there. As our tents had not arrived from Cape Town when we set out, we spent our first night in the veldt huddled together under a sheet of canvas, which we fastened from the wheels of the large wagon to the ground.



A VIEW IN CALEDON.

Soon after breakfast the ten mules were inspanned, and we were once more trekking towards Ratel River. We gave the dogs a chance to work for partridges along the road, and the hills resounded with the echoes of our guns. Clara, in her anxiety to outdo Point, often flushed a covey, and each time had to be punished.

At noon we reached the old Dutch house on the De Kock Farm. There is a large vineyard in

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front of it, and when you have added a few shade trees you have the picture of a typical South African farm. The country about was hilly and covered with rhinoceros-bush, which only grows on dry soil where irrigation is impossible. The soil in this district is not very fertile; the farmers, who are few and far between, cultivate chiefly the grape. They plant enough tobacco for their own use, and at the end of the rainy season sow their crops. The range is only fitted for sheep, and these are raised in considerable numbers. Along the waterways where the soil is good, any kind of fruit trees will thrive, especially the fig.

From this point the road became very sandy. Our ten mules hauled our wagon with great difficulty, and progress was slow and irksome. In order to help the mules out of sandy spots in the road, we were sometimes forced to resort to shovels. In our driver's anxiety to keep the wagon moving he would wind his big lash quite around the poor beasts; and he pleaded with them in such personal terms that I soon became familiar with their names. We arrived at Papies Flay in the evening and camped for the night.




OUR CAMP.

The tents had arrived in the mean time, and were soon pitched in a circle; the stretchers were arranged, blankets were unfolded, and we supped on partridges, tea, and toast.

Our neighbor at this camp was the sheep king of this district, a Mr. Vreel, one of whose farms is the celebrated Franz Kraal, situated opposite Danger Point Light-house. We wished to get leave to shoot over as much of the southern coast as possible, and my friends selected me to call upon him. The Cape cart was ready, and bundling the two dogs under the seat, I set out. From the top of the last hill his farm-house came in view. With the help of my field-glasses I saw my first flock of ostriches; they were feeding in a large enclosure, heedless of the men who were at work repairing fences and building ditches close by.

On meeting Mr. Vreel I touched cautiously upon my mission. To my astonishment, he not only gave us full right to shoot over his land, but offered to put his house and servants at Franz Kraal entirely at our disposal. Coffee was served, as is customary among the Dutch inhabitants, and we were soon strolling about the farm.

We spent some time admiring the thirty ostriches. They stepped proudly around, as though conscious of the splendor of their plumes. Mr. Vreel plucked me two feathers from a big cock bird, warning me at the same time to keep very near the gate. Though these ostriches are quite tame, two or three of them occasionally become ugly with strangers. At such times their legs turn pink, and it is dangerous to approach them. They strike violently with their feet, and the only way to protect one's self is to drop flat on the ground. Our mule-wagon had long since trekked past this farm, and after a hearty handshaking I bade Mr. Vreel good-by. It is impossible for me to find words to express my feelings at the kind reception tendered me.

My friends had outspanned at a mission station at a primitive native village, called Elim, and were awaiting my ar-

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THE TREKKING WAGON.

rival anxiously. I caught sight of the wagon on the outskirt of the village, and drove rapidly through it. The natives, whose curiosity had been aroused by the mule-wagon, ran out of their huts in the endeavor to see me pass.

Elim was founded years ago by the Moravians. The length of time during which the missionaries have been working in Cape Colony is indicated by the fact that the water-mill at Gnadedal was built in 1796. The missions own the land, and have built the huts in which the natives live, receiving nominal rents for them. The children are educated in the mission schools. The only building of any size is the church, which stands prominently in a square.

We left this station soon after dinner, and reached Ratel River Farm at five o'clock. The road had become even more sandy. As we neared the ocean our wheels would sink up to the hubs, and we had to dig them out repeatedly. After descending the last hill we trekked for three miles over a flat country which was on a level with the sea.

At the farm-house the foreman met us, offered the use of the saddle-horses, and helped us to find a suitable camp. We decided on a level spot not far from the large farm-house, and pitched our three tents in line. That evening we spent planning our first day's hunt, and preparing our guns for an early start.

The sun had hardly risen above the horizon the next morning when I woke up to the fact that one of my friends had already been out on the downs and shot a vlok-bok with his Mannlicher rifle. This bok stood about two feet high, was of reddish color, and had two small straight horns three inches long. His legs were long, and the body slender and very shapely.

Soon after breakfast, while my friends went with their dogs after partridges and pheasants, I hunted the downs for small antelope. The soil along my path was very sandy, covered with brush, which only grew to the height of from two to three feet. It was not difficult to find game-paths, which led in all directions, and which had been used by generations of antelope. I had not gone more than a thousand yards when a vlok-bok came in sight. By careful stalking, and by keeping behind the tallest bushes in my path, I approached within a hundred yards. I missed him, and he stood as

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FRANZ KRAAL.

if undecided which way to run, giving me another opportunity. This time the bullet struck the shoulder, and turning a number of somersaults, he fell dead.

I left his body on a conspicuous tree and wound my way along slowly until, reaching a slight elevation, I saw a small bok feeding on the opposite side of a hollow, at a distance of three hundred yards. Lying flat on the ground, and raising my sights, I fired. The bullet had scarcely left the muzzle of my gun when the downs suddenly looked like a huge zoological garden; boks, all of the small varieties, jumped out of their hiding-places and ran in every direction, like a lot of big jack-rabbits, some of them trotting, others jumping high up in the air to clear any bushes that might lie in their path of flight. It never occurred to me to reload my gun.

My boy led me in pursuit of the bok I had wounded, and after running fully a mile over bushes and through the sand, finally captured him on the beach. I was out of breath, and as I sat down to rest by my game I could not help admiring it. It was somewhat heavier than the vlok-bok, and its horns, though of the same general character, grew closer together, and were more slantingly set on its head. It proved to be of a variety called duyker-bok, which is very numerous in these parts. When startled, their bounding flight resembles a series of dives. From this fact they have received the name duyker, which means, in Dutch, diver, or ducker.

The coast along this portion of Africa, which is all sand, with frequent inlets, looks as if it had been heaped up by the ocean into hillocks. It is covered with a growth of bushes, which in some places I found impassable.

My boy shouldered the duyker-bok and followed me back. We reached camp after a smart walk of two hours, picking up my other prize on the way. My friends soon appeared with a bag of six pheasants and eleven partridges. They also brought a puff-adder, a most repulsive reptile. He was four feet long, and had a large flat head. Two long fangs grew from his upper jaw, and upon close observation we discovered the hole through which the poison is ejected. This snake is one of the most poisonous in Africa. Though his heavy body makes him slow to move, he strikes quickly, usually sidewise, and sometimes throws himself backward to a distance greater than his own length. Our specimen had been discovered by the little Dutch boy, who was picking up the birds my friends had brought down. He jumped up in the air as if shot, and called out, "Master, slit slange," which means, "Master, shoot the snake." He had had a very narrow escape, for he was barefoot, and his legs were entirely unprotected. A load of bird-shot soon put an end to this reptile, and he was brought into camp for my inspection.

We had all been warned against the snakes which infest the coast, and especially the black cobra, against which the leather leggings with which we had provided ourselves would hardly have saved us. The cobra is somewhat longer and more



BOUNTE-BOK.

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A REPRESENTATIVE SOUTH-AFRICAN FAMILY.

agile than the puff-adder, and is very venomous. These two species cause deaths every year among the inhabitants of this district, and are very much feared.

Some weeks later, while hunting rhe-bok on the Oaks Farm, some ten miles from the town of Caledon, I was told of a little girl who, a few days previous to my arrival, had met her death from the bite of a black cobra. She had started from the house to pick some fruit in the garden, and climbing over a low stone wall, stepped on a cobra. The reptile struck her just above the ankle. Running back to the house, she told her mother that she had been bitten, and felt as if she were on fire. The usual remedy of whiskey had no effect. In twenty minutes she began to turn black, and in three-quarters of an hour died in convulsions.

After dinner we were visited by the Dutch inhabitants of this rural district in gala attire. They had heard that a photographer had come to the coast. We gave up the afternoon to grouping them.

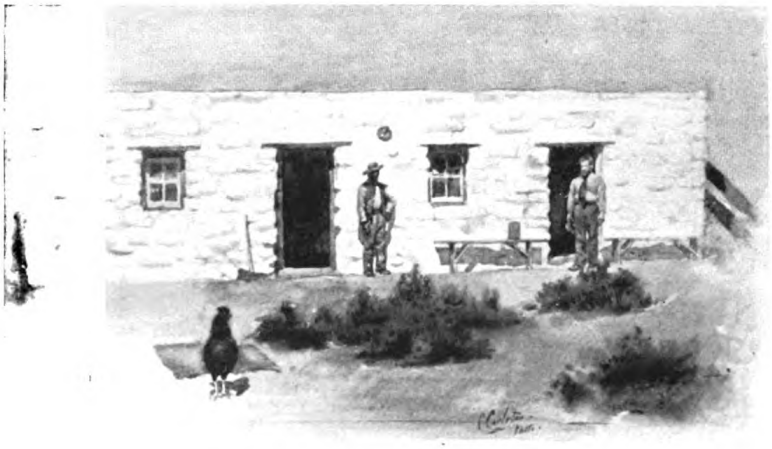
At this camp the ostriches were so tame that they frequently entered our tents, and with their bills upset all our belongings. My friend missed two of his silver razors, and to this day accuses an ostrich which had been seen in his tent.

The weather so far had favored us; not a drop of rain had fallen. We therefore decided to drive over in the Cape cart to Bredarsdorf, the most southerly settlement in Africa, distant thirty miles in a south-easterly direction along the coast. Early the next morning two mules were hitched up to the cart, with a pair of horses as leaders. The country we passed through was deserted. The ground was very much in need of water, and very barren; the soil was sandy, and in some places rocky. We came in sight of Bredarsdorf rounding a small hill. The houses were one story high, and covered with the thatched roofs which have proved the best protection against the hot rays of the sun. The inhabitants are mostly of Dutch origin. The Commercial Hotel was the largest building in the town, with the exception of the church. We were given rooms on the first floor, opening on a large veranda. Here we spent the evening chatting with the proprietor, who proved very entertaining. He treated us to oysters, which were fresh from Cape Agulhas, the shells of which were very large, and the meat thin and tasteless.

On the following morning our party stopped about an hour's drive from town at the farm of a Mr. Albertaine, where the

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bounte-bok, a nearly extinct species, is preserved under fence by the government. I was under the impression that it was the same species as the bless-bok, which is still found in large numbers further north. Mr. Albertaine explained the difference, and I decided to take a specimen back with me. As the Cape cart entered the pasture gates, Mr. Albertaine stood up and looked over the veldt to locate a bunch, while I sat on the tail of the cart with my rifle, my feet swinging out behind. The manner in which these boks are hunted is peculiar. When running, they never deviate from their course; it is said that they will even run over you if you get in their way. When a bunch is sighted the horses are put on the dead run, in the endeavor to approach as near as possible to the course of their flight. When we had driven some distance in this ten-mile pasture we saw, far off to our right, a bunch numbering about fifteen. They had not been startled, and we approached them cautiously. When within four hundred yards we started the horses on a dead run. Presently the cart came to a halt, and jumping off, I aimed a little in advance of an old bok that was bringing up the rear. He quickly veered around, and ran back at full speed. I heard a voice from the Cape cart saying, "Hard hit, my boy." We found the bullet had struck him just back of the shoulder, and had severed the large artery.



THE HOUSE ON DYER'S ISLAND.

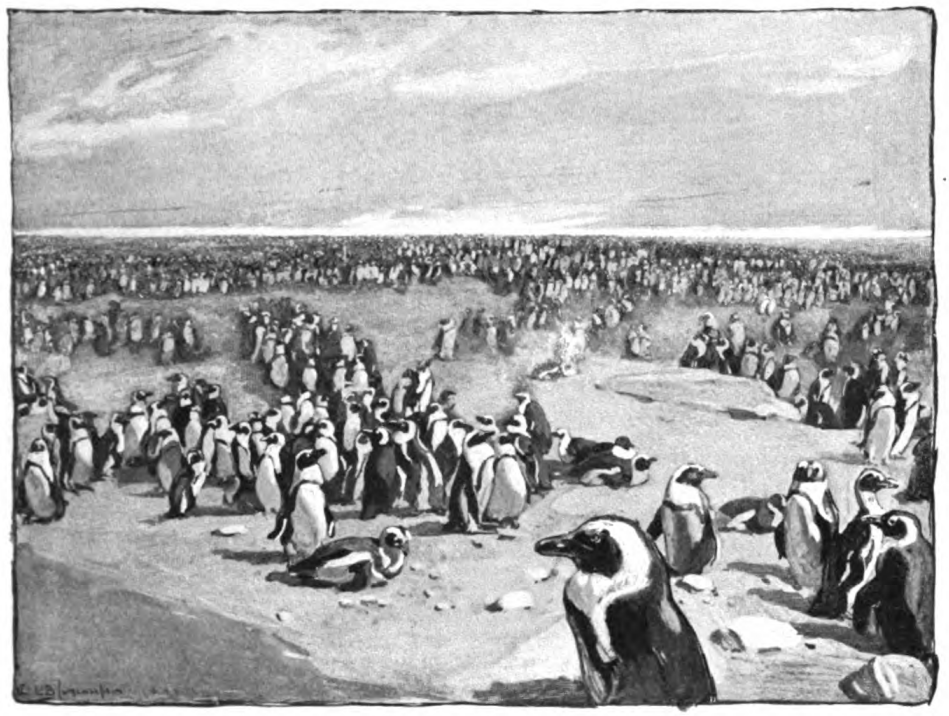
After bidding Mr. Albertaine a hearty farewell, our primitive four-in-hand started at a brisk trot toward Ratel River camp. The sun was only two hours high, and we had thirty miles to drive. Our driver said he knew the road, so with all confidence we trusted to him. The night soon closed in on us, as there is no twilight in these parts, and after driving four hours we were convinced that we had chosen the wrong road. Still, on we travelled in darkness, trying to locate some familiar object. At last hundreds of lights came in view. The driver then confided to us that we were on the wrong road. We were back in Elim, the mission station.

Refreshed with a hot cup of coffee, we harnessed up four fresh horses, and drove rapidly to our camp, that was distant twelve miles. At times the wheels of the cart would drop into holes, and all hands clung on, expecting at any moment to land out on the veldt. We reached camp at one in the morning, tired out after a drive of forty-five miles over rough and hilly roads.

In the morning I saw an ostrich half a mile away, walking towards me. It was an ugly male bird which the foreman had turned into a large enclosure, where he was preserving some red-winged partridges, in order to prevent any one from entering. We had fortunately been cautioned to keep clear of this bird, and waited on the outside of the fence. It trotted towards us, and nearing the wire, lowered its head flat on its back, and stood within a few feet of us, with outstretched wings.

The next morning, when my friend yelled out for us to get up, our men were carrying boxes and bags, and in half an hour tents were being pulled up, and tent-pins gathered and strung on the wagon rack. After a good cup of tea and biscuits we were off again, trekking for Franz Kraal, a beautiful farm located fifteen miles from here, and opposite Danger Point Light-house.

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PENGUINS ON DYER'S ISLAND.

Birds were very plentiful along the road; my friends had good sport. The wagon always halted when a covey was seen, and the dogs were working much better than at the beginning of the trip.

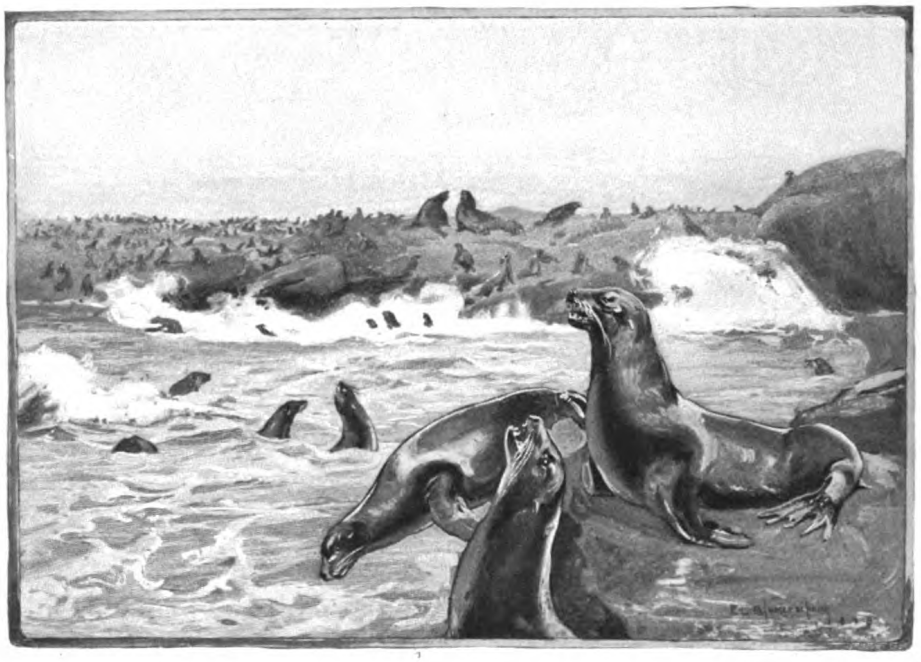
At some of the houses we passed women were rolling tobacco leaves into round rolls, such as the Dutch smoke in clay pipes. The road was very sandy, necessitating frequent stoppages to rest the mules. We outspanned for dinner at Mr. Vanderbile's farm. The buildings were comfortable and well kept; large trees shaded the veranda of his house.

That afternoon coveys of pheasants ran into the bushes to hide from us; but as we had not permission to shoot on Mr. Vanderbile's lands we could only look at them with longing eyes. As the mules were becoming very tired and needed continual urging, I ran along the spans and slapped an old mule with the palm of my hand. Instead of jumping into her collar, she let both heels fly right in the air, barely missing me. This cooled my ardor, and they received their urging thereafter with a long whip and at a safe distance. We finally ascended the last hill, and found ourselves in full view of Franz Kraal, and overlooking the coast for many miles. Here we camped, at an altitude of four hundred feet above the sea. The range of mountains near which Franz Kraal is located extends almost into the sea. From the top of this range one may obtain the best view of the southern coast. Looking towards the east, on a very clear day, one sees Cape Agulhas, and westerly the Cape of Good Hope.

The Cape Colony government had given us permission to visit Dyer's Island, a small rocky island just visible seven miles at sea. Early one morning the keeper appeared with six followers and rowed us out. We found the rocks covered with penguins. Their movements were very awkward as they waddled about to make room for us to pass, but they were so tame that they would allow the keeper to handle them. Some were sitting on their nests, others sunning themselves, while others swam out into the water. These birds make their home on the island, and swim daily for their food—mainly fish; they are credited with covering many miles when they are procuring food for their young.

The keeper next rowed us to a still smaller island, where hundreds of seals

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SEALS ON DYER'S ISLAND.

were sunning themselves on the rocks. Before approaching too near them I took my position in the bow, in an attempt to photograph them as they dived from the rocks. Our boat was soon surrounded with them, as they rose out of the water and looked at us with their large eyes, as if to say, "What business have you here?"

I asked the keeper to let me shoot one as a specimen, but he refused, and said his orders from the government were very strict, the season had closed, and he was to report any one found shooting them. It is rather significant to note how carefully the English colonies are preserving their seals, and how their brethren in Canada are endeavoring to exterminate ours.

We returned to our camp with the help of a southwest wind. It overlooked the ocean, and commanded a beautiful view.

The mountains back of the house were the home of large troops of baboons. Some of them are four feet high, with long arms, and climb to the very highest peaks. Every troop has sentinels perched on rocks to warn them of approaching danger. I found it very difficult to get near them. They feed on roots and insects, and I frequently saw large bunches of grass torn up by the roots, and bowlders weighing a hundred pounds which they had rolled over in their attempts to find food. The shooting on this range was ideal; birds were very plentiful—the coveys were large; the boks, including vlok-, gras-, duyker-, and rheboks, were numerous. The first three varieties made their home on the downs, while the last kept entirely to the hills, thus affording us a variety of hunting that we found at no other place. The weather could not have been finer. With the exception of one or two slight showers, that never lasted long enough to interfere with our pleasures, no rain had fallen.

On the 10th of April we trekked back to Caledon, stopping on the way when the mules needed rest. The second day of our trip came to an end, and we were all once more at the Alexandra Hotel.

While in Caledon I frequently took the baths, which are very beneficial to rheumatic or gouty people. The springs are on the mountain-side, and the water bubbles up out of the black ground at a temperature of 100°. It contains iron and other ingredients, and is conducted in iron pipes to the bath-house. Invalids come here in considerable numbers from all parts of Africa to find a new lease of life.

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# ANGLO-SAXON AFFINITIES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE sensitiveness of the average American is commented upon in England as his most extraordinary and most regrettable trait. Our enemies commonly employ the word "bluster," or "blustering," as the truest qualifying adjective before the noun American; but our friends, who may never criticise us in any other way, dilate upon that sensitiveness which will not allow us to brook any latitude in the way of caricature or levity in written comment upon our nationality. I suppose it was my own sensitiveness which caused me to prepare to shame a hissing, groaning mob at a theatre in London last May. The place was a music-hall, where one of the exhibitions was of what is called "the American Biograph"—an improved form of the kinematograph. Over its pictures, I had heard, the Americaphiles and Americaphobes waged a nightly war of applause and hisses. The Spanish pictures which were shown there proved to be photographs of a war-ship, of General Blanco, and of certain Spanish troops. These were received with plentiful applause and very little hostility. Then there were shown moving photographs of American troops, and of our modest and dignified President walking across his garden lawn with a visitor. Over these a fierce battle raged between the personified geese who hissed and the men who resented the offence. As the storm increased, I noticed that those nearest to me who were hissing were unmistakable Englishmen. My blood boiled, and to a degree that I have not experienced in many years. I felt my self-control giving way. Hastily I framed in advance the words I would hurl at these antagonists of my country.

"For shame!" I would shout. "Do you know what you are hissing? It is your own blood that you belittle. It is America, the creation of your own fathers that you are scorning. When you hiss at us, you asperse those whose traditions, triumphs, principles, and aspirations are precisely your own. You are like cuckoos who defile your own nest. When you hiss at Mr. McKinley's picture you hiss a symbol of the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon race."

What did I really say when, tired and perspiring, I finished framing this speech? Nothing at all. My oratorical flight proved a sentimental journey, without beginning or end. Some one whispered that the offenders were mainly Jews and Germans, French and Spaniards, and that they flocked to that theatre every night to hear their own familiar farmyard demonstrations. At the Shaftesbury Theatre, at the same time, in a play called *The Belle of New York*, the American manager caused the flags of the two countries to be projected into the spectacle, apropos of nothing in the piece, while a man sang a song, the chorus of which runs thus:

> "With our flags unfurled
> Against all the world
> We'll stand and die together."

On the first night that this bit of clumsy claptrap was tried upon the public it was hailed with a din of applause, which seemed as forced and disingenuous as the stage performance. Thereupon the bulk of the audience hissed what they supposed to be the absurd ardor of a claque, and the incident was described at length in Madrid, by telegraph, as a proof that the English people and their government were not of one mind concerning Anglo-American friendship. I went to that play afterward to judge of the situation for myself, and heard no hissing, but rather more applause than I thought so transparent a trick should elicit.

These public tests of the temper of the English toward our country began, I am told, some years ago, when perhaps the most notable of them was a novel, whose prophetic plot described a warlike alliance between the English and Americans in, if I mistake not, this very year. It appeared in a new popular magazine, and advanced its circulation very considerably. To-day no subject is more the vogue and no literature is more abundant, but the author of such a story at that time would have appeared to us across the Atlantic to be a remarkable prophet. This was not so. He was simply a correct analyst of the sentiments of his countrymen towards the Americans, as I am going to show. But he was remarkable, perhaps, because after two years of resi-



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dence in England, brought about by the exigencies of my profession, I have only recently been able to clarify the confusing impressions left upon my mind by the behavior of my English acquaintances in social and business circles toward this much-talked-of *rapprochement* of the nations. To put the case broadly, and still to be exact, there was but one voice here when President Cleveland's Venezuela message startled—and shocked—the English, early in 1896. The government and the popular leaders were rudely awakened from a dream of an alliance—one which had come to very few Americans at that time. Therefore the combined English voice was raised for brotherhood, and its tone was one in which were mingled incredulity, horror, and hope—that is to say, a disbelief in the seriousness of our intention to affront England, horror at the thought of war with us, and hope that we would realize the depth and sincerity of the feeling of kinship with us which stirred the universal English breast. And yet when, two years later, the government of Great Britain gave proof of this sincerity by an attitude which indicated to Europe that she would take no part in any effort to humiliate us, there began around me a series of petty manifestations of dislike for us that were trying and perplexing—at least, to one who shares the national American sensitiveness.

Time was required in which to convince one's self that these were the demonstrations of individual Englishmen, of Roman Catholics, of Hebrews and Germans, and of persons of Latin blood or affiliations. Such is undoubtedly the fact. Nor can an American find fault with any of these persons, except it be with the very few English who are once again, as in 1861, led to discriminate against right and justice in favor of the veneer and polish of Old-World conventionality. These few championed the cause of the slaveholder in our civil war because they believed that among the Southern planters were to be found the most polite and high-bred gentlemen in our country, and to-day they admire the polish and pride of the Spaniard who meets overwhelming odds and makes exhausting sacrifices with haughty silence.

In truth, there is a quality in the English blood—and that is the dominant blood in our own country—which should be expected to raise against us during this war an opposition far more considerable than that of the admirers of mere high breeding. I refer to the chronic English habit of according sympathy to the weaker side in a contest. This has been repressed since this war began as it never was before, perhaps, in England's history. It may be that it is this form of generosity which is disguised in those who ascribe their dislike for us to the promptings of their religious faith or to admiration of Spanish dignity. As to those who espouse the cause of their co-religionists in Spain, and who assert that we showed disrespect to the Pope in rejecting his pacific overtures before the outset of the war, their point of view is more easy to understand than to condemn. They were at the bottom of the pro-Spanish meeting held in London when the war began, but it was the only anti-American meeting that England has known in more than thirty years, and it was too ridiculously small and too largely foreign to be worthy of even this mention. The next demonstration of this sectarian opposition to us took the form of a much-trumpeted effort to raise a fund for Spain. This brought less than half the sum that one American woman sent to Washington as a patriotic contribution to our cause, therefore we may even suspect that the open hostility of a very few zealous men is the only reflection of the anti-American sentiments of the English organs of their great Church.

The truth is as I heard it when the Venezuelan dispute brought it out. The English are, as a nation, extremely friendly to us. The practical men at the head of the government prefer us to any other race as allies. The Church of England dignitaries stand behind them on a more sentimental ground. The non-conformists—the most active and forceful faction of the English population—actually feel their blood relationship with us. The rich, who invest the gigantic overplus of England's earnings, are large landlords in America, have contributed more money for the development of our national improvements than any other Europeans, and frankly acknowledge that they have enjoyed better general returns and fewer serious losses from investments in the States than from those in any other country in whose securities they have speculated.

Englishmen who travelled across our

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country in 1895 found the West in a state of strange unrest. I believe it followed a succession of unprofitable wheat crops, and these begot a discontent which either bred the jingo politicians or, at least, gave them their opportunity. Jingoism had no outlet except through the old dried-up courses of Anglophobia created by the school histories of a nation whose only serious trials and contests — apart from the civil war, which all were trying to forget—had been of England's making. Therefore jingoism seemed to be breaking out through this channel, which the professional Irishmen had kept scoured, free, and open. Mr. Henry M. Stanley was one of the English tourists in America at that time, and he told me, months before the Venezuela message, that we were in a state of readiness for a war with England. Then came the message and the great surprise of the English, who have yet to learn that as a device for warding off war, by rescuing a delicate situation from the hands of self-seeking politicians, that message is worthy to rank with any recent triumph of tact in the annals of European diplomacy. The English fancy they had been deceived as to the statesmanlike qualities of Grover Cleveland. And so they had, though not as they imagined, for the deception was in ascribing his action in that case to any motives except the highest that could further the cause of peace and progress. We have since seen how, by relegating his powers to Congress, a President may incur a grave responsibility while declining to assume it, though, in the case I mention, no patriot now finds it in his heart to differ with Congress for its decision that the time had come for making war in the interests of humanity.

One point that Mr. Stanley made at the time of his prophetic assertion, that we Americans were rushing into war, was that he was astonished that what have since proved the earliest and most superficial symptoms of this inclination should take the form of hostility to those who speak the same language as our own. "You have," said he, "fifteen millions of citizens related to or connected with the English, and who do not wish for war, but they seem not able to affect the utterances of those who speak to or for the people through the press." For my own part, I believe quarrels between relatives are the most easily provoked and the bitterest. And among nations, the differences which occur between those that are most alike and most perfectly understand each other are the hardest to adjust. The bitter criticisms of the United States that are translated from German, Russian, or French newspapers never cut as deeply as far milder ones written in our own language in England. I even go farther, and say that it has not been altogether for the making of international concord that such hosts of Americans have visited England every summer. We take offence at the English tourist who comes into our most fashionable restaurants and theatres in knock-about travelling dress, who stares about him wherever he goes with the manner of a visitor to a menagerie, and who makes invidious comparisons between whatever he sees and hears of us and whatever he knows and likes better at home. When we see the English tourist at these pastimes in America, we do not all reflect that what he is we also are, that his defects are ours, and that for every Englishman who is all but swallowed up in our vast territory thousands are massed in London and the narrow tourist tracks of Warwick, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Devon. The truth is that the Anglo-Saxon feels himself superior to his neighbors wherever he goes, and never hesitates to betray his self-aggrandizement—whether he is a Western Angle in England or an Eastern Angle in America. All over the Continent of Europe the two races are rated alike in the popular mind, both are similarly caricatured in the Continental comic papers, and the polite people of these countries—unless they happen to keep shops and hotels—assert that both Americans and English folk are alike rude, pushing, and boastful. It seems to Americans who are in Europe that we keep a prime brand of our own boors for export to Europe every summer, and cultivated English men and women tell me the same thing about their own compatriots—that they never see such English at home as they meet when they are abroad.

The Americans who have gone to England by invitation are the ones who have done unvarying good to the cause of Anglo-American fraternization. I refer to the American wives of Englishmen, especially of aristocrats and of English-

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men in power. Practically all of these marriages have resulted very happily—it is the fashion to say that they all have done so—and few women, even in England, where the wives of public men are often active and influential in politics, are more so than some of these English women by adoption. If a good understanding between the two countries is a consummation to be wished for, and it comes about, the greatest credit to any individuals will be due to the American helpmeets of Englishmen — especially, perhaps, to one who is wedded to a member of the government, and causes herself to be constantly referred to as the keenest champion, in high social circles, of the alliance project. There are American men in England who try to forget their nationality, and others who speak contemptuously of the land of their birth and source of their wealth, but this is not the case with any American women in England whom I have met or heard of. They are of the same stock as the earnest women of the Confederacy, who are often credited with having long delayed the close of the civil war after Southern success was seen to be out of the question.

It has not been a difficult matter for these ladies to promote a desire for cordial relations with us. Two years ago I learned from a high source that the government at that time had long cherished this desire, and that during all that time the Heir-Apparent—reflecting this wish—had set an example to the aristocracy by the persistence with which he cultivated the acquaintance of influential Americans, and the unusual warmth of his manner towards them. For many years it has been noticed that to no persons has an entrée to the highest society been beset with so few difficulties as to Americans, and that in this circle few new-comers have been more courted and honored than those from our country. Mr. Bayard was justly criticised for employing his office to give him public opportunities to express his individual exuberance of admiration for the English at a time when many Americans had lost patience over half a century of British indifference to our appeals on behalf of Venezuela, but it must be said for Mr. Bayard that the heat of his passion for all things English was only that which was generated by the ardor of English advances to him as our ambassador, and that in repaying the English in their own coin he seems now to have ended the exchange only a year ahead of this time, when the very speeches his countrymen resented would be but as a broker's commission on the sentiments expressed to us Americans by our leaders at home.

I do not know how Mr. Stanley calculated the fifteen millions which he declared to be the number of persons in America who are related to or connected with England. I think he is quite as likely to be correct, however, as those Celtic members of Parliament who are fond of declaring that there are eighteen millions of Irishmen in the States—all pledged, of course, to prevent a good understanding between the two nations until we free Ireland from English rule. Robert Barr, the novelist, now living in England, once approached the subject of the blood ties between the two peoples by offering to lay me a wager that if I would step off a train anywhere in England, and at any three doors whose bells I chose to ring, would ask the question, "Have you any relative in America?" two replies out of three would be, "Yes."

If that were literally true, it would be quite impossible to estimate what that connection amounts to in figures. But there is a shorter and cleverer way to arrive at the root of the matter, and that is by understanding that the religious people—and England is an eminently religious country—are practically solid for fraternization with the States. When four bishops of the Church of England cabled to the New York *Journal* at the beginning of the war that they wished us success, an eminent Englishman said to me: "That is much more important and representative of the drift of public opinion than a dozen mass-meetings would be, besides being a most extraordinary demonstration. A royal prince can be got to express his opinion in such ways far more easily than a bishop, and yet here we have four bishops rushing into print at once." Without a doubt it did show where the heads of the Church thought their people stood. The ardor of one of these dignitaries, the Bishop of Ripon, led him, soon afterward, to figure at the Anglo-American dinner of June 3, at the Hotel Cecil in London, where he made, next to that by Lord Coleridge, the most enthusiastic and ablest speech of the evening. Other Englishmen — among them

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a very great publisher of newspapers and periodicals—which are all arguing for this international affiliation—have assured me that the non-conformists are solidly for closer relations with America. The non-conformists, the reader understands, are the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Universalists, Unitarians, Quakers, and all the subdivisions of these sects. Their strength and influence are out of proportion to their numbers, because in them is intensified everything that is genuinely and peculiarly English. These people were the founders, and for the most part the builders, of the United States, and those who remain in England in now imposing numbers retain the same sturdy qualities. They have the same individual and collective force, the same zeal and intensity, the same power of concentration upon the strong principles and tenets which, in greater or less degree, make life with them a missionary existence. An English government can do little without the non-conformists; nothing against them. If one marvels at the things which most distinguish the nation from its neighbors —the sober Sunday, the refusal to regulate betting and the social evil, to curb the license which finds expression in outdoor mass-meetings and the freest speech, or to restrict almost any form of individual liberty—he will find that these are the outcome of the English nature as a whole, but they are defended most strongly by the non-conformists. One sometimes suspects that the real government of England is the "non-conformist conscience," a phrase as well understood here, and as full of meaning as the terms "made in Germany" and "Russian influence," which stand for those bugaboos for which every Englishman looks under his bed every night. If you examine the nominal government, you find that the heft of it is non-conformist. The non-conformists want no alliance with Latin, or Teuton, or Slav. They do want it—or something as near to it as they can get—with us, who are mainly non-conformists like themselves.

The statesmen of England have looked all over the globe from their view-point of "splendid isolation," and seeing us, whom they can best understand, growing rich, numerous, and powerful, have made overtures to us with a confidence bred of the knowledge that the non-conformist likes the project. The leaders of England do not enjoy splendid isolation. They speak of it at times as a thing to be proud of, but of late, since others have built great navies, and expanded their commerce at England's expense, this isolation loses some of its splendor. Speaking of the British foreign policy yesterday* at the Mansion House, Lord Lansdowne, Secretary for War, said: "It was a matter of fact that we desired to arrive at a friendly understanding with Russia, and that we were disappointed through no fault of our own." And then came the practical sober view of isolation: "It must be admitted," he said, "that a nation with allies was in a much better position, and he could conceive of no more inspiring ideal than that of a closer understanding between ourselves and the kindred race on the other side of the Atlantic."

Neither can we, if we are among those who look ahead, as these English statesmen do. I know an Englishman of great ability who has been bred abroad—the world also knows him—and who does not admire America, or view it with English eyes. He likewise is one who does not content himself with a view of the end of his nose, but looks far into the future. Thus this man speaks:

"All who look twenty years ahead in their calculations are aghast at the mere brute force of this insular giant, America, who is ignorant of and indifferent to the traditions of European policy, who cares nothing about spending £200,000 a day in a needless war. They see the mischief which this giant can make with a few ships of war, interfering in Europe to-day, leaping into Asia to-morrow, bombarding right and left, and discussing the advisability of throwing their shells at the coast of Europe itself. Already the Americans are a people who grow their own food-supplies and 'corner' them; who make bicycles, steam-engines, machinery, and fine instruments cheaper and better than we Europeans; who underbid the English for railway construction in London, and who are already landing steel rails in Liverpool. This is to-day. The mind is terrorized if it tries to conceive what that giant will do in twenty years' time."

What, indeed? This critic's view is that of Continental Europe, and the reasons for his alarm are those which account for the anxiety of Germany, France, Austria, and Russia to crush this giant at once on

* June 23, 1898.

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the first pretence of a right to combine against him. The answer of Lord Salisbury's government is that these are reasons why England, which is threatened with this same crushing process, should make friends with this giant. Our answer, if we look ahead, is that the English interest is nearer our own than any other, that separately we may both be crushed, but together we can control the world and keep its peace. The English statesman's master, who is the religious Englishman of nearly every creed, offers a different reason, which is a good one, though it is purely sentimental. He says that we are of one blood, and are the one people who put right and truth and justice and liberty above all other earthly considerations, who alone govern conquered territory for the advantage of the world at large, and who monopolize the perfect colonizing instinct—for we have shown that as well as England has, with the more than thirty colonies which we have moulded into States and added to the original Union.

The American school history has been the main bar to friendliness with England, by reason of its comments on the wars of our independence and of 1812. I was very curious when I first visited England in 1889 to see how the Revolutionary war was treated in English school histories, but the only history I found, in a little village school that I visited, dismissed the matter with a mere statement that in a certain year we separated from the mother-country and set up a republican form of government. The geographies paid scarcely more attention to our country, and I came away with the impression so many Americans have, that the English schoolboy is taught far less about our country than its importance should warrant. Within a month I have come across a "School History of England" for boys of what we would call high-school age, and have been more than astonished at the manner in which the writer, Cunningham Geikie, treats the subjects which have so long remained open sores with us, largely, because we have supposed that the English were either wilfully ignorant of the wrongs we suffered at their hands or at least, were unrepentant. I found that this history, one of a well-known series of schoolbooks, condemns the policies of England's governments, at the times of our ruptures with them, more severely and in harsher language than I remember ever to have seen in an American school-book. After enumerating the burdens, just and unjust, which Grenville forced upon us, the historian goes on to declare the insanity of the King, and the illness of Pitt at a later date (1766). He says that the members of the government were ill fitted to take Pitt's place, and one especially, Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer, "wanting in prudence and self-restraint, was destined to be the evil genius of England at this crisis."

"A half-million having been lost to the revenue by the removal of a tax on land, he boasted in a debate that he could easily replace it. 'How?' cried out George Grenville. 'By taxing the American colonies,' was the mad reply. 'I request that those words be taken down,' replied Grenville, anxious to vindicate himself for his failure in the same scheme. There was now no escape. Townshend was pledged to reopen a quarrel which had already brought the colonies to the verge of rebellion, and had left them in simmering discontent."

The historian then proceeds to give a history of the colonial settlements in America, and says: "These constituted the American colonies which Townshend and Grenville thus deliberately defied for the sake of a tax which they admitted was not worth £40,000 a year.... The mere attempt to coerce them, rather than to secure their hearty allegiance by generous treatment, sounds, nowadays, almost too insane to have ever been entertained. But Chatham was ill and in retirement, and the pigmies who took his place, headed by a man like George III., were equal to such folly. Before the results of this insane and criminal legislation became apparent by news from America—" Then follows the story of the expulsion of John Wilkes from the House of Commons by the order of the King, who grasped all power, and had only "puppets" for his cabinet.

"While the King was bringing everything to confusion," says the historian, "by his blind obstinacy and tyranny at home, the illness of Chatham, and the servility of Parliament under royal bribery, were fast hastening the dismemberment of the empire. George had never forgiven the repeal of the stamp act in 1766 to quiet the Americans, and hated

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Chatham for having urged it. Nothing would satisfy him but punishing the 'rebels' for daring to have a love of freedom, . . . but such a spirit was aroused in the colonies by this renewed attack on their liberties that all were repealed but the duty of *threepence a pound* on tea, which George insisted on being retained. So insane were King and Commons that America was lost for so small a matter as this."

The causes of the war of 1812 he discusses thus:

"Grenville's order that all vessels on their way to European ports must call at a British one was bitterly resented in America, and a further grievance was felt in the right asserted by England to search all vessels on the high seas for deserters from English men-of-war. As a countermeasure to these hindrances to commerce on both sides, the United States had passed an act in 1808 stopping all trade with either England or France, but Napoleon had withdrawn all that was complained of, as far as America was concerned, and the act had been repealed as regarded France. The stupid government in power in England would not, however, yield, and the end was a declaration of war by the United States in June, 1812. . . . Washington was taken and the public buildings burned, to the lasting disgrace of our government, by whose express orders this barbarism was enacted."

Thus we see that in England and America the same stings are left in the schoolboy mind by the same treatment of the same chapters of history. But the stings in the English boy's mind are those of self-reproach, and therefore may well prompt us to admit that we are more than quits with him.

As a last word upon the subject of the mooted alliance, my own belief is that it is not as practicable or as advisable as the good understanding that seems to have already been brought about without too suspicious a show of anxiety on either side, without elaborate discussion, and without formal agreement. I agree with the wisest American to whom I have spoken on the subject, and who said a year ago, when there was no such roseate outlook as this of to-day, "it may be delayed, and we may even quarrel with England before it is brought about, but, nevertheless, the certain destiny of the two peoples is to stand together for the maintenance of order, justice, and humanity, and for the extension of a higher form of civilization than any other nations stand for."

## MAYA.

BY EMILE ANDREW HUBER.

IS it a cloud or boat,
In which we fly or float
Upon this misty sea?
Are we or low or high?
Are we on sea or sky,
We lonely mortals three?

The sea steps to the sky,
The heavens hang from on high,
The gods reach hands to me.
Is it to aid or plead?
Is ours or theirs the need?
And do they pray or we?

In mists our wants we sigh,
Its tears rains back the sky,
The gods reach hands, as we.
Then urge we on our boat,
We here who lowly float
We are their gods, may be.

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# THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART II.

## IX.

BURNAMY, it seemed, had taken passage on the *Norumbia* because he found, when he arrived in New York the day before, that she was the first boat out. His train was so much behind time that when he reached the office of the Hanseatic League it was nominally shut, but he pushed in by sufferance of the janitor, and found a berth which had just been given up, in one of the saloon-deck rooms. It was that or nothing; and he felt rich enough to pay for it himself if the Bird of Prey, who had cabled him to come out to Carlsbad as his secretary, would not stand the difference between the price and that of the lower-deck six-in-a-room berth which he would have taken if he had been allowed a choice.

With the three hundred dollars he had got for his book, less the price of his passage, changed into German bank-notes and gold pieces, and safely buttoned in the breast pocket of his waistcoat, he felt as safe from pillage as from poverty when he came out from buying his ticket; he covertly pressed his arm against his breast from time to time, for the joy of feeling his money there and not from any fear of finding it gone. He wanted to sing, he wanted to dance; he could not believe it was he, as he rode up the lonely length of Broadway in the cable-car, between the wild irregular walls of the canyon which the cable-cars have all to themselves at the end of a summer afternoon.

He went and dined, and he thought he dined well, at a Spanish-American restaurant, for fifty cents, with a half-bottle of California claret included. When he came back to Broadway he was aware that it was stiflingly hot in the pinkish twilight, but he took a cable-car again in lack of other pastime, and the motion served the purpose of a breeze, which he made the most of by keeping his hat off. It did not really matter to him whether it was hot or cool; he was imparadised in weather which had nothing to do with the temperature. Partly because he was born to such weather, in the gayety of soul which amused some people with him, and partly because the world was behaving as he had always expected, he was opulently content with the present moment. But he thought very tolerantly of the future, and he confirmed himself in the decision he had already made, to stick to Chicago when he came back to America. New York was very well, and he had no sentiment about Chicago; but he had got a foothold there; he had done better with an Eastern publisher, he believed, by hailing from the West, and he did not believe it would hurt him with the Eastern public to keep on hailing from the West.

He was glad of a chance to see Europe, but he did not mean to come home so dazzled as to see nothing else against the American sky. He fancied, for he really knew nothing, that it was the light of Europe, not its glare that he wanted, and he wanted it chiefly on his material, so as to see it more and more objectively. It was his power of detachment from this that had enabled him to do his sketches in the paper with such charm as to lure a cash proposition from a publisher when he put them together for a book, but he believed that his business faculty had much to do with his success; and he was as proud of that as of the book itself. Perhaps he was not so very proud of the book; he was at least not vain of it; he could detach himself from his art as well as his material.

Like all literary temperaments he was of a certain hardness, in spite of the susceptibilities that could be used to give coloring to his work. He knew this well enough, but he believed that there were depths of unprofessional tenderness in his nature. He was good to his mother, and he sent her money, and wrote to her in the little Indiana town where he had left her when he came to Chicago. After he got that invitation from the Bird of Prey, he explored his heart for some affection that he had not felt for him before, and he found a wish that his employer should not know it was he who

* Begun in January number, 1899

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had invented that nickname for him. He promptly avowed this in the newspaper office which formed one of the eyries of the Bird of Prey, and made the fellows promise not to give him away. He failed to move their imagination when he brought up as a reason for softening toward him that he was from Burnamy's own part of Indiana, and was a benefactor of Tippecanoe University, from which Burnamy was graduated. But they relished the cynicism of his attempt; and they were glad of his good luck, which he was getting square, and not rhomboid, as most people seemed to get their luck. They liked him, and some of them liked him for his clean young life as well as for his cleverness. His life was known to be as clean as a girl's, and he looked like a girl with his sweet eyes, though he had rather more chin than most girls.

The conductor came to reverse his seat, and Burnamy told him he guessed he would ride back with him as far as the line to the Hoboken Ferry, if the conductor would put him off at the right place. It was nearly nine o'clock, and he thought he might as well be going over to the ship, where he had decided to pass the night. After he found her, and went on board, he was glad he had not gone sooner. A queasy odor of drainage stole up from the waters of the dock, and mixed with the rank, gross sweetness of the bags of beet-root sugar from the freight-steamers; there was a coming and going of carts and trucks on the wharf, and on the ship a rattling of chains and a clucking of pulleys, with sudden outbreaks and then sudden silences of trampling sea-boots. Burnamy looked into the dining-saloon and the music-room, with the notion of trying for some naps there; then he went to his state-room. His room-mate, whoever he was to be, had not come; he kicked off his shoes and threw off his coat and tumbled into his berth.

He meant to rest awhile, and then get up and spend the night in receiving impressions. He could not think of any one who had done the facts of the eve of sailing on an Atlantic liner. He thought he would use the material first in a letter to the paper and afterwards in a poem; but he found himself unable to grasp the notion of its essential relation to the choice between chicken croquettes and sweetbreads as entrées of the restaurant dinner where he had been offered neither; he knew that he had begun to dream, and that he must get up. He was just going to get up, when he woke to a sense of freshness in the air, penetrating from the new day outside. He looked at his watch and found it was quarter past six; he glanced round the state-room and saw that he had passed the night alone in it. Then he splashed himself hastily at the basin next his berth, and jumped into his clothes, and went on deck, anxious to lose no feature or emotion of the ship's departure.

When she was fairly off he returned to his room to change the thick coat he had put on at the instigation of the early morning air. His room-mate was still absent, but he was now represented by his state-room baggage, and Burnamy tried to infer him from it. He perceived a social quality in his dress-coat case, capacious gladstone, hat-box, rug, umbrella, and sole-leather steamer trunk which he could not attribute to his own equipment. The things were not so new as his; they had an effect of polite experience, with a foreign registry and customs label on them here and there. They had been chosen with both taste and knowledge, and Burnamy would have said that they were certainly English things, if it had not been for the initials U. S. A. which followed the name of E. B. Triscoe on the end of the steamer trunk showing itself under the foot of the lower berth.

The lower berth had fallen to Burnamy through the default of the passenger whose ticket he had got at the last hour; the clerk in the steamer office had been careful to impress him with this advantage, and he now imagined a trespass on his property. But he reassured himself by a glance at his ticket, and went out to watch the ship's passage down the stream and through the Narrows. After breakfast he came to his room again, to see what could be done from his valise to make him look better in the eyes of a girl whom he had seen across the table; of course he professed a much more general purpose. He blamed himself for not having got at least a pair of the white tennis-shoes which so many of the passengers were wearing; his russet shoes had turned shabby on his feet; but there was a pair of enamelled leather boots in his bag which he thought might do.

His room was in the group of cabins

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on the upper deck; he had already missed his way to it by mistaking the corridor which it opened into; and he was not sure that he was not blundering again when he peered down the narrow passage where he supposed it was. A lady was standing at an open state-room door, resting her hands against the jambs and leaning forward with her head within and talking to some one there. Before he could draw back and try another corridor he heard her say: "Perhaps he's some young man, and wouldn't care."

Burnamy could not make out the answer which came from within. The lady spoke again in a tone of reluctant assent, "No, I don't suppose you could; but if he understood, perhaps he would *offer*."

She drew her head out of the room, stepping back a pace, and lingering a moment at the threshold. She looked round over her shoulder and discovered Burnamy, where he stood hesitating at the head of the passage. She ebbed before him, and then flowed round him in her instant escape; with some murmured incoherencies about speaking to her father, she vanished in a corridor on the other side of the ship, while he stood staring into the doorway of his room.

He had seen that she was the young lady for whom he had come to put on his enamelled shoes, and he saw that the person within was the elderly gentleman who had sat next her at breakfast. He begged his pardon, as he entered, and said he hoped he should not disturb him. "I'm afraid I left my things all over the place, when I got up this morning."

The other entreated him not to mention it and went on taking from his hand-bag a variety of toilet appliances which the sight of made Burnamy vow to keep his own simple combs and brushes shut in his valise all the way over. "You slept on board, then," he suggested, arresting himself with a pair of low shoes in his hand; he decided to put them in a certain pocket of his steamer bag.

"Oh, yes," Burnamy laughed nervously: "I came near oversleeping, and getting off to sea without knowing it; and I rushed out to save myself, and so—"

He began to gather up his belongings while he followed the movements of Mr. Triscoe with a wistful eye. He would have liked to offer the lower berth to this senior of his, when he saw him arranging to take possession of the upper; but he did not quite know how to manage it. He noticed that as the other moved about he limped slightly, unless it were rather a weary easing of his person from one limb to the other. He stooped to pull his trunk out from under the berth, and Burnamy sprang to help him.

"Let me get that out for you!" He caught it up and put it on the sofa under the port. "Is that where you want it?"

"Why, yes," the other assented. "You're very good," and as he took out his key to unlock the trunk he relented a little farther to the intimacies of the situation. "Have you arranged with the bath-steward yet? It's such a full boat."

"No, I haven't," said Burnamy, as if he had tried and failed; till then he had not known that there was a bath-steward. "Shall I get him for you?"

"No; no. Our bedroom-steward will send him, I dare say, thank you."

Mr. Triscoe had got his trunk open, and Burnamy had no longer an excuse for lingering. In his defeat concerning the bath-steward, as he felt it to be, he had not the courage, now, to offer the lower berth. He went away forgetting to change his shoes; but he came back, and as soon as he got the enamelled shoes on, and shut the shabby russet pair in his bag, he said, abruptly: "Mr. Triscoe, I wish you'd take the lower berth. I got it at the eleventh hour by some fellow's giving it up, and it isn't as if I'd bargained for it a month ago."

The elder man gave him one of his staccato glances in which Burnamy fancied suspicion and even resentment. But he said, after the moment of reflection which he gave himself, "Why, thank you, if you don't mind, really."

"Not at all!" cried the young man. "I should like the upper berth better. We'll have the steward change the sheets."

"Oh, I'll see that he does that," said Mr. Triscoe. "I couldn't allow you to take any trouble about it." He now looked as if he wished Burnamy would go, and leave him to his domestic arrangements.

## X.

In telling about himself Burnamy only touched upon the points which he believed would take his listener's intelligent fancy, and he stopped so long before he had tired him that March said he would like to introduce him to his wife. He saw in the agreeable young fellow

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an image of his own youth, with some differences which, he was willing to own, were to the young fellow's advantage. But they were both from the middle West; in their native accent and their local tradition they were the same; they were the same in their aspirations; they were of one blood in their literary impulse to externate their thoughts and emotions.

Burnamy answered, with a glance at his enamelled shoes, that he would be delighted, and when her husband brought him up to her, Mrs. March said she was always glad to meet the contributors to the magazine, and asked him whether he knew Mr. Kendricks, who was her favorite. Without giving him time to reply to a question that seemed to depress him, she said that she had a son who must be nearly his own age, and whom his father had left in charge of *Every Other Week* for the few months they were to be gone; that they had a daughter married and living in Chicago. She made him sit down by her in March's chair, and before he left them March heard him magnanimously asking whether Mr. Kendricks was going to do something more for the magazine soon. He sauntered away and did not know how quickly Burnamy left this question to say, with the laugh and blush which became him in her eyes:

"Mrs. March, there is something I should tell you about, if you will let me."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Burnamy," she began, but she saw that he did not wish her to continue.

"Because," he went on, "it's a little matter that I shouldn't like to go wrong in."

He told her of his having overheard what Miss Triscoe had said to her father, and his belief that she was talking about the lower berth. He said he would have wished to offer it, of course, but now he was afraid they might think he had overheard them and felt obliged to do it.

"I see," said Mrs. March, and she added, thoughtfully, "She looks like rather a proud girl."

"Yes," the young fellow sighed.

"She is very charming," she continued, thoughtfully, but not so judicially.

"Well," Burnamy owned, "that is certainly one of the complications," and they laughed together.

She stopped herself after saying, "I see what you mean," and suggested, "I think I should be guided by circumstances. It needn't be done at once, I suppose."

"Well," Burnamy began, and then he broke out, with a laugh of embarrassment, "I've done it already."

"Oh! Then it wasn't my *advice* exactly that you wanted."

"No"—

"And how did he take it?"

"He said he should be glad to make the exchange, if I really didn't mind." Burnamy had risen restlessly, and she did not ask him to stay. She merely said:

"Oh, well, I'm glad it turned out so nicely."

"I'm so glad you think it was the thing to do." He managed to laugh again, but he could not hide from her that he was not feeling altogether satisfied. "Would you like me to send Mr. March, if I see him?" he asked, as if he did not know on what other terms to get away.

"Do, please!" she entreated, and it seemed to her that he had hardly left her when her husband came up. "Why, where in the world did he find you so soon?"

"Did you send him for me? I was just hanging round for him to go." March sank into the chair at her side. "Well, is he going to marry her?"

"Oh, you may laugh! But there is something very exciting." She told him what had happened, and of her belief that Burnamy's handsome behavior had somehow not been met in kind.

March gave himself the pleasure of an immense laugh. "It seems to me that this Mr. Burnamy of yours wanted a little more gratitude than he was entitled to. Why shouldn't he have offered him the lower berth? And why shouldn't the old gentleman have taken it just as he did? Did you want him to make a counter-offer of his daughter's hand? If he does, I hope Mr. Burnamy won't come for your advice till after he's accepted her."

"He *wasn't* very candid. I hoped you would speak about that. Don't you think it was rather natural, though?"

"For him, very likely. But I think you would call it sinuous in some one you hadn't taken a fancy to."

"No, no. I wish to be just. I don't see how he could have come straight at it. And he did own up at last." She asked him what Burnamy had done for the magazine, and he could remember

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nothing but that one small poem, yet unprinted; he was rather vague about its value, but said it had temperament.

"*He* has temperament, too," she commented, and she had made him tell her everything he knew, or could be forced to imagine about Burnamy, before she let the talk turn to other things.

The life of the promenade had already settled into seafaring form; the steamer chairs were full, and people were reading or dozing in them with an effect of long habit. Those who would be walking up and down had begun their walks; some had begun going in and out of the smoking-room; ladies who were easily affected by the motion were lying down in the music-room. Groups of both sexes were standing at intervals along the rail, and the promenaders were obliged to double on a briefer course or work slowly round them. Shuffleboard parties at one point and ring-toss parties at another were forming among the young people. It was as lively and it was as dull as it would be two thousand miles at sea. It was not the least cooler, yet; but if you sat still you did not suffer.

In the prompt monotony the time was already passing swiftly. The deck-steward seemed hardly to have been round with tea and bouillon, and he had not yet gathered up all the empty cups, when the horn for lunch sounded. It was the youngest of the table-stewards who gave the summons to meals; and wherever the pretty boy appeared with his bugle, funny passengers gathered round him to make him laugh, and stop him from winding it. His part of the joke was to fulfil his duty with gravity, and only to give way to a smile of triumph as he walked off.

XI.

At lunch, in the faded excitement of their first meeting, the people at the Marches' table did not renew the premature intimacy of their breakfast talk. Mrs. March went to lie down in her berth afterwards, and March went on deck without her. He began to walk to and from the barrier between the first and second cabin promenades; lingering near it, and musing pensively, for some of the people beyond it looked as intelligent and as socially acceptable, even to their clothes, as their pecuniary betters of the saloon.

There were two women, a mother and daughter, whom he fancied to be teachers, by their looks, going out for a little rest, or perhaps for a little further study to fit them more perfectly for their work. They gazed wistfully across at him whenever he came up to the barrier; and he feigned a conversation with them and tried to convince them that the stamp of inferiority which their poverty put upon them was just, or if not just, then inevitable. He argued with them that the sort of barrier which here prevented their being friends with him, if they wished it, ran invisibly through society everywhere; but he felt ashamed before their kind, patient, intelligent faces, and found himself wishing to excuse the fact he was defending. Was it any worse, he asked them, than their not being invited to the entertainments of people in upper Fifth Avenue? He made them own that if they were let across that barrier the whole second cabin would have a logical right to follow; and they were silenced. But they continued to gaze at him with their sincere, gentle eyes whenever he returned to the barrier in his walk, till he could bear it no longer, and strolled off toward the steerage.

There was more reason why the passengers there should be penned into a little space of their own in the sort of pit made by the narrowing deck at the bow. They seemed to be all foreigners, and if any had made their fortunes in our country they were hiding their prosperity in the return to their own. They could hardly have come to us more shabby and squalid than they were going away; but he thought their average less apathetic than that of the saloon passengers, as he leaned over the rail and looked down at them. Some one had brought out an electric battery, and the lumpish boys and slattern girls were shouting and laughing as they writhed with the current. A young mother seated flat on the deck, with her bare feet stuck out, inattentively nursed her babe, while she laughed and shouted with the rest; a man with his head tied in a shawl walked about the pen and smiled grotesquely with the well side of his toothache-swollen face. The owner of the battery carried it away, and a group of little children, with blue eyes and yellow hair, gathered in the space he had left, and looked up at a passenger near March who was eating some plums and cherries which he had brought

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from the luncheon table. He began to throw the fruit down to them, and the children scrambled for it.

An elderly man, with a thin, grave, aquiline face, said, "I shouldn't want a child of mine down there."

"No," March responded, "it isn't quite what one would choose for one's own. It's astonishing, though, how we reconcile ourselves to it in the case of others."

"I suppose it's something we'll have to get used to on the other side," suggested the stranger.

"Well," answered March, "you have some opportunities to get used to it on this side, if you happen to live in New York," and he went on to speak of the raggedness which often penetrated the frontier of comfort where he lived in Stuyvesant Square, and which seemed as glad of largesse in food or money as this poverty of the steerage.

The other listened restively like a man whose ideals are disturbed. "I don't believe I should like to live in New York, much," he said, and March fancied that he wished to be asked where he did live. It appeared that he lived in Ohio, and he named his town; he did not brag of it, but he said it suited him. He added that he had never expected to go to Europe, but that he had begun to run down lately, and his doctor thought he had better go out and try Carlsbad.

March said, to invite his further confidence, that this was exactly his own case. The Ohio man met the overture from a common invalidism as if it detracted from his own distinction; and he turned to speak of the difficulty he had in arranging his affairs for leaving home. His heart opened a little with the word, and he said how comfortable he and his wife were in their house, and how much they both hated to shut it up. When March offered him his card, he said he had none of his own with him, but that his name was Eltwin. He betrayed a simple wish to have March realize the local importance he had left behind him; and it was not hard to comply; March saw a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat, and he knew that he was in the presence of a veteran.

He tried to guess his rank, in telling his wife about him, when he went down to find her just before dinner, but he ended with a certain sense of affliction. "There are too many elderly invalids on this ship. I knock against people of my own age everywhere. Why aren't your youthful lovers more in evidence, my dear? I don't believe they are lovers, and I begin to doubt if they're young, even."

"It wasn't very satisfactory at lunch, certainly," she owned. "But I know it will be different at dinner." She was putting herself together after a nap that had made up for the lost sleep of the night before. "I want you to look very nice, dear. Shall you dress for dinner?" she asked her husband's image in the state-room glass which she was preoccupying.

"I shall dress in my pea-jacket and sea-boots," it answered.

"I have heard they always dress for dinner on the big Cunard and White Star boats, when it's good weather," she went on, placidly. "I shouldn't want those people to think you were not up in the *convenances*."

They both knew that she meant the reticent father and daughter, and March flung out, "I shouldn't want them to think *you* weren't. There's such a thing as overdoing."

She attacked him at another point. "What has annoyed you? What else have you been doing?"

"Nothing. I've been reading most of the afternoon."

"*The Maiden Knight?*"

This was the book which nearly everybody had brought on board. It was just out, and had caught an instant favor, which swelled later to a tidal wave. It depicted a heroic girl in every trying circumstance of mediæval life, and gratified the perennial passion of both sexes for historical romance, while it flattered women's instinct of superiority by the celebration of her unintermitted triumphs, ending in a preposterous and wholly superfluous self-sacrifice.

March laughed for pleasure in her guess, and she pursued, "I suppose you didn't waste time looking if anybody had brought the last copy of *Every Other Week?*"

"Yes, I did; and I found the one you had left in your steamer chair—for advertising purposes, probably."

"Mr. Burnamy has another," she said. "I saw it sticking out of his pocket this morning."

"Oh, yes. He told me he had got it on the train from Chicago to see if it had

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his poem in it. He's an ingenuous soul —in some ways."

"Well, that is the very reason why you ought to find out whether the men are going to dress, and let him know. He would never think of it himself."

"Neither would I," said her husband.

"Very well, if you wish to spoil his chance at the outset," she sighed.

She did not quite know whether to be glad or not that the men were all in sacks and cutaways at dinner; it saved her from shame for her husband and Mr. Burnamy; but it put her in the wrong. Every one talked; even the father and daughter talked with each other, and at one moment Mrs. March could not be quite sure that the daughter had not looked at her when she spoke. She could not be mistaken in the remark which the father addressed to Burnamy, though it led to nothing.

XII.

The dinner was uncommonly good, as the first dinner out is apt to be; and it went gayly on from soup to fruit, which was of the American abundance and variety, and as yet not of the veteran freshness imparted by the ice-closet. Everybody was eating it, when by a common consciousness they were aware of alien witnesses. They looked up as by a single impulse, and saw at the port the gaunt face of a steerage passenger staring down upon their luxury; he held on his arm a child that shared his regard with yet hungrier eyes. A boy's nose showed itself as if tiptoed to the height of the man's elbow; a young girl peered over his other arm.

The passengers glanced at one another; the two table-stewards, with their napkins in their hands, smiled vaguely, and made some indefinite movements.

The bachelor at the head of the table broke the spell. "I'm glad it didn't begin with the Little Neck clams!"

"Probably they only let them come for the dessert," March suggested.

The widow now followed the direction of the other eyes, and looked up over her shoulder; she gave a little cry, and shrank down. The young bride made her petted mouth, in appeal to the company; her husband looked severe, as if he were going to do something, but refrained, not to make a scene. The reticent father threw one of his staccato glances at the port, and Mrs. March was sure that she saw the daughter steal a glance at Burnamy.

The young fellow laughed. "I don't suppose there's anything to be done about it, unless we passed out a plate."

Mr. Kenby shook his head. "It wouldn't do. We might send for the captain. Or the chief steward."

The faces at the port vanished. At other ports profiles passed and repassed, as if the steerage passengers had their promenade under them, but they paused no more.

The Marches went up to their steamer chairs, and from her exasperated nerves Mrs. March denounced the arrangement of the ship which had made such a cruel thing possible.

"Oh," he mocked, "they had probably had a good substantial meal of their own, and the scene of our banquet was of the quality of a picture, a purely æsthetic treat. But supposing it wasn't, we're doing something like it every day and every moment of our lives. The *Norumbia* is a piece of the whole world's civilization set afloat, and passing from shore to shore with unchanged classes and conditions. A ship's merely a small stage, where we're brought to close quarters with the daily drama of humanity."

"Well, then," she protested, "I don't like being brought to close quarters with the daily drama of humanity, as you call it. And I don't believe that the large English ships are built so that the steerage passengers can stare in at the saloon windows while one is eating; and I'm sorry we came on the *Norumbia*."

"Ah, you think the *Norumbia* doesn't hide anything," he began, and he was going to speak of the men in the furnace pits of the steamer, how they fed the fires in a welding heat, and as if they had perished in it crept out on the forecastle like blanched phantasms of toil; but she interposed in time.

"If there's anything worse, for pity's sake don't tell me."

He sat thinking how once the world had not seemed to have even death in it, and then how as he had grown older death had come into it more and more, and suffering was lurking everywhere, and could hardly be kept out of sight. He wondered if that young Burnamy now saw the world as he used to see it, a place for making verse and making love, and full of beauty of all kinds wait-

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ing to be fitted with phrases. He had lived a happy life; Burnamy would be lucky if he should live one half as happy; and yet if he could show him his whole happy life, just as it had truly been, must not the young man shrink from such a picture of his future?

"Say something!" said his wife. "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, Burnamy," he answered, honestly enough.

"I was thinking about the children," she said. "I am glad Bella didn't try to come from Chicago to see us off; it would have been too silly; she is getting to be very sensible. I hope Tom won't take the covers off the furniture when he has fellows in to see him."

"Well, I want him to get all the comfort he can out of the place, even if the moths eat up every stick of furniture."

"Yes, so do I. And of course you're wishing that you were there with him!" March laughed guiltily. "Well, perhaps it *was* a crazy thing for us to start off alone for Europe, at our age."

"Nothing of the kind," he retorted in the necessity he perceived for staying her drooping spirits. "I wouldn't be anywhere else on any account. Isn't it perfectly delicious? It puts me in mind of that night on the Lake Ontario boat, when we were starting for Montreal. There was the same sort of red sunset, and the air wasn't a bit softer than this."

He spoke of a night on their wedding-journey when they were still new enough from Europe to be comparing everything at home with things there.

"Well, perhaps we shall get into the spirit of it again," she said, and they talked a long time of a past.

All the mechanical noises were muffled in the dull air, and the wash of the ship's course through the waveless sea made itself pleasantly heard. In the offing a steamer homeward bound swam smoothly by, so close that her lights outlined her to the eye; she sent up some signal rockets that soared against the purple heaven in green and crimson, and spoke to the *Norumbia* in the mysterious mute phrases of ships that meet in the dark.

Mrs. March wondered what had become of Burnamy; the promenades were much freer now than they had been since the ship sailed; when she rose to go below, she caught sight of Burnamy walking the deck transversely with some lady. She clutched her husband's arm and stayed him in rich conjecture.

"Do you suppose he *can* have got her to walking with him already?"

They waited till Burnamy and his companion came in sight again. She was tilting forward, and turning from the waist, now to him and now from him.

"No; it's that pivotal girl," said March; and his wife said, "Well, I'm glad he won't be put down by them."

In the music-room sat the people she meant, and at the instant she passed on down the stairs, the daughter was saying to the father, "I don't see why you didn't tell me sooner, papa."

"It was such an unimportant matter that I didn't think to mention it. He offered it, and I took it; that was all. What difference could it have made to you?"

"None. But one doesn't like to do any one an injustice."

"I didn't know you were thinking anything about it."

"No, of course not."

## XIII.

The voyage of the *Norumbia* was one of those which passengers say they have never seen anything like, though for the first two or three days out neither the doctor nor the deck-steward could be got to prophesy when the ship would be in. There was only a day or two when it could really be called rough, and the sea-sickness was confined to those who seemed wilful sufferers; they lay on the cushioned benching around the stairs-landings and subsisted on biscuit and beef tea without qualifying the monotonous well-being of the other passengers, who passed without noticing them.

The second morning there was rain, and the air freshened, but the leaden sea lay level as before. The sun shone in the afternoon; with the sunset the fog came thick and white; the ship lowed dismally through the night; from the dense folds of the mist answering noises called back to her. Just before dark two men in a dory shouted up to her close under her bows, and then melted out of sight; when the dark fell the lights of fishing-schooners were seen, and their bells pealed; once loud cries from a vessel near at hand made themselves heard. Some people in the dining-saloon sang hymns; the smoking-room was dense

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with cigar fumes, and the card-players dealt their hands in an atmosphere emulous of the fog without.

The *Norumbia* was off the Banks, and the second day of fog was cold as if icebergs were haunting the opaque pallor around her. In the ranks of steamer chairs people lay like mummies in their dense wrappings; in the music-room the little children of travel discussed the different lines of steamers on which they had crossed, and babes of five and seven disputed about the motion on the Cunarders and White Stars; their nurses tried in vain to still them in behalf of older passengers trying to write letters there.

By the next morning the ship had run out of the fog; and people who could keep their feet said they were glad of the greater motion which they found beyond the Banks. They now talked of the heat of the first days out, and how much they had suffered; some who had passed the night on board before sailing tried to impart a sense of their misery in trying to sleep.

A day or two later a storm struck the ship, and the sailors stretched canvas along the weather promenade and put up a sheathing of boards across the bow end to keep off the rain. Yet a day or two more and the sea had fallen again and there was dancing on the widest space of the lee promenade.

The little events of the sea outside the steamer offered themselves in their poor variety. Once a ship in the offing, with all its square sails set, lifted them like three white towers from the deep. On the rim of the ocean the length of some westward liner blocked itself out against the horizon, and swiftly trailed its smoke out of sight. A few tramp steamers, lounging and lunging through the trough of the sea, were overtaken and left behind; an old brigantine passed so close that her rusty iron sides showed plain, and one could discern the faces of the people on board.

The steamer was oftenest without the sign of any life beyond her. One day a small bird beat the air with its little wings, under the roof of the promenade, and then flittered from sight over the surface of the waste; a school of porpoises, stiff and wooden in their rise, plunged clumsily from wave to wave. The deep itself had sometimes the unreality, the artificiality of the canvas sea of the theatre. Commonly it was livid and cold in color; but there was a morning when it was delicately misted, and where the mist left it clear, it was blue, and exquisitely iridescent under the pale sun; the wrinkled waves were finely pitted by the falling spray. These were rare moments; mostly, when it was not like painted canvas, it was hard like black rock, with surfaces of smooth cleavage. Where it met the sky it lay flat and motionless, or in the rougher weather carved itself along the horizon in successions of surges.

If the sun rose clear, it was overcast in a few hours; then the clouds broke and let a little sunshine through, to close again before the dim evening thickened over the waters. Sometimes the moon looked through the ragged curtain of vapors; one night it seemed to shine till morning, and shook a path of quicksilver from the horizon to the ship. Through every change, after she had left the fog behind, the steamer drove on with the pulse of her engines (that stopped no more than a man's heart stops) in a course which had nothing to mark it but the spread of the furrows from her sides, and the wake that foamed from her stern to the western verge of the sea.

The life of the ship, like the life of the sea, was a sodden monotony with certain events which were part of the monotony. In the morning the little steward's bugle called the passengers from their dreams, and half an hour later called them to their breakfast, after such as chose had been served with coffee by their bedroom-stewards. Then they went on deck, where they read, or dozed in their chairs, or walked up and down, or stood in the way of those who were walking; or played shuffleboard and ring-toss; or smoked, and drank whiskey and aerated waters over their cards and papers in the smoking-room; or wrote letters in the saloon or the music-room. At eleven o'clock they spoiled their appetites for lunch with tea or bouillon to the music of a band of second-cabin stewards; at one, a single blast of the bugle called them to lunch, where they glutted themselves to the torpor from which they afterwards drowsed in their berths or chairs. They did the same things in the afternoon that they had done in the forenoon; and at four o'clock the deck-stewards came round with their cups and saucers, and their plates of sandwiches, again to the music

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"STOOD IN THE WAY OF THOSE WHO WERE WALKING UP AND DOWN."

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of the band. There were two bugle-calls for dinner, and after dinner some went early to bed, and some sat up late and had grills and toast. At twelve the lights were put out in the saloons and the smoking-rooms.

There were various smells which stored themselves up in the consciousness to remain lastingly relative to certain moments and places: a whiff of whiskey and tobacco that exhaled from the door of the smoking-room; the odor of oil and steam rising from the open skylights over the engine-room; the scent of stale bread about the doors of the dining-saloon.

The life was like the life at a sea-side hotel, only more monotonous. The walking was limited; the talk was the tentative talk of people aware that there was no refuge if they got tired of one another. The flirting itself, such as there was of it, must be carried on in the glare of the pervasive publicity; it must be crude and bold, or not be at all.

There seemed to be very little of it. There were not many young people on board of saloon quality, and these were mostly girls. The young men were mainly of the smoking-room sort; they seldom risked themselves among the steamer chairs. It was gayer in the second cabin, and gayer yet in the steerage, where robuster emotions were operated by the accordion. The passengers there danced to its music; they sang to it and laughed to it unabashed under the eyes of the first-cabin witnesses clustered along the rail above the pit where they took their rude pleasures.

With March it came to his spending many hours of each long, swift day in his berth with a book under the convenient electric light. He was safe there from the acquaintances which constantly formed themselves only to fall into disintegration, and cling to him afterwards as inorganic particles of salutation, weather-guessing, and smoking-room gossip about the ship's run.

In the earliest hours of the voyage he thought that he saw some faces of the great world, the world of wealth and fashion; but these afterwards vanished, and left him to wonder where they hid themselves. He did not meet them even in going to and from his meals; he could only imagine them served in those palatial state-rooms whose interiors the stewards now and then rather obtruded upon the public. There were people whom he encountered in the promenades when he got up for the sunrise, and whom he never saw at other times; at midnight he met men prowling in the dark whom he never met by day. But none of these were people of the great world. Before six o'clock they were sometimes second-cabin passengers, whose barrier was then lifted for a little while to give them the freedom of the saloon promenade.

From time to time he thought he would look up his Ohioan, and revive from a closer study of him his interest in the rare American who had never been to Europe. But he kept with his elderly wife, who had the effect of withholding him from March's advances. Young Mr. and Mrs. Leffers threw off more and more their disguise of a long-married pair, and became frankly bride and groom. They seldom talked with any one else, except at table; they walked up and down together, smiling into each other's faces; they sat side by side in their steamer chairs: one shawl covered them both, and there was reason to believe that they were holding each other's hands under it.

Mrs. Adding often took the chair beside Mrs. March when her husband was straying about the ship or reading in his berth; and the two ladies must have exchanged autobiographies, for Mrs. March was able to tell him just how long Mrs. Adding had been a widow, what her husband died of, and what had been done to save him; how she was now perfectly wrapt up in her boy, and was taking him abroad, with some notion of going to Switzerland, after the summer's travel, and settling down with him at school there. She and Mrs. March became great friends; and Rose, as his mother called him, attached himself reverently to March, not only as a celebrity of the first grade in his quality of editor of *Every Other Week*, but as a sage of wisdom and goodness with whom he must not lose the chance of counsel upon almost every hypothesis and exigency of life.

March could not bring himself to place Burnamy quite where he belonged in contemporary literature, when Rose put him very high in virtue of the poem which he heard Burnamy was going to have printed in *Every Other Week*, and of the book which he was going to have published; and he let the boy bring to the young fellow the flattery which can come to any

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author but once, in the first request for his autograph that Burnamy confessed to have had. They were so near in age, though they were ten years apart, that Rose stood much more in awe of Burnamy than of others much more his seniors. He was often in the company of Kenby, whom he valued next to March as a person acquainted with men; he consulted March upon Kenby's practice of always taking up the language of the country he visited, if it were only for a fortnight; and he conceived a higher opinion of him from March's approval.

Burnamy was most with Mrs. March, who made him talk about himself when he supposed he was talking about literature, in the hope that she could get him to talk about the Triscoes; but she listened in vain as he poured out his soul in theories of literary art, and in histories of what he had written and what he meant to write. When he passed them where they sat together, March heard the young fellow's perpetually recurring I, I, I, my, my, my, me, me, me; and smiled to think how she was suffering under the drip-drip of his innocent egotism.

She bore in a sort of scientific patience with his attentions to the pivotal girl, and with Miss Triscoe's indifference to him, in which a less penetrating scrutiny could have detected no change from meal to meal. It was only at table that she could see them together, or that she could note any break in the reserve of the father and daughter. The signs of this were so fine that when she reported them March laughed in scornful incredulity. But at breakfast the third day out, the Triscoes, with the authority of people accustomed to social consideration, suddenly turned to the Marches, and began to make themselves agreeable; the father spoke to March of *Every Other Week*, which he seemed to know of in its relation to him; and the young girl addressed herself to Mrs. March's motherly sense not the less acceptably because indirectly. She spoke of going out with her father for an indefinite time, as if it were rather his wish than hers, and she made some inquiries about places in Germany: they had never been in Germany. They had some idea of Dresden; but the idea of Dresden with its American colony seemed rather tiresome; and did Mrs. March know anything about Weimar?

Mrs. March was obliged to say that she knew nothing about any place in Germany; and she explained perhaps too fully where and why she was going with her husband. She fancied a Boston note in that scorn for the tiresomeness of Dresden; but the girl's style was of New York rather than of Boston, and her accent was not quite of either place. Mrs. March began to try the Triscoes in this place and in that, to divine them and to class them. She had decided from the first that they were society people, but they were cultivated beyond the average of the few swells whom she had met; and there had been nothing offensive in their manner of holding themselves aloof from the other people at the table; they had a right to do that if they chose.

When the young Lefferses came in to breakfast, the talk went on between these and the Marches; the Triscoes presently left the table, and Mrs. March rose soon after, eager for that discussion of their behavior which March knew he would not be able to postpone. He agreed with her that they were society people, but she could not at once accept his theory that they had themselves been the objects of an advance from them because of their neutral literary quality, through which they were of no social world. Later she admitted this, as she said, for the sake of argument, though what she wanted him to see, now, was that this was all a step of the girl's toward finding out something about Burnamy.

The same afternoon, about the time the deck-steward was making his round with his cups, Miss Triscoe abruptly advanced upon her from a neighboring corner of the bulkhead, and asked, with the air of one accustomed to have her advances gratefully received, if she might sit by her. The girl took March's vacant chair, where she had her cup of bouillon, which she continued to hold untasted in her hand after the first sip. Mrs. March did the same with hers, and at the moment she had got very tired of doing it, Burnamy came by, for the hundredth time that day, and gave her a hundredth bow with a hundredth smile. He perceived that she wished to get rid of her cup, and he sprang to her relief.

"May I take yours too?" he said very passively to Miss Triscoe.

"You are very good," she answered, and gave it.

Mrs. March with a casual air suggested,

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"THERE WAS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THEY WERE HOLDING EACH OTHER'S HANDS."

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"Do you know Mr. Burnamy, Miss Triscoe?" The girl said a few civil things, but Burnamy did not try to make talk with her while he remained a few moments before Mrs. March. The pivotal girl came in sight, tilting and turning in a rare moment of isolation at the corner of the music-room, and he bowed abruptly, and hurried off to join her.

Miss Triscoe did not linger; she alleged the necessity of looking up her father, and went away with a smile so friendly that Mrs. March might easily have construed it to mean that no blame attached itself to her in Miss Triscoe's mind.

"Then you don't feel that it was a very distinct success?" her husband asked on his return.

"Not on the surface," she said.

"Better let ill enough alone," he advised.

She did not heed him. "All the same she cares for him. The very fact that she was so cold, shows that."

"And do you think her being cold will make him care for her?"

"If she wants it to."

XIV.

At dinner that day the question of *The Maiden Knight* was debated among the noises and silences of the band. Young Mrs. Leffers had brought the book to the table with her; she said she had not been able to lay it down before the last horn sounded; in fact she could have been seen reading it to her husband where they sat under the same shawl, the whole afternoon. "Don't you think it's perfectly fascinating?" she asked Mrs. Adding, with her petted mouth.

"Well," said the widow, doubtfully, "it's nearly a week since I read it, and I've had time to get over the glow."

"Oh, I could just read it forever!" the bride exclaimed.

"I like a book," said her husband, "that takes me out of myself. I don't want to think when I'm reading."

March was going to attack this ideal, but he reflected in time that Mr. Leffers had really stated his own motive in reading. He compromised. "Well, I like the author to do my thinking for me."

"Yes," said the other, "that is what I mean."

"The question is whether *The Maiden Knight* fellow does it," said Kenby, taking duck and pease from the steward at his shoulder.

"What my wife likes in it is to see what one woman can do and be, single-handed," said March.

"No," his wife corrected him, "what a man thinks she can."

"I suppose," said Mr. Triscoe unexpectedly, "that we're like the English in our habit of going off about a book like a train of powder."

"If you'll say a row of bricks," March assented, "I'll agree with you. It's certainly Anglo-Saxon to fall over one another as we do, when we get going. It would be interesting to know just how much liking there is in the popularity of a given book."

"It's like the run of a song, isn't it?" Kenby suggested. "You can't stand either, when it reaches a given point."

He spoke to March and ignored Triscoe, who had hitherto ignored the rest of the table.

"It's very curious," March said. "The book or the song catches a mood, or feeds a craving, and when one passes or the other is glutted—"

"The discouraging part is," Triscoe put in, still limiting himself to the Marches, "that it's never a question of real taste. The things that go down with us are so crude, so coarsely spiced; they tickle such a vulgar palate— Now in France, for instance," he suggested.

"Well, I don't know," returned the editor. "After all, we eat a good deal of bread, and we drink more pure water than any other people. Even when we drink it iced, I fancy it isn't so bad as absinthe."

The young bride looked at him gratefully, but she said, "If we can't get ice-water in Europe, I don't know what Mr. Leffers *will* do," and the talk threatened to pass among the ladies into a comparison of American and European customs.

Burnamy could not bear to let it. "I don't pretend to be very well up in French literature," he began, "but I think such a book as *The Maiden Knight* isn't such a bad piece of work; people are liking a pretty well built story when they like it. Of course it's sentimental, and it begs the question a good deal; but it imagines something heroic in character, and it makes the reader imagine it too. The man who wrote that book may be a donkey half the time, but he's a genius the



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other half. By-and-by he'll do something —after he's come to see that his Maiden Knight was a fool—that I believe even you won't be down on, Mr. March, if he paints a heroic type as powerfully as he does in this book."

He spoke with the authority of a journalist, and though he deferred to March in the end, he deferred with authority still. March liked him for coming to the defence of a young writer whom he had not himself learned to like yet. "Yes," he said, "if he has the power you say, and can keep it after he comes to his artistic consciousness."

Mrs. Leffers, as if she thought things were going her way, smiled; Rose Adding listened with shining eyes expectantly fixed on March; his mother viewed his rapture with tender amusement. The steward was at Kenby's shoulder with the salad and his entreating "*Bleace!*" and Triscoe seemed to be questioning whether he should take any notice of Burnamy's general disagreement. He said at last: "I'm afraid we haven't the documents. You don't seem to have cared for French books, and I haven't read *The Maiden Knight.*" He added to March: "But I don't defend absinthe. Ice-water is better. What I object to is our indiscriminate taste both for raw whiskey and for milk-and-water."

No one took up the question again, and it was Kenby who spoke next. "The doctor thinks, if this weather holds, that we shall be into Plymouth Wednesday morning. I always like to get a professional opinion on the ship's run."

In the evening, as Mrs. March was putting away in her portfolio the journal-letter which she was writing to send back from Plymouth to her children, Miss Triscoe drifted to the place where she sat at their table in the dining-room by a coincidence which they both respected as casual.

"We had quite a literary dinner," she remarked, hovering for a moment near the chair which she later sank into. "It must have made you feel very much at home. Or perhaps you're so tired of it at home that you don't talk about books."

"We always talk shop, in some form or other," said Mrs. March. "My husband never tires of it. A good many of the contributors come to us, you know."

"It must be delightful," said the girl. She added as if she ought to excuse herself for neglecting an advantage that might have been hers if she had chosen, "I'm sorry one sees so little of the artistic and literary set. But New York is such a big place."

"New York people seem to be very fond of it," said Mrs. March. "Those who have always lived there."

"We haven't always lived there," said the girl. "But I think one has a good time there—the best time a girl can have. It's all very well coming over for the summer; one has to spend the summer somewhere. Are you going out for a long time?"

"Only for the summer. First to Carlsbad."

"Oh, yes. I suppose we shall travel about through Germany, and then bring up in Paris. We always do; my father is very fond of it."

"You must know it very well," said Mrs. March, aimlessly.

"I was born there, — if that means knowing it. I lived there till I was eleven years old. We came home after my mother died."

"Oh!" said Mrs. March.

The girl did not go further into her family history; but by one of those leaps which seem to women as logical as other progressions, she arrived at asking, "Is Mr. Burnamy one of the—contributors?"

Mrs. March laughed. "He is going to be, as soon as his poem is printed."

"Poem?"

"Yes. Mr. March thinks it's very nice."

"I thought he spoke very nicely about *The Maiden Knight.* And he has been very nice to papa. You know they have the same room."

"I think Mr. Burnamy told me," Mrs. March said.

The girl went on. "He had the lower berth, and he gave it to papa; he's done everything but turn himself out of doors."

"I'm sure he's been very glad," Mrs. March ventured on Burnamy's behalf, but very softly, lest if she breathed upon these budding confidences they should shrink and wither away.

"I always tell papa that there's no country like America for real unselfishness; and if they're all like *that*, in Chicago!" The girl stopped, and added with a laugh, "But I'm always quarrelling with papa about America."

"I have a daughter living in Chicago," said Mrs. March, alluringly.

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But Miss Triscoe refused the bait, either because she had said all she meant, or because she had said all she would, about Chicago, which Mrs. March felt for the present to be one with Burnamy. She gave another of her leaps. "I don't see why people are so anxious to get it like Europe, at home. They say that there was a time when there were no chaperons —before hoops, you know." She looked suggestively at Mrs. March, resting one slim hand on the table, and controlling her skirt with the other, as if she were getting ready to rise at any moment. "When they used to sit on their steps."

"It was very pleasant before hoops—in every way," said Mrs. March. "I was young, then; and I lived in Boston, where I suppose it was always simpler than in New York. I used to sit on our steps. It was delightful for girls — the freedom."

"I wish I had lived before hoops," said Miss Triscoe.

"Well, there must be places where it's before hoops yet: Seattle, and Portland, Oregon, for all I know," Mrs. March suggested. "And there must be people in that epoch everywhere."

"Like that young lady who twists and turns?" said Miss Triscoe, giving first one side of her face and then the other. "They have a good time. I suppose if Europe came to us in one way it had to come in another. If it came in galleries and all that sort of thing, it had to come in chaperons. You'll think I'm a great extremist, Mrs. March; but sometimes I wish there was more America instead of less. I don't believe it's as bad as people say. Does Mr. March," she asked, taking hold of the chair with one hand, to secure her footing from any caprice of the sea, while she gathered her skirt more firmly into the other, as she rose, "does *he* think that America is going all wrong?"

"All wrong? How?"

"Oh, in politics, don't you know. And government, and all that. And bribing. And the lower classes having everything their own way. And the horrid newspapers. And everything getting so expensive; and no regard for family, or anything of that kind."

Mrs. March thought she saw what Miss Triscoe meant, but she answered, still cautiously, "I don't believe he does always. Though there are times when he is very much disgusted. Then he says that he is getting too old—and we always quarrel about that—to see things as they really are. He says that if the world had been going the way that people over fifty have always thought it was going, it would have gone to smash in the time of the anthropoidal apes."

"Oh, yes: Darwin," said Miss Triscoe, vaguely. "Well, I'm glad he doesn't give it up. I didn't know but I was holding out just because I had argued so much, and was doing it out of—opposition. Good-night!"

She called her salutation gayly over her shoulder, and Mrs. March watched her gliding out of the saloon with a graceful tilt to humor the slight roll of the ship, and a little lurch to correct it, once or twice, and wondered if Burnamy was afraid of her; it seemed to her that if she were a young man she should not be afraid of Miss Triscoe.

The next morning, just after she had arranged herself in her steamer chair, he approached her, bowing and smiling, with the first of his many bows and smiles for the day, and at the same time Miss Triscoe came toward her from the opposite direction. She nodded brightly to him, and he gave her a bow and smile too: he always had so many of them to spare.

"Here is your chair!" Mrs. March called to her, drawing the shawl out of the chair next her own. "Mr. March is wandering about the ship somewhere."

"I'll keep it for him," said Miss Triscoe, and as Burnamy offered to take the shawl that hung in the hollow of her arm, she let it slip into his hand with an "Oh, thank you," which seemed also a permission for him to wrap it about her in the chair.

He stood talking before the ladies, but he looked up and down the promenade. The pivotal girl showed herself at the corner of the music-room, as she had done the day before. At first she revolved there as if she were shedding her light on some one hidden round the corner; then she moved a few paces farther out and showed herself more obviously alone. Clearly she was there for Burnamy to come and walk with her; Mrs. March could see that, and she felt that Miss Triscoe saw it too. She waited for her to dismiss him to his flirtation: but Miss Triscoe kept chatting on, and he kept answering, and making no motion to get away. Mrs. March began to be as sor-

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ry for her as she was ashamed for him. Then she heard him saying, "Would you like a turn or two?" and Miss Triscoe answering, "Why, yes, thank you," and promptly getting out of her chair as if the pains they had both been at to get her settled in it were all nothing.

She had the composure to say, "You can leave your shawl with me, Miss Triscoe," and to receive her fervent, "Oh, *thank* you," before they sailed off together, with an inhuman indifference to the girl at the corner of the music-room. She sank into a kind of triumphal collapse, from which she roused herself to point her husband to the chair beside her when he happened along.

He chose to be perverse about her romance. "Well, now, you had better let them alone. Remember Kendricks." He meant one of their young friends whose love-affair they had promoted till his happy marriage left them in lasting doubt of what they had done. "My sympathies are all with the pivotal girl. Hadn't she as much right to him, for the time being, or for good and all, as Miss Triscoe?"

"That depends upon what you think of Burnamy."

"Well, I don't like to see a girl have a young man snatched away from her just when she's made sure of him. How do you suppose she is feeling now?"

"She isn't feeling at all. She's letting her revolving light fall upon half a dozen other young men by this time, collectively or consecutively. All she wants to make sure of is that they're young men—or old ones, even."

March laughed, but not altogether at what his wife said. "I've been having a little talk with Papa Triscoe, in the smoking-room."

"You smell like it," said his wife, not to seem too eager. "Well?"

"Well, Papa Triscoe seems to be in a pout. He doesn't think things are going as they should in America. He hasn't been consulted, or if he has, his opinion hasn't been acted upon."

"I think he's horrid," said Mrs. March. "Who *are* they?"

"I couldn't make out, and I couldn't ask. But I'll tell you what I think."

"What?"

"That there's no chance for Burnamy. He's taking his daughter out to marry her to a crowned head."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LOVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LOVE stooped to one who captive lay,
Fettered and prone, and broke the bars,
And led him to the dawning day,
The morning stars.

Love found upon the battle's edge
A coward fleeing from the strife,
And sent him back, his heart in pledge,
Valiant through life.

Love touched dumb lips that could not pray,
And lo! they uttered prayer and song.
Love hath so subtle, sweet a way,
Love is so strong,

That come he with an angel's face,
Or come he with a flaming sword,
With whom he makes his dwelling-place
All heaven is poured.

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# THE ASTRONOMICAL OUTLOOK.

## AS RELATED TO THE PERFECTION OF OUR INSTRUMENTS AND METHODS OF OBSERVATION.

BY C. A. YOUNG.

PREDICTION is always hazardous, especially so in scientific matters. The unexpected is happening continually, as, for instance, in the discovery of the Roentgen rays, which has so transformed our views of the range of radiant energy. And yet the growth of science is, on the whole, an orderly evolution. The germs of the future are now present in various stages of development, and many of them so far advanced that we can already form some idea of what the product is to be.

Or, to put it differently, we are situated somewhat like persons standing on a little eminence and overlooking a widely extended landscape. The nearer objects are for the most part conspicuous, though some are hidden by intervening obstacles. A little farther away things are less clearly seen, and all the remoter features are veiled in haze or shadow, or simply lost in the distance. Of all the various roads that lead forward from the observer's station only a few can be followed far by the eye; but some of the great highways are marked, and at the same time partly hidden, by lines of foliage and artificial structures, while of others glimpses are here and there attainable. So, as we try to penetrate the future of our science, a small portion of what lies nearest appears reasonably distinct, and we feel confident that sturdy persistence in following certain paths in which astronomers are now treading will carry them well forward into regions now visible but dimly, if at all. We know well, also, that very likely some most wonderful things lie close at hand, as yet undreamed-of, and we have no idea how soon, or on what road, they may reveal themselves.

But in some vital respects our figure fails. Astronomers do not overlook a wide and open valley, but rather, from the foot-hills of a mountain range, look upward into mists and clouds, and every path soon disappears into obscurity, except where here and there sunlight breaks through. Some of these paths doubtless end at the foot of precipices which cannot be scaled, and others lose themselves in morasses or glaciers; but some will lead the fortunate traveller to clearer light and air, and to gardens of rich fruit; for the heights of science are not, like earthly mountain-tops, barren and icy, but clothed with verdure, and bathed in the light of heaven, where one breathes untainted air, and enjoys most glorious prospects. But always before him rise summits more lofty, more inaccessible, and more mysterious yet; for the highest attainment is, after all, only progress towards the unattainable infinite, and that which lies before bears always an increasing ratio to that which has been left behind.

Perhaps the first question which offers itself is, What advances are likely to be made in the methods and instruments of astronomical investigation? Can we hope soon to acquire new instruments of research relatively as powerful as those which the past has given us—instruments which, like the telescope and spectroscope, will open new and unknown regions hitherto hopelessly inaccessible? It is hardly safe to prophesy, but one is certainly warranted in saying, Why not? The discovery of new forms of radiant energy, like the Roentgen and Lenard rays, makes it conceivable that very possibly similar radiations may come to us from the heavenly bodies, and that before very long we may be in possession of apparatus which will enable us to detect those rays, and to read the records they are sure to bring if they really reach us. The undoubted—possibly the word is a little too strong—the, at least, more than probable connection between solar disturbances and our own magnetic storms, as well as the phenomena of comets' tails, makes it almost certain that magnetic and electric stresses and displacements prevail in interplanetary space; and, if so, the ability to detect and measure them would add greatly to our knowledge. As yet, no doubt, our instruments are inadequate to such studies, but they need not always be so.

Then it is not unreasonable, I think,

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to expect that we shall ultimately, and perhaps before many years, be able to measure the heat received from the stars and planets, and so to reach some knowledge as to their temperatures and physical conditions. If we were now able to do this, certain important problems as to Mars might be summarily settled.

But even if no absolutely new instruments are soon invented, much is to be expected from the improvement of those we have. I see no reason why the power of telescopes may not be greatly increased in the near future. Some authorities, indeed, maintain that the limit of size has nearly been reached, and that instruments much larger than the Yerkes telescope can never be made satisfactory on account of the distortion of the object-glass caused by its own weight. But in this greatest of all telescope lenses the flexure is so slight as to be barely perceptible, and even in one of twice the diameter it need be nothing very serious. The case differs immensely from that of a reflector. So far, however, as the mere ability to *see things* goes, it may well be doubted whether any very great gain will follow mere increase of size, unless the new giants are to be mounted at places where the atmospheric conditions are far more perfect than at most of those hitherto occupied.

But the cry of the spectroscope and the photographic plate is always, "More light!" With telescopes such as are likely to be made within the next fifty years the astronomer will have at his disposal three or four times as much light as we are now able to command. The smaller stars will be brought within the range of spectroscopic study, and more subtle details in the spectra of the larger ones can be dealt with. And if photographic plates are correspondingly improved, it is difficult to say what could not be done in the way of instantaneous pictures of the heavenly bodies. If an impression could be obtained in a hundredth of a second, a great part of the exasperating atmospheric difficulty would be evaded, since, for so short a time as that, the air is often practically quiet, even when it is in an extremely bad condition for visual observation.

But, on the whole, increase in the size of telescopes seems now to be less important than the improvement of their optical qualities. Our present object-glasses, though wonderful products of the artist's skill, are very far from ideal — hardly more, indeed, than a mere "first approximation" to absolute perfection. The fault is not with the optician, but in the material with which he has to deal.

The kinds of glass hitherto at his disposal are such that it is impossible to make from them lenses which will bring to the same focal point more than *two* differently colored rays of the spectrum. If, for instance, the red and blue are perfectly united, then the green rays will come to their focus nearer to the lens, and the violet farther away. In the best of the great telescopes now existing, therefore, the image of a bright object is surrounded with a strong purplish halo, which to the uninitiated appears very beautiful, but which to the astronomer is an abomination, because it makes it difficult to see small objects near the bright one, and seriously injures the definition of details upon the disk of a planet.

Within the past few years, however, the German manufacturers at Jena, working with a government subsidy, have been able to produce new kinds of glass which, properly combined, give lenses free from this fundamental defect, and have enabled their opticians to attain unprecedented perfection in the construction of microscopes. Hitherto it has not been found practicable to supply disks of large size sufficiently homogeneous for telescope lenses, and at the same time of a quality to resist the atmospheric hardships to which such lenses are necessarily exposed. But progress is constantly making. A number of small telescopes from five to eight inches in diameter have already been constructed which are said to be very fine; and an English firm now advertises its readiness to supply "photo-visual" object-glasses as large as twenty inches in diameter.*

* It may be permitted here, I hope, to refer to the heavy loss which astronomy has lately suffered in the dying out of our great American telescope-makers, the Cambridge Clarks, the father and his two sons, who, during the last twenty-five years, have made more great object-glasses than all the other opticians of the whole world. Among their productions are the largest lenses of all, now mounted at the Lick and Yerkes observatories. Others, perhaps, may have possessed a profounder knowledge of optical mathematics, and perhaps an equal skill in the working of optical surfaces to theoretical curves, but none, I think, have had so ready a perception of just the right and best thing to do in order to overcome or evade the difficulties caused by slight imperfections in the material, such as are sure to be encountered in even the best specimens of the glass-

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The peculiar name is given to indicate that these new lenses bring the rays which are specially effective in photography to the same focus as those which chiefly affect the eye, so that such a telescope is equally useful for both photographic and visual observations.

It may be that the new century is to bring in a new era in telescope-making, and that the instruments to be used by the coming generation of astronomers will surpass in perfection our present ones as much as our new "apochromatic" microscopes excel those that our fathers worked with.

It is unquestionable that photography, which during the last twenty years has come forward so rapidly as a means of astronomical investigation, is to become still more important. Already there are immense fields in which it has not only replaced visual observation, but has gone far beyond the possibilities of vision, as, for instance, in the study of stellar spectra, and in the picturing of comets and nebulæ. But there are other fields in which it cannot yet at all compete with the eye of a good observer, as in the study of the details of a planet's surface, the measurement of close and difficult double stars, and in the so-called "observations of precision," hitherto made with meridian circles, transit instruments, and other instruments of the same general class. The time is surely coming, however, and may be near at hand, when photography will take possession of these regions also. There is no reason in the nature of things why it may not be possible, with improved plates and methods of development, to photograph everything that the eye can see with any instrument, and that more quickly than the eye can see it, thus securing a record that is permanent, authentic, and free from the personal bias of imagination and hypothesis, which so seriously impairs the authority of many ocular observations. This is not to be taken as a prediction that such ideal photographic perfection will soon, or ever, be actually attained; but if it is even approached the whole aspect of observational astronomy will be changed: the human retina* will have been practically supplanted by the photographic film.

Even more important, from some points of view, is the probable, or at least possible, development of astronomical mathematics. The astronomer is now confronted with numerous problems relating to the motions of groups of bodies under their mutual attraction, and while these problems are in their nature perfectly determinate and capable of solution, we have as yet no mathematical methods able to deal with them in a satisfactory manner. We may at least hope that the reproach will be removed before very long; that some new functions or methods may be found which will increase our powers of computation as greatly as did the invention of logarithms and of the calculus. It is true that the want has been pressing for nearly two hundred years, and that failure has followed failure in the attempt to supply it. Doubtless, therefore, we ought not to be too sanguine of any immediate success. Still, mathematical science has of late been making such great advances that it cannot be unreasonable to anticipate new and decisive conquests in this region. Until we have some such new methods and appliances, progress in dealing with the motions of star-clusters and of the great stellar system must be slow and painful; indeed, the full completion of the theory of our own little planetary system cannot apparently be reached by our present resources, though it is true that the discrepancies between calculation and observation are now, for the most part, so slight that until our instruments and methods of observing are much improved they are of small practical account. It is only rarely that these outstanding discordances are such as to make it certain that the theory itself is distinctly inadequate.

At present it is only in certain rather infrequent cases, and with considerable difficulty, that we can reach the precision of a "tenth of a second of arc" in the

founder's work. None certainly have surpassed them in the excellence of their finished lenses.

We still have opticians, however, who are following hard in their footsteps, and have the advantage of the experience of their predecessors; we may well hope, therefore, that our country will yet be able to retain her pre-eminence in this important line of scientific art.

* One wonders sometimes whether there cannot be found some way to exalt the sensitiveness of the retina itself; some drug, for instance, which will for a short time so increase the power of seeing a faint object as virtually to give, for the time being, the advantage of a larger telescope. It is very tantalizing to be able barely to see a faint object but not clearly enough to measure it—a very common experience of every observer.

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determination of the absolute direction of a planet or a star; and in measuring the slight annual *change* of direction of a star (upon which our determination of its distance depends) the limit of error is at least a third as great. From many points of view even such precision is wonderful; one-thirtieth of a second is only half an inch seen at a distance of fifty miles. But the stars are so remote that from most of them the great orbit of the earth around the sun is a mere point compared with this, and for most of them their apparent drift across the heavens does not amount to as much as this in a decade. It will be necessary immensely to increase the precision and the number of our observations before the requisite data can be obtained for attacking many of the most important of the problems now opening before us. The observations of the great astronomers to come must as much exceed in accuracy the best of those we are now able to make as those of Bessel do those of Tycho. Science and art must go hand in hand; the mathematician, the optician, the mechanician, and the indefatigable observer must all co-operate to the utmost of their ability, if we are to penetrate much farther with our knowledge of the stellar systems. At present we have only a few approximate results as to the distances and motions of the stars, their real magnitudes and personal peculiarities, and there can hardly be a doubt that the coming century will bring an immense expansion of human knowledge in these directions. The "Theory of the Stellar Universe"—what a field of study as compared with the "Planetary Theory," or the still narrower "Lunar Theory," each of which has engaged the attention of the ablest astronomers for long centuries! Truly horizons widen as we rise.

When we come to consider in order our prospects with respect to the "pending problems of astronomy," we naturally look first at the earth itself and the astronomical questions that relate to it. The last few years have brought sure knowledge of a minute periodical shift of her axis, and a corresponding displacement of the poles upon the surface of the globe. So far as the accuracy of our present observations can decide, this shift appears to be nearly regular; and yet theory would rather indicate that for various reasons it must be more or less irregular, and accompanied by corresponding changes in the rate of rotation or length of the day. It is to be hoped that before very long we may become able to detect the presence and amount of such irregularities if they really exist, and it is not to be disguised that some anxiety is felt lest it should be found that we are already near the limit of accuracy in astronomical prediction—actually approaching a boundary which cannot possibly be overpassed. For if the earth, our standard measurer of time, "goes wild" to some appreciable amount, it is clearly impossible to predict astronomical events within time-limits closer than the extent of her vagaries—unless, indeed, some other time-measurer can be found, steadier and more to be trusted, to take her place.

Doubtless, also, the years to come will correct our knowledge of the dimensions of our globe, and of its mass and density. At present our estimate of the distance between any two "well-determined points" on opposite hemispheres — say, for instance, between the centres of the domes of the observatories at Washington and the Cape of Good Hope—is uncertain by at least a thousand feet; the earth's mass in tons is still in doubt by fully one or two per cent. The limits of error have been much diminished by the geodetic operations and gravitational experiments of the last twenty-five years, but there remains abundant room for improvement.

As regards the moon, the theory of her motions has not yet by any means reached finality, and numerous able mathematicians are still at work upon it. It is hardly likely, however, that any great discovery is to be made in this line of research. Observation and theory will doubtless draw into closer accordance, until at last their discrepancies will be only such as can fairly be attributed to the inaccuracies of our standard timekeeper—the slight irregular changes in the earth's rotation due to occasional geological paroxysms, such as earthquakes, and its consequent acceleration or retardation by a few thousandths of a second of time.

The application of photography has already added much to our knowledge of the lunar surface, and is certain in a few years to give us charts of the hemisphere which is visible to us far exceeding in accuracy our maps of any but selected regions of the earth. Two large lunar atlases are now being published—one by

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the Paris Observatory, and the other by the Lick; a third, on a much larger scale than either of the other two, but based on the same photographic material, is proposed to be issued at Prague. Comparison of these authentic records of the moon's present state with those that are to be obtained hereafter will surely settle the interesting questions relating to changes in progress upon the surface of our satellite. Doubtless, also, the improved instruments for the measurement of heat and other radiations will make our understanding of its physical conditions vastly more sure and definite.

While we are now certain that the average temperature of the moon is very low, we know nothing definite as to its range, nor how hot the surface rocks may become during the moon's long day of unclouded sunshine, lasting more than three hundred hours.

As to the moon's averted face — the side never yet seen from the earth — there is no prospect that the future will do anything for us. There is no reason to suppose that it differs in any important respect from the face we see and study: probably, however, men will never know; and yet more than once in the history of science somewhat similar negative predictions have been discredited.

Solar astronomy promises rapid advance. Even with our present means of investigation, facts and data are fast accumulating which, by the mere lapse of time, will furnish an answer to many of the most important questions now open, such as those which relate to the imagined influence of planets in causing disturbances of the sun's surface, and the effect, if any, of such disturbances upon our own terrestrial affairs. Lately, also, it has become pretty clear that in the study of solar physics we have to do with conditions not permanent, but transitional; that certain phenomena which have long most perplexed us, like the peculiar acceleration of the motion of the sun's surface in the region near its equator, are mere "survivals," and have their origin and explanation not in causes now operating, but in the far-distant past. We study in the sun a process rather than a thing; or, if a thing, one that is not permanent and stable, but in a state of flux and change, and this guiding thought, newly acquired, will probably aid greatly in the interpretation of the facts of observation. Doubtless, also, we shall by-and-by have instruments which will enable us to follow out in a way now impossible the daily and hourly changes in the solar radiation, and co-ordinating these results with those of visual and photographic observation, we shall gain an insight into the now most puzzling phenomena of sun-spots and prominences. Then, too, the more detailed study of the solar spectrum under various conditions, and its comparison with the results of laboratory-work, are sure to throw light in both directions — to give us on the one hand a better understanding of the sun and its conditions, and on the other to make more intelligible the nature and behavior of molecules and molecular forces. It is to be hoped, also, that the faithful observation of eclipses will in time solve the numerous and intensely interesting problems presented by the sun's mysterious corona — if, indeed, some new mode of observation does not soon remove the restrictions which now confine our observations to such rare and precarious opportunities.

Turning to the planetary system, we see a wide field for the increase of our knowledge, and an encouraging probability of progress, both through the patient use of our present means of investigation, and still more by the aid of the expected improvements in instruments and methods.

Mere persistence in the old ways is certain to give us ultimately a much exacter knowledge of the dimensions and motions of the system, and may very likely be able to throw light upon certain perplexing problems presented by some slight apparent anomalies which as yet seem to be inexplicable on the existing theories of gravitation. Possibly the power of the new mathematics may show them to be merely apparent, and perfectly reconcilable with that theory (as has often before happened in similar cases); but it may well be, and in fact is rather likely, that our "law of gravitation," as at present formulated, is only an approximation to a complete and perfect statement — an approximation so near the truth, indeed, that its representation of the facts is about as exact as our present means of observation and computation. When anomalies crop out, we are as yet doubt-

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ful whether to attribute them to errors of observation, inaccuracy of the computer, or real error in the fundamental statement of the "law."

Thus far we have no satisfactory physical explanation of the mysterious force which produces the so-called "attraction" between masses of matter, however remote from each other, nor does any valid reason appear why it should vary "inversely as the square of the distance" between them. It is simply a fact of observation that such a force exists, and that it follows the law assigned with remarkable if not absolute precision. It remains for the future to show just how it is related to the other forces of nature, to attractions and repulsions which we designate as chemical, electric, and magnetic, and to the energies transmitted by the various forms of radiation. It is almost certain that these are all consequences of the constitution of the so-called "ether"—the hypothetical substance that fills all space, indispensable to the physicist, and yet almost inconceivable in the nearly self-contradictory properties which have to be assigned to it in order to account for its behavior and functions. We do not mean to intimate that astronomy alone will ever be able to solve the difficult problems which are suggested in this connection, but only that the motions of the planets and the stars will throw light upon them, and will themselves find elucidation as the results of physical research gradually clear up the origin and theory of the "pulls and pushes" which prevail throughout the universe of matter.

The progress of our knowledge as to the planets themselves and what we may call their personal peculiarities will probably depend largely upon the improvement of our means and methods of observation. The grotesque discrepancies and contradictions between the reported results of different observers now throw more or less doubt on the conclusions of all. And yet the unquestionable gains that have accrued within the last twenty years are very encouraging. It seems to be fairly proved that the two inner planets imitate the behavior of the moon in keeping always the same face towards the sun, and the observations of the elder Herschel and others, which indicate a similar peculiarity in some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, have lately received direct confirmation. We may now, therefore, with reasonable confidence, assume the theory of "tidal evolution" as a guiding clew in our study of the development of the planetary system.

As to the nature and interpretation of the markings seen upon the surface of the different planets, much uncertainty still remains, which time may be expected to remove. If we could reasonably adopt the reports and descriptions of some single one of the observers who have devoted themselves to the study, we might logically reach pretty definite conclusions. But until the agreement between observers is improved we can only hesitate and wait for more harmonious information. When at last we get photographs as large and distinct as the drawings which observers furnish—photographs made at different times and stations—we shall be better able to discriminate between the permanent and the transient; between markings that are really geographical and those which are only phenomena of the planet's atmosphere; between changes that are merely apparent and those that are real, significant, and important—such as are due to geological changes, to the progress of the planet's seasons, or possibly to the consequent growth and decay of vegetation, as in field and forest. And in the study and interpretation of the visible phenomena our successors will be aided by the new appliances for the measurement of heat and other radiations which they may be expected to have at their disposal. As to the discovery of intelligent inhabitants, few astronomers, I think, seriously expect it, or even consider it within the range of probability; still less that we shall ever be able to enter into communication with them, even if assured of their existence.

Doubtless a multitude of new asteroids will be found, and possibly some new light will be thrown on their origin. It may be, too, that other planets may be discovered—one or two, perhaps, outside of Neptune, and possibly some small bodies between Mercury and the sun.

The almost startling discoveries of the little satellites of Mars and the new pigmy of Jupiter's system make it not wholly improbable that others may yet be found, especially in the systems of Saturn and Neptune. But there seems very lit-

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tle likelihood that satellites of Mercury or Venus will ever be discovered, or any new attendant of the earth.

What is to be the progress of our knowledge in respect to meteors and comets it is not easy to foresee. As regards their orbital motions there is perhaps not much to expect, because our present theory seems to be reasonably complete. And yet it seems *a priori* not unlikely that the force which operates to produce the tails of comets should have some influence upon their movements; and such a phenomenon as the persistent acceleration of Encke's comet suggests, at least, a possible necessity for farther refinements. Certainly greater precision of observation is needed to enable us to pronounce with certainty upon the questions of cometary identity which are continually arising. And these questions are of extreme importance in their bearings upon the theory of the origin of comets and their relations to our system. We may earnestly hope, therefore, that the surely growing accuracy of observation and computation will throw light upon this problem.

As to the physical constitution and nature of comets, we may, perhaps, expect a great improvement of our knowledge, just because our present ignorance is so great. Many facts, of course, are well known, and some of those best known are the most mysterious of all. Conjectures are numerous, but all seem to be more or less unsatisfactory and in conflict with some of the observed data. We can as yet only guess at the forces which produce the peculiar phenomena that accompany the approach of a comet to the sun, and develop the magnificent trains of luminous matter which have always excited the wonder, and often the terror, of mankind. Photography has already made great progress in registering these phenomena, and bringing out features invisible to the eye, but apparently of high significance. It will certainly go much farther in the future. And investigations in the physical laboratory will almost certainly hereafter render intelligible much of the behavior that is now so perplexing. The subject is a most fascinating one, and certainly will not be neglected.

And now that the meteors are reckoned as astronomical bodies, they also are receiving careful attention, and our knowledge of their relation to comets and to the universe is rapidly growing. We may well hope that during the coming century this new domain of astronomy, annexed only some thirty years ago, will become a fruitful and important department of the science; and that, even if time should not wholly make good the bold speculations of Sir Norman Lockyer and others, who see in meteoric swarms the very essence and substance, not of comets only, but of nebulæ and many stars, and find in meteoric collisions the explanation of a whole host of the most interesting and beautiful of astronomical phenomena.

As to the stars, it is sure that the coming century will bring an immense increase of knowledge. It would be rash to endeavor to predict just along what lines and to what extent the development will take place; the problems are so numerous and so intricate, and their successful investigation depends so much on the improvement of our means of observation and calculation, that no one can say which will first be solved. As in the case of the sun, mere lapse of time will settle many questions. It will accumulate knowledge as to the motions of the stars, and of the solar system among the stars, and also of the motions of the components of double stars, of multiple stars and clusters; and will ultimately determine with certainty whether the same law of gravitation which rules in the planetary system prevails also in stellar space. It will give us data as to the variability of the light of stars, and probably will clear up the causes of it. It will ascertain how, if at all, the nebulæ change their form and brightness, and how, if this be really the case, stars develop within them, and the nebula becomes a cluster.

But how rapidly this knowledge will be gained must of course depend on many things; one dares not prophesy. And yet it is certain that the astronomers of the century to come will stand on a plane above our own, with instruments, appliances, and methods more delicate, more powerful, more far-reaching than ours; and it is only reasonable to anticipate for the twentieth century an accelerated advance in every science. Astronomy among the rest,—the oldest, most glorious of all, will surely maintain her place in the triumphal march.

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# BALDY.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

BEFORE the war, before Miss Maria left her home as a refugee, Baldy was one of the delights of Kingshaven. He was very fat and sleek and slow, and was nicknamed "Baldy" because of the absence of hairs on his tail. This horse was the property of Miss Maria Cathcart, and from having been the pride of her life, he had, in consequence of this vexatious affliction, become a source of the deepest mortification.

His real name was "Prince"; then, because of his slowness, the young people dubbed him "Jog," for they declared that though Miss Maria thought he was going, because she saw Daddy Jack holding the reins and because she saw the horse moving, Prince was in reality only quietly jumping up and down in the same place.

Miss Maria was indignant, and old Jack was insulted, and looked the other way whenever he drove past the houses or carriages of these revilers. But Jog the horse was called until the hairs began to drop out of his tail; then Baldy became his universal appellation.

This horse was one of the loves of old Jack's life, so to him the misfortune that was overtaking Baldy's tail was a deep grief, and he tried every known and many unknown remedies on the offending member. To make one infallible salve he even went so far as to go to the old church-yard alone at twelve o'clock on a Saturday night in the dark of the moon to gather "rabbit tobacco," which was a chief ingredient. But nothing seemed to stop the awful devastation. At last Baldy became such a mirth-provoking spectacle that Miss Maria felt that he must be replaced. But how was she to tell Jack this?

Her nephew, who was looking for a safe horse for her, roared with laughter at the thought of her hesitation.

"Why, what can Jack say or do, Aunt Maria?"

"Of course *nothing*," Miss Maria answered. "But it will be a dreadful blow to him, Charles, a *dreadful* blow!"

"I'll call him and tell him at once," Mr. St. Clair said.

"No, oh, no!" and Miss Maria raised both hands and shook her head. "Don't tell him suddenly. Poor Jack! he still hopes to cure the affliction."

After Mr. St. Clair had gone, Miss Maria began walking up and down her long, deep piazza, with her hands clasped behind her. It would have been better, perhaps, to let Charles tell Jack, she thought; even trusted servants like Jack could sometimes be very disagreeable, and Jack *was* obstinate, very obstinate indeed. Her cousin Polly Bullen said that she spoiled her servants. The idea of Polly Bullen saying such a thing, Polly, whose negroes were notoriously lazy and pampered, as Tremelstoune negroes had always been! No, on reflection she was glad that she had not allowed Charles to tell the news to Jack; that would have looked as if what her cousin Polly Bullen said was true; she would tell Jack herself; she would call him in at once.

She walked briskly through the house to the back piazza, but she paused there. Under the big live-oak tree that shaded the whole stable-yard she saw Baldy tied, and behind him stood old Jack, platting carefully the few hairs that remained of his tail. The old man was completely absorbed in his task; his big fingers moved as carefully as if handling spun glass, and at each movement of the horse, if it were only a twitching of the skin, he paused, so fearful was he lest any sudden motion should loosen even one hair. When all was done, Jack stood off with his head a little on one side, and looked at the spindling braid contemplatively. Was it less than yesterday? He raised it once more and looked at the ends; again he let it go out of his hands slowly, almost reverently. Would it be better to leave it hanging, he pondered, or should he wrap it up again?

A fly buzzed by. Jack started; Baldy might use it on flies! Might try to *switch* flies with it, and *all* might go! The thought made him almost reckless in his movements as he began rapidly to fold up the thin queue and to wrap it in a bandage of red flannel. When it was safe he stood looking at it with an "I've done

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my best" air, that was little short of tragic.

Miss Maria turned away in silence, and went back to the front piazza.

It was a pleasant day, with the wind rippling the broad expanse of water in front, and touching into motion the waves of silver hair on Miss Maria's peaceful brow, and the tiny frills of white muslin that, lying one upon another, formed a soft close border around her face. She looked out at the water, then down on the garden, where under the hot sun the flowers were giving out sweet odors. It was indeed a pleasant day, and one that she could have enjoyed thoroughly and peacefully, save for the annoyance caused by Jack and that poor horse's tail. It was ridiculous the feeling Jack had, perfectly ridiculous, and she could not stand it any longer. The horse looked too droll for anything; of course people would laugh —they could not help it; that barrel body on four legs, with no tail to balance the head, was ludicrous and undignified, and she could not be made the laughing-stock of the town. She had not betrayed that she minded it, but she did, and this very afternoon while out driving she would tell Jack that it was for the last time. Yes, she would tell him this very afternoon; it would be a better time than now, when he was so intent on the very thing in question.

When the hour for driving came, she gave the order for the carriage more sternly than usual, and when she said to Kizzy, "Take off my cap, and bring my bonnet and mantilla," there was such determination in both voice and eye that Kizzy wondered a little, and moved more quickly than usual.

Old Jack did not look happy when he drove round to the front door, for even though Baldy's tail was streaming in the wind, it made no show at all, and gave no sign of the care bestowed on it.

"Wey you gwine, missis?" he asked, when, having shut Miss Maria into the little carriage, he had taken his own seat. "Muss I dribe roun' Pigeon P'int, m'am?"

"No," Miss Maria answered, firmly; "drive round the bay and out on the 'shell road.'"

There was a moment's pause, and as the front windows of the carriage were open, Miss Maria, who was on the same level with Jack, could see that he had not gathered up the reins.

"Round the bay and out on the 'shell road,' Jack, to the 'Cottage,'" she repeated. "Don't you hear me?"

"Yes, missis."

"Well?"

"Miss 'Ria, if we go roun' de bay, m'am," Jack answered, slowly, "enty you know say we gwine pass Mass John house wey awl dem chillun gwine laugh at we; en we gwine pass Mass George Bullen house, en awl dem is gwine laugh at we; en awl dem turrer house, same fashi'n; en I know say unner ain't gwine like *dat*."

"Jack, your business is to *obey!*" Miss Maria commanded. "I am *shocked* that you should speak in this way! Drive on!"

Slowly, and with protest in every movement, Jack gathered up the reins; then drawing his infinite lips into a knot, he made a sound that caused Baldy to move off.

Miss Maria sat very erect in the carriage, with the expression of determination which had quickened Kizzy's steps grown strong on her face. Jack had now given her a very good opportunity for telling him of her intentions with regard to the horse. She could scold him for speaking to her in such a disrespectful way, and show him how his bad behavior was the cause of her ordering another animal. A *very* good opportunity. And alone as she was, Miss Maria shook her head, and reared it back to emphasize her thoughts. For the present moment, however, she was herself too deeply interested in watching the effect of her own progress through the town to begin her sermon; there would be a plenty of time for that once they were beyond the limits.

First they would pass the St. Clairs', her sister's family; yes, there they were, and of course laughing! A faint color came on her faded cheeks, and a light that was not faint came into her bright blue eyes. She sat very straight indeed, but no one got the benefit of her dignity, because it was a close little square carriage with glasses only over the doors and in front between her and the coachman, and though they were now all open, an outsider could have no view of any one on the back seat. Miss Maria, however, had a full view of Jack's profile, for he turned his head away from the houses, and looked out across the river. His expression was extremely sullen, and Miss Maria began to feel provoked with him. It was high

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time she got a new horse, if only to teach Jack a lesson; he really behaved as if *he* owned the horse!

Now they were passing George Bullen's house; yes, here again she saw all the young people laughing! And even if she had gone round Pigeon Point she would have had to pass her cousin Polly Bullen's, and all Cicely Selwyn's children would have been *there* laughing. Really, the manners of the rising generation needed mending; *nothing* was safe from their ridicule. A misfortune such as had befallen her horse ought not to make her a laughing-stock; they should remember that it *was* a misfortune.

Yes, and the William Caryls were just getting into *their* carriage, and *they* were smiling; it was intolerable—really intolerable! Of course if she had gone by Pigeon Point she would have escaped much of this, but she could not have respected herself. They would soon be through the town, and then by to-morrow afternoon she would have a new horse. She would almost have consented to a prancing steed, if by such a risk she could have changed the laughter of her friends and relatives into admiration, tinctured with a little mild envy!

The James St. Clairs' was the last house on the bay, and soon they would have passed it. They tried not to show themselves, but she knew they were peeping.

Now it was all done with; and how sweet the air was, and the great river looked so blue, and the sunlight came so red from the low western sky. Kingshaven was surely blessed—blessed in every way. So secluded, so religious, so cultivated and educated, so different from the outside world with its dreadful vulgar progress and new inventions. Richard Denny always said that, after a visit to Kingshaven, he regretted the duty that kept him away from it. Yes, the quiet and the seclusion were the pleasantest things; even the steamboat twice a week was more than was desirable; it was bringing occasional excursions of very common people—very *rough* people. For one, she preferred the old days when the gentlemen used their own row-boats to go to Williamstown and Everglade; or their own wagons and carriages for travelling inland.

The thought of this inland travel brought her mind back to Baldy. They were quite out of the town now, with the shining water on one side and groves of oaks or reaches of pine on the other; the warm air was full of the smell of pines, with sometimes quite strong whiffs from the salt mud, which Miss Maria liked just as well, having grown up to it. Jack was looking straight ahead now, so that she could not see his face; but there was a droop to his high hat and a curve to his blue-coated shoulders that made Miss Maria more than suspect that he was asleep. "How careless!" she said aloud, glad of an opening for her projected sermon. "Suppose something should frighten the horse? Jack!" raising her voice—"Jack, is it *possible* that you are *asleep*? Asleep, and I, your *mistress*, alone in this carriage, and entirely unprotected? I am *astonished* at you—at a man of *your* age being so reckless! Really, Jack—really, I am *shocked!*"

"No, m'am—no, missis, I ain't 'sleep, m'am," Jack protested; his head was well up now, and his shoulders straightened. "No, m'am; I 'clay I 'ain't been 'sleep; I des been steddyin'—yes, m'am."

"You *were* asleep, Jack," Miss Maria pursued, relentlessly. "You were almost nodding—yes, actually *nodding!* and at *any* moment the horse might have run away! Because he has no *tail*, that is no reason why he should be trusted *implicitly;* he still has four legs, and I dare say can run very briskly—*very* briskly indeed. And I am surprised, Jack, that a person with such Christian teaching as you have had should attempt such bold deceit; I am *shocked!* And the harness, Jack, looks quite dingy. I am sure that you have not paid it the slightest attention for a long time; it needs a good rubbing—a most thorough cleaning; I am ashamed of it. It is much worse than the horse's tail, for that we cannot help, while the harness shows great carelessness and neglect. And I observed this morning that the stable-yard had not been raked or swept in some time; and the cellar, too, needs cleaning out. Really, you seem to be neglecting everything, and in addition trying to deceive me, as you did just now."

"Miss 'Ria, I 'clay, Miss 'Ria, I 'ain't been 'sleep," Jack reiterated; "no, m'am, I 'ain't; en I rub de hahness good dis berry day—yes, m'am, dis *berry* day. En fuh de ya'd, dem boy Mingo en Moses, is fuh *dem* to rake *awl* de ya'd; I too ole fuh rake ya'd; en who *ebber* yeddy say

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coachman rake ya'd? None o' *my* ole mawsa fambly 'ain't nebber say nuttin like *dat*—no, m'am. Miss 'Ria, you know say yo' pah 'ain't *nebber* meck no coachman rake ya'd."

"It is for *you* to make Moses and Mingo do their work," Miss Maria went on, sternly. "You have only *one* horse to take care of, and *two* boys to help you, and it is *shocking* that things are not in better order. Your old master would be surprised to see your carelessness, Jack, for he told me that in giving you to be my coachman he was giving me a fine boy and a faithful servant. Forty years ago that was, Jack—think of it, *forty years ago*—and then see how horrid that harness looks! Why, the overseer's harness would look as well. Forty years ago, Jack, my father gave you to be my coachman, and all that time you have been cared for, and your first wife and children, and now Kizzy and this other baby—*think* of it!"

"Yes, m'am, en I is awl w'at my mawsa say I is—yes, m'am; en fuh de ya'd en dem boy, dey 'mos' meck me loss awl my 'ligion. I lick um, en you stop me, 'kase you say I gwine hot um, en you know say if nigger ain't lick, nigger ain't no 'count; en I cahn' meck dem boy wuck, ceppen I lick um."

"You can order them, Jack, and see that they do not stop; and besides, you do not whip them, you *beat* them, and I cannot have it. But, besides the yards, there is the cellar."

"En w'at ail de cellar, Miss 'Ria?"

"Why, it's dirty, *very* dirty. I was very much ashamed yesterday when your Mass John went in to see what I needed from the plantation; it looked horrid. Now *that* is your work, and not the boys', and you *must* see to it."

"Yes, m'am; you 'ain't say nuttin' befo' now 'bout de cellar, en I 'ain't know say 'e been dutty."

A silence ensued, while Baldy jogged along the white road, and Jack flapped the reins on his back by way of encouragement. There was no other ground for fault-finding that Miss Maria could think of, and she felt somewhat at a loss, seeing that she had not yet driven Jack into making an excuse of Baldy's tail, as she wished to do in order to break the dreadful news to him with a plain reason behind it.

Thimp, thump; thamp, thump, Baldy pounded along, and old Jack, looking straight ahead, moved his lips as if speaking to himself. Presently he made a little grunting sound, and Miss Maria spoke again.

"You need not grumble, Jack," she said at a venture, and yet decidedly; "you *are* neglecting your work, neglecting it *shamefully*. Now *why* is this? You have no more to do than usual; *why* should you not do it properly?"

"I t'ink say I been doin' prop'ly, Miss 'Ria; t'ings looks des de same like dey always looks to me; en I rub de hahness dis *berry* day—yes, m'am."

"And what else have you done today?" Miss Maria pursued. "Now tell me exactly what has been your day's work."

"Well, m'am, I git up dis mawnin'," Jack began literally, "en fus t'ing I do I milk de cow fuh Sis Lucy, 'kase she han' hot she; den I 'tend to de horse, en eat meh breakfuss; den I rake in de gahden, en trim de rose-bush what is runnin' roun' de muttle-bush—"

"The myrtle-bush?" Miss Maria interrupted. "I don't remember any rose that touches the myrtle-bush."

"Yes, m'am, dat yaller-white rose is fo*rebber* gittin' to de muttle-bush—yes, m'am; den I rake de gahden wey I trim de rose-bush, en teck de trash 'way; den I gone to de stable 'gen, to de horse—"

"What for?" Miss Maria struck in, quickly.

"Fuh gie um some water, Miss 'Ria," was answered, disarmingly; "co'se horse muss drink—yes, m'am; den I gone to de kitchen fuh light me pipe, en Sis Lucy say please fuh shell de pease, 'kase she han' hot she 'gen; den Kizzy git bex, en say if I gwine wuck, I muss wuck fuh she; den I come 'way, 'kase I know say if I wuck fuh Kizzy one time, I ain't *nebber* gwine git done, en I gone to de stable 'gen—"

"What for?" Miss Maria demanded, with increased eagerness.

"To git 'way from Kizzy, m'am," Jack returned, with unmistakable earnestness. "Miss 'Ria, you ain't know dat nigger like I know um; heaper time I sorry say I married Kizzy, 'kase Kizzy bodder me to de't'—yes, m'am. Miss 'Ria, Kizzy is a tarryfyin' gal, en I know say Kizzy ain't gwine come to de stable, 'kase I done tell um say if 'e come dey I gwine teck dat carriage whip en lick um, so 'e 'fraid."

"And what did you do in the stable?"

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"Dat is de time I rub de hahness, m'am."

"And after that?"

Jack paused a moment; as long as he had served his mistress he had never seen her in this inquisitorial mood, and it puzzled him; besides, his dignity was hurt that at his time of life he should be taken to task like a boy, and into his next answer there crept a note of impatience.

"Den I gone to me dinner, Miss 'Ria —please Gawd I hab to eat!"

"Of course," Miss Maria assented; "and you know quite well, Jack, that I never grudge my servants anything that they need—I am a good mistress, Jack, and you know it; but I must find how it is that you do not get time to keep things in good order. Now what did you do after dinner?"

"I res' a minute, Miss 'Ria, tell I smoke me pipe; den I gone to see what Moses en Mingo is doin', m'am, en meck um clean de stable; den I gie de horse some mo' water; den I unwrop 'e tail—"

"Ah!" cried Miss Maria, with a long breath of relief, as at last she caught the excuse she had been pursuing. "*That* is it, Jack, that is at the root of *everything!* At last you acknowledge it—the horse's tail. You spend *so* much time on the horse's tail, Jack, that *every*thing in the yard and garden and cellar looks *wretchedly*, and I am continually mortified; and I tell you *plainly*, Jack, that I cannot put up with it any longer. Then this afternoon you were quite disrespectful about driving down the bay, and quite in a bad temper about it; it has really reached a point beyond my patience."

"Miss 'Ria," poor Jack cried, "I 'ain't plait dis horse tail but two time to-day—"

"I watched you myself, Jack, and saw you spend quite a half-hour on it; then you are sullen and disagreeable if people laugh—"

"Yes, m'am," Jack struck in, "it do hot my feelin's, Miss 'Ria, when de people laugh at we; you pah wouldn't like it, Miss 'Ria; en you ain't to say like it, nurrer; en I ain't usen to see *my* mawsa fambly laugh at—no, m'am, I *ain't.*"

"Of *course* not!" Miss Maria cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice—"of course not, and so I must get another horse."

To Miss Maria's excited mind the universe seemed to pause for a moment—even Baldy's stolid trot seemed "far away on alien shores," and the wind and the water had ceased to sound—one moment, then Jack laid the reins down on the dash-board and folded his hands. Miss Maria's eyes grew big with astonishment.

"Jack," she demanded, "*what* do you mean?"

"Miss 'Ria," was answered, solemnly, "I cahn' stan' it—no, m'am, I cahn' stan' it if you say dat 'gen. No, m'am, Miss 'Ria, if you say dat ting 'gen, I gwine git out dis carriage en walk home, en leff you right yer in de broad road. I cahn' stan' it, Miss 'Ria, fuh sell dis horse."

Miss Maria clasped her hands and looked about her as if the sky had fallen. To be left alone in the carriage—alone with a horse—so far from home! She raised her eyes to the top of the vehicle. "Lord, I am oppressed!" she said, solemnly. There was silence for a moment; then Jack, with mingled feelings of awe for Miss Maria's invocation and of satisfaction for having carried his point, took up the reins once more, and they proceeded on their way.

Reaching the usual end of the drive, they turned and drove back to the town in absolute silence, Miss Maria not speaking even when Jack chose to go home by secluded back streets. But she was angry, and her thoughts were busy. Something must be done to punish Jack; such behavior could not be overlooked—but what? If she told her brother John, or her brother-in-law, or her nephew Charles, it would be looked on as a joke, and there would be the laugh against her through the whole connection. That must not be —she must manage this thing herself. She thought about it a great deal that afternoon, and when her sister came in that evening to say that Charles had secured a very fine horse for her, Miss Maria felt as if Jack's punishment had come so quickly in answer to her prayer. Besides this divine judgment, however, she must find some way of showing her displeasure to Jack, distinctly and personally—some pointed way.

The next morning she was still undecided when Jack came to ask for the key in order to clean the cellar; then an idea came to her. She preceded him to the cellar, and opening the door, showed him what was to be done, telling him to call her when he had finished; then going up once more to the back piazza, she began to walk up and down with her hands clasped behind her, humming to herself.

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Up and down, up and down, shaking her head when she was not singing, and rehearsing the words she would presently say to Jack. Sometimes her eyes would flash as she remembered the provocation; then she would smile to think what a severe lesson she would teach him. Up and down, until Jack came to say that the work was finished, then she followed him once more to the cellar. She almost relented when she saw how carefully he had done his work; evidently he was trying to please her, but it would not be right to allow such behavior to pass unrebuked.

"It looks *very* well," she said, heartily —"very well indeed; it should always look so," she went on, while Jack rearranged some jars on one of the shelves; "and you should never behave nor speak to me as you did yesterday, Jack, *never;* and now I shall give you a little time to think it over," and stepping out briskly, she shut the door, locking Jack into the cellar.

"Miss 'Ria!" he called.

"No, Jack; you deserve it."

"Lemme out, missis."

"No, Jack."

"Miss 'Ria, I is ole man, m'am."

"And should know better, Jack."

"Miss 'Ria, how long is you gwine keep me yer?"

"Until you are in a better mind, Jack."

"Miss 'Ria, is you gwine tell Kizzy? Miss 'Ria, if you tell Kizzy, m'am, I gwine lick um, sho. I'll be 'bleeged to lick dat gal if you tell um dis t'ing." His voice was rising.

"I shall not tell Kizzy," Miss Maria promised. Then she went up stairs, and resumed her walk up and down the piazza.

Jack meanwhile, sitting on a box in the cellar, pondered the situation. That his mistress had outwitted him was very clear, and he rubbed his head in wonder.

"Miss 'Ria is sma't," he said at length. "I nebber know say Miss 'Ria is sma't es dis. She ketch me in dis trap same liker fox. I nebber t'ink say Miss 'Ria would do sicher t'ing. White people is sma't, dat is de Lawd's trute. En awl my mawsa chilluns is sma't, but I nebber know say Miss 'Ria is *dis* tricky—nebber. En if dat nigger Kizzy ebber know dis t'ing, I'll be 'bleeged to lick um, en no mistake. She'll know what she laugh at when I done wid um. Please Gawd dat gal 'll laugh out de turrer side she mout'. I dun'no' what I married dat gal fuh anyhow. 'Lizer wuz a settled 'oman, en she nebber hab no swonger way, en I 'ain't good bury um 'fo' dis gal Kizzy fool me. But if she show she teet' 'bout *dis* t'ing, I'll bruck Miss 'Ria carriage whip on she back—*dat* I will—yes."

The cellar was dark and cool, and presently Jack's head went back against the wall, and a snore resounded through the room, so that he did not hear the little tumult that arose in the yard.

Miss Maria, however, held her breath for a moment. What was it the washerwoman was crying out? Fire! Good heavens! And there were the flames leaping out of the wash-house chimney.

"Kizzy!" she called. "Mingo! Moses! Lucy! Look! the wash-house is on fire! Bring water! Come and help Julia!"

Down flew Kizzy; out rushed the cook; Moses and Mingo and half a dozen smaller darkies tumbled out of the stable.

"My Lawd! it's ironin'-day," cried Kizzy, "en dey ain't no water in de tubs. Wey is dat ole nigger Jack?"

"Uncle Jack in de cellar," cried the boys. Then all the negroes rushed to the cellar.

"Come out dey, you ole tarrypin," Kizzy called. "Enty you know say missis house is bu'nin' down? Come out, come out!"

Jack was dazed with sleep, and he realized only that his young wife was rattling the door.

"You wait till I git dat carriage whip ober yo' back," he retorted.

Kizzy rushed away. "Missis," she cried, breathlessly, "Jack in de cellar, m'am, en woan come out—no, m'am."

"Bring all the water down out of the house," Miss Maria commanded. "I will see to Jack." And trembling in every limb she went down to the cellar and unlocked the door. "Jack, Jack, come quickly, the wash-house is on fire! Quickly! Kizzy is upstairs."

Jack needed no second bidding, but ran out instantly to the scene of the catastrophe. In a few moments, before Jack got there almost, it was all over, and Kizzy, rushing out breathlessly with two pitchers of water, found herself too late for anything but Jack's lofty sneers.

"Hollerin' en hollerin' 'bout one ole chimbly," he said, "scarin' Miss 'Ria to de't' for nuttin. I know say Kizzy ain't



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hab nuttin but mout', but I t'ink say Sis Julia en Sis Lucy is hab eye—hab eye 'nough fuh see house from chimbly." He wondered how much they knew, these women. "I yeddy you holler so loud I t'ink say de chu'ch is bu'nin'," he went on, "en come to see, des one ole chimbly."

"Talk," Kizzy retorted—"talk. Dat's awl you kin do. Sleepin' in de cellar wid de do' lock. I gwine meck missis onderstan' 'bout dat—you wait."

"That will do, Kizzy," Miss Maria commanded. "Jack, some one is rattling at the stable-yard gate."

"Hullo, Jack! open this confounded gate."

"Dat's Mass Chahlie," and Jack ran to undo the fastenings.

All stood silent as Charles St. Clair rode in sitting sidewise on a barebacked horse.

"Here he is, Aunt 'Ria," he called, "as gentle as a lamb and as strong as an ox, and with a beautiful tail warranted to last. See?"

Jack's eyes looked like saucers.

"Bring out Baldy, Jack," Mr. St. Clair went on, "and let Moses ride him over home. We'll send him out to the plantation until his tail grows out again."

Somehow it was not so hard to let Baldy go as Jack had imagined, and that afternoon as he drove Miss Maria down the bay behind the fine new horse he sat up very straight, looking proudly from side to side, while Miss Maria nodded gayly to the congratulations waved in handkerchiefs and hands, and given in "nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

# THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

## PART V.

## MARGARET'S STORY CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### I AM TORTURED BY MYSELF AND OTHERS.

IN some manner I controlled myself, and in the confusion which followed Lucy's wild cry I opened the door beside me and stepped noiselessly into the adjoining room.

I sank down into a chair, benumbed in body and bewildered in mind. Everything was in a whirling confusion, and through it I heard the heart-breaking cry that was no hallucination of madness, no fancy of a disordered mind, but an arraignment straight from the heart of a woman who perhaps had suffered beyond what I was suffering now.

What was happening behind those closed doors? Once the mad impulse flashed across me to enter and learn the worst, but I shrank appalled at the thought of exposing myself to further humiliation. In my seeking for some escape I even questioned if I had heard aright. It seemed impossible that there should not be some explanation, that there was not some horrible mistake, and a fierce anger swept over me at the injustice of it all.

Had I wasted the love of my youth, the love of my life, to find that the man whom I had endowed with every noble quality of which I could conceive was only of the same common clay as others whose advances I had ignored because I had set him so high?

In my anger I put him beneath all others, because I, as a silly girl, had been blinded by my own delusions, and as a foolish woman I had gone on dreaming the dreams of a girl. The thought, too, of Lucy having been so close to me all these months, and of how nearly I had confided in her, stung me like a blow.

And this was the end! I had wasted every affection of my nature in blind worship of the idol which now lay shattered at the first blow. I had wandered with reckless feet far from the path in which all good women tread, to find myself in a wilderness alone and without a refuge. My secret was in the keeping of Sarennes, who would sooner or later betray it, when he thought by so doing he could bend me to his will.

Why had I never looked at this with the same eyes, the same brain I had used in other matters? Therein I had conduct-

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ed myself as a woman should; in this alone had I wandered, without sane thought, without any guide save unreasoning impulses, which I would have mistrusted had they even swayed my judgment in other things.

Then, my anger having passed, I saw the whole incredible folly of my life, and alone and in bitter misery I trod the Valley of Humiliation, until with wearied soul and softened heart I knelt and prayed for deliverance.

When I returned to the house the effort to meet and talk with others did much to restore me to myself. Angélique, I could see, was greatly excited, and it was a pain to think that what to me was a bitter degradation and the wreck of all my hopes could possibly be looked upon by a young and innocent girl as a piece of curious surmisal, perhaps to be laughed over and speculated upon without a thought of the misery entailed.

In my room that night I reasoned out my whole position calmly from the beginning, and with a chilling fear I saw myself confronted by a new humiliation.

Had I not in my infatuation misconstrued every little kindness on the part of Hugh, every expression of sympathy and of ordinary courtesy, nay, every smile, and look, and word, into a language which existed only in my credulous imagination? Had he ever spoken a single word of love to me? Had he not even refused to answer my girlish appeal to him at our parting? Was it, then, possible that I was not only in a false position now, but that I had throughout been playing that most contemptible of all rôles—the infatuated woman who imagines herself beloved by one indifferent to her? I was overwhelmed with shame at the thought, yet, turn it as I might, I could not see that it admitted of any other conclusion.

Yet ignominious as it all was, it must be faced, for it was impossible that I should go on lamenting or living in the misery of constant self-reproach. If I had had the courage to defy the world in my Quixote endeavor to right the supposed wrongs of another, should I not put forth some measure of the same courage to protect myself? Because I had met with a disaster humbling to my self-respect and pride, surely I was not forced to proclaim my own defeat to the world, and thus add ridicule to humiliation. Cost what it might, I determined to put forth every endeavor to prevent Hugh even suspecting the true motive of my presence in Canada until the time should come when I might return in safety.

It cost me an effort to return to Lucy, I had almost a dislike to see her again, but my pride came to my support, and when I went I saw I had exaggerated the difficulty, for I found a different creature awaiting me. Whatever suffering I had gone through, it was clear this poor soul had gained some great relief, and my selfishness was not proof against her content. She had forgotten that I had been beside her when Hugh had entered. The greatness of his revelation, whatever it had been, had swept away all smaller things, and she lay there with a new light in her face, but as quiet and self-contained as before. Had she spoken, I could not have borne it.

My courage in respect to Hugh was not immediately put to the proof, as he had been ordered off to Montreal, there to join M. de Lévis as aide-de-camp, and I had both time and freedom for decision.

Much to Angélique's delight, I now accompanied her to all the balls and junketings that went on, for I had nothing further to fear, and, alas, nothing to hope. M. de Montcalm and the others received me with warm welcome, and made a small ovation over my appearance.

I suffered, however, as is often the case with a new-comer in a small society, from the stupid jealousy of some of the women, who resented my appearance as an intruder, and who more than once started reports as to my position, which were rendered the more persistent on account of the open championship of M. de Montcalm.

At first I thought little of this petty annoyance, but was not prepared for the length to which some were ready to carry it.

Late one afternoon Angélique burst in upon me in a storm of indignation:

"Marguerite, I am ashamed of my country-women! There has been a scene this afternoon at Mme. de Beaubassin's which went beyond all limits of decency. Neither your position as a stranger nor mine as your friend was respected. It

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is horrible what animals women can be when once they begin! Let me tell you what has happened, and see if I am wrong!

"Mme. de Beaubassin, who cannot bear that any one should have any attraction for the Marquis save herself, made some malicious remark about you before M. Poulariez.

"'Oh, de grâce! madame,' he exclaimed; 'surely you are going too far!'

"'Can you answer for her, then, monsieur?' she returned, wickedly. 'Perhaps you can tell me who la belle Écossaise really is!'

"'I will answer for her,' broke in the little Joannès, whom I love because he is so dreadfully in earnest over everything—'I will answer for her! I lost four hundred good crowns at pharaon last night, but I will wager four hundred more with any lady in the room, or I will cross swords with any gentleman in Quebec, for the fair fame of Mme. de St. Just at any moment. I know that she is intimate with one of the oldest friends of M. de Montcalm, that he knows her family, and I know that she is one of the most charming creatures I ever set eyes on!' Marguerite, I could have kissed him, he was so gallant!

"'Then, M. Joannès, since you are so fully informed, perhaps you will explain the whereabouts of M. de St. Just! Perhaps you will tell us why the lady was so anxious to get into Louisbourg before the siege! Perhaps you know why she went to the ball on Twelfth-Night in disguise! Perhaps it is clear to you why, after refusing to meet any of us, she now goes everywhere, and seeks the confidence of M. de Montcalm and other high officers when the plans for the coming campaign are under discussion! That she is a Scotch woman she states, but I have not remarked that she is intimate with her countryman M. de Maxwell, of whose loyalty we have no doubt.'

"'Neither have I any doubt that Mme. de St. Just has her own reasons for choosing her acquaintance, madame,' answered M. Joannès, with the same spirit. 'But I do not see that anything is to be gained by continuing this conversation; the main thing is that I know Mme. de St. Just to be a lady of both family and position.'

"'Do you happen to know that her brother is a captain in the English army?'

"'I have known it for months past, madame. What of it?'

"'And that he was a prisoner in Louisbourg?'

"'Certainly; no secret has been made of it,' he answered, as cool as a boy at his catechism.

"She seemed much put out at this rebuff, but turned towards the others and went on, angrily:

"'Of course a woman has no right to an opinion in the face of such an authority as M. Joannès, but I am sure so patriotic a brother will be interested in such a sister's letters, and that the authentic news she may send from Quebec cannot fail to be of interest to his superiors. It may be the part of an affectionate sister ambitious for her brother's advancement, but hardly that of a friend, or of one to be encouraged by us. There! That is what I believe; and if you others are too blind to see behind a pretty face and a disconsolate manner, so much the worse for us all.'

"Marguerite, my dear, there wasn't a man in the room who didn't protest against her ungenerous suspicions. I was proud of them all! But none of the women said a word, and the spiteful little creature stuck to her ground, vowing she would speak to the Marquis, so that he at least should not be unwarned.

"I waited until she was done, for I was determined to hear the end, and then I said:

"'Mme. de Beaubassin, I have not spoken because I am only a girl, and neither my mother's hospitality nor my mother's guest requires any defence from me; I trust both implicitly. Our thanks and those of Mme. de St. Just, our friend, are due to every gentleman in the room. I was under some obligations to you, madame, for your attentions to me in the past, but you have more than cancelled them now, and I will not enter your door again until you have apologized to us all.'

"'My dear child,' she said, with her hateful smile, 'you are young, but time will correct that, as well as your breeding and your judgment; until then I will miss your society, but will pray for your enlightenment.'

"Did you ever hear anything so abominable? M. Poulariez gave me his hand, and the dear little Joannès followed us to the door, whispering:

"'Brava! Brava, mademoiselle! It

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was excellent! You could not have said better!'

"Now what will you do, Marguerite?"

"There is nothing to do, chérie; such things must die of themselves."

"But she said you were a spy, in so many words."

"You do not think so?"

"Oh, Marguerite!" she cried, as she jumped up and strained me to her, covering me with kisses.

"Well, neither does your mother, nor M. de Montcalm, nor any of the gentlemen who defended me this afternoon. My only regret is that I should be the cause of annoyance to such friends."

Though I spake bravely enough, I could not but feel the effect of such a report, nor fail to recognize there was sometimes a galling restraint in my presence, which was only added to by the too evident efforts of my champions towards its dissipation.

But all such social jealousies and plottings were scattered by the approach of spring, when an unending activity pervaded all classes throughout the colony. The arrival of the first ships was looked for with anxiety, as they would bring the message of peace or renewed hostilities, which to me meant either escape or a continuance of my difficulties.

It was M. Joannès who brought me the news.

"Well, madame, it seems it is to be war; but instead of money they have sent us some scanty provisions; and instead of a regiment, some raw recruits to drag out this weary farce, already too long."

"I am sorry you do not look at it more hopefully, monsieur."

"How can I? Think what has happened since last spring. Louisbourg, Frontenac, Duquesne, all lost; famine in our towns; misery in the country; an insane jealousy on the part of the officials which thwarts every move we suggest; corruption to an extent that is almost beyond belief, and on every side of us an active, strong, and enthusiastic enemy; and there is the only quarter where we look for fair play," he ended, with the laugh of a boy who sees his sport before him.

It was now impossible that I should think of return, and I abandoned all thought of it, and settled down to await the outcome.

At the beginning of June volunteers came down from Montreal and crossed over the St. Charles to take their place in the camp where M. de Lévis had already projected his works. Day after day we watched the men toiling, and presently our lines of defence began to creep slowly out along the shores of Beauport.

That Hugh was there I knew, but I kept myself from thinking by my daily attendance on Lucy, whose unfailing hope saw fulfilment almost within touch when I told her of the certain coming of the English. Gay parties of chattering women were made up to go out to the camp and encourage the workers, but my heart ached wearily enough even at this distance to wish for any nearer approach.

I stood with Angélique one evening in the garden of the Hôtel-Dieu, and even here the engineers had erected a battery overhanging the steep cliff. Looking up towards the left, we could see the bridge of boats, at the far end of which a hive of busy workers toiled at a fortification called a hornwork, while immediately below us others were building a boom to be floated across the wide mouth of the St. Charles to protect the bridge, and from this point on, down the banks of the St. Lawrence, lay the main defences.

There the white coats of the regulars mingled with the blue and gray of the Canadians and volunteers. Indians stalked or squatted about, taking no part in a labor they could not understand; officers moved to and fro, directing and encouraging the men, and from the manor of Beauport floated the General's flag, marking his headquarters.

Before this restless, toiling mass swept the great empty river, changing its color with every change of sky which floated over it, while behind stretched the beautiful valley of the St. Charles, its gentle upward sweep of woods broken only by the green fields and white walls of Charlesbourg until it met the range of blue and purple hills which guards it to the north. At a point opposite where we were standing the nearer mountains opened out and showed a succession of golden hills which seemed, in the tender evening light, as the gates of a heavenly country where all was peace, and the rumor of war could never enter.

At length all preparations were complete, and we waited impatient for the drama to begin.

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Towards the end of June the first English ships were reported, and on the evening of the twenty-second an excited group of ladies gathered on the Battery of the Hôtel-Dieu, and through a storm which swept down over the hills, amid the flashing of lightning and to the roar of thunder, we watched their fleet silently file into view in the South Channel, and come to anchor under shelter of the Isle of Orleans. In the chapel the nuns were singing:

"Soutenez, grande Reine,
Notre pauvre pays:
Il est votre domaine.
Faites fleurir nos lis.

"L'Anglois sur nos frontières
Porte ses étandards.
Exaucez nos prières.
Protégez nos remparts."

And as if in answer, one by one, our watch-fires were kindled, until they twinkled in a long unbroken line from the St. Charles to Montmorenci.

The long siege began. Such an array of ships was never before seen from the walls of Quebec; there were the flagships of Admirals Saunders, Holmes, and Durell, twenty-three ships of the line, besides frigates, transports, and a flock of smaller craft nestled under shelter of the Island, all these crowded with ten or twelve thousand troops under General Wolfe and his brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, fresh from triumph, and determined on a desperate effort for new conquest.

Face to face with them stretched our long line of defenders, as resolute and as confident—regulars, militia, Indians, and volunteers, and in the ranks of the latter the grandfather stood beside the grandson; had the wives and daughters been permitted, many of them, I doubt not, would have held a musket beside those dearest to them.

On land and on water there was constant change and movement; the stately vessels moved slowly up and down, small boats plied backward and forward, troops were landed where unopposed, and on our side of the river every eye was vigilant, guessing what each new move might portend. No one could look upon it without a swifter-beating heart, however little he might question the outcome. Before us swept all "the pomp and circumstance of war" without any of its horror—as yet—and the panorama in which it was displayed added to its dignity and importance.

We became accustomed to the distant boom of heavy guns, and watched the constant movement of the combatants with much excited comment and foolish security.

It was Gabriel who first brought us face to face with the reality. We were surprised by his appearance at the house about the middle of July; he looked twenty years older, all his former jauntiness of manner had disappeared, and so dejected was his bearing I could scarce believe it was the same man I had known.

"Mesdames," he said, "my respects to you all, though I come as a bearer of bad tidings."

"No one expects compliments in time of war, Gabriel. Tell me it is not my son, and you may speak freely," said the brave old lady, with a blanched face.

"Thank God, it is not! He came into camp only yesterday, with a hundred good men behind him, so worn out that they are fitter for the hospital than the field, but good food and rest will set them right again in a week. Ah, madame," he cried, with a sparkle of his old air, "but he has tickled them rarely! Bedame! his name will not smell sweet in their nostrils for many a long day!"

"Then tell us your news, Gabriel; anything else is easily borne."

"'Un fou fait toujours commencement,' madame, but I know not how to begin. But the English began with M. de Sarennes, and they found him so little to their taste that they have ended by burning the manor at Beaulieu level with the ground, and not a barn or outbuilding is left on the domain."

"If their sons could give such cause for reprisal, there is not a woman in Canada who would not be proud to suffer a like revenge," responded the old lady, with unfaltering voice.

"Do not fear, madame, our day will come, and when it comes we will all have our scores to wipe out. I know that I have mine."

"Surely they have not stooped to burn your cottage?"

"No; it is safe; and so is my Amelia; my quarrel is on my own account. They tricked me on board their fleet by flying our colors, and carried me here."

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"Do not dare to stand here and tell me that you piloted them!" cried the old lady, with the utmost scorn.

"No, madame, I did not."

"Then you may go on," she said, sternly.

"I did not; but it makes little difference, madame."

"It makes every difference whether we are traitors or not! But go on."

"Well, madame, when I found I was trapped I made all the stir I could. I blustered and swore, and, Heaven forgive me! I lied to them as I had never lied before. I boasted like a Bastonnais, and when they commanded me to take charge in the Traverse, I said no, though I had a pistol behind my head and my Amelia before my eyes all the time. But they did not blow my brains out—they only laughed at me. Madame, it is dreadful to be ready to die, and find they only laugh," and the tears streamed down his rugged cheeks as he spake.

"My good Gabriel, we are proud of you! Go on!"

"It was of no use; they had their boats out with flags to mark the channel, and an old devil they called Killick swept me aside as one might a dirty rag, and took command, calling out his directions to the boats and edging the ship along without a mistake, though I prayed with all my soul that he might ground her. He was a sorcerer, madame, for he took the ship up as if he had done nothing else all his life. When they were through, they jeered at me in their damnable English, and treated me with a kindness that was harder than blows; and then, to add to my shame, they sent me on shore with the women last week, as if they feared me just as little, which was worst of all."

"Never mind, Gabriel, you did all that a brave man could—and the siege is not over yet!"

"That is true, madame," he cried, brightening under her kindly words, "and, saving your honor, 'le mulet garde longuement un coup de pied à son maître,' as we say. That is my comfort."

"Will you join M. de Sarennes, Gabriel?" asked Mme. de Sarennes. "I would like to think he had so good a man beside him."

"No, madame; I have orders to go on board the vessels at Sillery. I will be of more use there than on shore."

"Good. You will remember Beaulieu when your turn comes with the English!"

"I will, madame, and if le bon Dieu ever allows me that kick, rest assured it shall be a good one!" and he left us laughing, much comforted in his trouble.

Though never out of the sight and sound of war, we had so far suffered but little in the city itself. We watched with curiosity the English intrenching themselves on the opposite heights of Point Lévy, and there was much speculation amongst us as to their object; that the city would be bombarded was scouted as ridiculous; but one midnight towards the end of June we were awakened by the heavy booming of artillery, and rushed to our windows to see the heights of the Lévy shore flashing with the explosions from the cannon, and the hill beneath us filled with a panting, terror-stricken crowd, laden with every conceivable description of household goods, clambering up past us to gain some corner of safety, while the flames from a shattered warehouse in the Lower Town threw an ominous glare over the blackness of the river. War in its most terrifying guise was at our very doors, and had it not been for the heroic calmness of Mme. de Sarennes, we should probably have joined the distracted crowd in the streets.

While affrighted women and children and even men rushed past in the wildness of their terror, filling the night with the clamor of despair, and exposing themselves to further dangers in their efforts to escape, she gathered her little household about her and set fear at defiance.

Dressed with her usual care, she sat in the drawing-room with all the candles lighted, the shutters closed, and the curtains tightly drawn. There was not a trace more color than usual in her fine, high-bred face, nor a quiver to her slender hands, nor a tremor in her voice as she repeated some familiar psalm, or led us in the prayers we offered unceasingly throughout the long night. Her calmness, superior to the alarm without, dominated over the more ignorant—she put away danger from before them—as her unshaken confidence in a high protection inspired the more courageous.

But for faint and stout hearted alike it was a fearful night. For hours the great guns played without ceasing; at the near-

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er explosions the very rock on which the house was founded seemed loosened, and the effort to control ourselves and not leap to our feet with the terrified servants became such a strain on Angélique and myself that we dared not let our eyes meet, for fear of an outburst of tears.

Some time during the night, at an unusual uproar in the street, Mme. de Sarennes sent one of the men-servants to the upper windows to discover its cause. In a few moments he returned with horror-stricken face—"Oh mon Dieu, madame! the cathedral is on fire! We are lost!" At which a wail of despair broke from us all. Angélique's head dropped on her mother's lap. "Oh ma mère! It was God's own house!" she sobbed.

Her mother's white hand softly stroked her hair with reassuring firmness, while she whispered words of comfort. Then to every awe-struck heart about her she said, with confidence, "It was the house of God Himself, and He has not spared it, while His hand has been over our roof, and He is holding each one of us safe in His keeping"; and we took fresh courage at her words.

Gradually the fire slackened, and at length ceased. The morning came, and we were still safe and untouched amid the surrounding ruin.

Soon after daybreak we heard a knock at the door, and the Town-Major, M. Joannès, was ushered in.

He looked upon us with astonishment in his tired eyes.

"Mme. de Sarennes, no one suspected you of being here! All the inhabitants fled from the face of the town when the fire opened. Pardon me, but you must move at once."

"We have only been waiting for orders, monsieur. Where are we to go?"

"To the Hôtel-Dieu for the present, madame; but it is quite possible that will soon be unsafe, now they have our range. With your permission, I will send some men at once to move what can be carried and stored in some safer place; for you cannot expect the house to stand through another fire."

"It has served its purpose, monsieur; we have no right to larger regrets than have others. Come, my children, let us go."

With a last look round the room that had seen so much of her life within its walls, she passed out, and bidding us gather our lighter valuables and some clothing, withdrew for a few moments to her own room, and then rejoined us in the hallway.

We made a sad little procession as we threaded our way through the ruined streets, between the smoking and crumbling walls of the homes we had looked upon but yesterday, bright with all the assuring signs of comfortable, secure life, past the wrecked cathedral, and between piles of household goods heaped in ruinous confusion in the Place. This was now crowded with anxious, pale-faced people, hollow-eyed and aged with the terror of actual war, seeking out their little valuables, some with shrill-voiced complaint and contention, others with a hopeless, silent mien that went to our hearts, and yet others with an air of gayety and the tricks and buffooneries of school-children.

We were thankful to escape out of the hubbub and distraction of the streets to the quiet within the walls of the Hôtel-Dieu; but, alas, the next night the bombardment recommenced, and it was apparent we could not long hope for safety, as the English fire became more exact and far-reaching.

The white-robed nuns moved about their duties with calm resignation, though often the trembling lips or the involuntary start told of the strain it cost to control the natural alarm which shook the heart as some nearer crash foretold approaching disaster.

Lucy lay calm and unmoved: every day that brought the English nearer was bringing her nearer to Kit. The thunder of the bombardment was to her like the knocking on the gate which shut her in from her one object in life, and that it was being shattered meant only deliverance. When orders came to remove to the General Hospital, without the walls of the town and beyond all immediate danger, she was more disturbed than at any time during the siege.

The hospital stood in the valley of the St. Charles, somewhat less than a mile from the town, with the river sweeping in a great bend on the one side, and the steep Heights, at the end of which the town stood, rising on the other. We were cut off from any view of the St. Lawrence, but the sight of the bridge of boats, with its hornwork across the tongue

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"WE MADE A SAD LITTLE PROCESSION."

of land enclosed by the sweep of the river, and the walls of the town crowning the heights, kept us in touch with the struggle going on between us and the English, who still held the St. Lawrence, with its opposite shore.

The convent itself was a pile of gray stone buildings forming a quadrangle, with wings begun by the Recollect fathers nearly a century before. It was in two of their curious little cells that Mme. de Sareunes, Angélique, and I were lodged. The chapel opened out of the square entry—it scarce could be dignified as a hall—on which the principal doorway gave, and to the right of this was the long, low-ceilinged room, lighted by many-paned windows down one side, which now served as a common meeting-place for the nuns of the three congregations and their numerous guests.

Here all who were willing and able to work placed themselves under the direction of the Superior, for the nuns had more than they could well attend to, with the invalids of the Hôtel-Dieu added to their own, as well as the wounded, who now began to come in.

On the last day of July we heard heavy firing towards Montmorenci, beginning about mid-day, and towards five o'clock it increased to a continuous dull roar. It was dark before the first messenger reached us, and our hearts were lifted by the tidings he bore. It was victory, perhaps complete and final; the English had left hundreds of dead behind them, and our loss was nothing.



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Before evening the wounded began to arrive, and being but a novice to such sights, I was glad when the Superior, noticing my pale face, called to Angélique and bade us go out into the court-yard and get a breath of fresh air. It was a welcome relief to us both, and we were walking up and down, eagerly discussing the news, when an officer rode in at the gate, supporting a wounded man before him.

"It is M. de Maxwell!" cried Angélique, joyfully, and my impulse was to turn and fly, but he had already recognized Angélique, and called to her without ceremony:

"Mademoiselle de Sarennes, will you and your companion support this lad into the convent? He is not seriously wounded, only weak from the loss of blood," and as though counting on our help without question, he let the boy slip tenderly to the ground, and I was forced to step forward with Angélique to his support.

Bending down from his horse, he held the boy as he directed us how to aid him, and then whispered encouragingly: "Keep up, my lad; you are among friends! Make your best effort before these ladies!"

He certainly had no suspicion of who I was, and when he was satisfied that we were equal to our task he turned his horse, and crying, "A thousand thanks, mesdames. Good-night!" he rode slowly back through the gates.

The lad was in Highland uniform, and I spoke to him in Gaelic, thinking to enhearten him, but he made no reply as he staggered forward between us towards the door.

Once within, we summoned aid, and as the lad sank into a chair the light fell full on his upturned face, and I saw it was that of Christopher Routh. Hugh had gone far to redeem himself in my eyes.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### WAR.

CHRISTOPHER was at once examined by M. Arnoux, the surgeon, who obligingly came at Angélique's request, and before long he met us to report that his patient was in no danger; his wound was dressed, and a night's sleep would go far to put him on his feet again. He could be seen without any danger on the morrow. I left word with the sister in charge that she should tell him I was in the convent and would come to him about eleven.

I had no hesitation in telling Lucy the news; indeed, the suspense of every day that passed was wearing her frail body away so rapidly that, had not God seen fit to answer her prayer at this very time, she would have passed beyond its comfort. As it was, the news acted on her like some generous wine, strengthening without exciting her, her only request being that Christopher should not be brought to her until he was quite able for the exertion.

When I entered Christopher's room he was already sitting up in bed, his eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"Oh, Madame de St. Just! Think of my being brought here, to find you and my mother under the same roof, and that it was Captain Maxwell who brought me! He saved me when I was down with an Indian over me, and did not get me off without standing some hard knocks himself. He carried me into their lines, and as soon as the affair was over, rode with me before him all this distance, keeping my heart up the time saying, 'Kit, my boy, I am taking you to your mother,' and I so near swooning with this stupid arm I could scarce hear him. You know I was with him in Louisbourg, and when I was a child in London he lodged with us, as he was in hiding on account of the Scotch rising, and calling himself Captain Geraldine. But tell me of my mother, madame. Can I not see her now?"

I told him as gently as I could of poor Lucy's condition, and he bore up astonishingly well. What seemed to trouble him greatly was the thought that he had never dreamed of the possibility of her being ill. "Even though she was a prisoner I never feared she would be hardly treated; no one could be cruel to my mother, she is so gentle," the poor lad continued. "I knew you were with her, and I never thought of the other danger at all. I was so happy when I fell into English hands and was allowed to enlist in Boston, and in Fraser's Highlanders too, not in a colony regiment; and when we found there was no danger of peace being proclaimed, and that we were for Quebec, we were all mad with joy to have another crack at the French. Oh, pardon me, madame, I forgot you were on their side," he cried, eagerly, with sudden confusion; "and I never doubted for a moment I would find her here."

The next day the surgeon pronounced

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him out of all possible danger, and added, significantly, "If his mother is to see him, it is best it should be at once." Thereupon I obtained the necessary permission, and never have I seen greater joy in a face than in Lucy's when I ushered Christopher into her room.

That same evening, as I sat beside her, though she lay quiet and composed, I noticed a grave change had come over her, and calling one of the sisters who had much experience, she at once said the end was near.

With the permission of the Superior I went for Christopher, and led him, white and awe-struck, to the bedside of his mother. She asked that I would not leave—"if it be not a trouble to you, madame," the poor thing pleaded, pitifully—and I remained beside them.

"Christopher," she said, with an effort, "I made a promise years ago that when this hour came I would tell you the truth about yourself. Our name is not Routh, but Maxwell, and you are the son of the Captain Maxwell who saved you — and brought you back to me. You remember him as the 'Captain Geraldine' who lodged with us in London? He had married me six years before, when we were but little more than boy and girl, and when you were born he was wandering a shipwrecked man in Russia, seeking eagerly some means of return to us, though I was persuaded he had deserted me. When he returned and was willing to acknowledge me as his wife, I was hardened into a heartless woman, believing myself separated, by what I ignorantly called God's grace, from him and the world to which he belonged. In my pride I refused to let him come into our lives, though he implored me to let him make such restitution as was in his power. He behaved as few men would have done; for the sake of the old love he bore with me, and accepted my conditions—that he should never mention our marriage, and would never come between you and me. He let you go away from his side in Louisbourg though his heart was yearning for you, because his honor, a quality which I pretended not to understand, forbade him to forget his promise to me. He was always good to me, far beyond my deserts, and my hope, now that my eyes are opened, is that you, Christopher, will remember my debt to him.

"Try and be gentle, my boy. Be true to him. He has had a sad, lonely life, but love may make it up to him yet. When you see him, tell him from me....tell Hugh...." but here I silently withdrew, leaving the mother to whisper her last message of contrition to the boy kneeling beside her bed.

Pitiful as was poor Lucy's story, I could gather but little comfort from it. It seemed to me that in marrying out of his own class Hugh had committed so grave a fault that whatever followed in the way of misunderstanding was but to be expected. He had been kind, forbearing, larger-minded than she had known; she had not even realized the sense of honor which had made her a wife and not a mistress. It had gone the way of all mistakes, and produced nothing but bitterness and regret. From it I could gather no excuse, no justification of his conduct towards me; he had allowed my affection to grow up and centre in him, without a warning I could understand of the heart-break that confronted me, and I could not see that his obligation towards her who had cast his love aside was more sacred than to her to whom it was all in all.

We laid Lucy to rest in the garden of the hospital, without the rites of the Church, it is true, but not without both prayers and tears, and then took up the daily round of duty once more.

Christopher, being no longer a patient, was ordered off to the town as a prisoner, but I sent with him a note to M. Joannès which secured him generous treatment. Through the month of August the wounded continued to come in, and though our troops were starving as they stood behind their lines of defence, they were one and all hopeful of the result. The bombardment from Lévy continued until the town was little more than a heap of ruins, and night after night the sky was red with the glare of burning buildings. Part of the enemy's fleet had passed the city and threatened to cut off all supplies. There were ugly rumors, too, of the Canadians deserting, for the tidings of the loss of Carillon and Niagara had gone far to dishearten them. On the other hand, we had authentic news of the desperate illness of the English general, and even though M. de Lévis was forced to march to the support of Montreal, the unfaltering courage of M. de Montcalm so in-

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spired our troops that they held on successfully, praying for relief or the coming of winter.

About the beginning of September Angélique came to me greatly excited.

"Oh, Marguerite, Charles is here! He is very ill. Will you come and see him?"

"Is he wounded?"

"No. But he has suffered incredible hardships in Acadie, and he is ill—so ill that he cannot be in his place in the field. Come, he has just been asking my mother for you. Come!"

"Impossible, chérie; M. Arnoux is depending on my supply of lint for a patient," I replied, and so escaped for the moment. But with the persistency of innocence she returned to her demand as we sat with her mother that evening.

"Marguerite, Charles has been asking for you again this afternoon. Will you see him the first thing in the morning?"

"I do not know, chérie; neither your mother nor the Superior has given her permission as yet," I answered, much troubled at her insistence.

"Oh, Marguerite, this is ungenerous of you!" cried the warm-hearted girl. "Think how ready Charles was to serve you when you wished to go to Louisbourg! This is no time to stand on trifles."

"Angélique, take care you are not ungenerous yourself," said Mme. de Sarennes, much to my relief. "Charles must not be childish in his demands. There is no reason why Marguerite should visit him until he is up and prepared to receive her fittingly, for there is no reason why war should banish every rule of decorum." And with these decided words the difficulty was dismissed, though not at all to Angélique's satisfaction.

At daybreak on the 13th of September we were awakened by the sound of guns above the city, and hastened to the attic windows; but drift of passing showers



"KEEP UP, MY LAD; YOU ARE AMONG FRIENDS."

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hid the valley from us, while the heights loomed gray and silent above. There was nothing to enlighten us, and in company with our fears we descended to wait uneasily for tidings.

I grew so anxious and depressed in the half-lighted halls that I could not remain below, and returned towards our room. But just as I approached the door some one came hurriedly along the corridor, and to my dismay I recognized M. de Sarennes.

"Stay one moment, mademoiselle, I must speak with you." His voice was trembling, and even in the struggling light I could see his dark face was drawn and haggard, though his black eyes burned with a fiercer light than before.

"It is useless, M. de Sarennes; I can hear nothing you have to say. Remember your mother and sister are here within call, and you will only cause them pain if you force me to summon aid, which I will certainly do. Have some pity for them if you have none for me."

"Answer me but one question. Do you love this Maxwell?"

"M. de Sarennes, I will tell you nothing. You have no right to question me."

"My God, Marguerite! have I not done everything for you?"

"You have done me every injury in your power. You have never spoken to me that you have not tortured me so I cannot look on you without fear and loathing."

At my words he stepped close to me, but before either could utter a sound, a shrill cry came from above:

"Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! The English are on the Plains!"

Doors were thrown open, and in an instant the corridors were filled with white faces, and hurrying feet were flying towards the stairways.

"Nonsense!" cried a reassuring voice when we gained the upper windows. "Those are our troops! See, they are crossing the bridge!"

"No. Here! Here! See! Just opposite us, over the edge of the hill." And as we crowded to the side whence the cry came our hearts sank as we saw a little patch of red against the morning sky.

"Bah! They are only a handful. See how our men are crossing the St. Charles! There! They are coming out of the St. John's Gate now!"

"Mes sœurs, we will descend to the chapel," said the calm voice of la mère de Ste. Claude, and at the words the obedient nuns recovered their usual air of quiet and flocked after her, as did many of the others; but Angélique and I remained.

We could plainly see our troops defiling out of the town in a seemingly unending line, and could distinguish their officers riding to and fro giving orders; but the little point of red remained immovable, and we could not tell whether it was an army or a single detachment.

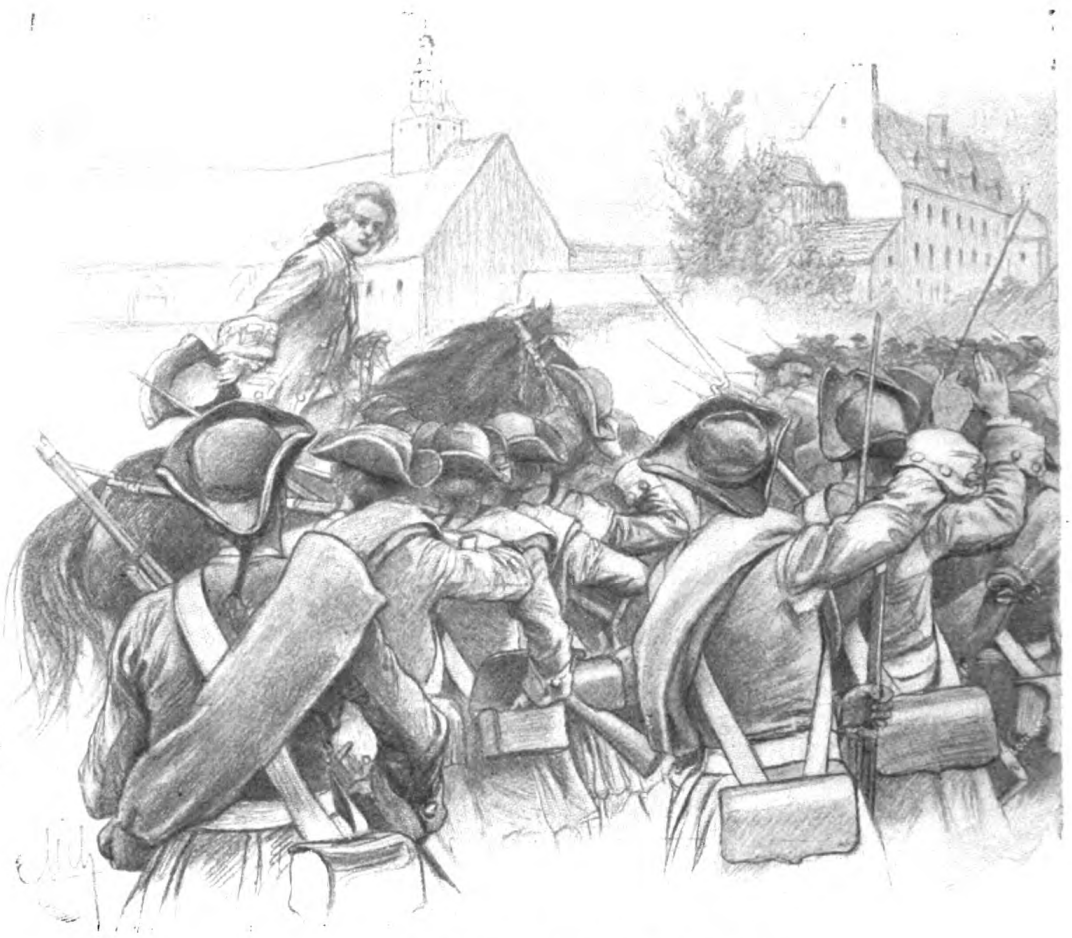
Regulars, Canadians, and Indians continued to pour across the bridge of boats, and to cross through the town from the Palace to the St. John's Gate, whence they issued, and moved off towards the left, hidden from us by the rising ground.

We stood there hour after hour, forgetful of fatigue and hunger in our anxiety. We could hear the faint reports of musketry and the dull growl of cannon, but could not tell whence they came. Soon we discovered scattered figures stealing along under the shelter of the hill towards the point of red, and as they drew nearer could distinguish the blue and gray of our Canadians and the head-dresses of Indians. At length spurts of smoke began to leap from the bushes all along the crest of the hill opposite us, extending far beyond the point where the red had been, and from the sensible increase in the firing we judged the battle had begun.

But about ten o'clock we heard such a general discharge of cannon and musketry, and marked such instantaneous movement along the line of skirmishers, that we knew what we had taken for the battle was but child's play. Suddenly the confused noise and firing were dominated by one sharp roar like to the clap of a thunder-bolt, followed by a second, and then by a long rolling fire. To this succeeded cheers different from any we had heard before, above which I caught the shrill skirl of the bagpipes, while a great cloud of smoke slowly rose and drifted to and fro in the heavy air.

Out of this, on a sudden, burst a screaming mob of men in mad, death-driven disorder, sweeping towards the St. John's Gate, and pouring down over the side of the hill to gain the bridge of boats. After them, in as wild pursuit, came the enemy, foremost of whom were the Highlanders, with flying tartans, shouting their

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"WITH HAT IN HAND CAME SPURRING ON."

slogan as they charged recklessly down the hill-side, slashing at the fugitives with their claymores, while the pipes screamed in maddening encouragement above.

The disaster was so unexpected, so instantaneous, that we could not comprehend it, and stood there in silent awe absorbed in the dreadful tragedy before us.

"Oh ciel! Marguerite! See, there is M. de Maxwell! On the Côte Ste. Geneviève!" cried Angélique in a hoarse, strained voice, pointing as she spoke.

The Côte Ste. Geneviève, a long and dangerous descent from the Heights, beginning near the town, down to the level on which the hospital stood, was exposed in all its length not only to the fire of the enemy above, but also to that of a number of Canadians, who, though driven down and across it, had rallied at its base and were disputing the descent.

Down this rode Hugh. He was mounted on a powerful black horse and came on at perilous speed. But the pursuers above had marked him also, and just as he gained the middle of the descent the hill-side above him blazed out in a sweeping volley, and down he went on the neck of his horse. An involuntary cry burst from us both, but even as it sped he was erect again, and with hat in hand came spurring on, waving and cheering to the brave fellows below. In another moment he was in their midst, where, dismounting, he seemed to give the needed orders for their guidance. Unofficered and undirected, they had stubbornly disputed every inch of ground when all others had given way, and now, under a few words of encouragement from a gallant man, to our amazement, we saw them attempt to scale the hill, firing upwards as they climbed. They were not regulars; they made no pretence to the science of war; they had been

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despised and belittled probably by every officer in the service for their manner of fighting; yet now in the hour of need they alone stood firm between the flying army and destruction.

As soon as he saw them steadied in their advance, Hugh mounted and rode off towards another group busied in an attempt to drag a heavy gun from some soft ground where it was deeply bogged, and then on again towards the bridge of boats, the only way of escape for the defeated troops.

"Oh mon Dieu! They will never cross! The bridge is blocked!" cried a despairing voice, and we trembled together as we watched the rabble gathering in a mad rush towards the narrow passage, mixed in hideous confusion, with the exception of the Royal Rouissillon, which stood as firm as if on parade.

The struggle still went on along the foot of the hill, where the Canadians manfully held their ground; but, to our dismay, we saw that some fresh disaster had happened at the bridge.

"Oh mon Dieu! They are cutting it! The whole army will be lost!" But there was more efficient aid at hand than our helpless cries. Even as we despaired we saw Hugh with other officers struggle through the mob, and, sword in hand, beat back the terror-stricken crowd until they gained the head of the bridge, when the Royal Rouissillon moved into position, and soon the straggling columns took form and passed rapidly over beyond the shelter of the hornwork.

The pursuit was checked, as far as we could see, by the unaided efforts of the Canadians; the English halted, reformed, and slowly withdrew; the last of our troops recrossed the St. Charles; and in the twilight we saw our colors still flying on the ramparts of Quebec.

There was nothing more for us to see, perhaps nothing more to hope, and broken in body and in spirit we wearily descended the stairways, and traversed the long corridors in silence until we reached the main hall on the ground-floor.

The room was barely lighted by a few candles at one end, and was filled to overflowing by the nuns of the three orders, mingled with those who had shared their generous hospitality — old and feeble gentlemen whose fighting days had long passed; gray-haired gentlewomen, patient and resigned, others in the full bloom of youth, and young girls and children, pale and anxious-eyed; while in the circle of light beneath the great black crucifix on the white wall stood the commanding figure of la mère de Ste. Claude, and with her la mère de Ste. Hélène of the Hôtel-Dieu, and la mère de la Nativité of the Ursulines.

All were listening with breathless attention to the words that fell from the venerable Bishop of Quebec, Monsignor de Pontbriand, whose quiet bearing and measured tones carried assurance to many a fainting heart.

"My children," he was saying as we entered, "do not forget, in our day of disaster, that we are not left helpless. Let us for our comfort say together those words which we learned to lisp as children, but perhaps only to understand to-night." And as he raised his hand the people knelt, and with voices that gained confidence as the familiar words fell from his lips, they repeated the "Qui habitat" in unison: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

The common danger, the common worship, drew us together. Each succeeding verse, with its divine assurances of safety and protection, brought to us a quiet and a confidence which renewed our strength.

But even as all hearts were lifted there came a commanding knock at the outer door opposite the chapel, which was immediately repeated, and la mère Ste. Claude signed it should be opened.

Angélique and I, being at the threshold of the hall, hastened to obey, and found ourselves in the presence of a general officer, behind whom was a detachment of soldiers in Highland uniform. The officer stepped into the hall as one who takes possession, and demanded the Superior, in accurate French.

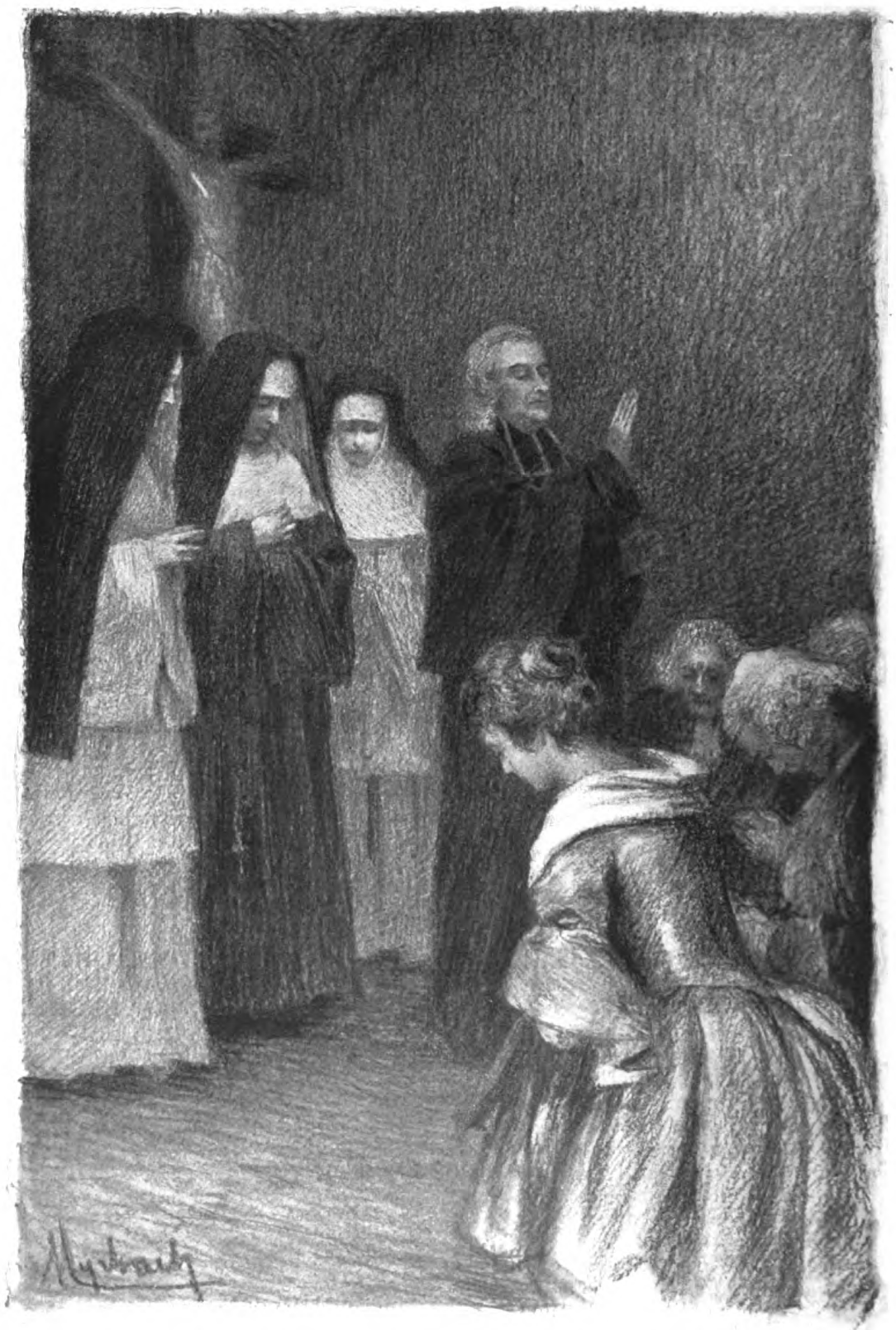
She came forward, followed by the principal nuns and ladies.

"Have no fear, mesdames," he said, bowing low with much elegance of manner; "I am General Townshend. You will suffer no harm; but we must take possession of your convent, for your protection as well as our own."

"You are victors, monsieur, and can command," she said, bitterly.

"We are victors, madame," he returned, gravely, "but we have bought

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"HE THAT DWELLETH IN THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH."

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our honors dearly. Our General lies dead on the plain above."

"It is on the field of honor, monsieur," she instantly responded, in a tone of much feeling.

"A thousand thanks for your sympathy, madame; we will use every diligence to preserve it. Captain Nairn will take charge here, and will give you assurance of safety and protection from insult. In return, you will kindly offer such shelter to the wounded as is possible, and furnish him with every information as to the number of rooms available, for I must ask for all accommodation in your power."

He introduced Captain Nairn and withdrew at once, followed by the assurances of the Superior that everything would be done for the comfort of the wounded.

It was with a curious feeling that I looked on my brother, for I could not doubt that it was he, though I had not seen him since we were children. Despite the disorder of his dress and his evident fatigue, he was a handsome man, though not much taller than myself. His address was natural and easy, and certainly his French was perfect; I had but a moment to gather this, for we were at once dismissed from our attendance by the Superior, who remained alone to arrange with our new masters.

"Oh, ciel! Marguerite! Is that your brother?" whispered Angélique, excitedly.

"Yes, chérie, I have no doubt it is," I answered, sadly.

"I should not sigh over such a misfortune," she cried, gayly. "You are cold-blooded creatures, you Scotch? Why, I should have been weeping on his neck long ago, no matter what happened! He has eyes like yours."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### RECONCILIATION.

WE found Mme. de Sarennes awaiting us in her room, with a generous bouillon warming over a lamp. "Hunger and faintness will not add to your courage, my daughters; sit down and eat. We shall have need of all our strength for the morrow," she said, cheerfully. We were eager to discuss the events of the day, but she would not listen to a word. "You must be good soldiers now and obey orders; eat first, and then to bed. Angélique, do you set an example and go at once."

"La cérémonie faite, chacun s'en fut coucher," repeated Angélique sleepily, as she kissed us and went. Then I turned to her mother.

"Mme. de Sarennes, I am in a difficulty. May I ask your help?"

"Marguerite, ma chérie, I am afraid I am thought a stern woman; but you know how dear those I love are to me, and I have learned to love you. You may speak to me as you would to your own mother," she said, with a tenderness that went to my heart.

I arose and seated myself beside her, and with my hand in hers I told her of my home, of my life with Lady Jane, and my devotion to the cause of the Prince; of my pride in my only brother, and of what I considered his desertion, which led to my girlish renunciation and my estrangement from him. "He is the Captain Nairn who came with General Townshend to-night. What shall I do, madame?"

"You must go to him on the morrow, my child, without hesitation. Such a tie is too sacred to be thrown away lightly." Here she paused, and laying her hand on my arm, said, in tones of the deepest feeling, "Marguerite, when you are an old woman like me, I pray you may never have to look back with regret on an opportunity for reconciliation cast aside." She spoke with such intense emotion that I could not doubt I had unwittingly stirred some painful memory of her past, but in a moment she recovered, and said, tenderly: "Remember, you both lay on the same breast; you looked into the same mother's eyes. Think of the pain it would cause her to know that there is anything in her children's hearts towards each other save the love with which she filled them. But I need not say more; I see your intent in your face. Remember, too, we need all the interest we can command with our new guests. Now get some rest, my child; you are worn out."

When I awakened in the morning I found the whole community astir, for all night long the wounded had been brought in, until every bed and corner was occupied, and even the barns, sheds, and outhouses were filled to overflowing.

French and English lay side by side, helpless and patient. As I crossed the



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hall I noticed a big Highland sergeant lying on a stretcher, waiting until some place was found for him, with the sweat standing in great beads on his forehead. He muttered some kind of a prayer in Gaelic as I passed, and at the sound of the once familiar tongue I stopped, and bending over him, wiped away the perspiration, and spoke to him in his own language. He stared at me in the utmost astonishment, and then swore a great oath, and the tears filled his eyes.

I at last found a soldier who was not on duty, and by him sent a message to Captain Nairn that a lady desired speech with him when he was at liberty.

He returned with word that the captain fixed eleven o'clock, and at that hour I awaited in the parlor. As I waited I wondered that I had ever made any question of meeting him; I could even see that his choice of life had its defence, from a man's point of view. A soldier is first of all a soldier, and waiting the heaviest of his duties, though he is ready to suffer incredibly for his cause when it is active; it is the women who keep the personal attachments alive through the weary days when everything but hope is dead.

I spoke at once on his entrance.

"Archie, I am your sister Margaret."

"My dearest Peggy!" was all he said, but he caught me in his strong arms and nearly crushed the breath out of me. He petted and fondled me, calling me by every dear name of childhood, until my heart was nigh to bursting with this treasure of love lavished upon me when I least expected it.

I was brought back to the present when he questioned me on the reason of my being in Canada, and though it cost me a bitter struggle with my pride, I told him the whole story of my folly. I could not spare myself when he took me so on trust.

"And you say that Maxwell was married all this time?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes, but—"

"There are no 'buts'!" he interrupted, fiercely. "I will kill him on sight!"

"Archie, my brother, think what you say! I do not know that he deceived me, and I do know I deceived myself."

"I can't help that! If he had not been there, you never would have made the mistake. The only pity is I was not on the ground at the time."

"But, Archie, think of me. Think what an open scandal will mean. No one but you and me, and one other," I added—remembering le père Jean—"knows anything of this now."

"And what do we care about other people, Peggy? We Nairns are not used to asking leave for our actions; and so long as you yourself are not ashamed, I do not give a rotten fig for the rest of the world. It is no question of the personal feeling at all; it is the principle! I have no personal quarrel with Maxwell; on the contrary, I like him. He was a brother to me in Louisbourg; but, thank God, I can sink my likings and dislikings when it comes to a case such as this. No, no, Peggy; you'd best leave things in my hands."

"No, Archie, I will not! There has been heart-break and misery enough over this as it is, without adding more."

"But this will wipe it all out. Cannot you understand?" he said, with a touch of impatience.

"Archie, cannot you understand that, however clearly I regret my own folly, I cannot in a moment stamp out the feeling in which I lived all these years?"

"You don't tell me you care for the man yet, Peggy?" he cried, in a tone of genuine astonishment.

"I am afraid I do."

"God bless my soul! That is beyond me."

"You are not a woman, Archie."

"No, thank God I am not," he answered, without the vestige of a smile. "Of all the wearisome things in the world, I can imagine nothing worse than being a woman."

"And yet there are a good many who have to put up with this weariness."

"The Lord help them! But we must not fall to quarrelling at our first meeting: that would be altogether too much like boy and girl again. Peggy, do you remember how we used to fight over the plovers' nests?" and he laughed merrily at the thought. "Don't be put out by a little thing like this. I'll not kill the gentleman behind a hedge or in the dark; he shall have nothing to complain of, rest assured. But I have sad news of your friends, Margaret. M. de Montcalm died at daybreak this morning."

"Oh, Archie! We did not even know that he was wounded."

"Nor did we until late last night, for

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he was seen on his horse during the retreat. He was a fine soldier."

"He was more than that, Archie. He was a man of honor and the soul of his army — and he was very good to me," I sobbed, breaking down at the remembrance of his chivalrous protection.

To my surprise, Archie put his arm about me. "Cry on, Peggy, my lamb," he said, in the soft endearment of the Gaelic. And the soldier who had so readily decided on the death of a man a moment since, now melted at the sight of a woman's grief, and offered her the best of all consolation, sympathy. Nothing else could so quickly have revealed to me the wrong I had been guilty of in holding aloof from this strong affection that had held fast in simple, unwavering loyalty to the love of childhood. To him I had always remained the Peggy of the old home; in his generous heart the thought of any necessity for reconciliation had no place, for he held himself as the head of the family, from whom protection for the weaker must necessarily flow.

"By-the-way, Peggy," he said, suddenly, "it was you, no doubt, who spoke to one of my men in Gaelic this morning. That was Neil, son of Angus Dubh, the tacksman on the old place, one of my best sergeants. You did as much for him as the surgeon, and when I tell him who you are he will think you are an angel from heaven. Come when you can and say a word to our poor fellows; they are wearying for home like children, now they are past fighting for a bit."

Now followed days of unceasing work for all who would assist in nursing and the innumerable little duties necessitated by the presence of so large a body of invalids, and, to their honor, most of the women, even the most frivolous, took their share uncomplainingly, making no distinction between friend and foe. The most conflicting rumors reached us as to the movements of our army, and of the intentions of M. de Ramesay, governor of the city, but we fortunately had little leisure for speculation, and our doubts were ended by the formal capitulation, on the eighteenth of the month.

After the troops had taken possession and quiet was restored, permission was given us to enter the town, should we so desire. It must have been a welcome relief to la mère de Ste. Claude when her numerous guests took their departure. The nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu and the Ursulines returned to their respective convents, and in that of the latter Mme. de Sarennes secured rooms for the winter.

It was pitiful to see the condition of the town, for the destruction by the bombardment had been almost complete. The Lower Town no longer existed, and scarce a building remained along the front of the Upper. Angélique and I wandered towards the familiar rue du Parloir, to find but a line of crumbling walls, blackened and roofless; before it our little isle of houses, as well as the bishop's palace, lay a mass of ruin, and behind it stood the wrecked cathedral. Every building that could serve as a mark had suffered in some measure, and the chapel of our convent was the only sacred place left in this city of churches where worship could be celebrated. Here mass and vespers alternated with the services of Episcopalian and Presbyterian divines, and I am certain none suffered from the near fellowship of the other.

A detachment of Archie's regiment, the Fraser Highlanders, was quartered on us for the winter, and with them the community shared their diminished hospitality; they, in turn, lent us their services in collecting firewood and in drawing water, and it was surprising to mark the good-will that was shown on both sides. Not only were they granted full permission to smoke in the quarters assigned to them, but the nuns, taking compassion on their unsuitable, and in their eyes almost indecent, dress, fell to work at knitting for them long stockings of the heaviest wool, which occasioned loud laughter and much sly jesting amongst the men, and on our side Angélique provoked some of the younger nuns to such merriment by her sallies on the subject that they thereby incurred the disapprobation of their more serious-minded elders.

For this attention General Murray sent to the Superior a most gracious acknowledgment of his gratitude towards the community, but it remained for the men themselves to cap the climax.

Every morning it was the practice of the Superior to make a round of the convent, including those portions set apart for the Highlanders, and on this duty I was in the habit of accompanying her, as the men took a great pleasure in my Gae-

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lic; and it was an acceptable service to me to cultivate their good-will towards the community by this simple favor. I knew many of them by name, and indeed some of them could claim kinship with me, notably Neil, the sergeant whom I have already mentioned, a fine specimen of our people, standing well over six feet in his buckled shoes.

One morning, as we entered the hall set aside for the men, we heard a sharp command from the sergeant, and to our surprise we found the men not only drawn up in line to meet us—which was a voluntary mark of respect they paid the Superior—but now, there stood every man in full dress, with cocked and feathered bonnet on his head, claymore by his side, and firelock in his hand, and every pair of sturdy legs encased in the long gray stockings knitted by the nuns.

The sergeant gravely stepped forward, and saluting the Superior, addressed her in his most correct English:

"Reverend madam, I am put forward on account of my rank, and not for my poor abilities, to thank the ladies who would think so much of us poor fellows as to be doing us this kindness this day. As long as we live, yes, and long after we are dead, moreover, you may be sure that Fraser's will always remember this; and when we will be telling even to our grandchildren of Quebec and what we did there, we will not forget to speak of your name and of the names of the ladies under your command. And, madam, our solemn hope is that you will never have more cause to blush at our bare knees, saving your presence, then we will have to blush at your kindness, madam."

Then turning quickly to me, he whispered, in Gaelic: "Speak to her, Miss Margaret, and tell her what we would say. It is God's own truth I am speaking when I say that we are thankful, even though some will be wondering what put such a notion into the poor ladies' heads." Whereupon he wheeled about and roared out his command to the men, as if to check the grin that was spreading over his own honest face from appearing on any other. There was an instantaneous movement at his command, and the Superior received the full honors of a grand salute.

She was greatly pleased, as indeed she might be, for the poor fellows had shown their gratitude in the most honorable fashion they knew, and she begged me to return her thanks and the assurances of her interest in them all, which I did in terms that, however they might have violated her ideas of rhetoric, were best understood by the men before us.

"Neil, son of Angus, remember," I concluded, "and remember, too, every one who hears me, that though these good sisters do not understand us nor our ways, they have knitted their hearts' kindness into every stitch that has gone into those stockings, and there is not a man of you who has a mother, or a sister, or a wife, at home, who, if she knew what had been done for you this day, but would be down on her knees praying for these good women. In the mean time, see you don't forget to do it yourselves!"

When I finished they were nearer crying than saluting, and I am not sure that I was far from it myself, for, as I spoke, the once familiar hills and glens, the humble dwellings, the quiet-faced women, the yellow-haired children, all that meant home to these brave fellows, came before me like in a dream, and I found myself longing for something I thought I had parted with forever.

The winter proved unusually severe, and the suffering of the troops and the few people of condition who remained was excessive, but there was no disorder to speak of, and the hardships were borne uncomplainingly. From time to time we had news of our army encamped on the Jacques Cartier, not only by the legitimate channel of the foraging and reconnoitring parties, but even by means of some who carried on a business of trafficking between the two camps, the greed of gain triumphing over war and famine, and even over ordinary patriotism. It was reported that M. de Lévis had said he would eat his Christmas dinner in Quebec under his own flag; but he was not given to such empty boasts, that I had ever heard, and the day passed unmarked for us save by the services in our chapel.

Towards the end of January, Archie came to me with a letter. "There, Peggy, this, I take it, should go into your hands, as it is addressed to your care. It is fortunate that Maxwell governs himself like a gentleman in some things, for if he had attempted to send his letter by any underhand means it might have placed you in an unpleasant position, and even

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exposed me to suspicion. Listen to this. I wish I could write like that fellow!

"'CAMP ON THE JACQUES CARTIER,
22 *Jan'y*, 1760.

"SIR,—I have the honor to be known to your Excellency's brother, Lord Elibank, and though Fate hath thrown me on the side opposed to your command, I venture to beg your courtesy in remitting the enclosed letter to the care of Mme. de St. Just, at present in your lines. I have left it unsealed, should you deem it your duty to peruse it, but I give you my word of honor it contains nothing but the most private matters affecting one in whom Mme. de St. Just is interested. Should your regulations, however, forbid such a favor, I beg that you will burn it yourself, and I will none the less hold myself to be,

Sir,

Your very obliged and humble servant,
HUGH MAXWELL of Kirkconnel.

To the Hon'ble JAMES MURRAY,
Commanding in Quebec.'

"I give you my word, Peggy, the General would allow such a letter to pass did it contain all the treason between here and Mozambique. He bids me give it you with his compliments, and assure you that not only is it unread, but that should you wish to answer it under the same restriction as to news, he will enclose your reply the first time he has occasion to communicate with the French General."

The letter was addressed to "Mistress Lucy Routh, in the care of Mme. de St. Just," and much as I shrank from opening it, I did so, as it might contain matters which concerned their son. And so it proved. The letter read:

"22 *Jan'y*, 1760.

"DEAR LUCY,—I send this, trusting to the courtesy of General Murray that it may reach your hands safely. I was so suddenly called away that there was much left unsaid when we parted, and there has been no time for personal matters since. In the event of anything happening to me, I wish you to impress on Christopher that Mr. Drummond, the banker of Charing Cross, holds in trust a small sum deposited there for me by my cousin, the late Lady Jane Drummond. I have placed my will in the hands of M. de Vaudreuil, and whichever way things fall out, this will serve as a receipt, and insure its delivery. I would be glad to know of your well-being.

HUGH MAXWELL."

I sent for Christopher, who was not with us, but stationed at the General Hospital with others of his regiment, and made the matter known to him, and through the General he sent to his father his acknowledgments and the news of Lucy's death.

I was pleased at the consideration of which the letter was proof, and it was a satisfaction to hear Archie's acknowledgment of Hugh's charm; but beyond this the letter awoke in me no further feeling, and I was surprised to find I could look at his writing and read his words with so little emotion. The truth is, I was living in a new world; the discovery of my brother's love, the revelation of Mme. de Sarennes's affection towards me, had gone far to fill the hunger and emptiness of my life, and the old spell which had so long dominated every thought and aspiration was no longer paramount. Then, too, the long strain of feverish hope and unrest, the disappointments and dangers through which I had passed, had rendered me peculiarly sensible to the charm of the quiet convent life by which I was surrounded. Therein I found work into which I threw myself with ardor, and was encouraged by the Superior towards that way of peace upon which the convent doors gave entrance. Could I once determine to cut myself free from the unrest and struggle of the world, I felt that before me opened a life of usefulness which promised amends for all suffering and atonement for all error. My life had so far been lived for myself alone, and I saw about me women who had attained happiness through a complete sacrifice of self. Could I only be sure I had the strength, was not the same reward held out to me?

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A FORLORN HOPE.

ABSORBED though I was in my work, I could not but mark what was passing between Angélique and Archie — how unconsciously my single-hearted brother was following her in that path in which the feeblest maid can lead the strongest of his sex.

Her imagination had been fired by the

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romance of his finding me, and the story of his early adventures found in her a skilful listener, who could extract every detail from his somewhat unwilling lips. His endeavors to catch her nimble wit as it flew, and the expression of awakening wonder on his face when he suspected her of nonsense, would many a time send us into peals of laughter. Even Mme. de Sarennes was interested, though she frankly professed nothing beyond an armed neutrality towards our hosts.

So the winter dragged on. There was much suffering among the people, much anxiety and constant alarms for those in command; but each heart loved or hoped, waited or wearied, as in time of peace, and every one looked forward with impatience or anxiety towards the coming of spring, which would bring the dénouement.

By April everything was astir once more. The familiar intercourse of the long winter was interrupted, officers and men went about their duties so earnestly we could not but feel that all relations were suspended until the result should be determined. Soon news came of the movements of our army, and the garrison was marched out for daily exercise and duty on the Plains, and as far as Ste. Foye.

At length it was clear that some movement was imminent. Orders were issued that the inhabitants were to leave the city—that is, all the common people—and word was sent to the Ursulines and the other communities that we were free to leave, did we so choose, otherwise we must remain through the siege, should the city be invested, and must share the fortunes of the garrison. La mère de la Nativité, our Superior, decided at once that her community should remain, and Mme. de Sarennes said the same for our little party.

Angélique and I stood in St. John Street, and our hearts were stirred by the wailings and lamentations of the people leaving the town in long procession.

"Courage!" cried Angélique to a despairing woman. "We will welcome you all back again. You will come in with our army!"

"Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre;
Ne sait quand reviendra,"

trolled out a lusty fellow, with a laugh.

"Tais-toi, v'limeux!" cried the woman, angrily.

"Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité,"

he continued, unconcernedly, and the crowd, catching at his humor, joined in the lilting refrain, and involuntarily quickened their steps to the "mironton, -ton,-taine" of the old war-song, at which Angélique clapped her hands in delight, and was rewarded with a shout of admiration.

"They would have done better to feed that fellow," she said, decidedly, as we turned away; "he will do some fighting, depend upon it."

"You are confident, Angélique?"

"Certainly, chérie; the town cannot be defended; we know that; and if General Murray goes out, as he is sure to, he will but march to his fate, as did our poor Marquis."

On the 22d of April we were up before daybreak, and saw the garrison march out with their cannon under a leaden sky and a cold drizzling rain. I went about my tasks weighed down by a sickening anxiety, for though I had renounced Hugh, it was impossible to banish him at all times from my thoughts, and I could not but remember that in addition to the ordinary chances of battle he had amongst his enemies a sworn foe in my brother, and amongst his friends a treacherous enemy in Sarennes. Against these dangers, at least, I could pray for him with unquestioned heart.

Noise of firing came to us through the day, which we spent in a perpetual adoration, but at evening the troops re-entered the town and the battle was still unfought.

On the morrow they were again assembled, and again we watched them march through the sodden streets.

We had not long to wait for news of the combat; every gust of wind swept down on us the faint crackle of musketry and the deep boom of cannon; it seemed interminable, but before the afternoon was well advanced the first stragglers had reached the gates. They were followed later by a mad, ungovernable mob of English troops, and soon the streets were choked with men shrieking, crying, and swearing at their defeat. Their officers, with swords drawn, rode amongst them, threatening and striking, entreat-

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ing and commanding to deaf ears, for the men were like wild beasts, and could not be controlled. It was not fear; it was like to a frenzy of rage and shame at their rout. They broke into taverns and even private houses, and presently the madness of drink added to the pandemonium. The wounded were with the greatest difficulty carried through the streets, and before evening our convent and every other refuge was crowded to the utmost.

It was a strange position for all of us; our wounded were our nominal enemies, it is true, but we had been living with them on terms of the kindliest intimacy for a long winter, and there was no stimulus of duty needed to make the nuns put forth every effort for their relief. To me they were more than generous enemies — they were countrymen and kinsmen for whom I was bound to work with a whole heart.

I was interrupted in my task by the appearance of Christopher. "Madam, I have come to tell you that your brother, the captain, is safe."

"Is he wounded?" I asked, with swift anxiety.

"Yes, madam, but our surgeon says, a fine clean cut; and I believe him, too, for he went off to sleep the moment it was dressed, more tired than hurt. He is in his own room, where you may look at him if you will promise not to speak," he said, with an air of the greatest importance. "I gave Miss Angélique his clothes to attend to as she asked, for she was there when he was brought in, and waited until she heard the surgeon say there was no danger. She would have liked to watch, too, but I was put in charge."

Christopher cautiously opened the door and allowed me to peep in, and my heart was lightened at the sight of Archie sleeping quietly, his brown curls hidden beneath a mass of bandages, but his face composed and natural.

"Thank you, Christopher," I said. "You are a brave lad."

"There were lots more better than me," he said, modestly; "but we didn't have a chance, for all that."

"Tell me something of what happened."

"I don't know what happened, after it began. I only saw the back of the man in front of me, and was too busy with my piece to think of anything else, until I saw my captain in trouble, and then my hands were full for the rest of the day. After I hear some of the old powder-eaters talk, madam, I'll be able to make up a fine story for you," he said, with a bright laugh that to me sounded like an echo.

I hastened to our room, and there found Angélique in a state of exultation.

"Victory, Marguerite! As I told you! Our troops are on the Heights, and hold the General Hospital, and the English are trapped in these crazy walls!" But in an instant she calmed herself and said, earnestly, "Now is the time for you to save us all!"

"I save you all? What do you mean?"

"Mean, Marguerite? Listen to those cries and the fighting. Do you know what they mean? They mean that the men, the whole garrison on which the English depend, are mad with drink and defeat — and Lévis scarce a mile away with his victorious army! Just one word to him, Marguerite, and we are saved; he will be in the town before the morning."

"Yes, but how can it be sent? What can I do?"

"Carry it to him!"

"Angélique, are you mad? How could I carry it?"

"There is your answer," she cried, pointing to Archie's uniform. "You will put these things on, and you can pass the gate without a question. Come, undress at once."

"Oh, Angélique, I cannot! Let me go as I am and I will not hesitate, but—"

"For shame, Marguerite!" cried the high-spirited girl. "For shame! to think of yourself and such schoolgirl prudery at such a time! But forgive me, chérie; I did not quite mean that. I know what you feel. But do you think I would hesitate had I your height and could I speak English? No, a thousand times no! Marguerite, it must be done! You are the only woman—the only person, man or woman—in Quebec who can do it."

"Angélique," I cried, in an agony of distress, "think of my own people here; it would be almost like betraying them."

"Well, think of them, but think of them as soldiers of King George, against whom you were praying night and day, not so many years ago, as you have said yourself."

"But there is my brother!"

"He is safe in bed downstairs; and

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when he is a prisoner, Marguerite, I give you my word of honor I will go to M. de Lévis and claim him for myself, like a squaw," and she laughed merrily.

"How can you laugh, Angélique? Don't you see what it means to me?"

"Don't you see what it means to us, Marguerite? You know how we have hoped and suffered. You have lived amongst us and shared everything we had to give, joy and sorrow alike. Do you owe nothing to us? You were defended by him who lies in his grave below when a jealous woman would have branded you as a spy. Do you owe nothing to M. de Montcalm? Do you owe nothing to those others who stood between you and her malice?"

"Angélique, do you think you need remind me of these things?"

"Forgive me, chérie, if I am ungracious enough to urge the claim of benefits bestowed. This is no time for pretty speeches. I would urge anything to decide you."

"It is not that. If I could go as I am, and simply risk capture, or even death, I would not hesitate."

"You cannot go as you are! A woman could not even pass through the streets to-night, but no one will look twice at a uniform."

"But I cannot. Think what it will mean to me if I am discovered! think what it will mean even if I succeed!"

"Marguerite, Marguerite, you must forget what you are! You must forget what you can do, and what you cannot do! Forget everything! save that these tidings must reach M. de Lévis to-night, and that you are the only one who can carry them. There! Begin to undress at once! Quick! Quick! Any further delay may render all useless."

Might this not be the reparation for any share I had had in the refusal of Sarennes to return to the relief of Louisbourg? If I accepted it, and proved successful, would I not carry into my new vocation something more than the failure of a life that had sought but its own ends? If I failed, would I not at least have attempted something for those who had so generously befriended me? Was not my shrinking from the ordeal of the disguise but a harking back to those little conventions which I had resolved to cast aside forever? Could I make a better use of my life than to lay it down, if need be, in such a cause?

Reasoning thus, I caught something of the intensity of purpose which dominated Angélique, and with fingers as eager as her own I prepared myself for my venture.

"What if I am stopped and spoken to in the town?"

"Don't be stopped," she laughed, "and you mustn't speak unless your life depends on it. Carry your sword in your hand, so it won't trip you up, square your shoulders, and try to swagger like a man. Once outside the walls, you run no danger at all. Keep on the Ste. Foye Road, and you are sure to fall in with our people and be captured in due form. Then say, 'Gentlemen, I am a most important prisoner; take me at once to M. le Général!' Et v'là! the trick is done! Nothing easier. If I had only learned to speak your barbarous language, and were a little taller, I would be in your shoes to-night, and wouldn't change places with the best lady in Versailles!"

Chattering and laughing thus in her excitement, she shortened up straps and adjusted buckles with as many jests as though dressing me for a masquerade.

"There!" she cried, as she coiled up my hair tightly. "We must do without the wig, but the bonnet will cover a multitude of sins. You are as pretty a looking fellow as the heart of woman could desire. Nothing is wanting now but a brave carriage! Walk up and down, like this, till I see," and she did her best to imitate a martial stride. "Courage, chérie! you are pale as a ghost. Courage! and remember every heart true to France will pray for you, whether you win or lose. You are carrying the fate of the colony in your hands to-night. Let me kiss you, chérie. Again. Bah! I'm only crying because I can't go in your stead. Come, I will let you out."

When the side door of the convent shut behind me and I found myself alone in the darkness of the narrow street, my courage wellnigh failed me, and with shame in my heart I realized I was trembling so I could hardly put one foot in front of the other. But the rain dashed into my face by the high wind that had risen revived me, and with an effort I went on. As I made my way down past the Jesuits' my courage gradually returned, and resolutely thinking of my mission alone, I banished my fears to such extent that I was enabled to grasp

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my sword firmly and step forward with some show of assurance.

As I turned into St. John Street a drunken soldier struck terror into me again by shouting out a convivial salutation in Gaelic, but his more sober comrades silenced him with low curses at his imprudence, and I went on unmolested.

There were not so many in the streets as I had expected, and with this one exception no one noticed me; but as I drew near to St. John's Gate I made out a crowd of men busily engaged in barricading it, and for a moment I stood still in bewildered helplessness. I had so resolved on leaving the town by this means that when I found it closed against me it seemed as if my whole plan had failed. With my heart beating so I could hardly see to direct my steps, I turned back along the way I had come, and it was not until I drew near the Palace Hill I remembered there were other exits. Gaining fresh courage, I turned down and made my way to the Palace Gate, when, for the first time, it struck me that a password must be given, and of it I was ignorant. I did not even know the forms necessary to pass the men, and if an officer were present I must be discovered at once; but it was now too late to draw back, as I was in full view of the guard.

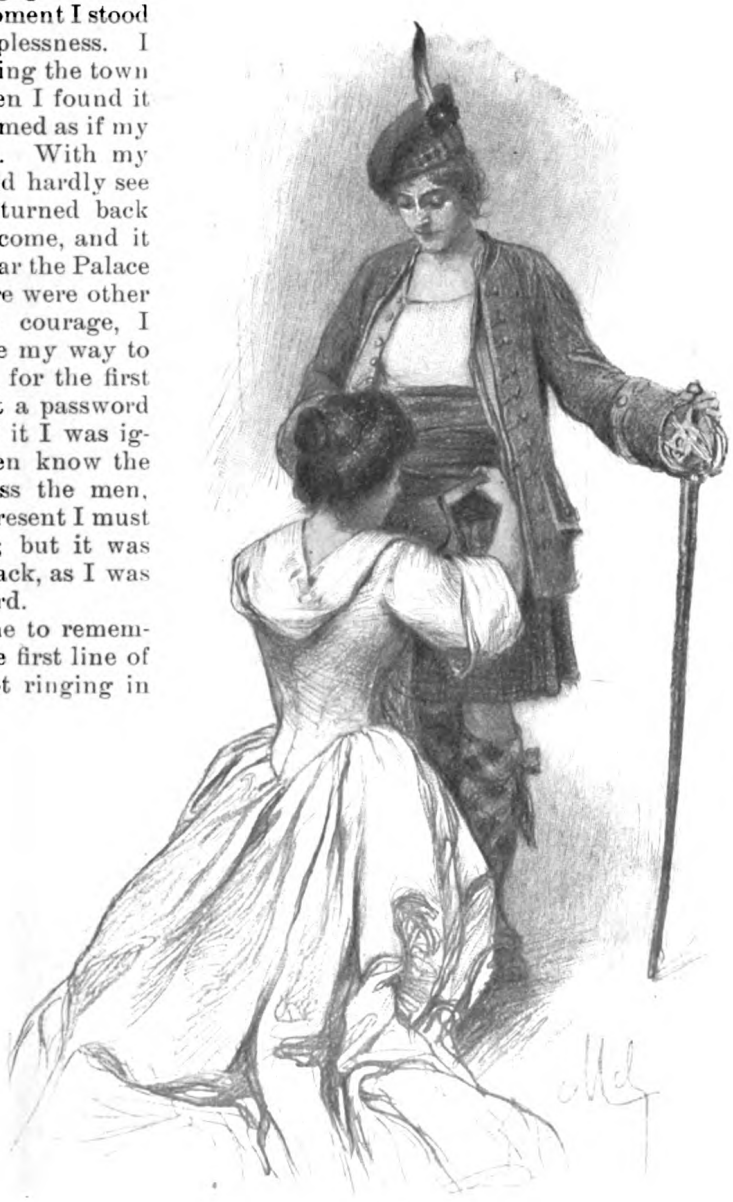
It was a strange time to remember such things, but the first line of poor Lucy's hymn kept ringing in my head, and I advanced, saying over and over to myself, like a charm,

"Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress."

When I was almost face to face with the guard I made out it was composed of sailors, and just as I expected to hear the words which meant discovery and disgrace, one said to the other in a tone of authority—"The Seventy-eighth. It's all right!" and without challenging me they presented arms. Had I even known the password I could not have pronounced it, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth; but seeing my intent, the man who had spoken stepped before me and opened the wicket. I raised my hand in acknowledgment, and passed through.

I was without the walls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHE SHORTENED UP STRAPS AND ADJUSTED BUCKLES."



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## THE CLEW.

BY ROBERT MOWRY BELL.

WHAT if, O dearest heart, upon a day
When I had left thee smiling, death should break
The bonds that bind my soul, and I should wake,
And hastening to thee, lorn, find but thy clay;
Thy spirit loosed as mine and fled away,—
Away into the void! Thee to o'ertake
Amid those myriad worlds were task to slake
The fires of hope, and bid the faint heart stay.
Yet whisper, Love, if to such starry quest
Through lingering ages I be doomed by fate,
Some clew, that I may know thee, dispossest
Of fleshly features, or reincarnate
In some strange form. Ah, must I learn thus late
That but thy house I know, not thee, its guest?



## THE SICK CHILD.

BY HENOOK-MAKHEWE-KELENAKA (ANGEL DE CORA)

IT was about sunset when I, a little child, was sent with a handful of powdered tobacco leaves and red feathers to make an offering to the spirit who had caused the sickness of my little sister. It had been a long, hard winter, and the snow lay deep on the prairie as far as the eye could reach. The medicine-woman's directions had been that the offering must be laid upon the naked earth, and that to find it I must face toward the setting sun.

I was taught the prayer: "Spirit grandfather, I offer this to thee. I pray thee restore my little sister to health." Full of reverence and a strong faith that I could appease the anger of the spirit, I started out to plead for the life of our little one.

But now where was a spot of earth to be found in all that white monotony? They had talked of death at the house. I hoped that my little sister would live, but I was afraid of nature.

I reached a little spring. I looked down to its pebbly bottom, wondering whether I should leave my offering there, or keep on in search of a spot of earth. If I put my offering in the water, would it reach the bottom and touch the earth, or would it float away, as it had always done when I made my offering to the water spirit?

Once more I started on in my search of the bare ground.

The surface was crusted in some places, and walking was easy; in other places I would wade through a foot or more of

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snow. Often I paused, thinking to clear the snow away in some place and there lay my offering. But no, my faith must be in nature, and I must trust to it to lay bare the earth.

It was a hard struggle for so small a child.

I went on and on; the reeds were waving their tasselled ends in the wind. I stopped and looked at them. A reed, whirling in the wind, had formed a space round its stem, making a loose socket. I stood looking into the opening. The reed must be rooted in the ground, and the hole must follow the stem to the earth. If I poured my offerings into the hole, surely they must reach the ground; so I said the prayer I had been taught, and dropped my tobacco and red feathers into the opening that nature itself had created.

No sooner was the sacrifice accomplished than a feeling of doubt and fear thrilled me. What if my offering should never reach the earth? Would my little sister die?

Not till I turned homeward did I realize how cold I was. When at last I reached the house they took me in and warmed me, but did not question me, and I said nothing. Every one was sad, for the little one had grown worse.

The next day the medicine-woman said my little sister was beyond hope; she could not live. Then bitter remorse was mine, for I thought I had been unfaithful, and therefore my little sister was to be called to the spirit-land I was a silent child, and did not utter my feelings; my remorse was intense.

My parents would not listen to what the medicine-woman had said, but clung to hope. As soon as she had gone, they sent for a medicine-man who lived many miles away.

He arrived about dark. He was a large man, with a sad, gentle face. His presence had always filled me with awe, and that night it was especially so, for he was coming as a holy man. He entered the room where the baby lay, and took a seat, hardly noticing any one. There was silence saving only for the tinkling of the little tin ornaments on his medicine-bag. He began to speak: "A soul has departed from this house, gone to the spirit-land. As I came I saw luminous vapor above the house. It ascended, it grew less, it was gone on its way to the spirit-land. It was the spirit of the little child who is sick; she still breathes, but her spirit is beyond our reach. If medicine will ease her pain, I will do what I can."

He stood up and blessed the four cor-



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ners of the earth with song. Then, according to the usual custom of medicine-doctors, he began reciting the vision that had given him the right to be a medicine-man. The ruling force of the vision had been in the form of a bear. To it he addressed his prayer, saying: "Inasmuch as thou hast given me power to cure the sick, and in one case allowing me to unite spirit and body again, if thou seest fit, allow me to recall the spirit of this child to its body once more." He asked that the coverings be taken off the baby, and that it be brought into the middle of the room. Then, as he sang, he danced slowly around the little form. When the song was finished, he blessed the child, and then prepared the medicine, stirring into water some ground herbs. This he took into his mouth and sprinkled it over the little body. Another mixture he gave her to drink.

Almost instantly there was a change; the little one began to breathe more easily, and as the night wore on she seemed to suffer less. Finally she opened her eyes, looked into mother's face, and smiled. The medicine-man, seeing it, said that the end was near, and though he gave her more medicine, the spirit, he said, would never return.

After saying words of comfort, he took his departure, refusing to take a pony and some blankets that were offered him, saying that he had been unable to hold the spirit back, and had no right to accept the gifts.

The next morning I found the room all cleared away, and my mother sat sewing on a little white gown. The bright red trimming caught my eye. I came to her and asked, "Please mother, tell me for whom is that, and why do you make it so pretty?" She made no answer, but bent over her work. I leaned forward that I might look into her face and repeat my question. I bent down, and, oh! the tears were falling fast down her cheeks. Then we were told that our little sister was gone to the spirit-land, and we must not talk about her. They made us look upon her. We felt of her and kissed her, but she made no response. Then I realized what death meant. Remorse again seized me, but I was silent.

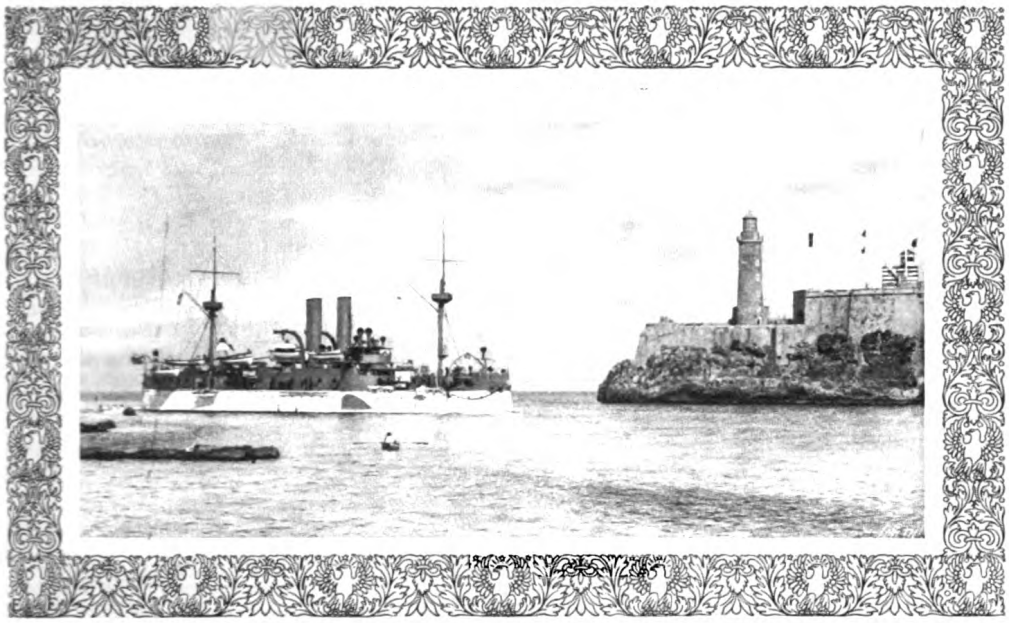


## HIS TALISMAN.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

UNTO a child at bedtime
The comfort of his toy,
Unto a King in exile
A diadem for joy;
Unto my heart for courage
Whate'er my peril be—
God grant the hidden solace
One heart exalteth me!

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# THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR

## BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

## I. THE UNSETTLED QUESTION

THREE hundred and fifty years ago the empire of Charles V. circled the globe, and was the greatest military and political power among civilized men. Of that mighty fabric, the year 1898 has witnessed the unlamented end. We of to-day have thus beheld the closing scene of one of the great dramas of history. The colonies planted in America by the English and the Dutch have risen to be a great nation, and that nation has finished the work begun by the followers of William of Orange, when, amid the dikes of Holland and upon the stormy waters of the English Channel, they struck at the power of Philip II. even in its pitch of pride. Such events as these are not accidents, nor are they things of yesterday. The final expulsion of Spain from the Americas and from the Philippines is the fit conclusion of the long strife between the people who stood for civil and religious freedom, and those who stood for bigotry and tyranny as hideous in their action as any which have ever cursed humanity. The work has been a long one, but Spain at last is confined practically to her peninsula, where her people can do as they please with each other, but whence they can trouble the world no more. Spain has ceased to rule; her once vast empire has gone, because she has proved herself unfit to govern, and for the unfit among nations there is no pity in the relentless world-forces which shape the destinies of mankind.

The irrepressible conflict between Spain on the one side and England and Holland on the other, after the former had been crippled in Europe, was transferred from the Old World to the New. They seemed very remote from each other at first in the vast regions of the American continents, but nevertheless the two opposing forces, the two irrevocably hostile systems, were drawing together steadily, with the certainty that when they met one of them must go down before the other. The Seven Years' War drove France from eastern North America, and fixed forever the fate of that region. It was to be English, not French:

> The lilies withered where the lion trod.

The expulsion of France not only removed the long standing northern peril

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to the English colonies, but swept away the last barrier between them and Spain. In the American Revolution, France, seeking her revenge for the conquests of Pitt, forced Spain to become her ally against England; but Spain had no love for the rebellious colonists. A treacherous, nominal friend, she tried to wrest advantage from their weakness, and to secure to herself in final possession the Mississippi Valley and the great Northwest. Failing in this, she sought, after American independence had been won, by false and insolent diplomacy and by corrupting intrigues among the Western settlers, to check the American advance across the continent. It was all in vain. Through woodland and savanna, over mountain and stream, came the steady tramp of the American pioneer. He was an adventurer, but he was also a settler, and what he took he held. He carried a rifle in one hand, he bore an axe in the other, and where he camped he made a clearing and built a home. The two inevitable antagonists were nearing each other at last, for they were face to face now all along the western and southern borders of the United States. The time had come for one to stop, or for the other to give way. But there was no stopping possible to the Americans, and through the medium of French ownership the Louisiana purchase was made, the Mississippi became a river of the United States, and their possessions were stretched across the continent even to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Still not content, the Americans pressed upon the southern boundary until, in 1819, they forced Spain, in order to avoid war, to sell them Florida and the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico as far as Louisiana. Meantime, inspired by the example of the United States in rejecting foreign dominion, and borne forward by the great democratic movement which, originating in America, had swept over Europe, the Spanish colonies rose in arms and drove Spain from Central and South America.

A few years passed by, and then the restless American advance pressed on into Texas, took it from Mexico, and a territory larger than any European state except Russia was added to the United States. Still the American march went on, and then war came with Mexico, and another vast region, stretching from Oregon to Arizona, became an American possession. All the lands of North America which had once called Spain master, which Cortez and De Soto, Ponce de Leon and Coronado, had bestowed upon the Spanish crown, had passed from the hands of the men who could not use them into those of the men who could. The expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Puerto Rico is merely the last and final step of the inexorable movement in which the United States has been engaged for nearly a century. By her influence and example, or more directly by her arms and by the pressure of her ever-advancing settlements, the United States drove Spain from all her continental possessions in the Western Hemisphere, until nothing was left to the successors of Charles and Philip but Cuba and Puerto Rico.

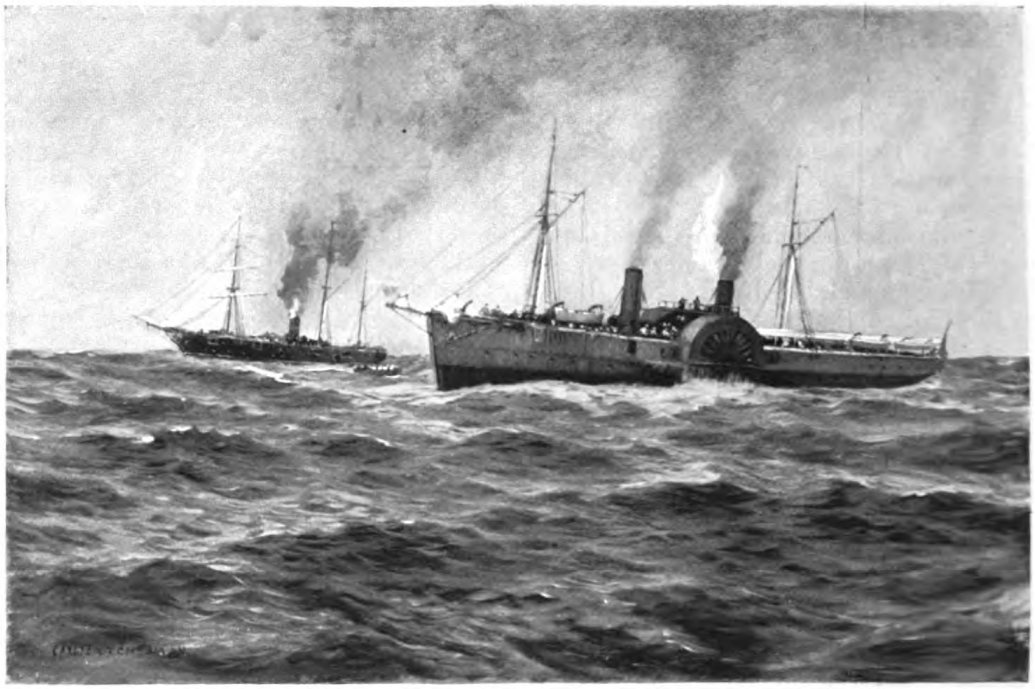
How did it happen that this great movement, at once racial, political, and economic, governed as it was by forces which rule men even in their own despite—how did it happen to stop when it came to the ocean's edge? The movement against Spain was at once natural and organic, while the pause on the seacoast was artificial and in contravention of the laws of political evolution in the Americas. The conditions in Cuba and Puerto Rico did not differ from those which had gone down in ruin wherever the flag of Spain waved upon the mainland. The Cubans desired freedom, and Bolivar would fain have gone to their aid. Mexico and Colombia, in 1825, planned to invade the island, and at that time invasion was sure to be successful. What power stayed the oncoming tide which had swept over a continent? Not Cuban loyalty, for the expression "Faithful Cuba" was a lie from the beginning, like many other Spanish statements. The power which prevented the liberation of Cuba was the United States; and more than seventy years later this republic has had to fight a war because at the appointed time she set herself against her own teachings, and brought to a halt the movement she had herself started to free the New World from the oppression of the Old. The United States held back Mexico and Colombia and Bolivar, used her influence at home and abroad to that end, and, in the opinion of contemporary mankind, succeeded, according to her desires, in keeping Cuba under the dominion of Spain.

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The reason for this action on the part of the United States is worse than the fact itself. The Latin mind is severely logical in politics, which accounts in a measure for its many failures in establishing and managing free governments. Being of this cast of mind, the Spanish-American states, when they rose to free themselves from Spain, also freed their own slaves, and in this instance they were not only logical, but right. The people of the United States, on the other hand, were at once illogical and wrong, and they held just then that white men should be free and black men slaves. So they regarded with great disfavor this highly logical outcome of South-American independence, and from this cause Southern hostility brought the Panama Congress, fraught with many high hopes of American solidarity, to naught. The sinister influence of slavery led the United States to hold Cuba under the yoke of Spain, because free negroes were not to be permitted to exist upon an island so near their Atlantic seaboard. It was a cruel policy which fastened upon Cuba slavery to Spain as well as the slavery of black men to white, when both might have been swept away without cost to America. Those who are curious in the doctrine of compensations can find here a fresh example. Lincoln, in the second inaugural, declared once for all that our awful civil war was the price we paid for slavery; and the war of 1898 was the price paid at last, as such debts always are paid by nations, for having kept Cuba in bondage at the dictates of our own slave power.

The United States had thus undertaken to stop the movement for the liberation of Spanish colonies at the point selected by itself, and had deliberately entered upon the policy of maintaining Spanish rule in its own neighborhood. This policy meant the assumption of a heavy responsibility, as well as a continuous effort to put to rest an unsettled question, by stoutly, and in defiance of facts, asserting that it really was settled if people would only agree pleasantly to think so. But in this, as in all like cases, the effort was vain. Cuba was held under Spanish rule, and the question which had received the wrong answer began almost at once to make itself heard, after the awkward fashion of questions which men pretend to have disposed of, but which are still restlessly seeking the right and final answer, and, without respect for policies or vested interests, keep knocking and crying at the door. Some American statesmen saw that there was a real question in Cuba demanding a real settlement, and declared, like John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, that Cuba must be annexed, and that it would become indispensable to the integrity of the Union. Even then did Adams also assert that the transfer of Cuba to some other power was a danger obtruding itself upon our councils. But the plan of leaving the island with Spain prevailed. Cuba had come near to both independence and annexation, but both gave way before the slave power, and for twenty years the policy of 1825 had sway. As late as 1843, indeed, Webster said that negro emancipation in Cuba would strike a death-blow to slavery in the United States, thus giving cynically and frankly the bad and true reason for the policy steadily pressed since 1825. Never at rest, however, the slave power itself, a few years after Webster's lucid definition of its Cuban policy, changed its own attitude completely. From desiring to keep Cuba in the hands of Spain, in order that the Cuban negroes might remain slaves, it passed, as dangers thickened round it at home, to the determination to secure Cuba, in order that more slave territory might be added to the United States. Hence a continuous effort to get the island by annexation, and various projects, all fallen into more or less oblivion now, to bring that result about, were devised by American slaveholders and their allies. Their schemes ranged from Buchanan's offer to purchase, rejected with deep scorn by Spain the intelligent, to the Ostend Manifesto—a barefaced argument for conquest—and included attempts to bring about Cuban independence by exciting insurrections and landing filibustering expeditions. But the time was fast drawing near, even while the American slaveholders were thus seeking new territory, when the slave power would be thinking not of extension, but of existence. In 1861 American slavery invoked the ordeal of battle, and perished utterly. With it died its political power, and the policies, foreign and domestic, which it had so long imposed upon the United States. But slavery also left a number of debts to humanity which were not buried with it, but which required pay-

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THE ' VIRGINIUS " OVERHAULED BY THE SPANISH GUNBOAT "TORNADO."

ment at the hands of the American people, who had been responsible for slavery living, and could not avoid settling its debts when it was dead. Among these debts was Cuba. Nobody had thought of it much since the Ostend Manifesto. If anybody chanced to remember it during or after the civil war, the thought probably was that Cuba at last was well out of the way, together with the slave power which had been forever meddling with it, and talking about it, and casting covetous eyes upon its rich lands and forests.

None the less, although the slave power of America had undertaken to fix the destiny of Cuba, and, spurred by its own sense of weakness to eternal restlessness, had kept the question constantly alive, it was not the question itself. Cuba and Spain and Spanish oppression remained, even if American slavery was dead. Moreover, the slaveholders who had caused the United States to force Cuba back under Spanish rule had gone a step beyond this, and had warned off all other nations. In a word, the United States had become responsible for Cuba, and had drawn a ring-fence around the island to exclude all other nations. In this way we undertook and sought to maintain a wrong settlement of a great question, and wrong settlements are equivalent to none at all. So, after the inconsiderate fashion of unsettled problems, the Cuban question would not stay quiet. The slave power kept stirring it; and when the slave power perished and men thought it was all over, the ancient wrong reared its head again, and turning to the power responsible for its existence, demanded redress.

This time the movement came from the island itself. Cuba, although uninvaded, had not been untouched by the revolutionary movement in the first quarter of the century. Societies were formed to support Bolivar and the Mexicans; and after the movement was checked, Spain, acting in her usual fashion, instead of ignoring the indications of revolutionary sympathy, proceeded to give the Captain-General the powers of the governors of besieged towns, or, in other words, put the whole island under martial law. With this piece of sweeping and needless tyranny, resistance to Spain began in Cuba, and has continued at intervals to the present day, each successive outbreak becoming more formidable and more desperate than the one which preceded it.

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The first rising came at once. In 1826, only a year after the intervention of the United States, an insurrection broke out, and its two chiefs were executed. Soon after came another, known as the "Conspiracy of the Black Eagle," which was also harshly repressed, and those engaged in it were imprisoned, banished, or executed. In 1837 the representatives of Cuba and Puerto Rico were excluded from the Cortes, on the ground that the colonies were to be governed by special law. In 1850 and 1851 occurred an expedition for the liberation of Cuba, and the death of its leader, Narciso Lopez. There were also expeditions under General Quitman and others, and in 1855 Ramon Pinto was put to death, and many other patriots banished. These last were part of the slaveholders' movement intended to bring about the independence of the island, and subsequent annexation to the United States. After this, for a number of years, the Cubans attempted by peaceful methods to secure from the government at Madrid some relief from the oppression which weighed upon them, and some redress for their many wrongs. All their efforts came to naught, and such changes as were made were for the worse rather than for the better.

The result of all this was that in 1869 a revolution broke out under the leadership of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, and the United States was aroused to the fact that the Cuban question was as unsettled as ever. The existence of slavery in Cuba dulled the edge of American sympathy, for the bitterness of our own conflict was still upon us. Still there was much interest in the United States, and a strong feeling in behalf of men struggling for freedom. The old American sentiment against the domination of Europe in the New World, which slavery for its own objects had for a time suppressed, woke again and found active and ardent expression. The revolutionists, it is true, did not succeed in getting beyond the eastern part of the island, but they were successful in many engagements, they crippled still further the already broken power of Spain, and they could not be put down by force of arms. At first the United States held carefully aloof; but the war went on; Spain was in the throes of revolution at home; and the administration of President Grant, however reluctant, was compelled to take notice of the fire burning at our very doors. Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, reverted to the old idea of purchase, and informally brought the proposition to the attention of the Spanish government. General Prim, the one very able man Spain has produced in recent times, saw at once the sense and advantage of this solution, but the scheme got noised about prematurely, there was an outbreak of silly passion which the Spaniards call pride, and Prim was obliged to declare vehemently against any alienation of the national territory. Then in 1873 came what was certain to come sooner or later, an outrage by Spain against the United States. The *Virginius*, a vessel of American register, was captured on the high seas, taken to a Cuban port, and some fifty of her officers and crew, Americans for the most part, summarily shot. The wrath of the American people flamed out; President Grant could have had war and ended everything in a moment; but the forces which cared nothing for humanity and a great deal for an undisturbed money market prevailed. The register of the *Virginius* was opportunely proved to be fraudulent, we took money for our dead, and peace was preserved. The unsettled question had come very near a solution, and had shown, to all who cared to think, that Spanish tyranny was capable of dangerous crimes against others than its own subjects.

Still the war dragged on. It was very annoying, especially to those who were afraid of being disturbed in their daily life, and the administration was forced to intimate, in 1875, that if Spain did not stop the war, the intervention of other powers might become necessary. The hint was not without effect, and, coupled with Spain's increasing exhaustion, hastened the end. In two years more, after the insurrection had lasted ten years, peace was made with the insurgents, but only by a treaty in which Martinez Campos, in the name of Spain, promised to the Cubans certain reforms for which they had taken up arms. In consideration of these reforms the insurgents were to abandon their fight for independence, lay down their arms, and receive a complete amnesty. The insurgents kept their word. They laid down their arms and abandoned their struggle for independence. Spain unhesitatingly violated the agreement. With a cynical disregard of good faith, her promise of amnesty was



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only partially kept, and she imprisoned or executed many who had been engaged in the insurgent cause, while the promised reforms were either totally neglected or carried out by some mockery which had neither reality nor value. The result of this treachery, of the bloodshed which accompanied it, and of the increased abuses in government which followed, was that the Cubans again prepared for revolt, and in February, 1895, José Martí landed in eastern Cuba and another revolution broke out. The unsettled question had again appeared, still demanding the right answer.

There is no need to trace here the history of this last insurrection. The insurgents formed a government, carried on a vigorous guerilla warfare, and swept over the island from Santiago to the outskirts of Havana and Pinar del Rio, and soon held sway over most of the provinces outside the towns. They fought better, and were better led, by partisan chiefs like Maceo and Garcia, than ever before. But the head and front of the rebellion was Maximo Gomez, a man of marked ability and singular tenacity of purpose. His plan was to refuse all compromises, to distribute his followers in detached bands, to fight no pitched battles, but incessant skirmishes, to ravage the country, destroy the possibility of revenue, and win in the end either through the financial exhaustion of Spain or by the intervention of the United States, one of which results he believed must come if he could only hold on long enough. His wisdom, persistence, and courage have all been justified, for the results have come as he expected, and the rest of the story is to be found in the course of events in the United States.

When the insurrection of 1895 broke out it excited, at first, but a languid interest among the people of the United States, who are only too well accustomed to revolutions in Spanish-American countries. It soon was apparent, however, that this was not an ordinary South-American revolution, that the Cubans were fighting the old fight of America to be free from Europe, that they were in desperate earnest, would accept no compromises, and would hold on to the bitter end. Then, too, a few months sufficed to show that this time the Cubans were well led, that their forces were united, that they were not torn with factional strife, and that they were pursuing an intelligent and well-considered plan. Interest in the United States began to awaken, and grew rapidly as the success of the Cuban arms became manifest. In the ten years' war the insurrection never spread beyond the hill country of the extreme east. Now, in six months, the province of Santiago, except for the seaports, had fallen into Cuban control, and the Cuban forces marched westward, taking possession of all the rural districts as far as Havana.

This brave fight for liberty and against Spain presently aroused the sympathy of the American people, which showed itself in the newspaper press and in public meetings, always with gathering strength. When Congress met, the popular sentiment sought expression in both branches. A minority desired the immediate recognition of Cuban independence, a large number wished to recognize belligerency, an overwhelming majority wanted to do something, while the naturally conservative elements were led by a few determined men who were opposed to any interference of the remotest kind, and a few of whom, even if they did not openly avow it, were bent on leaving Spain a free hand in the island. Out of this confusion came, as might have been expected, a compromise, in which the men in the small minority, who knew just what they wanted, got the substance, and the large, divided, and undecided majority, who vaguely desired "to do something for Cuba," obtained nothing but a collection of sympathetic words. The compromise took the form of a concurrent resolution, which, after much debate, delay, and conference, finally passed both Houses.

This resolution merely declared that a state of war existed in Cuba, that the United States would observe strict neutrality, and that the President should offer the good offices of the United States with the Spanish government to secure the recognition of the independence of the island. As the resolution was concurrent, it did not require the President's assent, and was nothing but an expression of the opinion of Congress. It therefore had little weight with Mr. Cleveland, and none at all with Spain. Whatever was done by the administration in offering our good offices to secure the recognition of Cuban independence, there was

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no result, and the only part of the resolution which was scrupulously carried out was in observing neutrality, and this was done by the President with a severity which bore heavily upon the Cuban side alone.

The administration was in fact opposed to any interference in Cuba, and the action of Congress left it free to follow its policy of holding rigidly aloof. Spain relied with entire confidence on the friendly attitude of Mr. Cleveland, and this confidence was not misplaced. But the unsettled question could not be put down or pushed into a corner. It kept on proclaiming its ugly existence. And the war did not die out, as the opponents confidently predicted that it would, in the course of a month. On the contrary, it continued; the insurgents were successful in their plan of campaign; they kept gaining ground and getting a more and more complete control of the interior of the island. On July 13, 1895, the battle of Bayamo was fought—the most considerable action of the war, for Gomez avoided steadily all stricken fields. At Bayamo, however, they won a decisive victory, and Martinez Campos, who barely escaped, was forced to resign, or was recalled, six months later. The retirement of Martinez Campos was an important advantage to the Cuban cause, for he was the wisest and most humane of the Spanish Captain-Generals. He had settled the last revolt, and by diplomacy and good management there was always danger that he would divide the insurgents again and bring about another compromise. He was, however, neither successful enough nor sufficiently ferocious to satisfy Spain, and hence his removal. The man who succeeded him, if, as events proved, equally unsuccessful in war, left nothing to be desired in the way of ferocity, Valeriano Weyler came to Cuba February 10, 1896, with an evil reputation for cruelty and corruption earned in the Philippines and in the suppression of the disorders at Barcelona, and this reputation he not only maintained, but enhanced in his new government. His military movements were farcical, consisting in marching columns out here and there from garrisoned posts, having an ineffective brush with the Cubans, and then and there withdrawing the troops, with as little effect as the proverbial King of France who marched up the hill.

The insurgents continued their operations without serious check; they broke through the trochas, swarmed into Pinar del Rio, wandered at will about the country, and carried their raids even into the suburbs of Havana. Weyler, who seems never to have exposed himself to fire, but to have confined his operations in the field to building more trochas, made his few military progresses by sea, and preferred to stay in Havana, where he could amass a fortune by blackmailing the business interests, and levying heavy tribute on all the money appropriated to public uses by the bankrupt and broken treasury of Spain. If, however, Weyler was ineffective as a commander in the field and no lover of battle, he showed that he was energy itself in carrying out a campaign of another kind, which was intended to destroy the people of the island, and which had the great merit of being attended with no risk to the person of the Captain-General. A large portion of the Cuban population in the country were peasants taking no part in the war, and known as "pacificos." They were quiet people, as a rule, and gave no cause for offence, but it was well known that their sympathies were with the insurgents, and it was believed that they furnished both supplies and recruits to the rebel forces. Unable to suppress or defeat the armed insurgents, the Spanish government characteristically determined to destroy these helpless "pacificos." Accordingly an edict, suggested apparently by Weyler, was issued on October 21, 1896, which applied to Pinar del Rio, and was afterwards extended to all the island, and which ordered the army to concentrate all the pacificos, practically all the rural population, in the garrisoned towns. These wretched people were to be driven in this way from their little farms, which were their only means of support, and herded in the towns and in the suburbs of Havana, where they had nothing before them but starvation or massacre at the hands of Spanish soldiers and guerillas. Whether the idea of this infamous order originated in Havana or Madrid is not of much consequence. The Queen-Regent, for whom some persons feel great sympathy, because she is an intelligent woman and the mother of a little boy, set her hand to the decree which sent thousands of women and children to a lingering death, and the whole government of Spain is just as

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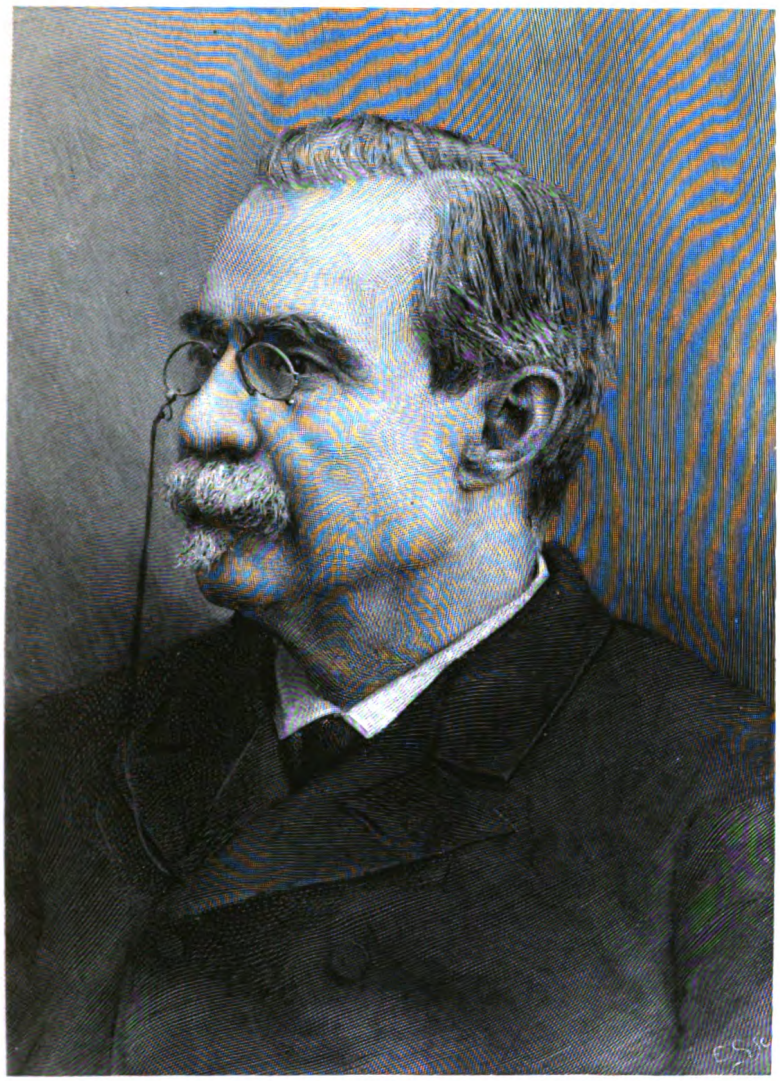
responsible for all the ensuing atrocities as Weyler, who issued the concentration edict and carried it out with pitiless thoroughness and genuine pleasure in the task.

By March, 1896, Spain had sent 121,000 soldiers to the island, which gave her, with the forces already in Cuba, 150,000 men. Her debt was piling up with frightful rapidity; the insurgent policy of preventing the grinding of the sugar-cane was largely successful, had paralyzed business, and wellnigh extinguished the revenues. It was apparent to all but the most prejudiced that even if the insurgents could not drive the Spaniards from Cuba, the island was lost to Spain. With 200,000 men Spain had utterly and miserably failed to put down the rebels, who never had in arms, in all parts of the island, over 35,000 men. The Spanish government could give protection neither to its own citizens nor to those of foreign nations, nor could it even offer security to business, agriculture, or property. So Spain, impotent and broken, but as savage and cruel as she had ever been in her most prosperous days, turned deliberately from the armed men she could not overcome to the work of starving to death the unarmed people, old and young, men and women, whom she could surely reach.

These facts began to grow very clear to the people of the United States in the spring of 1896, and the two great political parties, at their national conventions, passed resolutions of strong sympathy with Cuba, and demanded action. Even the excitement of the most bitterly fought election ever known in the United States could not wholly shut out Cuba, and when the election was over, the Cuban question came to the front again as soon as Congress met. Even the all-absorbing financial question could neither obscure nor hide it. There it was again, under discussion, and the reason for its reappearance was simply that the feeling of the American people was growing constantly keener and stronger, and forced the subject forward in Congress. Among those who sympathized with Cuba there was a general belief that it was not merely right to recognize the independence of the island, but that such action would enable the insurgents to raise money, fly the flag of the republic on ships of war, and open ports, and that they would then secure their independence without involving the United States in war with Spain. Subsequent events have shown that even recognition would not probably have strengthened the insurgents to such a degree that they could drive out the Spaniards. But it is equally clear now that recognition was the only chance of saving the United States from ultimate intervention and war. A majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations holding this opinion, Senator Cameron reported from that committee, on December 21, 1896, a brief resolution recognizing the Republic of Cuba, and setting forth the reasons for doing so in a very able and elaborate report.

This resolution of the Foreign Relations Committee caused much excitement. Stocks fell, and the financial interests of the great Eastern cities rose in wrathful opposition. They declared, without any reservation, that war "would unsettle values"—a horrid possibility not to be contemplated with calmness by any right-thinking man. The error of the financial interests was in thinking that war could "unsettle values." That which "unsettled values" was the Cuban question, and so long as that remained unsettled, "values" would follow suit. There was but one way to remove this disturbing element, and that was for the United States to bring the Cuban war to an end. So long as it was permitted to go on, the damaging uncertainty and suspense were sure to continue, and sooner or later, out of the fighting in Cuba and the agitation in the United States, would come the overt act which would bring the sword from its scabbard. Nevertheless, financial interests had their way. Mr. Olney announced, in an interview in the Washington *Star*, that no attention would be paid to the joint resolution even if it passed both Houses over the veto, for the right of recognition pertained solely to the Executive, and the resolution would only be the opinion of certain eminent gentlemen. This was quite conclusive at the moment in regard to the Cuban war, for nothing can be plainer than that under our system of government no serious measures can be wisely undertaken, or indeed undertaken at all, against a foreign nation unless the Executive and Congress act together. This was entirely obvious to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Sen-

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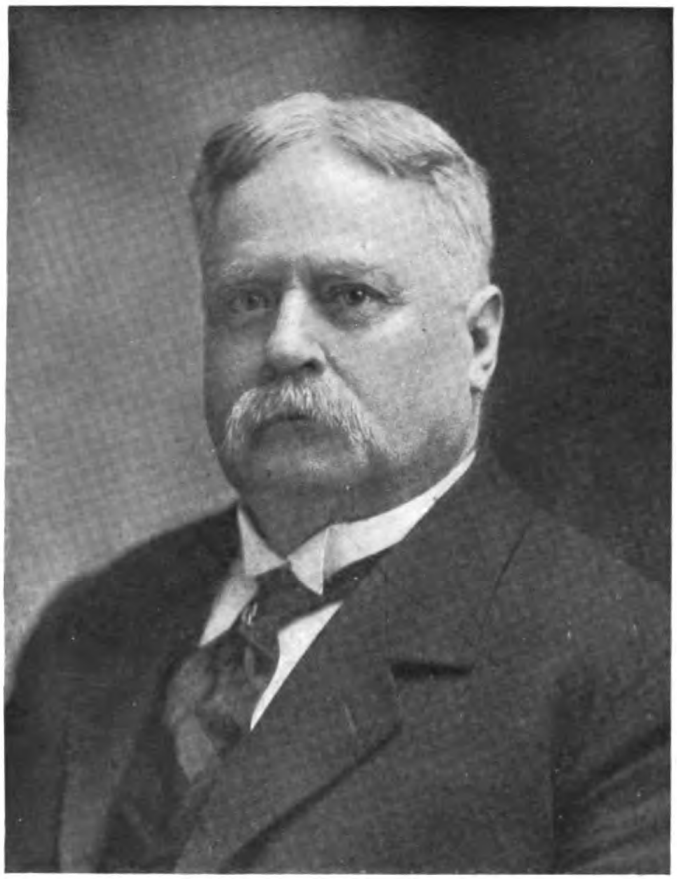
SEÑOR CÁNOVAS DEL CASTILLO,
Late Prime Minister of Spain.

ate. It was doubtful if they could carry the resolution for recognition of the Cuban Republic through the Senate, and quite certain that it would be useless if they did. So the resolution slumbered on the calendar and was never called up, the wise financial interests prevailed, Cuban independence was not to be recognized, and we were to go on pretending that the war was not there, and that we had answered the unsettled question, when we really had simply turned our heads aside and refused to look.

And then when the troublesome matter had been so nicely laid to sleep, the result followed which is usual when Congressmen and Presidents and nations are trying to make shams pass for realities. Only a few weeks went by, and the Cuban question was up again. It could not be kept out of the newspapers, or the minds of men, or the debates in Congress. We were engaged in enforcing the neutrality laws and preventing filibustering expeditions. If an expedition got out of our ports it was a success in almost every instance, for the Spanish were so ineffective that they could hardly ever prevent a landing, and the upshot was that the United States did the main work in



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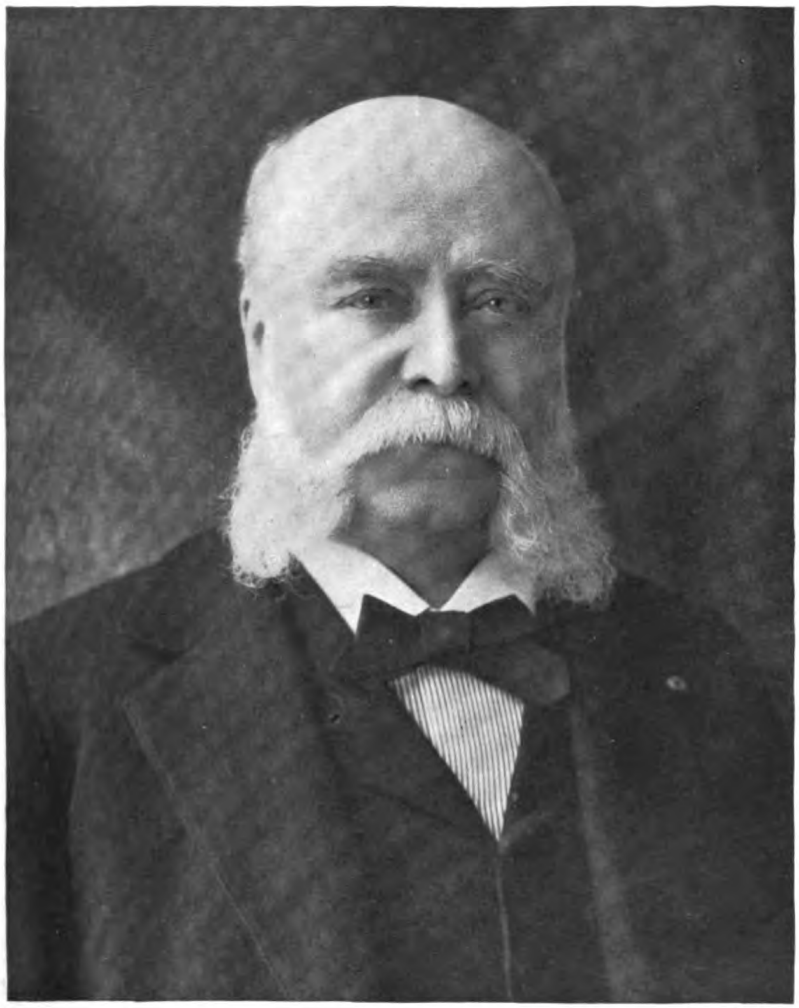


GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,
United States Consul-General in Havana.

checking the insurgents. In other words, the enforcement of neutrality meant in practice our being the ally of Spain. This fact came gradually into public view and gained general appreciation, with a consequent increase of feeling among the American people, who, horrified by the reports of the starvation of the "reconcentrados," did not at all relish being made even indirect participants in that odious crime against humanity. A still deeper source of irritation was in the treatment accorded to Americans by the Spaniards. Cases were continually arising in which American citizens were seized, thrown into prison, kept in solitary confinement, and subjected to every kind of cruelty, in total disregard of both treaty and international rights. So long as these unfortunate men were of Cuban birth and had Spanish names, the opponents of Cuba felt that they had in these facts a complete answer, and that the additional fact that they held the naturalization papers of the United States could be entirely disregarded. Still the cases kept on coming to the surface, gave rise to sharp debates in Congress, and stimulated popular feeling. The Spaniards, however, emboldened by our government's apparent indifference to the rights and the protection of American citizens, soon ceased to confine their outrages to naturalized citizens of Cuban extraction, and proceeded to extend the same treatment to men whose names were as American as their birthplace. The administration could not plead ignorance of the situation, for General Lee, who had taken charge of the Consul-General's office in Havana on June 3, 1896, informed the State Department three weeks after his arrival that while the insurgents could not drive the Spaniards from the island, it was equally impossible for Spain to subdue the insurrection. The President therefore knew that without decided measures on our part there was nothing possible in Cuba but bloodshed, pillage, the wholesale destruction of life and property, and the gradual extermination of the inhabitants by starvation and massacre. As the winter of 1896–7 wore away it also became generally understood that General Lee, whose good sense and firm courage had steadily won the confidence of the country, was not sustained by the administration as he should have been in some of the cases of American prisoners. The manner in which the consular reports were withheld, or only grudgingly or partially given out, augmented the popular distrust, for the secrecy observed convinced every one that the publication of the official truth was feared by those who wished to hold aloof from Cuba and pretend that there was no question there

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demanding settlement. The American people are justly sensitive in regard to the protection of American citizens, and the imprisonment of Scott, the murder of Ruiz, and the treatment of the *Competitor* prisoners, together with many other cases, wrong seemed about to force the inevitable decision, Mr. Cleveland went out of office, and with the interest awakened by a new administration, and the hopes of a changed policy, the immediate excitement subsided, and men who realized that



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD,
United States Minister to Spain.

especially when there were added to them the ill-concealed differences between the administration and General Lee, stirred popular feeling and excited popular anger to a high degree. The situation growing out of the Spanish treatment of Americans was fast bringing on a crisis which threatened to prove not only acute, but decisive.

Just at this moment, when the unrighted however absorbing the tariff might be. the real and great question lay south of Florida, were content to wait and give to the new authority every possible opportunity and assistance. The Republican party, which now returned to power, had taken very strong ground at its convention in regard to Cuba, asserting practically that it would charge itself with the duty of compelling a final settle-

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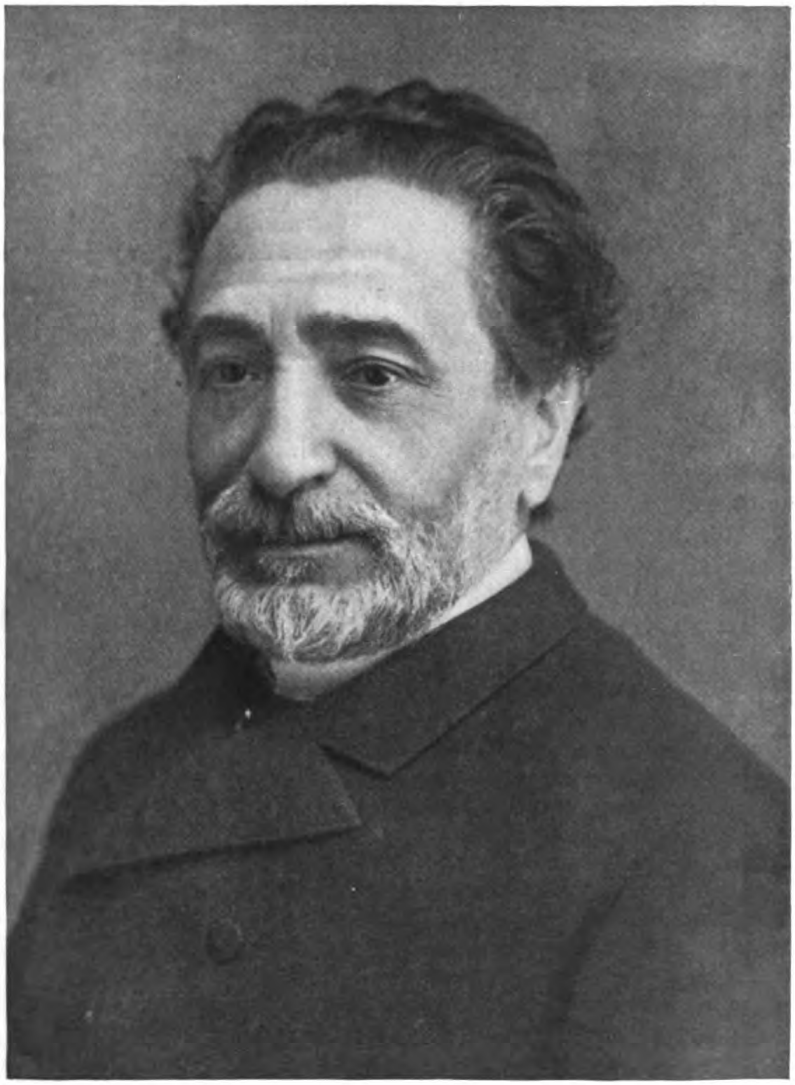
SEÑOR DUPUY DE LOME,
Spanish Minister to the United States.

ment of the question. President McKinley not only sympathized with the declaration of his party, but he felt profoundly the gravity of the Cuban situation, and cherished a deep desire to meet it successfully and conclusively. The question had been left in such an acute state, and so near to extreme action, by neglect of the cases of American prisoners, that it was plain that something must be done or the new administration would find itself plunged into hostilities before it had fairly taken the reins of power into its hands. The crucial point was the American prisoners, and President McKinley immediately demanded prompt release and redress in every case. His tone was so firm that the Spaniards at once gave way, and by the end of April every American prisoner had been released. With the removal of the immediate and crying evil the situation grew quieter, the crisis passed by, and the impending peril of war rolled back again into the distance. The cause of war would not come from Spanish outrages upon American citizens. So much was fixed by the President's decided action. But the question was still there, still moving and pressing, never at rest. And just when every one who was against doing anything was saying again contentedly that all was nicely over, and that the sham was a reality, and that there was no Cuban question, out the question would break in a new quarter. May 20, 1897, the Senate, without division, passed a joint resolution recognizing Cuban belligerency. This resolution, taking its usual course, had scarcely had time to reach the House and be sent by the Speaker to slumber in the Committee on Foreign Affairs, because there was not and ought not to be a Cuban question, when in came a message from the President on that very subject. It appeared that war was still going on, and that under the reconcentration system American citizens, as well as natives of the island, were being starved to death in Cuba. This the President, thoroughly informed by the consular reports, thought that he could not permit, and he therefore asked Congress for $50,000 to purchase and send supplies to these Americans who were being put to death by the methods of war employed by Spain. Congress gave the money at once, and the act was approved May 24, 1897. We demanded and received the assent of Spain, and thereupon ships were chartered and food sent to all the American consuls, in order to feed starving Americans. The Americans were fed, and many others not Americans also, and the United States by this action had at last interfered in Cuba; for no more complete act of intervention than this, which

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tended to cripple the military measures and check the starvation campaign of the Spaniards, could be imagined. It was not admitted, certainly not generally realized, that the United States had finally broken from the old policy of holding aloof, and had entered on the new policy of intervention in Cuba; but, nevertheless, the true answer to the unsettled question was beginning to draw visibly nearer.

Meantime the President, after careful consideration, selected General Stewart L. Woodford for minister to Spain—the most important diplomatic post to be filled at this juncture. No one could have been chosen who was more conciliatory than General Woodford, or more desirous to bring about a peaceful solution of the ever-increasing differences with Spain.



SEÑOR PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA.
Prime Minister of Spain.

With such a minister at Madrid it was certain that no effort would be spared to soothe Spain and bring about an agreement calculated to gratify everybody, if such a thing were possible under the circumstances, which seemed unlikely, for it looked as if the question had gone be-

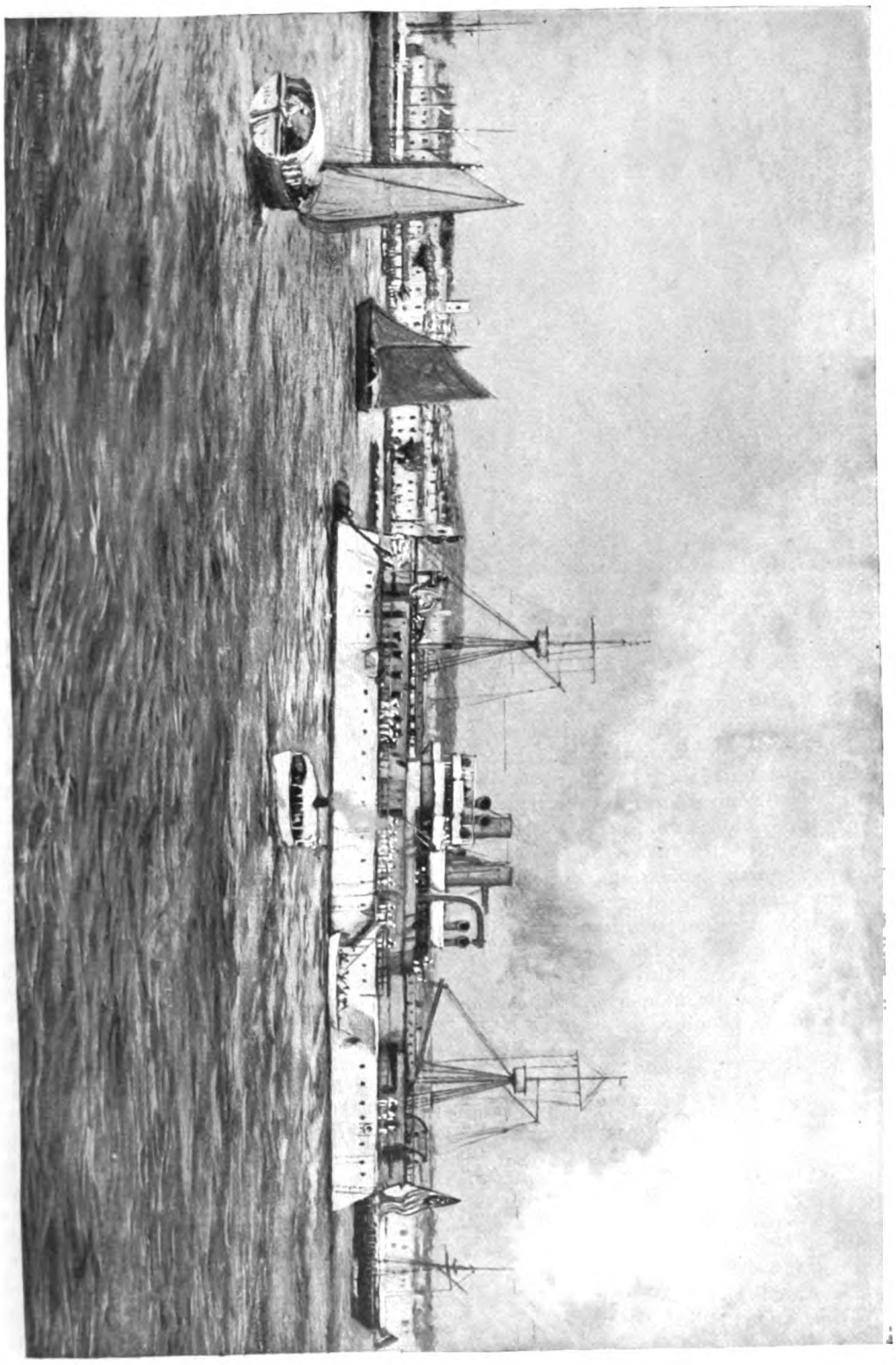
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yond the stage when it could be dealt with by soft and gentle handling. Then, until the new administration and the new President, through the freshly appointed minister, could take up the thread of the negotiations with Spain, there came a pause in the controversy between the two nations. There was no pause in Cuba, no pause in starving to death the miserable "reconcentrados," or in the desolating raids of both combatants, which were fast making the island a desert waste. There was no pause in the agitation in the United States, or in the growth of the popular feeling about Cuba and the horrid scenes there existent. The unsettled question kept moving on, even though negotiations paused. Then came another delay, for before General Woodford reached Spain on September 1, Señor Canovas, the Prime Minister, was murdered, on Sunday, August 8, 1897, by an Italian anarchist. There was much alarm, a ministerial crisis, and then Señor Ságasta came in and formed a Liberal ministry. At last General Woodford was able to open his negotiations, and the demands of the United States were seriously pressed. We asked for the recall of Weyler, and, above all, for the revocation of the reconcentration edict. The new ministry made haste to comply in appearance with every request, and to promise everything we demanded. Then they asked in turn that we should give them opportunity to try autonomy in Cuba—another wrong answer to the old question, absolutely useless, and quite gone by in the autumn of 1897. But after all the ostensible compliance of the Sagasta ministry with our requests, the opportunity to try autonomy could not well be refused. The trouble was that, with the exception of the recall of Weyler, on October 9, 1897, about which no deception or postponement was possible, not one of these Spanish promises was worth the paper upon which it was written. It was all entirely characteristic of Spanish diplomacy, much vaunted by Spaniards, and much admired in Europe, and consisted simply of lying, evading, and making promises which there was no intention of performing. As the representatives of the United States tried always to tell the truth, they laid themselves open to much European criticism for their rude diplomacy, and for not understanding the refined methods of older nations; but they had one grave disadvantage in a failure to realize that Spanish diplomacy consisted chiefly of falsehood, as it had done for some centuries, and that no faith could be put in anything they alleged or promised.

Meantime all agitation in the United States was restrained on the ground that after the Spanish concessions we were bound to give them a reasonable time to try autonomy, which was an entirely just view if the concessions had been real and autonomy either honest or practical. But as the weeks passed by it became apparent that autonomy was neither practicable nor genuine; the atrocities and starvation went on despite the withdrawal of Weyler and the coming of the less brutal Blanco, and both Congress and people again began to grow restless.

The situation of the Americans in Havana also began to cause uneasiness, and there was so much disquiet that the administration very wisely determined to send a ship of war to that port. The battle-ship *Maine* was selected for this duty, and reached Havana on the morning of January 24, 1898. We were at peace with Spain, and we had an entire right to send a ship there. If it had been done, as it ought to have been, at the beginning of the Cuban troubles, it would have excited no comment; but at this late date in the war it assumed an importance which did not rightfully belong to such an incident. The Spanish minister, Señor Dupuy de Lome, blustered in private and talked about war, but being informed quietly and decidedly by Mr. Day that the ship was going in any event, he quieted down in public, and the Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* came to New York to demonstrate that the presence of the *Maine* at Havana was only a friendly visit. The sending of the *Maine* was received by the country with a sense of relief, and the action of the President was universally approved. Public attention, however, was soon distracted from this subject by an incident which in a flash revealed the utter worthlessness of all the Spanish concessions and promises. A letter of Señor Dupuy de Lome, dated December 25, 1897, and addressed to a friend, Señor Canalejas, had been stolen in Havana by some one in the Cuban interest, and sent to the Cuban Junta in New York, which gave it to the press on February 9, 1898. This letter contained a coarse and vulgar attack upon President McKinley,

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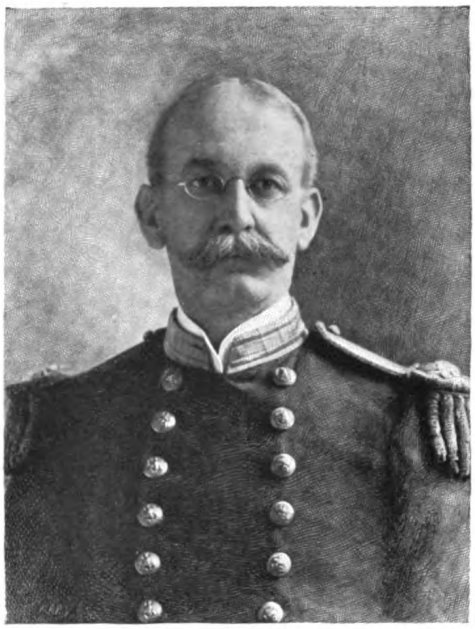


THE "MAINE" AT HER FINAL BERTH IN HAVANA HARBOR.

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CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE,
United States battle-ship *Maine*.

which led to the immediate resignation and recall of the writer, who had served Spain well and unscrupulously. But far more important in its wider bearings than this disclosure of the character of Dupuy de Lome was the fact that the letter revealed the utter hollowness of all the Spanish professions, and showed that the negotiations in regard to autonomy and commercial relations were only intended to amuse and deceive the United States. The effect of this revelation was just beginning to make itself felt when the American people were stunned by an event which drove everything else from their minds. On the morning of February 16 came the news that on the previous evening the battle-ship *Maine* had been blown up and totally destroyed in the harbor of Havana. The explosion occurred under the forward part of the ship, and 264 men and two officers were killed. The overt act had come. This gigantic murder of sleeping men in the fancied security of a friendly harbor was the direct outcome and the perfect expression of Spanish rule, and the appropriate action of a corrupt system struggling in its last agony. At last the unsettled question had come home to the United States, and it spoke this time in awful tones, which rang loud and could not be silenced. A wave of fierce wrath swept over the American people. But a word was needed, and war would have come then in response to this foul and treacherous act of war, for such in truth it was. But the words of Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the *Maine*, whose coolness, self-restraint, and high courage were beyond praise, asking, even in the midst of the slaughter, that judgment should be suspended, were heeded alike by government and people.

Scarcely a word was said in either House or Senate, and for forty days the American people and the American Congress waited in silence for the verdict of the board of naval officers who had been appointed to report on the destruction of the *Maine*. To those who understood the American people this grim silence, this stern self-control, were more threatening than any words of public sorrow or anger could possibly have been. Spain, rushing ignorantly, arrogantly, on her doom, understood nothing. A generous sympathy, a prompt offer to make every reparation, while she disclaimed all guilt, and she could have turned the current of feeling and gone far to save herself and her colonies. Instead of that, with incredible stupidity and utter meanness of soul, she announced, before any one had looked at the wreck, that the ship was blown up from the inside, owing to the carelessness of the American officers. Her ambassadors abroad reiterated this ministerial falsehood, and, not content with that, insulted the brave men who had the *Maine* in charge, while official Spaniards everywhere insinuated or declared that lack of discipline was what blew up the battle-ship. There was much anger, mostly of the very silent sort, in the United States as these charges flew on wires and cables about the world; but the American reply to them was not given until May 1 and July 3. Still the Spanish attitude in regard to the *Maine* had one undoubted merit—it moved the unsettled question forward, and made a wrong answer more difficult than ever.

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# HIS NOMINATION.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"I AM afraid you will think I dragged you away from your triumphs on a very extraordinary errand, Miss Tawnet. In fact it is an extraordinary errand, and I know in strict etiquette I shouldn't be dragging you away at all."

Miss Tawnet looked up with a pretty motion of her head and a smile on her lips. The glance she cast toward her companion had in it a laughing deference, as if she were half in jest in offering him respect.

"I all the more appreciate the honor done me," she said, and her manner, like her eyes, had in it just that amount of mocking homage which only a very charming woman may venture—a liberty that flatters while it infringes, but never infringes beyond flattery. Though not a débutante, she was still rather young to show such worldly poise, and so her listener was perhaps thinking as he replied:

"The truth is, I keep your father so busy I feel I owe him some reparation and some care of his daughter—"

He paused as a slow flush crept over Miss Tawnet's face. Her hair was not worn very loosely, but it was fine and full of life, and so surrounded her piquant features as to make them seem smaller and the more delicate. When her brown eyes looked out it was as if from a shelter, while there was always about her face a curious yet wholly pleasing look of reserve, not to be entirely accounted for by shrouding hair or drooping lashes. The secret of a beauty which was undeniably hers lay not so much in her features as in a certain brilliancy of expression and vividness of coloring. Perhaps the brown of her eyes and the duskiness of her hair would have been too intensified by the color in her cheeks had not that color constantly varied, and this same variation, while serving both to subdue and to heighten her brilliancy, also added appreciably to the natural play of her expression. She was sitting with her companion in one of those little withdrawing-rooms that seem to belong to all semi-official houses where state secrets are apt to be discussed and sudden privacy demanded. It was more an enclosed bay-window than a room, walled off by wide curtains only from the long hallway outside through which they had come from the ball-room beyond, not a long distance as yards count, but far enough to insure privacy.

"You mustn't think I am feeling everything I blush for," said Miss Tawnet, frankly. "I've been out long enough to stop blushing at everything, I should think, but I still do, and in the most annoying fashion. I know just what you are going to say. When the very, very great or the very, very poor draw one aside, it's always for some good reason. Of course my father's away a great deal, and even when he's at home I know he has other interests to engross him. I am leading what you would call an unprotected life, I suppose, but really I haven't felt the need of a resident chaperon. Of course I'll have to endure one if your Excellency says I must, but your Excellency does not know how I hate the idea."

His Excellency looked laughingly down at the youthful face below him.

"How dare you call me 'your Excellency?'" he said. "You know in your heart you never think of me as anything but the plain Mr. Werden you have always known. You can't look on me as your Governor. I don't at all say you need a chaperon. You have arrived where I never started for. You have your father's protection. It's a trifle vague, to be sure, but it's there; and you have a host of women friends to take you wherever you want to go. As a third correction, some miles back there somewhere—your pace leaves me a little breathless—I think you kindly dubbed me very, very great, whereas you know I am not great at any time, and at this present speaking you are particularly well aware that I am only your clever ladyship's very simple-minded old friend, vainly trying to open to you a perhaps disagreeable matter, which I am now no nearer to doing than I was when I first dragged you here from the ball-room."

"I call the next President of the United States very great indeed. I don't see how he could be much greater," said Miss Tawnet.



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Her companion looked back quickly over his shoulder, as if fearing a listener in the curtains, then laughed in spite of himself. If the manner of Miss Tawnet's remark was seemingly careless, it had none the less proved to him that she was still a trifle uneasy; also, that she was quite mistress of herself, and in a measure of him as well. Though he knew he was being flattered by the subtlest form of flattery, apparent bluntness, he caught himself smiling at her as he had too often laughed to see older and perhaps more astute statesmen smiling while she piped her prettiest measures and they danced.

"This is very pleasant, but it won't do at all," he said, shaking his head and laughing. "You make me feel the days very far away when I called you Millicent. Later it was Miss Millicent, now Miss Tawnet, treating me as if I were a kind of meddling Napoleon trying to dictate in the family affairs of my political family. If I were trying to do so, I haven't the least doubt that you could and would be able to wind me round and round your smallest finger. As it is, there's nothing Napoleonic about me. I am merely the plainest-minded of men, trying to offer you a simple service, and I don't think you need be hiding behind your petticoats in this fashion."

"I don't call that the speech of a plain-minded man, Sire," retorted Miss Tawnet, laughing also. "You know I can only answer an appeal like that in the one way I don't want to answer it. What is it you have to say? I won't fence it off any longer."

She looked up, waiting, her red lips a little apart, the dark line of her eyebrows lifted expectantly, plainly prepared for something that might be disagreeable to her, but also with an air of sincerity which, with plainly deliberate intent, she had not before shown. Her companion instantly responded to the change.

"Thank you," he said, heartily. "It ought to be easy for me to say anything to your father's child; he has been as my brother in many ways. I will plunge in at once if you will let me. You know Mr. Francis Quarles?"

He broke off as a hot flush welled up over Miss Tawnet's face from chin to brow so swiftly that he drew back before it.

"I fear I really distress you more than I have the right."

Miss Tawnet lifted her two hands to her burning cheeks.

"I distress myself," she interrupted, indignantly. "Please go on. It was only that I—well, I hardly expected quite this. I hope some day I shall forget how to blush."

Mr. Werden looked down with an open glance of kindly admiration at the dainty lines of her flushed features, and at the embarrassed brown eyes which she would not lower again under his gaze.

"Forget to blush? I trust not, and for all reasons," he answered. "If you really mean that I may go on—" He waited until she had nodded a little impatiently, and then went on with a carefulness that robbed him somewhat of his naturalness of manner:

"This morning, as I was working at my desk, I came to a communication from Senator B——, asking me to use my influence to place a certain young diplomat in a certain minor consulate. It's a consulate that's not a great position now, but it may easily lead to much better things. As it happened, I knew that Mr. Quarles was then in the State House looking up some records for me, so I sent for him and handed him Senator B——'s letter. I knew he was a friend of the man recommended, and I thought he knew him well. 'Is he,' I asked, 'in your opinion, the man for the place? Senator B—— thinks so, but what do you think?' To my surprise, Mr. Quarles read the letter through twice without a word. Then he laid it down, still without a word, but with every sign of confusion in his face. You know he is generally rather composed in manner. When he did speak, it was with the greatest embarrassment. 'I am very sorry,' he said, 'but it's absolutely impossible for me to give any reply whatever in this case. I am not competent to judge.' The name of the man Senator B—— recommended for the consulship," said Governor Werden, looking down at the floor as he spoke, "was Mr. Leonard Ward."

He raised his eyes swiftly as he ended, but not so swiftly as Miss Tawnet had moved. She had risen from her chair and was standing at the window, with her back toward her companion, so that, if he had so planned, he missed what he had carefully arranged to see. He rose and followed her.

"You ought to stop me, you know, if

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you are feeling I go too far," he said. "Do you still want me to finish?"

She assented with a quick motion of the head. Her face was averted, but as he went on he noted that she stood perfectly motionless, as if to lose nothing of what he was saying.

"There really is not much more to tell you, for you know the inside history of the whole matter, and I did not. I told Mr. Quarles plainly that he must realize his silence could only be prejudicial to his friend's interests and advancement, and then, after a moment's thought, he laughed and flushed, and said, with even greater embarrassment, if possible, in these very words, I think, 'To be candid, I am in a peculiar position, because Mr. Ward has talked as frankly to me on a certain subject as I have to him, and in consequence I know that nothing on earth could give me more satisfaction than to see my friend deported from this country and this city at this particular time; and nothing would distress him so much, I think, as to have to go away and leave me here.' By which, and without very much thought, Miss Tawnet, it wasn't difficult even for me, who am not very learned in affairs of the heart, to understand that it was a case of '*cherchez la femme*.'"

There was no response from the window, though one was waited for, and Governor Werden went on:

"Of course I at once ceased to press the matter in any way, and there the interview closed, except that before we parted I allowed myself to ask Mr. Quarles why he was so sure his friend would accept advancement in his profession at the expense of progress in this—a—private enterprise. His answer pleased me very much, Millicent. It came spontaneously, too. 'He isn't that kind of a man,' he said, quickly. 'He's a very strong man indeed;' and it was as he spoke so manfully and confidently of his friend's placing honor and duty to his calling before everything that it struck me suddenly it must be rather a hard task for any girl to decide between two such men. It isn't every woman who is blessed with two lovers too good to choose between."

"How did you know I was the girl?" asked Miss Tawnet, turning quickly, to be met by a humorously searching glance.

"[illegible]" said Mr. Werden, dryly, "I found, on my first inquiries, that I, and your father perhaps, have been about the only persons in our diplomatic circle who didn't know something of the affair. The contestants are too fairly matched, and the prize"—he bowed with a laughing gallantry—"is too unmatchedly fair, for the tourney to attract no attention whatever."

Miss Tawnet turned her face full upon him suddenly, charming in its confusion, its blushes, its laughter.

"Your Excellency!" she cried, her manner half mocking, half dismayed, "is it possible you have brought me here to help me choose between them?"

"It seemed to me," said the Governor, steadily, though with a little natural embarrassment and a retreat into a more conventional manner, "that I might be of some small service to you in this matter. From what Mr. Quarles said to me this morning I gathered that there was no third person, no one, in a word, if you still allow me to speak very plainly, who outdistances these two. As I understood him, each of them has been given some reason to believe the choice would be between them. As I thought it over afterwards I began to feel that this was one of those cases where a girl would most miss her mother's advising, and I remembered that you had no mother, Millicent. I happen, by the grace of God and the vote of the people, to be in a position which it seemed to me might easily allow me to help you a little, so I determined to come to you in this perfectly unconventional way and place myself at your service. It isn't always easy for a young girl to know or to test men as an older woman or a man may know them and test them."

He paused as Miss Tawnet forced herself to look up at him fixedly.

"It isn't easy for a young girl with no mother and a very busy father to know anything," she said, gravely. "I don't seem able to say what I want to, to thank you as I ought, as yet, only there is one question I want to ask you. Why do you and my father seem to feel it so necessary for me to be marrying? You, for instance, are many years older than I, your Excellency, and yet—"

There was a touch of audacity in her manner as she paused, though she left the last words unsaid.

"And yet I am not married? No; but a man in politics is different somehow

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from a woman in politics. I should be easier about you if I knew you were married, or soon to be so."

They moved with a common impulse away from the window and back to the chairs they had left. As she moved, Miss Tawnet was talking slowly and with pauses, but with a new abruptness of bearing and manner. Her voice, which was usually of peculiar sweetness and carefully modulated, seemed also to harden.

"Last summer," she said, incisively, "my father spent days and weeks, and broke yards and yards of rope, trying to haul up an old mooring he'd bought to tie our yacht to, and the only reason on earth he could give for doing it was because, he said, he couldn't stand being tied to anything when he didn't know exactly what it was. I went out on the deck and talked with him for a long while. He had been urging me to do just what I think you are now urging on me, but he never has since that day. The illustration was very practical. Do you suppose that you or he could ever tell me exactly what Mr. Quarles would be to me, or Mr. Ward, or any one else, for that matter? Perhaps I prefer sailing free with all sails spread. Why should I tie to any mooring?"

"This is exactly my reason for wanting you anchored," answered Mr. Werden, quietly. "You couldn't have given me a better example at a better time. This subtle, clever, ironic fashion of thinking and talking is growing on you, Millicent, as a habit. You have changed greatly since you were a débutante. You couldn't have talked to me as you did just now a year or so ago. This life you lead, wholly your own mistress in diplomatic circles—it is not developing you in a womanly way. If you don't marry soon, the chances are you'll never marry at all, or else marry too late to gain from marrying what I want to see you gain. I feel distinctly that you would be safer making a loveless marriage with one of these two wholesome, fine-natured lovers of yours than remaining unmarried. But I have an idea, a hope rather, that you are not quite indifferent to one of them. You might be caring a little for him, you know, without his knowing it, or quite knowing it yourself. Such things have been."

He smiled as Miss Tawnet's brown eyes lifted quickly, as if the idea startled her. She recovered herself instantly, and laughed.

"Which one is it? I pledge you my honor there isn't a pin to choose between them. I wish there was." The next moment she turned aside, looking down thoughtfully, grave, almost solemn, before she glanced up again inquiringly, and spoke slowly. "Wouldn't it seem to you that finding it so impossible to decide was rather a proof that I don't really care for either of them? People—women don't fall in love in that way, do they? It seems to me the real love of a real woman would have to be very different, ever so much more simple than that. I shouldn't think I ought to have a doubt if I really cared." As she spoke almost with timidity, and as if in spite of her own reluctance, she flushed again, not the swift blush she had before complained of, but the slow, soft flush of suppressed feeling. Her mentor also flushed slightly as he watched her with an air of perplexed surprise, but when he spoke it was with renewed decision.

"If I could believe this more than a transient emotion with you, Millicent," he said, steadily, "I should feel differently. I don't think I had been mistaken in my estimate of you. I believe you know, and I know too, that sweet and immeasurably attractive as you are when such a rare softened mood as this overtakes you, it is only a passing mood, a kind of aftermath from your childhood. I only see it come to you when alone, as now, with me, or at home with me and your father, and that's because we still recall you to your childhood. I may wrong you, but it is my conviction that you grow less, not more, womanly as you grow older. I am very doubtful if you are ever going to forgive me for saying all this to you, but though I haven't seemed to be much with you and your father of late years, I have been watching you in many ways as closely as I ever did. You never had half a chance to grow up a womanly woman. You were born into politics somehow—a kind of daughter of diplomacy. I am finding it sounds very harsh to put in words what I am trying to say most kindly. I think with you that you could earlier have let yourself love some man in this simple idyllic way you describe, but I feel also that that date and that power have passed by you somehow; and you know they have, in your heart of hearts. That's why you can't yield simply now to either of these two lovers. It will take some conscious

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effort on your part to love any man, and each year this effort would have to be greater. It's a great responsibility I am taking, but if I were your own father I should make myself say all this to you. Your father's ambition takes most of his time and thought, through my fault, in some measure, so I made up my mind to speak to you. Now that I've done so, are you going to forgive me?"

Miss Tawnet had listened gravely, her head bent, her eyes cast down, the fingers of one delicate hand locking into the fingers of the other, not nervously, but absently, as if their owner were lost in thought.

"There's nothing to forgive," she said, quietly, as Governor Werden paused, "because it's all perfectly true. A girl who has had no mother since her birth, and an utterly absorbed father, would be apt to grow into just the kind of woman you describe; but she would have to be a blind ingrate as well not to be grateful for interest and kindness like this. It may never do you any good that I shall not forget it, but I never shall. I shall always think it a wonderful thing that when you had almost the affairs of a nation on your mind, and when you were most near your highest ambitions, you still stopped to think of an insignificant girl because you had known her as a motherless child. Nothing will ever make me forget this. What do you think I should do first?"

Whenever she looked up it was always as if fresh charm came into her face with the added color and expression of her dark eyes. They looked out now brilliant as ever, but serious and questioning. There was no trace of the old flattery in her manner, nor any mockery in her voice. Both were full of controlled feeling. Under the influence of her changing aspect, Mr. Werden once again hesitated.

"Why aren't you always Millicent?" he asked. "Do you have to be Miss Tawnet?"

She shook her head slowly, the curious subtle look of reserve or remoteness peculiar to her at once controlling her features, and so markedly that it almost seemed to him her red lips and bright eyes smiled out at him mysteriously through a drawn veil.

"What ought I to do first?" she repeated; and he drew himself up and went on practically:

"Well, I should try first to find out which of these two men is the least worthy, and dismiss that one from my mind. The rest could come later. Would you feel it at all unfair to test them both without their knowing it? I have always believed firmly myself in the good old-fashioned idea of testing a man's honor, and taking that as the key-note of his worth. I don't know that you would feel the test of any particular value which I want to apply, but if you have no objection, I should like to express formally and separately to these two aspirants my willingness to help each of them to some post out of the country, a post that will present in each case distinct advancement, and the chance of more or less active service for his country. Then we should know, I think, which of them loves honor more than a woman. Would that be a test in your eyes?"

Miss Tawnet glanced up at him, her lips twitching whimsically, her eyes mysterious in their depths, laughing in their shallows.

"I know how they will both regard it," she said. "They will both accept. That's the way they always do. I ought to know."

"You ought to know, certainly," said Mr. Werden, laughing with her and rising. There was an air of relief in his manner, as if she had removed some last lingering misgiving. "You have made this easier than I had thought you would, Millicent. Playing father isn't the simplest of tasks. I am glad you are my one adopted daughter. Both Mr. Quarles and Mr. Ward are in the reception-room. I saw them both arriving as I carried you off. I will go and speak with them now."

"Now!" interrupted Miss Tawnet.

Governor Werden paused, smiling at her startled air.

"Why not? It doesn't commit you to anything whatever. You think they will both accept. I don't think so, and I think I know which one will refuse. I think I know, Millicent, which is the one worthier of you; and if he prove himself what I believe he is, I will send him here to you on some pretext. You needn't do or say anything at once. You may ask me to test them again and again for you, if you like. That's all. If both accept, I'll send both here to you." He was laughing, but went on with feeling: "God bless you, dear! I don't think I am acting rashly. I think this is best."

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He held out his hand to her as he spoke, with meaning in the gesture, and, with a motion unusually impulsive, Miss Tawnet rose, looked up in his face for an instant, her lips parted as if about to speak, but instead of speaking she laid her hand quickly in his, then turned as quickly away. Though he spoke again in brief farewell, she did not reply; and though his footsteps retreated slowly, she still did not move to face him. When alone in the room she walked swiftly back of the chairs to the window, where she had before retreated, and leaning against the frame, her brow on the cool glass, stood once more looking into the dark street. Though she stood motionless, as one who waits and listens, she still did not turn or move when, after some time had passed, footsteps again crossed the floor behind her, hesitated, approached her, drew nearer, then paused again. At last one of the chairs was moved slightly as if to attract her attention; then she turned slowly, and slowly raised her eyes. A servant was standing near her, hesitating to intrude, yet determined to advance. As he caught Miss Tawnet's surprised glance he hurried toward her, presenting on his card-tray a folded paper addressed to her, which she took, looked at with a puzzled brow for a moment, then opened hastily, running her eyes quickly down the page.

"I don't know what you will think of this letter," the writing began. "I don't know what I think of it myself. You were right. *Both* men accepted separately what I offered separately, and both are now waiting with me in the room where I write this. They are thinking that I am writing two letters concerning their affairs, and I—I do not know what I am thinking. I feel that I ought to tell you something I have discovered. I say *ought*, and yet I am not sure the word is right. I am yielding to an instinct, not judgment. Millicent, as I was speaking to Mr. Ward and Mr. Quarles, I found myself suddenly and violently hating each of them with a strong personal hatred. With the first I could not understand why; with the second—by then I knew too well. I was miserable in the thought of sending either of them to you, and this could mean but one thing. There are in this room three rivals, not two, and one of them has every disadvantage. To begin with, he is older than you by thirty years. He is pledged to a profession that has completely absorbed him in the past, and he has formed habits which it might be impossible to break. He has earlier loved another woman, who left him and married. He has seen you constantly, and never realized that he loved you until this moment, and now has only discovered it by accident. Can you have anything whatever to say to such a one? These other two offer each a more certain and suitable future, and in the end perhaps one more splendid than I can command. They are both brilliant, forceful men, of rare possibilities. Either one may become whatever he himself or fate chooses to make of him. I stand with them at a disadvantage so distinct that as I write down these facts they prove to me absolutely why I should not enter a contest so unequal.

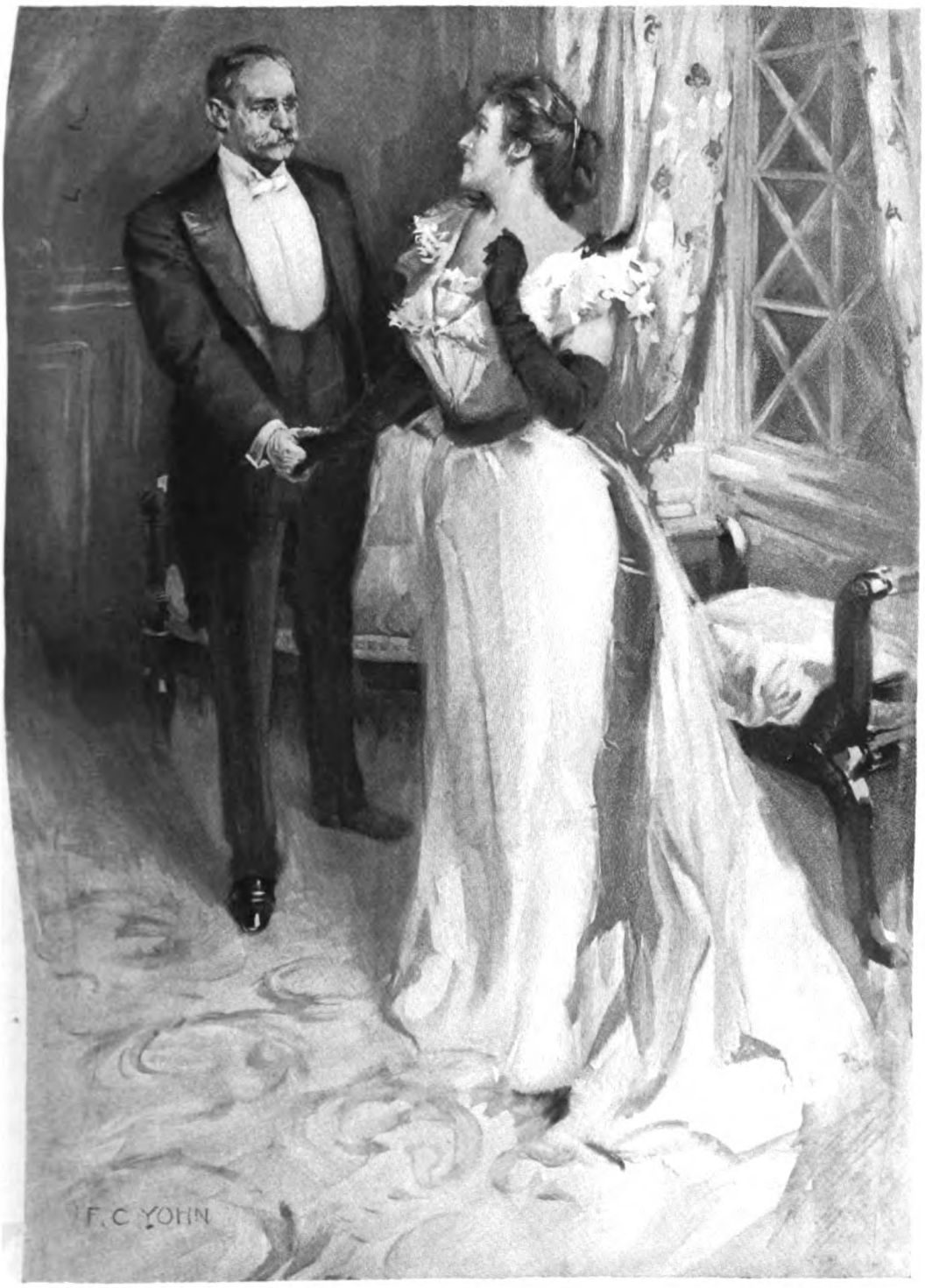
"I have, too, a fear lest some sense of magnanimity, some touch of pity, might move you to yield me an advantage disadvantageous to you. This I would never accept. Yet how can I ever picture your giving me more than that? Young, beautiful— Why do I write this at all? I do not know. I write it saying to myself that I shall not send it at the last moment, but I know that I shall. I can only fancy that down in the bottom of my heart there lurks—I cannot call it a hope, rather a wild impulse based on some elusive memory of an unspoken word, a look as we parted, that now thought on stings me to a mad act. These other two have wooed you constantly. I think I have at least the right to place myself in line with them so far as to offer what they have so often offered, to ask—no; in spite of all reason I feel I ask for more than they have ever fathomed. Child, if you can have anything whatever to reply to me, send me one word by my messenger. I will understand. Do you understand me?"

Miss Tawnet looked up blindly from the paper. Her face was white, her breathing quick, her lips and hands were quivering. There was a sudden and appealing childlikeness about her, and the eyes she lifted, as if to some one standing invisible beside her, were soft and radiant.

"The gentleman said I was to wait for an answer," ventured the messenger.

With an effort Miss Tawnet roused and turned to him. She spoke as if thinking aloud. "Tell—tell the gentleman—yes," she said, softly.

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"HER LIPS PARTED AS IF ABOUT TO SPEAK."

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# FACING THE NORTH STAR.

BY C. C. ABBOTT.

THE light breeze thrilled, not chilled, me as I turned from the sunny pasture, that even now, in early February, could boast of a dandelion, and faced the North Star. I did not start with the purpose of going so far as that; but what of an absurdly small fraction of that immeasurable distance? If the mysteries of the most commonplace mile are beyond a man's lifetime to unfold, what of infinity? I speak now not only of myself, but of others, with whom I have compared impressions: why do we so seldom take a northern direction when out for a walk? Why does the North seem to count for so little and figure so insignificantly, and that little prejudiciously, in folk-lore? The best people in the world came out of the North, and the longer mankind has been away from boreal regions, in such proportion has it degenerated. The tropics can cry out in indignation and fill the world with contradictions; the truth remains. As surely as a man's brain is in his head, so surely human progress cometh from the North. It is true man originated where a warm climate prevailed, but it was then a physical rather than mental development, and his body prevailed over his intellect, until he was forced to face the North Star, and be put to his wits' ends to meet the new conditions. Frost stimulated the brain to some worthy purpose, and kept it at work until its best fruit matured—our present civilization—a goodly fruit, but not without a blemish, and the perfecting process is still under way. Of course to this, as to all other general statements, abundant exceptions will be taken. There are people in this world who seem to have nothing else to do—professional objectors, delighting in the noise they make. The clack and clamor of theorists is the world's most dismal din.

But, to plunge headlong from the general to the particular, from men as nations to one man as a rambler, why is it that he looks lovingly towards the South, and greets with a smile and has his countenance lighted by expectancy when facing either the east or west? If we could view the whole world from some point in distant space, how surely would we associate the North with cold and death, and the South with warmth and life, and rightly; but man is never beyond being contradictory, and so, moved by the hunting instinct—happy survival of prehistoric time—I doggedly faced the North Star, and looked not only for animal life, but vegetal signs of spring, through a dreary February day, nor proved a fool for my pains. Such were to be seen, but not in the abundance I was sure of had I faced in any other direction. I felt as if walking was a serious business; and so far as it is, it is utterly distasteful. I have a horror of important undertakings. To walk in a given direction because it is a predetermined direction becomes mere mechanical progress.

But why is this northward course unfruitful? Is it really so? I stopped under a colonial chestnut-tree, standing amid fields, and gravely considered the matter; but not for long. Common-sense came to my rescue—something she is not given to doing—and I saw the absurdity of the whole thing. I remembered my friend who lives ten miles north of me, and he finds abundance where I can only meagrely gather. My north-land is his south-land. If on his way to visit me he finds much, then what is it blinds me facing in the opposite direction? Forewarned by the facts, I was not forearmed. I hunted diligently, but to little purpose, and gave up in despair when but two miles from home. A flock of merry field-larks in a worn-out pasture, a flock of robins in a bordering wood, and pine-finches beyond number in clumps of withered weeds—these held me; and when birds are abundant, cares drag less heavily. Those that I now saw proved an artistic combination, but where is the artist to prove this to the reader? It does make a difference how, when, and where you see a bird; for different species may be so associated as to destroy each other's merits. It was not so to-day. The field-larks walked the earth with dignity and grace, and called for consideration that has seldom been given them. Birds of the air are known to everybody, but not so birds of the ground, and yet there are

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many of them. One reason for this may be that they are not so readily seen; but I saw a half-hundred at once, and their walking, running, skulking, alike brightened a few square rods of frost-bitten ground, and made it smile as if again Flora reigned supreme.

Think of larks as winter blossoms, and the chill of the season will not be felt; the fact that you are facing the North Star will be quite forgotten. But these larks were not the one redeeming feature; the tall weeds trembled as a host of twittering finches bore down upon them, and the whole surface of the field before me seemed to tremble. There was not the slightest trace of wind, and the swaying of the withered weeds and gaunt gray stems of the past summer's growth was communicated to the earth and air. I felt the gentle motion in myself, and never was more in touch with surrounding conditions. The air was full of simple music, yet not a note but came straight from the heart of a happy bird. I felt the same ecstatic thrill that moved them to their abundant happiness, and I wondered if, after all, had I wandered away from the bleak North instead of towards it, I would have found more pleasure. Certainly it was worth a long journey to be here at this moment. To flush timid larks from weedy fields is of itself a joy; to do this to the music of abundant finches makes the day memorable. Then, too, there were robins in the near-by trees. They hinted of spring that will come so soon now, and at times they chirped so shrilly it seemed as if they were chiding the timid season for loitering by the way. Robins, larks, and finches—yes, it was a happy combination, an artistic grouping, brightening the landscape as only birds and sunshine can.

If such, then, were the attractions held out to those facing the North Star, I wondered why the rambler did not continue to do so till the crack o' doom. But while I tarried in a stranger's field I looked everywhere about me, and in time, having scrutinized the east and west, I found myself gazing intently southward. The glowing sky, the inviting sunshine, the penetrating brightness that drove all shadows from my path, again wielded the spell that has so long bound me, and forthwith, without ceremonious leave-taking, I turned my back upon the North. I had now but to retrace my steps, yet the world was very different. It was as if Spring was waiting for me and I was hurrying to her side. I venture to put it stronger, so great is the difference—to face the sun is to walk from chaos to cosmos, from uncertainty to certainty, from desolation to a garden-spot—almost from death to life. When we withdraw from the activities of the outdoor world, and all unmoved by fancy's whims calmly contemplate the world as it is, we know that this is all untrue, but few are the ramblers who can rid themselves of the strange impressions.

My eyes were not more widely open on my return, but I felt that vision was different. Going northward I was despondent, yet without knowing why; and now, going southward, I am expectant. This means much; perhaps means everything; for he who expects nothing will surely pass by nature's treasures and heed them not. This happy state of expectancy is closely akin to faith, and owes its existence to facing the sunshine. At least I have no other explanation to offer. When we compare these phrases—facing the North Star, and facing the sunshine—at once the world is pictured in halves, and as distinctly different as black and white. How can the world be otherwise than gloomy where the sun does not go? How otherwise than brilliant along its pathway? As true this as that we have in ourselves a north and south, a shady and sunny side.

Winter lingered at the foot of every tree and fence-post that I came to, but upon its north side only. Peeping around the corner, I found the sunshine cozily nestled there, and it had coaxed a summer greenness into every blade of grass. If not grass, it was moss, and as fresh in color; and insect life had responded to the reviving warmth that centred in these little southern outlooks. Spiders were alert, and small flies, and one red and black beetle that buzzed and hummed as loudly as bees among flowers. All this I saw, and yet not a step distant was cold and lifeless winter.

What next? I asked—but with no such feeling as that of the tadpole when its tail dropped off. Novelty could only be the more entertaining, and no painful incident seemed possible. Mice and moles were both astir, yet, curiously enough, I had thought of neither on my northward journey. The ridged earth where the mole had travelled was frosted on its

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north and crumbling on its southern, sunny side. The animal itself was not seen, but its recent journey among the grass roots showed that earthworms were also near the surface. Expecting a rich harvest in the cavernous hollow of a patriarchal oak, I approached it with extreme caution, and peeping around the corner, saw, to my delight, a wild mouse hunting for some stray edible bit in the shelly débris of a squirrel's hoard of nuts. Believing no danger to be near, it was not ill at ease, and every movement was graceful and, what is better, purposeful. The mouse was in search of food, and deliberately turned over many an empty shell to see if anything might be lying beneath it. There was nothing mechanical about the creature; no movement was repeated in precisely the same manner. The mouse did not go to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum or as its own heart was beating; and yet learned doctors of comparative psychology give us the impression that mind, such as our own, does not enter into the ordinary day's doings of creatures like mice. I believe that it does. The mouse before me was evidently swayed by external impressions, and its occasional hesitation indicated the power of choice. The irregularity, even in so simple a matter as searching for food, was not a mere mechanical activity of muscles influenced through the brain by an empty stomach. Hunger was doubtless the impelling motive, but to meet that demand intelligence was brought into play. In this creature's little brain there ran a train of thought, if actions speak, and I would have more to tell but that my eagerness overcame discretion, and changing my position that I might see even more distinctly, I trod too heavily upon a brittle twig. There was a snapping sound, followed by a sudden assumption of a listening attitude on the part of the mouse, a shrill squeak, and lightninglike disappearance.

My own fault, as usual; and here let me urge the rambler to be content with a fair measure of success, and avoid too great eagerness to improve the opportunity. The whole world is thick with fools who have lost all because of their insane desire to better their conditions. Early in life we reach our proper level, and he is blessed who has no ambition to soar above it.

In vain I tried to find where my little mouse had gone. There was no hole visible down which it could have darted; but failing in this, I did find how warm and summerlike a spot is the hollow of an old oak on the south side of the tree. Were it somewhat larger, I could have lived there quite contentedly. And what an outlook! Everywhere before me there was a glow that meant life, a trembling of the atmosphere as if the very air was unembodied life itself; and thinking this, I turned about, and how strangely empty, forsaken, desolate, and almost chaotic the northern sky and all beneath it!

Homeward bound, I had birds to keep me company at every turn; not a few crows or sparrows merely, but royal songsters in the shrubbery, hawks overhead, and herons in the weedy margin of a little swamp. It is an empty day when a dozen species of birds cannot be seen, and oftener I have doubled and trebled the number. Not one of those I saw to-day but was associated with sunshine, and when flushed flew southward. Was it mere coincidence, or did it bear some slight significance? They all seemed of my mind in the matter, but whether we were all fools or mildly philosophical, who shall say?

My impressions continued even to my door-step. Nor was it strange. On the north side of the house there was still a remnant of a snow-drift, and the grass about it as brown as newly upturned soil; on the south side, daffodils in bud, grass green, and a dandelion glowing with the freshness of youth, bright in southern sunshine as ever glittered the North Star in a blue-black wintry sky.

## REMORSE.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

RED lips that dumbly quiver for his kiss,
And now but fondly touch his graveyard stone,—
Ah! lips he loved of old, remember this:
He had not died, if he had only known.



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# WITH DEWEY AT MANILA.

BY JOSEPH L. STICKNEY.

"WHAT was the most interesting and important of all the events that occurred during the battle of Manila Bay?"

This question has been put to me so often since my return from the Philippines that I am glad to be at liberty—now that peace is assured—to answer it without risk of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

It has always been assumed in the United States that, from start to finish, there was nothing felt on our side except a buoyant certainty of victory. It will do no harm now to tell the real facts.

It will be remembered that the battle began at six minutes past five o'clock on the morning of May 1; that Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Dewey led the line of American war-ships into action in his flag-ship *Olympia;* that after a fierce fight lasting two hours and a half the attacking fleet retired from the battle into the centre of Manila Bay, and did not renew the attack until nearly four hours later.

When we hauled off from the fighting-line, at 7.36 o'clock, the situation had become apparently serious for Commodore Dewey. We had been fighting a determined and courageous enemy for more than two hours without having noticeably diminished the volume of his fire. It is true, at least three of his ships had broken into flames, but so had one of ours—the *Boston.* These fires had all been put out without apparent injury to the ships. Generally speaking, nothing of great importance had occurred to show that we had seriously injured any Spanish vessel. They were all steaming about in the bight back of Sangley Point, or in Bakor Bay, as actively as when we first sighted them in the early dawn. So far, therefore, we could see nothing indicating that the enemy was less able to defend his position than he had been at the beginning.

On the other hand, our condition was greatly altered for the worse. There remained in the magazines of the *Olympia* only eighty-five rounds of 5-inch ammunition, and though the stock of 8-inch charges was not proportionately depleted, it was reduced enough to make the continuance of the battle for another two hours impossible. When it is remembered that Commodore Dewey was more than 7000 miles from a home port, and that under the most favorable conditions a supply of ammunition could not be obtained in less than a month, the outlook was far from being satisfactory. The Commodore knew that the Spaniards had just received an ample supply of ammunition in the transport *Mindanao,* so that there was no hope of exhausting their fighting power by an action lasting twice as long. If we should run short of powder and shell, we might become the hunted instead of the hunters.

I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that, as we hauled off into the bay, the gloom on the bridge of the *Olympia* was thicker than a London fog in November. Neither Commodore Dewey nor any of the staff believed that the Spanish ships had been sufficiently injured by our fire to prevent them from renewing the battle quite as furiously as they had previously fought. Indeed, we had all been distinctly disappointed in the results of our fire. Our projectiles seemed to go too high or too low—just as had been the case with those fired at us by the Spaniards. Several times the Commodore had expressed dissatisfaction with the failure of our gunners to hit the enemy. We had begun the firing at too great a distance, but we had gradually worked in further on each of the turns, until we were within about 2500 yards at the close of the fifth round. At that distance, in a smooth sea, we ought to have made a large percentage of hits; yet, so far as we could judge, we had not sensibly crippled the foe. Consequently Commodore Dewey hauled out into the open bay at the end of the fifth round to take stock of ammunition and devise a new plan of attack.

As I went aft the men asked me what we were hauling off for. They were in a distinctly different humor from that which prevailed on the bridge. They believed that they had done well, and that the oth-

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Dewey. Gridley. Lamberton.



COMMODORE DEWEY AND HIS CAPTAINS, GRIDLEY AND LAMBERTON.

Mr. Stickney writes: "I snapped my camera on the quarter-deck of the *Olympia* just after hauling off, nominally for breakfast, but really because of lack of ammunition. It was a toss-up in the Commodore's mind whether we had not fought a drawn battle. This photograph Commodore Dewey said was the best one of him he had ever seen. It shows the manner of the man at a very critical time, and when he did not know a photograph was being taken.

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er ships had done likewise. The *Olympia* cheered the *Baltimore*, and the *Baltimore* returned the cheers with interest. The gun-captains were not at all dissatisfied with the results of their work. Whether they had a better knowledge of the accuracy of their aim than we had on the bridge, or whether they took it for granted that the enemy must have suffered severely after so much fighting, I do not know; but, at any rate, they were eager to go on with the battle, and were confident of victory. I told one of them that we were merely hauling off for breakfast, which statement elicited the appeal to Captain Lamberton, as he came past a moment later:

"For God's sake, captain, don't let us stop now. To hell with breakfast!"

When I told the Commodore that I intended to attribute our withdrawal to the need for breakfast, he intimated that it was not a matter of much importance what reason I gave, so long as I did not give the true one. And so the breakfast episode went to the world as a plausible excuse for what seemed like an extraordinary strategic manœuvre—one which has been the subject of more comment than almost any other event during the battle. Many people have said to me that it would be a pity to spoil so good a story by telling the truth; but, as the Commodore will be sure to let the cat out of the bag some day, I may as well let her have her freedom now.

Of course we learned the truth about the effect of our fire when we saw, soon afterward, the flames rising from the *Reina Cristina* and the *Castilla*, and heard the explosion of their ammunition, and the former's magazine. We could not understand why the *Castilla* did not blow up. She burned fiercely, and was in a bright glow even as late as Monday night, having been on fire since Sunday forenoon. It is probable that her magazine had been flooded before the Spaniards abandoned her, so that no explosion accompanied her destruction. Although built partly of wood, the *Castilla* was also to a great extent a steel vessel; and when we boarded her, after the flames had left nothing but her bare bones, her sponsons and gun platforms were found to be so littered with pieces of our shells that it was impossible to walk there without displacing some of them. Nothing gave a better idea of the storm of projectiles that must have struck this ship than these heaps of rusty fragments.

It has been stated in the newspapers that Commodore Dewey called a council of war the evening before the battle to assist him in forming a plan of attack. It is true that he did call his commanding officers aboard the flag-ship off Subig Bay about sunset on April 30; but they were summoned not to give advice, but to receive final instructions. I have been informed that the Commodore asked the opinions of the captains as to the propriety of going into Manila Bay by night, and also, I am told, all but one of them favored that plan; but I do not assert this as a fact. I do know, however, that at least one of the commanding officers was uncertain about the Commodore's intention until he was fairly headed into the bay. He was looking every minute for a signal to reduce speed or to change the course. This fact settles the question as to the character of the captains' meeting, for if they had had a voice in the plan of action, they would have all known exactly what it would be. My own recollection agrees wholly with this view also.

That Saturday afternoon, feeling myself to be a non-combatant who had no rights nor privileges except such as the Commodore might choose to allow me, I asked him for permission to remain on the forward bridge during any action that might be fought. In an indifferent tone and with a far-away look that impressed me with the fact that he had plenty of things to occupy his mind, without bothering himself about the station of a civilian, the Commodore replied,

"Oh! I guess you'll be satisfied."

And with this very indefinite promise I was, of course, obliged to be content. But when the commanding officers had returned to their respective ships, the Commodore sent for me to come to him on the quarter-deck, where, in his most formal official manner, he said:

"Mr. Stickney, as we are short of officers, Mr. Caldwell [his naval secretary] has volunteered for duty at the guns. I have therefore decided to appoint you to act as my aide, and you will take station with me on the forward bridge." Then, with a very unofficial twinkle in his eye, he added, "Satisfied?" and dropping the "quarter-deck" manner, he spoke of his intention of entering the bay that night.

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"The Spaniards," he said, "know when we sailed from Mirs Bay, and they can calculate exactly when we may be expected to arrive off Corregidor. But, in all probability, their forecast of what we shall do will be based upon the knowledge of what they would do under similar circumstances. I feel sure that they would not think of going in at night, and therefore that they will not believe it possible that we should do so. Consequently, to go in at night is the best thing that we can do."

One incident, which I have already mentioned briefly in my despatches, is worthy of more extended repetition, as illustrating the feelings of the enlisted men for the commander-in-chief. The Commodore, while walking back and forth on the starboard side of the upper deck, noticed that one of the petty officers—a man whose duties did not call for his presence there—was making a pretence of finding something to do on the port side, but was also keeping a careful lookout on the Commodore. This man's record of nearly forty years of service in the navy and army of the United States had caused him to be regarded with special interest by the officers of the *Olympia*, and he was, to a certain extent, a privileged character. So the Commodore, being familiar with the manners of seamen, and seeing that the old man "had something on his mind," said to him,

"Well, Purdy, what is it?"

"I hope, sir," replied Purdy, straightening up and saluting, "ye don't intend to fight on the 3d of May."

"And why not?"

"Well, ye see, sir," said Purdy, with the most serious air possible, "the last time I fought on the 3d of May I got licked." And then he went on to tell of the ill-fated day of Chancellorsville, when he had carried a gun in the army, and had gone to defeat under "Fighting Joe" Hooker.

"All right, Purdy," said the Commodore, "we won't fight on the 3d of May this time; but when we do fight, Purdy," he continued, with an air of friendly confidence, "you'll have a different kind of a May anniversary to think about. Remember that, Purdy."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Purdy, as he saluted and scuttled off. And a little while later I heard him telling a group of the other bluejackets that "we'd lick hell out o' the Spaniards if there was ten times as many of them!" And probably to this day Purdy believes that it was due to his timely hint that Dewey went into Manila Bay at once, so as to avoid the "hoodoo" that was hanging over May 3.

Shortly after the men were sent to their stations for battle, about ten o'clock Saturday night, Commodore Dewey was peering into the darkness toward Mariveles Point, then nearly abeam on the port side. The moon, in its first quarter, was still far above the horizon, and although it was often veiled by heavy clouds, the night was not specially favorable for escaping observation.

"We ought to hear from this battery about now," the Commodore said to me, as we dimly made out the opening between Mariveles and the island of Corregidor. But on we went two miles further without discovering the slightest sign that the Spaniards had sighted us. When we were fairly abreast of Corregidor, still heading to the southward, a bright light was shown on the Point, and an answering light was worked on the island, as if engaged in exchanging signals. Then a rocket soared aloft from the centre of Corregidor, and the Commodore said:

"It has taken them a long time to wake up, but probably they will make it all the hotter for us when they begin."

He showed no more interest than he would have displayed in time of peace in the dilatory arrival of a pilot-boat to take us in. Thereafter little was said till we had turned to the eastward into the Boca Grande, and had passed Corregidor Island on our left. When the first gun from El Fraile flashed out through the gloom on our starboard quarter, and the heavy shell went shrieking over our heads, all the effect upon the commander-in-chief was to awaken his fears for the transports, and he ordered signal made to the *McCulloch* to come up on the port side of the flag-ship. But he laughed at the Spaniards for waiting so long before opening fire, and was totally indifferent to returning it. We were now well inside the bay, and out of the range of any guns on shore. The night was oppressively hot, and as the speed had been slowed down to four knots, the ship was like a furnace. No one was permitted to leave his station, but one-half the men at the guns were allowed to lie down and sleep. The Commodore remained on the

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bridge, and of course the sharpest possible lookout was kept alow and aloft.

About four o'clock the Commodore's Chinese servant brought him some hot coffee and hardtack. Now unfortunately the Commodore had been drinking cold tea at frequent intervals during the night, and the coffee did not make a satisfactory combination. The result was that half an hour before the opening of the battle Commodore Dewey was as completely upset as if he had been a youngster just going out of port into a heavy sea on his first cruise. At any rate, he threw up nearly everything except his nerve and his fighting spirit. I mention this untoward incident merely to indicate how little conducive to an undisturbed mind were the Commodore's physical conditions. It was doubtless due to this fact that he was perhaps a little less suave than he usually has been during my acquaintance with him. The bursting of the mines and the opening guns of the battle did a great deal to restore his good humor, but he undoubtedly was in considerable physical discomfort during the whole of the action.

The discharge of the first shot from the land batteries, at six minutes past five o'clock, was followed very quickly by the explosion of two mines ahead of the *Olympia*. The place where these mines were located and the time of their explosion led us to give some credence to the story we heard after the battle, according to which the mines were prematurely discharged owing to the demand of the commanding officers of the Spanish ships, who were unwilling to manœuvre as long as submarine mines were in a condition to blow them out of the water if they should happen to pass over them.

"There!" exclaimed the Commodore, as the great columns of water and smoke rose above the surface, "they have some mines, after all. They're in a hurry to begin, aren't they?" Then turning to Lieutenant Calkins, who was directing the course of the ship from his station at the "standard" compass, just forward of and above the bridge, the Commodore added:

"Hold her as close in as the water will let you, Mr. Calkins, but be careful not to touch bottom."

For thirty minutes the Spaniards filled the air with shrieking shot and bursting shell, and the strain on the nerves of the crew during this time was intense; at any moment a dozen or more men might be scattered about the decks, dead or dying. While no one doubts that in such a case the others would have continued to do their whole duty, the Commodore finally decided to reply to the Spanish fire a little sooner than he had intended, for the sake of the morale. The roar of the 8-inch guns in the forward turret relieved the tension on the men's nerves, and in a few minutes the ship sheered to starboard, and all the 5-inch guns in the port broadside joined in the chorus.

When I called the Commodore's attention to the torpedo-boat which came creeping out from Sangley Point, he was intently watching the effect of our shells upon the Spanish ships.

"Well, you look after her," he replied; "I can't be bothered with torpedo-boats. Let me know when you've sunk her." And so saying, he turned his back upon the lilliputian craft ahead of us, and levelled his glasses on the *Reina Cristina* again.

After the battle two alleged Englishmen, managers of the ship-railway on Sangley Point, tried to make us believe that this steam-launch, which was driven ashore in a sinking condition by our 6-pounder and 3-pounder gun-fire, was not a torpedo-boat at all, but an innocent market-boat from their ship-yard on its way to Manila for provisions. Inasmuch as it came out flying the Spanish colors in the face of our fleet, and continued its course long after the shells were spattering fountains of water all over it at long range, and as it did not make for the shore to escape until it had been shot through and through several times, no one in our squadron wasted any regrets on its fate.

In spite of the great responsibility resting on him, Commodore Dewey had a keen eye for even the minor incidents of the hour. On Saturday afternoon, when the transport *Zafiro* had returned from overhauling a small schooner, she was ordered to come within hail. Her captain, having miscalculated his speed, passed so close to the bows of the *Olympia* that it seemed as though the latter's stem must carry away the *Zafiro's* stern. The Commodore was 'way aft on the quarter-deck, but he watched the unexpected and dangerous manœuvre of the transport with a lively interest, until it was seen that the collision had been

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avoided by the coolness and skill of the officer of the watch on board the *Olympia*.

"Who has the deck, Captain Gridley?" he asked.

"Lieutenant Strite," was Gridley's reply.

"Give him my compliments," said the Commodore, "and tell him that I wish him to know that I noticed and appreciated the clever manner in which he handled the ship just now."

Not the least interesting of the incidents of the day was the manner in which the commanding officers reported the lack of serious casualties when they came aboard the flag-ship after the first battle. Having passed through such a hail of projectiles as made escape from a long list of killed and wounded appear almost miraculous, and believing it to be impossible that all the other vessels had been similarly fortunate, every captain seemed to feel that the failure of his ship to catch any of the enemy's shells in a way to harm his crew might lead the Commodore to think that his command had not been the target for the Spaniards' fire to the same extent as the vessels which had suffered loss of life. Consequently, as each captain came over the *Olympia's* side, he replied to the eager query, "How many killed?" in a manner that indicated a very much mixed state of mind. Mingled with satisfaction at having lost no man was an evident desire to have it understood that the lack of loss was no proof of an absence of danger.

"Only eight wounded," replied Captain Dyer of the *Baltimore*—"none seriously. But six shells struck us, and two burst inboard without hurting any one."

"Not a dashed one!" was the rollicking way the next captain reported.

"None killed and none wounded," was the apologetic reply of the next one; "but I don't yet know how it happened. I suppose you fellows were all cut up?"

"My ship wasn't hit at all," was the next report, made with a sort of defiant air, as if the speaker would like to hear it insinuated that he had had any part in keeping his men in a safe place.

When the *Boston's* captain came alongside it was feared that he for certain would have a serious list of casualties, for it was known that his ship had been on fire. And when he announced neither killed nor wounded, the news quickly spread through the flag-ship, and the men cheered vociferously.

Aside from the bad marksmanship of the Spanish gunners, there seemed to be an extraordinary lack of killing quality in the shells which hit our vessels. There probably was never before known such an experience as that of the *Baltimore*. A 60-pound armor-piercing shell, fired undoubtedly from the Cañacao battery on shore, entered the *Baltimore* about two feet above the upper deck on the starboard side, between the after 6-inch gun and the 3-pounder mounted on the rail. This shell, after piercing two thicknesses of steel one-quarter of an inch thick, struck the deck and penetrated till it reached one of the heavy deck beams, which it cracked clear through. It was then deflected upward, coming out of the wooden deck, and tearing its way through the steel combing of the engine-room skylight, again passing through two quarter-inch plates. As it had been turned sideways on rising from the deck, the holes it made through these plates were about eighteen inches long by six inches wide—ragged, torn spots, very unlike the clean-cut punctures made by such a shell when entering point foremost. Leaving the skylight, the shell, ranging slightly forward, struck the recoil cylinder of the port 6-inch gun on the quarter-deck, disabling the carriage. At last it met an object strong enough to resist its attack—the steel shield, which curved in front of the gun in a complete semicircle. Following this curve, the shell came out on the forward side of the carriage, travelling in a direction exactly opposite to its former course, until it reached the starboard side of the ship again, where it struck a steel ventilator, and was finally stopped. In other words, this shell passed through one inch of steel, ripped up a deck, broke a deck-beam, and bulged a shield about an inch out of its original shape. It crossed the *Baltimore* from starboard side to port and back again to the starboard side, and yet had hit none of the many men engaged at the guns near by. It is true, it was the cause of wounding two officers and six men, for in its course it exploded two 3-pounder shells which were lying on the deck ready for use in the small gun on the *Baltimore's* rail; but directly it injured no one, and it is regarded as holding the record for eccentric action.

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Although our squadron was never seriously troubled over the possibility of encountering mines in the bay entrances or in the bay itself, the Commodore had good reasons for believing that some mines had been laid. In the first place, the United States consul, when he reported to the commander-in-chief in Mirs Bay, brought news of such activity in torpedo-work by the Spaniards that we might have been led to believe the danger of destruction by mines to be greater than that to be encountered from the guns of the enemy. That there were mines laid in the Boca Chica we had clear proof a day or two after the battle in the bay. When the *Raleigh* and the *Baltimore* went down to Corregidor Island to capture the Spanish troops and batteries there located, the officer commanding the garrison promptly hauled down the Spanish flag, and the senior officer present went aboard the *Raleigh* to surrender. The *Raleigh* soon began drifting in the Boca Chica, and the Spanish commander began to clamor to be sent ashore at once, as he had been paroled. It was not convenient to send him immediately, and he was informed that in a short time a boat would be ready for him. But this delay did not suit him at all. He wanted to leave the ship instantly, and his anxiety became so urgent that it was evident that he had a special reason for haste. When pressed to explain his desire for such a hasty departure, he told the *Raleigh's* officers that they were in a mine-field, and that it was a wonder that they had not been already blown up. In order to draw him out they told him that they knew all about the mines, and did not fear them. Well, he said, they might take such chances if they wanted to, but for his part, as he was now a prisoner, he claimed the right to be protected, and therefore he begged them either to put him ashore or to take the ship out of danger. Further questioning brought out all that he knew. It appeared that while the channel undoubtedly contained a considerable number of powerful contact-mines—that is, mines intended to explode when struck by a ship—they had been placed with so little knowledge of the requirements of submarine warfare as to make them harmless to vessels. They had been dropped overboard and allowed to sink to the bottom, in water about eighty to one hundred feet deep. The Spaniards who sunk the mines did not trouble themselves about the result that might be attained; they had been told to put mines in the channel, and, having placed them, they felt that they had done their whole duty. Of course Commodore Dewey had no information before he entered the bay that these mines had been laid in this foolish slipshod fashion; but he had such an accurate knowledge of Spanish character that he felt justified in assuming that the mines need not be seriously feared. The Commodore knew that the passage of Corregidor Island by night was fraught with all the dangers incidental to modern warfare. Having considered all the facts that were obtainable, he weighed the probabilities, and acted with good judgment—boldly, but not rashly.

It has been said that Commodore Dewey sought to obtain the command of the Asiatic station because he foresaw the opportunity that was to come to him. In one sense this is true. Dewey has always been a man of action, a natural fighter. That he went gladly to the East Indies command, when at least two other flag-officers could have had it if they had wanted it, and that he preferred taking service afloat to any kind of comfortable duty on shore, is true; but it was the seaman's instinct that led him, rather than any prophetic power. There were several questions of grave importance likely to come before the country, and Commodore Dewey knew that the man in command at sea is the man who is in a position to make opportunities for himself; while the men who cling to easy billets ashore must—when war-clouds threaten—stand around and wait for chances to come to them. It was no mere chance that put George Dewey in command in the East; it was the logical working out of the principles of a lifetime. The men who had always had sufficient influence to keep them in time of peace in easy places in New York and Washington, while others did the hard work of the service at sea, discovered that all their influence could not give them the places of danger and of honor in time of war. It was a good lesson for the navy, and it should be remembered by every young officer.

Commodore Dewey hoisted his flag aboard the *Olympia* in December, 1897. Within two months the destruction of the *Maine* occurred. The news of this catas-

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trophe that could be obtained through the ordinary news channels was so meagre that the officers of the United States warships lying in Hong-kong subscribed money enough to have a complete story of the disaster cabled to them. While this story contained nothing but the admitted facts—those concerning which there was no controversy—it was easy for men of practical experience with explosives to foresee what must be the report of the Board of Investigation; and having that knowledge, it was not difficult to reach the conclusion that war with Spain was almost inevitable. Commodore Dewey at once began his preparations for any duty that might be required of him. The *Concord* had arrived at Yokohama and the *Raleigh* at Singapore—both being recent additions to the squadron—and while the *Concord* had been sent to Chemulpo to relieve the *Boston*, both these vessels and the *Petrel* were ordered at once to Hong-kong, as was also the *Raleigh*. When the five ships were assembled they made prompt preparation for active service, so that when the time for action came there was not a day's delay on account of work upon them.

Having obtained from the Navy Department leave to join Commodore Dewey, and having received the Commodore's permission to accompany him to the Philippines, I sailed from Yokohama, April 12, in the steamer *China*, and arrived in Hong-kong on the 22d. Among my fellow-passengers in the *China* was Commander (now Captain) B. P. Lamberton, who had been ordered to take command of the *Boston* and relieve Captain Frank Wildes, whose tour of sea service had been completed. We entered Hong-kong Harbor in a fresh gale of wind, which was accompanied by sleet and fog, so that we could not see far ahead. It was not until we had run through the narrow entrance called Lye Mun Pass, and had a close view of the inner harbor, that we could make out the presence of our cruisers. Lamberton was just saying that they must have gone to Mirs Bay—as reported to us when we reached Shanghai—when the fog lifted a little, and we saw a line of war-ships in the "man-of-war anchorage."

"They're gray! They're gray!" we shouted, the same thought having come to the mind of each. "That means war!"

There could be no doubt of the situation now. The *Boston* had stripped off her heavy square yards, and all the vessels were evidently "straining in the leash." The contrast between our ships as they had been in time of peace and as they now were was made more vivid by the arrival of the *Baltimore* a few hours later, for she was still resplendent in the glossy, enamel-like white for which our cruisers have so long been noted. But the Commodore was ready for her also, and before nightfall the Kowloon dry-dock was cleared, and at daybreak next morning she was docked and having her bottom cleaned and painted. That very evening Acting-Governor Black issued a neutrality proclamation which required our ships to leave British waters within twenty-four hours; and, in accordance therewith, the Commodore, on Monday, April 25, moved all his squadron to Mirs Bay, about thirty miles distant, in Chinese territory. News of the declaration of war reached us the same day. It had been a part of Dewey's plan to sail for Manila Bay the moment war was officially announced; but as he had received word that the United States consul in Manila had taken steamer for Hong-kong on the preceding Saturday, and as the consul was supposed to have a large amount of accurate information concerning the Spanish defences, the Commodore felt that it was wise to wait for his arrival. Bad weather made it impossible for Mr. Williams, the consul, to reach Mirs Bay until Wednesday, April 27, but this delay of two days was due to the alleged importance of Consul Williams's information, and not to any lack of readiness on the part of the fleet. The time spent in Mirs Bay was devoted to drills with guns and torpedoes, and to sub-calibre practice to improve the marksmanship of the gunners.

The celerity of Dewey's movements was one of the important elements of his strategy. Possibly the result would not have been materially different if he had delayed his descent upon the Spaniards a few days; but he was not willing to give his enemy a moment for preparation. It is not merely because Commodore Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet that he will rank in history as one of the world's greatest naval captains. It is because of the manner in which he reached his end.

Chevalier used to sing a song in which occurred the lines,

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It ain't so much jest w'at 'e sez,
As the nahsty way 'e sez it.

Something of the same idea is applicable to Dewey's victory. It was not altogether just what he did, so much as his thorough way of doing it. He not only achieved victory over an inferior force, but he showed that he would have accomplished equal results over an equal or even a superior one. When it was reported that Admiral Camara was on his way to Manila with two powerful battleships, no one in Dewey's squadron felt any doubt that Camara was coming to his doom, although Dewey had only the lightest kind of cruisers, wholly unarmored, with which to fight him. Similarly, when the Germans began to show bad feeling and worse manners, our men would have been glad to tackle their fleet in spite of their two battle-ships and superior numbers.

And speaking of the Germans, it may be well to point out that, while they made themselves as offensive as they dared, and while they acted in a very disagreeable way from the first, Commodore Dewey refrained from taking any notice of their discourtesy until he should be able to do so in such a manner as to admit of no reply.

It is a matter of international courtesy to permit the war-ships of a friendly neutral power to enter a blockaded harbor at will. It is also one of the unwritten laws of naval etiquette that when a neutral vessel takes advantage of this courtesy, she shall be as careful as possible to do nothing to harass the blockading fleet, and not to give even moral encouragement to the blockaded forces.

It would require too much space to repeat all the annoyances to which the Germans lent themselves during the early part of their stay in Manila waters. Their ships came into and went from the harbor at all hours of the day and night. When a steamer made her appearance to seaward, a German vessel would run out to examine her with great promptitude. After one such instance, which occurred at a time when Vice-Admiral von Diederich's flag-lieutenant was on board the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey said to the German officer,

"One might almost think your ships were blockading Manila, and not mine."

The lieutenant chuckled complacently, as though he thought it was a compliment to the activity of his commander-in-chief, but he was wholly unable to comprehend that, when Dewey became so sweetly suave, it was a good time to look out for squalls.

One night one of the German steam-launches came steaming toward our fleet at full speed. She was picked up by the search-lights of our squadron fully a mile away, and was kept in the focus of their rays until she came alongside. Our officers almost universally believed that the object of her unnecessary and untimely visit was to discover whether it would be possible for a Spanish torpedo-boat to get within range of our vessels without being discovered by us.

Then the *Princess Wilhelmina*, lying off Subig Bay, notified the insurgents that she would not permit them to attack the Spanish troops at that point. At another time one of the German ships tried to sneak into the anchorage off the city of Manila at night, all her lights being extinguished, and her course being an unusual one. She was detected, and promptly "brought to" by a shell across her bows from the United States cruiser that was on picket duty that night.

Our courteous and courtly Commodore made no sign. He was waiting until he could put an end to the whole annoyance with one crushing blow. At last the opportunity came. He learned, on unquestionable authority, that one of the German vessels had landed provisions in Manila, thereby violating neutrality. I was not present when he sent his message to Admiral von Diederich, and therefore I do not speak from personal knowledge concerning it; but I learned the facts from a perfectly authentic source, as follows:

"Orderly, tell Mr. Brumby I would like to see him," said Admiral Dewey, one forenoon.

"Oh, Brumby," he continued, when the flag-lieutenant made his appearance on the quarter-deck, "I wish you to take the barge and go over to the German flagship. Give Admiral von Diederich my compliments, and say that I wish to call his attention to the fact that the vessels of his squadron have shown an extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse, and that finally one of them has committed a gross breach of neutrality in landing provisions in Manila, a port which I am blockading."



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The Commodore's voice had been as low and as sweetly modulated as if he had been sending von Diederich an invitation to dinner. When he stopped speaking, Brumby, who did not need any better indication of the Commodore's mood than the unusually formal and gentle manner of his chief, turned to go, making the usual official salute, and replying with the customary, "Ay, ay, sir."

"And, Brumby," continued the Commodore, his voice rising and ringing with the intensity of feeling that he felt he had repressed about long enough, "tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight, he can have it right now!"

Brumby went with his message, and the Commodore paced the quarter-deck in silence for a considerable time, evidently working off some of the high pressure that had brought forth his emphatic message to the German Admiral. The latter sent back the extraordinary reply that he had not known anything about these actions of his captains, and that they would not be repeated. When one considers the rigidity of discipline that is supposed to exist in the German navy, the character of Admiral von Diederich's apology is all the more incomprehensible.

But whatever may have been the new methods adopted by Admiral von Diederich to prevent his captains from violating neutrality and showing bad manners, they were entirely efficacious. There was never the least further need to refer to the possibility of giving Commodore Dewey the job of disciplining them.

## LOVE'S INSISTENCE.

BY NINA FRANCES LAYARD.

THE Sun hath his will with the Day,
And the Moon hath the Night for her own;
There is none shall arrest them or stay,
As each climbs to the summit alone.
Although the clouds mass, he will pass,
The red Sun in the haste of his might;
He will take the wide world as his right,
He will circle and hold,
He will spread it with glory and gold.

Wherever the stones have grown cold,
The poor bloodless stones of an earth that is old,
He will hug them to life,
He will lay the bare heat of his heart
To their passionless chill, till they smart
Into pain of sweet flowers, or are rife
With lichens and moss and the moor grasses swart.

The Sun hath his will with the Day,
And the Moon hath the Night for her own,
But my heart it is even as they
That must needs find a throne:
Let it rise, let it climb to the goal,
Be my Earth for my Sun to control;
Be a sweet tender Night,
With my Moon for its light,
Let me search for the sweets of thy soul.

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# THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER.

## A CHAPTER OF NATIONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

"THERE is a special providence for little children and the United States," says a philosopher. The good-natured satire suggests our American habit of looking upon our history, our political system, and our foreign policy as if they had nothing to do with other nations. We talk of "Old World" and "New World" as though the experience of mankind could be cut up into sections by painting lines on a globe. For the sake of enjoying the sensation of being a peculiar people, we are willing to forget the glorious heritage of a thousand years: was not Augustine our saint? and Hildebrand our pope? and William of Normandy our conqueror? and Elizabeth our queen? and Shakspere our poet? and Drake our hero and protector when the Spanish Armada bore down on our fathers' shores? The face of this continent is new, but the intellectual, social, moral, and political development of America is simply a part of the advance of the human race. We have shared, or rather have inherited, the religious traditions of our kinsmen oversea; we have had their art and literature; we have profited by their systems of education; we have used their inventions; we have learned from their mistakes and successes in government. In return, we have given the results of our experience in invention, in intellectual growth, in government, and in religious freedom.

There is sometimes supposed to be a tradition that in diplomatic relations America is isolated from the rest of the world with which she is intellectually and commercially so closely connected. Historically there has never been such an isolation; from the earliest colonial times the international forces which moved Europe have affected the Western hemisphere. When, in the Revolution, the United States first took a place in the family of nations, by claiming the rights and privileges of independence, it accepted the duties and obligations laid upon nations by the international law of the time. Nor did the fathers of the republic suppose that their influence was to be bounded by the coast-lines of the two Americas; their earliest diplomacy was directed to disturbing the existing European balance of power by transferring their strength to the French side; and their physical force actually turned the balance, besides showing itself ample for self-protection. The question when, where, and to what degree to exercise influence in the counsels of the nations has never been one of prerogative, but of expediency. The policy of the United States as a World Power has been carried out oftener by refusing the dictation of other powers than by joining them in common action.

The key to the foreign policy of the United States is simply national interest. Phrases like "entangling alliances," "European political system," or "Monroe doctrine" are not laws of the ten tables; they only express national convictions for the time being as to what our interests are. If, so far, the United States has chosen to exercise its international influence chiefly in affairs of the Americas, it is because there our interests chiefly lie. The diplomatic history of the country shows that the government has never hesitated to assert itself anywhere on the globe, if its interests seemed sufficient. In such a crisis as that of the year 1898, therefore, the United States takes no new position, but reasserts what history shows has never been abandoned—the place of a World Power.

All the present discussion on the future policy of the United States really comes down to the question whether it is to the national interest to go far afield in new enterprises. Some light may be thrown on that inquiry if we collect, analyze, and discuss the instances in which the United States has exercised its latent pre-

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rogatives in international concerns. The principal episodes have been the following: 1. The colonial period. 2. The Revolution. 3. The Napoleonic era. 4. Latin America to 1865. 5. The Pacific and the East to 1865. 6. European relations to 1865. 7. The last three decades.

The discovery of America brought a new element into the calculations of statesmen and the predictions of historians, and furnished a new subject for international contests. In geographical position, in commerce, in the movement of persons, and in intellectual and political inventiveness, the United States has had from the beginning the elements of a World Power.

The territory of the United States lies athwart a continent: some other countries in the world possess an interior equally fertile, if less accessible; no other has also a frontage on two oceans, with a territory all in a temperate climate. It is as though Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and North Italy were fused into one country, stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. We have the international advantage of an area impenetrable by invaders, yet looking both east and west, and in the south dominating the Gulf of Mexico. Geographically, therefore, the territory of the United States is the seat of a World Power.

Commercially the United States has from earliest colonial times showed its importance to the world, and at present our combined imports and exports count up to 1800 millions a year. Our productions have always been sought by other countries, and the United States lies on a new world-highway from Europe westward to Asia, and commands another great international trade route to the West Indies and South America.

In the movement of people to and fro across the ocean, the United States has been the focus of the most tremendous hegira of civilized people which the world has ever seen; from 1821 to 1898 more than 18,000,000 persons came to our shores to make their homes here; in the last ten years more people have emigrated to America than the whole population of Switzerland. There are now here more Germans and children of Germans than in Bavaria. And the tide of travel eastward—chiefly visitors—also numbers hundreds of thousands every year.

In unmaterial things the influence on America and the world-influence of Americans are equally felt. Emigrants and travellers, books and newspapers, bring European experiences and carry American ideas. Two instances may be mentioned: one of the causes of the emancipation of the slaves was the conviction of the North that the rest of the civilized world was against us; and the success of the United States in federal government has been a lesson eagerly studied by the constitution-makers of Germany, Switzerland, Canada, and Australia. The intellectual lives of Europeans and Americans are so closely connected that it is impossible that their political lives should be separated.

America has never known a policy of isolation, and least of all in the period of colonization. The three great causes of international conflicts—territory, commerce, and dominion—were all potent in the Western world. England and France came to blows in America in 1613 over the possession of Mount Desert, and continued to fight over territory at intervals till 1763; and the Venezuelan controversy is the last stage of a colonial war between the English and the Dutch. The Swedes were plundered of their American colonies on the Delaware by the Dutch within eighteen years of their foundation. English sailors fought to get the trade of the Spanish colonies in 1568, and kept the process up much of the time till those colonies became independent in 1823.

The commerce of the English colonies, including the slave trade established for the benefit of the colonists, was for a century and a half an object of illicit trade and of fierce international dispute, and was regulated by many treaties.

It was not accident that made the West Indies and the Gulf of St. Lawrence fighting-ground in so many of the naval wars of the eighteenth century: nations measured their naval strength in regions where islands were easy to pick up; nor was it by mere chance, that while the British, aided by their colonists, took Quebec in 1629 and 1759, Louisbourg in 1745 and 1758, and Havana in 1762, no foreign fleet ever held an English colonial port in North America, except New York for a few months in 1673 and 1674.

In the French and Indian war the international importance of America was

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shown when Washington began a fierce general European conflict by firing on the French at Great Meadows in 1754; and the result of the struggle was the clearing away of the dominion of the Mississippi Valley, so that it could eventually become the centre of a new World Power.

One of the early steps in the American Revolution was the taking over by the Continental Congress of the foreign powers which, till then, had been exercised by the English government. Within three years from the beginning of the struggle the United States had asserted its place as a belligerent on land, had fitted out a destructive navy, had organized a diplomatic corps, and had made a treaty of alliance with one of the two most powerful nations of that time.

When the commander-in-chief of the American forces in 1776 declined to receive a letter addressed "To George Washington, Esq., &c., &c., &c.," he was standing for the military rights of an independent nation. John Adams had already urged the sending out of privateers, though his friends said "it was an infant taking a mad bull by the horns." In December, 1775, Congress authorized privateers, and ordered a fleet of about a dozen national vessels. In about a year they (the two forces) captured 250 English merchantmen, and in 1777 more than 450; and insurance went up to 28 per cent. On the other hand, hundreds of American vessels were taken; but the possibility of inflicting such loss on the greatest naval power in the world strengthened the little republic at home and abroad.

The first State Department of the United States was a "committee for the purpose of corresponding with our friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world," which speedily became the directorate for foreign relations. Unofficial agents were sent out, then regular commissioners to France, then, in 1777, ministers to other European powers. Fortunately his Most Christian Majesty of France held out the golden sceptre, received the American ministers, of whom Franklin was chief, and on February 6, 1778, sealed his good-will by treaties of alliance and commerce. France had many motives besides that of sympathy with a struggling people; but the treaties were none the less an admission of the United States into the sisterhood of nations.

Perhaps Congress was too much elated by the new dignity; at any rate, no other European power recognized us till the end of the war. As Frederick the Great expressed it, he meant "to go over to the side on which Fortune shall declare herself." But in 1780 there came an opportunity to join in a European coalition—the so-called "Armed Neutrality"—of Russia, Holland, and the northern powers. Francis Dana, of Massachusetts, was commissioned "to accede to the convention of the said neutral and belligerent powers, protecting the freedom of commerce and the rights of nations"; but Russia would not receive him; and when, in 1782, Holland gave a kind of invitation to join, the right time had passed by, and the United States declined.

Meanwhile the Americans, with the aid of their French allies, had made true their Declaration of Independence of 1776 by capturing Cornwallis in 1781; and the United States at once took a place as a World Power in the general negotiations for peace in 1782 and 1783. Even stubborn George III., on March 27, 1782, gave up the struggle, in the words, "At last the fatal day has come." In the conferences at Paris the Americans—Franklin, John Adams, and Jay—sat almost as arbiters; they secured the strongly desired preliminary acknowledgment of their independence by England; they cut loose from the sanction of the French government, which Congress had required of them; they prevented the Spanish scheme of pushing the boundary from the Mississippi eastward. They had their way.

We are so accustomed to the birth of new nations that we do not appreciate the impression made on men's minds by the appearance of the new constellation of thirteen stars. The first evidence was the eagerness to make commercial treaties. Long and stately negotiations with "their High Mightinesses the States General" led to a treaty with Holland in October, 1782; and overtures were made by Denmark, Portugal, Austria, and the Free City of Hamburg; while the imperial ambassador of Germany discussed German emigration to America. Sweden and Prussia actually concluded treaties in 1783 and 1784. The climax was reached when John Adams appeared at the Court of St. James,



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and was received by George III. with unexpected good-nature. "There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France," said the King. "That opinion, sire," replied Adams, "is not mistaken. I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country."

At the beginning of the constitutional period in 1789 the United States seems but a feeble power, as we now estimate nations. A population of but four millions—less than that of Sweden or Sicily now; exports of $20,000,000, and imports of $23,000,000; an army amounting to 1216 men, and no navy; nothing in the Treasury, and a debt of $50,000,000; the inept Confederation just expired. But in the conditions of that time the population, trade, and naval strength of the country made it a power, and even a World Power. During the next twenty-five years it came to have the second merchant marine in the world, and in the year 1807 the volume of its trade was $246,000,000. The government of the Confederation, however feeble, had yet been the highest type of federal government reached up to that time, and the Americans had profited by their own mistakes. Above all, the United States was the only vigorous growing democratic republic in the world, and in 1789 its example hastened the outbreak of the French Revolution; and in a few years the French were copying American institutions, even to setting up the town meeting in rural France.

Yet in the ten years 1783–1793 the world-influence of America declined, because the Continental powers, especially France and Holland, were disappointed in their American trade. England had the trade, and therefore declined to give a treaty; and Spain would give commercial privileges only on condition of blocking up the Mississippi.

Over Europe was now gathering another era of general war, and the United States felt the danger foreseen by John Adams ten years before, when an Englishman said to him, "You are afraid of being made the tool of the powers of Europe." "Indeed I am," answered Adams. "What powers?" "All of them. It is obvious that all the powers of Europe will be continuously manœuvring with us to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power." The Americans were therefore obliged to show their power by keeping out of the war which broke out in 1793, and into which the two belligerents were determined to drag every neutral. Washington, in his proclamation of neutrality of April, 1793, virtually declared the purpose and the ability of his country to protect her own welfare and honor. It was not Washington's purpose to keep the United States out of all quarrels or wars, but to leave it free to fight or keep the peace as the interests of America should require. With difficulty France was made to understand that the United States was not to be made a naval base against Great Britain; and the English were apprised that they must cease capturing American neutral merchantmen, or else begin to fight American men-of-war. In 1798, when Spain, Austria, and Prussia had made terms with Napoleon, the United States had the spirit to resent a series of insults, and to make naval war on France. The century closed with a wholesome national self-confidence, and the respect of foreign countries. The same determination to use the resources of the nation to protect its foreign interests was shown in the Barbary wars, from 1801 to 1806, when the United States was first of all nations to try on the pirates the effect of iron and lead instead of gold and silver. Though the annexation of Louisiana in 1803 was due to no sagacity of Americans, but to Napoleon's sudden change of plans, still the pride and the international courage of the nation were further enhanced by the splendid prize.

Nevertheless, from 1803 to 1812 the country took the lowest place among the nations which she has ever occupied. In these nine years of peace with Europe England captured 917 American ships, and impressed about 3000 American sailors; and the French took 558 ships. Many of these vessels were subject to capture for various violations of international law; more of them were seized under Orders in Council and Decrees, which virtually authorized the robbery of the property of innocent neutrals, bound on lawful voyages.

The reasons why the United States submitted for nine years are many: one was Jefferson's confidence in the Embargo—a device by which the Americans destroyed their own trade so as to cut off a part

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from the belligerents, who could get on without it; another was the smallness of the navy; another was the fact that the New England ship-owners, who had suffered most from foreign depredations, were making so much money that they were not disposed to fight; the main reason was the exasperation of Napoleon and of the English, so that they were willing to incur decades of national hatred in America if they could damage each other.

The war of 1812 was the timely assertion of the nation's place as an independent power; but it came too late. It was begun without preparation; it abounded in humiliations, crowned by the capture of Washington by a few thousand troops; it ended with the occupation by the enemy of Oregon and part of Maine, and the taking or blockade of every national vessel of war. Yet the war of 1812 really showed the right of the United States to the name of World Power; for the raw militia, when behind breastworks, could stand the attack of the troops who had beaten Napoleon; and the navy took the world by surprise — our public naval force of 20 vessels captured 300 prizes, and, what was of much more consequence, took five British vessels of war; while the privateers took 1400 prizes, and caused the rates of insurance on voyages between England and Ireland to rise to 13 per cent.

The sense of superiority, man for man and ship for ship, was carried into the peace negotiations of 1814. Again, as in 1782, Great Britain proposed hard terms and gradually withdrew them. We could get no article against impressments, but prevailed on every other important point—boundaries, fisheries, commerce, the navigation of the Mississippi, payment for slaves. It had taken forty years for the United States to vindicate its right to be treated by England and France as a sister nation, dependent on neither. The Peace of Ghent, of 1814, was a public acknowledgment that the country had come to its majority at last. Thenceforward no one has ever questioned her status as an independent member of the Association of World Powers; and least of all has it been questioned by the mother-country, England.

From 1815 to 1854 there was no general European war, and into none of the six contests which have since followed has the United States been drawn. In the modern world there is a division of labor in international tasks: to Russia falls northern Asia, to England southern Asia and eastern Africa, to Germany the delicate adjustment of the conditions of peace in Europe. The United States is not deprived of its place among nations by the fact that our interests lie chiefly in the Western hemisphere. There is nothing essentially wicked or dangerous or "un-American" in common action with foreign nations, or in alliances with them for common objects; it is an act of common-sense rather than one of virtue to decline joint action when the interests of the United States are far greater than those of European powers.

The first element in our special American policy was the drawing of the new southern and western boundary, a process in which Spain was forced, by a pressure little short of war, to leave us Louisiana and to cede the Floridas. When the Spanish and Portuguese empires in America broke up—from 1814 to 1825—the United States saw arise, without any interference on our part, the new nations of Latin America—Venezuela, New Granada, the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, Chile, Peru, Mexico, various kaleidoscopic Central-American states, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay. Natural sympathy with struggling republics and desire for commerce interested the American people in their new neighbors, and in 1822 began a policy of recognition by the United States.

Now was raised a vital question of paramount interest in the future of America; and the United States found itself opposed to one of the most powerful international organizations in history. The so-called Holy Alliance of 1815, built upon pious phrases of "reciprocal service," "mutual good-will," and "branches of one family," was nothing but a system of mutual political insurance, by which the allied sovereigns of Europe agreed to help each other out in case of revolutions; in a series of congresses, from 1818 to 1822, agreements were made for putting down the risings in Naples and Spain. Presently it was proposed to extend the system to the rebellious Spanish colonies in America; and even that the United States be invited to take part in a congress which should settle the details of intervention. In 1823 George Canning, English foreign

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minister, acknowledged the place of the United States in the world by formally inviting it to join England in a protest against interference in Spanish America.

Monroe preferred to make a separate declaration of the interests of America, and his statement of the case, in a message of December, 1823, is the basis of the so-called "Monroe doctrine." It was, in essence, that the United States could not permit third parties to interfere in quarrels between feeble American powers and foreign nations. The reason for this attitude Monroe clearly stated: "It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make serious preparations for defence." What he meant was well illustrated by his refusal in the same year, 1823, to give aid and comfort to the revolted Greeks, because we had not a sufficient interest in that controversy.

Even the guarded language of Monroe's message was held not to mean a pledge to the Latin-American powers to protect them by armed force. John Quincy Adams, the real author of the Monroe doctrine, held that "each [nation] will guard by its own means." So far from undertaking that the United States would interfere in every quarrel between a European and an American power, Monroe based his whole doctrine upon the special interest of the United States in leaving them free to work out their own destiny; hence in various wars of Spain with American powers the United States has never interfered.

In the forties and fifties the United States began to assert a special interest as against England in the disposition of the territory of North America. In the annexation of Texas, and of California, and in the dispute over the Oregon boundary, the further growth of English territory was prevented. When it came, however, to a great commercial question, that of an Isthmus canal, the two powers which then had the largest carrying trade came to an agreement in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, that they would jointly guarantee the neutrality of the canal. During the fifties the United States was repeatedly reminded, when it stretched forth its hand to take Cuba or Central America, that there was a responsibility before the bar of the nations which forbade extension of slave territory at the expense of feeble neighbors. Even the profligate administration of Buchanan could not be wholly a law unto itself.

In the invasion of Mexico, from 1860 to 1867, the roots of the policy of the United States in America were seen: it was really a foray inspired by France, in which the United States refused to join, and from which England and Spain shortly withdrew. The United States repeatedly protested, never on the ground of the Monroe doctrine, always on the ground of material and moral interest. At the end of the civil war the government threatened force against what was supposed to be the strongest military power in the world, and Napoleon III. grudgingly withdrew. Whereupon the United States left the Mexicans to reorganize their government as they might choose, and has never protested against the creation of the present Mexican monarchy, disguised under the forms of a republican federation.

While pursuing a policy of leadership rather than of domination in America, the United States has for a century extended an influence westward to Asia. Four obstacles cut off the colonies from the golden East: English control of the East India trade to America; the vast distance; prohibitions of trade by Asiatic powers; and exclusion of English vessels from Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies in the Indian Ocean. The Revolution set trade free. In 1785 the ship *Empress of New York* came home to enrich the owners with the profits of the first voyage to the East. A trade in ginseng and furs was begun, which even Chinese sternness could not repel. We have forgotten that our title to Oregon is due to the establishment of the fur trade there in order to supply the Chinese markets. From this time on there was a profitable direct trade to India, China, Arabia, Persia, and the coast of Africa; and ship-owners like "King Hooper" of Marblehead built them observatories to watch for their Indiamen coming home. As has been pointed out in a previous article of this series,* no Asiatic colonies were formed by the United States, but commercial houses were founded in Eastern ports, and smart young Yankee supercargoes and ship-captains made fortunes for their owners and something for themselves. Our vessels shared the scanty privileges

* *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1899.

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of Asiatic ports, and took the international risk of pirates.

During the first half of the nineteenth century the Americans began one settlement—the Hawaiian Islands—which perhaps may prove to be the beginning of a Pacific empire; and thereby involved our country in the international squabbles and responsibilities of the Pacific. In 1851 a great effort was made to annex the islands, the native rulers consenting, or rather insisting. The United States refused annexation, but promised protection. The islands remained a kind of dependency down to the annexation of 1898.

The trade of China and Japan had been the quest of travellers and merchants from Marco Polo down—Cipango and Cathay were words which Columbus rolled under his tongue like a sweet morsel—and later ambassadors of Russia, Holland, and England kotowed and grovelled before the Son of Heaven, or his representative, and asked trade of his empire.

The Chinese nut was cracked by Great Britain in a rough fashion, without any of the fierce international diplomatic contests which mark the present stages of the Chinese question. The Chinese refused to buy English goods or smoke English opium, whereupon the English smashed in the gates of China, and compelled the opening of certain "treaty ports." Without being a party to this short method of negotiating commercial treaties, the United States profited by it; and in 1844 Caleb Cushing was sent as our first diplomatic representative to China, and obtained a favorable treaty.

The next fifteen years was the happy time for American shipping. The stars and stripes were seen on every sea, and by-and-by they appeared in the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, where, in 1854, Commodore Perry secured a commercial treaty, by much the same diplomacy as that of England in China. The United States was the first of the nineteenth-century powers to open up Japan, and she has always been proud of having introduced Western civilization to the most hopeful of the Asiatic nations.

The fifties and sixties were not favorable decades for planting American colonies, and the Asiatic trade for which such efforts had been made lost much of its importance. Down to 1880, therefore, the United States made no advances in the Pacific, and up to the occupation of the Philippines in 1898 looked on as a spectator at the contests, treaties, and combinations of European powers in the East.

Having been at war with no European nation between 1815 and 1898, and having no interest in European territory, the international questions which have arisen have chiefly concerned commerce and the status of individuals. From 1815 to 1835 the United States stood for a steady principle—that of getting rid of the remains of the navigation acts of European countries. The commercial discriminations were finally renounced in a series of commercial treaties. During this period the United States never had what would now be considered a high protective tariff, and in 1854 it made a reciprocity treaty with Canada. The tendency after 1840 was to go into the system of free trade, which then seemed likely to prevail all over the Western world.

In only two cases the government showed a disposition to push American principles upon Europe. When, in 1841, the five great European powers united in a treaty for the regulation of the slave trade, our minister in Paris, Lewis Cass, took the responsibility of a public protest, on the ground that the object of the treaty was to show his government in a bad light. In 1848, the revolution year, Hungary revolted from Austria, and President Polk went so far as to send a special commissioner to see whether there was ground for recognition of the seceders; the act gave great offence to Austria; and in 1850, in a correspondence with Baron Hülsemann, Austrian representative, Daniel Webster let the eagle scream. Shortly after this Kossuth came over, was received in state by both houses of Congress, and it really looked for a time as though the United States meant to stand before the world as a proselyting power.

In the fifties arose several international questions in which the United States took a decided stand as one of the sisterhood of powers. Ever since the Middle Ages the Danish government had levied duties on vessels passing through the straits into the Baltic; the only logical ground was that of defence from pirates, and for many decades that ground had disappeared. The United States therefore took the lead in protesting; European powers then took the matter up, and in 1857 held a kind of congress, and

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made a joint agreement to compound the duties by paying a lump sum, of which $900,000 was assigned to the United States. Our government refused to share in the congress or its findings, and made a separate settlement with the Danes. In effect, the American republic was standing for the principle of free navigation of the open seas in behalf of all nations.

Two questions came up indirectly out of the Crimean war in which the United States asserted its international dignity. The first was a breach of neutrality: the British minister was supposed to have connived at the enlistment of men in this country, and was therefore dismissed by the administration of Pierce. At the end of the war, in 1856, again the United States refused to join in or to accept the results of a European congress. The great European powers, as a part of the settlement at the end of the Crimean war, agreed to abolish privateering; but the United States, though specially invited to accede, refused on rather technical grounds.

So far, since the end of the war of 1812, the United States had taken part only in such international questions as it chose to touch; by the civil war, diplomacy was thrust upon us. Notwithstanding the inexperience of the government in such questions as belligerency, blockade, neutral rights, and contraband, the old principle of "hands off" for neutrals was successfully applied. Somehow Lincoln's administration worried through the ticklish difficulty of treating the Confederate States as simple insurgents, and hence not entitled to an international status, and yet holding foreign nations responsible for the limitations imposed on neutrals in a regular war. It was not possible to prevent the recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy—indeed our own government practically recognized it—but it was possible to do the world several services by insisting that independence should not be recognized before independence was assured, and by protesting against the building of warships for the enemy in neutral ports. Charles Francis Adams's persistent, "Your Lordship will observe that this is war," put the principle in a nutshell. In military operations, but especially in the blockade, the United States showed the physical force of a World Power. With an improvised navy to shut up 3000 miles of sea-coast, so that at last scarce a port was open, was the work of a great naval power.

On some points the United States put forward claims which were not justified by international law, and which were even contrary to the long-established policy of the nation. The Confederate envoys taken in the *Trent* were released on a technicality—but really because, as Lincoln put it, "we must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals." The seizure of vessels bound to Mexican ports on the ground that the cargoes were destined eventually for the Confederacy—the so-called "continuous voyages"—set up a dangerous principle, which may yet return to plague the United States.

The real lesson for the world from the civil war was the strength, vitality, and power of self-preservation of the republic. So long as slavery divided the nation it could neither perform its own tasks nor take its rightful place among nations. Having cast the beam out of its own eye, it might see clearly the mote that was in a brother's eye.

When people speak or write of the present trend of our foreign relations as a party manœuvre, or a fit of national dementia, they turn their backs on the history of the century, and especially on the events of the last thirty years. Whether welcome or unwelcome, it is a truth as well verified as the celebration of the Fourth of July, that the United States has for years been in the habit of mixing in world politics whenever it felt that its interests were involved.

With Europe there have been few opportunities for American influence during the last thirty years. Disputes and treaties over the naturalization of immigrants, and over tariffs; international agreements as to the rights of the road at sea, postal service, and telegraphs—these have been the principal subjects of diplomacy; and in such subjects Costa Rica and Ecuador are admitted on equal terms with ourselves. We refused in 1885 to be bound by the European conference on the Congo Free State, and have reluctantly kept out of the settlement—or rather the neglect—of the crisis in the Ottoman Empire.

In American questions the consciousness of a special international function

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has shown itself a dozen times since 1867. The first evidence was the scheme of annexations in the West Indies, put forward in 1867–69. In these plans, however, the American people took so little interest that St. Thomas and San Domingo were allowed to slip away, although both islands were eager to come into the Union. Alaska was annexed, and though long neglected, it proved to be a centre of international complications; stretching far toward the mainland of Asia, it makes us parties to all North Pacific quarrels; and the seal-fishery proved so valuable as to lead to a claim of control over seals in the high seas, which involved us in negotiations with Russia, Japan, and England, and in the commission to arbitrate disputes with England in 1895.

The Cuban war of 1868 to 1878 compelled the United States to assert its position as a World Power toward Spain, and caused President Grant, in 1873, to make the novel proposition of joint intervention with European powers. In the Chilean-Peruvian war of 1877–81, the United States at first took the attitude of an arbiter of the terms of peace, but fortunately withdrew from a position which, if rigidly maintained, would have made it necessary to police all Latin America; and in the Pan-American Congress of 1889 the attempt was made to secure a kind of American concert. Complications with Chile in 1890 left that country feeling sore; and there does not appear to be any Latin-American power which would for a moment admit that its action could be coerced by us, although they are all glad to have the United States push back their adversaries.

The most significant incident of the period is the controversy over Venezuela. The issue was a prolonged boundary controversy between Venezuela and the British colony of Guiana, of which nobody will really know the merits till the present arbitrators report; but we do know that the object of dispute is of no great value; the territory is low and poisonous; the Europeans who live on it are but a few hundred; and it is as distant from New Orleans as Liverpool from Newfoundland. In December, 1895, President Cleveland threatened war on Great Britain unless the question were forthwith submitted to arbitration. Secretary Olney's published argument was to the effect that the Monroe doctrine forbade the seizing of disputed territory; that the United States was paramount in America; and that foreign colonies ought to cease in this hemisphere. Measured by the test of national interest, the interposition of the United States was unreal, and the published motives insufficient. Though Great Britain conceded the arbitration, no national policy of ours can ignore the fact that by the possession of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, of West India islands, of Belize and Guiana, Great Britain is also an American power, and can be dispossessed of her territory or her interests only by war.

The latest phase of our influence in America is familiar to everybody. In 1898, moved partly by humanity, but more by manifest national interest, the United States has compelled Spain by force of arms to leave Cuba to the Cubans, and to cede Puerto Rico outright; and nothing can be more certain than that we shall henceforth insist on a naval supremacy in the West Indies; and that Cuba will be at least an American protectorate.

In the Pacific and the East, as in the West, intervention and conquest are only a larger development of an old-time policy, by which, in the face of bitter opposition at home, there has been a steady expansion of interests, and consequently of new reasons for exercising the power of the country. Toward China we have, since 1881, assumed the contemptuous attitude of other Western powers—sweeping treaties aside when we do not like them, and cutting off immigration. Toward Japan we have felt a benevolent friendship, till we thought there was a conflict of interests over Hawaii. In Samoa we have had one of our few experiences of concerted diplomacy. If to be co-regent of 1700 square miles of Pacific island with England and Germany makes a World Power, we have that dignity; but that is all that we get out of the tripartite possession. It is otherwise with Hawaii, in itself much more important than Samoa, and as entirely free from any foreign control as the District of Columbia. But Hawaii makes us necessarily interested in all Pacific questions; while the possession of Manila brings us into the thick of the Eastern Asiatic contest, and thus must inevitably bring us into new complications with the great powers of Europe.

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Reviewing the history of American foreign relations, it seems clear that the United States has from its birth been in both hemispheres a true World Power—in military strength, in influence on other nations, in a tendency to extend its influence and power. It is this status which has given such success in negotiating treaties and in settling disputes. But the government has regularly chosen its own occasions and its own methods of interference. The power of the United States has usually been in reserve, but not in isolation; and whenever the interests of the nation seemed sufficiently affected, it has made our place manifest. The method has almost always been that of separate, independent remonstrance. Though invited to take part in European congresses, or to join in their action in the English negotiations and also in the Dutch negotiations of 1782, in Spanish affairs in 1823, in the Quintuple Treaty of 1842, in the Declaration of Paris in 1856, and in the African congress of 1885, the government has always refused; the only case of joint conference on vital matters is that of 1889 on Samoa.

The disposition of the nation to play a great part in the world's affairs is not, as many people seem to think, simply the work of Presidents or consuls or Congressmen; it is the natural tendency of a people which has a facility for forgetting the early defeats and humiliations of its history, and which feels like proving its own vast power. To moralize upon such a tendency is not the purpose of this article. The United States has heretofore found little occasion to assert its dignity as a World Power: our strength is unquestioned—and where, as in the Samoan and Venezuelan questions, the nation appeared to have a strong interest, no other power has been willing to stand in the way. When we consider our own unsettled home problems we are dismayed at taking a share in the conduct of the world's affairs. With irresponsible despotisms in many of our great cities and some great States; with an ever-present race antagonism of our own making; with millions of people in the Southern mountains and the far Western frontiers who are as far from real modern civilization as the Filipinos; with mediæval mob-laws and torture of prisoners—one would think that we had plenty of space for the national energy within our own boundaries. Why go far afield to form new colonial relations such as must increase the points of friction and involve us in other people's quarrels? Why spend on Cuba and Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines, men, money, and vital energy which must be withdrawn from the pressing needs of our own communities? New tropical colonies mean large expenditures of every kind, and—judging by the experience of other nations—they will bring small annual returns and much vexation of spirit.

If this series of articles accurately states the history of our external policy, it will be seen that annexations, interventions, colonies, and international influence are not new factors in our national life. The drift of a century has suddenly proved to be a current. The proximity of Spanish and Latin American lands, and especially of Cuba, has long since made a quiet, self-contained national life impossible. The advance into the West Indies is as inevitable as it was into Texas and California. For fifty years there has been also a tendency to establish national power in the Pacific. And we cannot avoid direct relations with European powers; such relations spring out of our nearness to Europe, measured by time and difficulty; out of the growth of international trade, the movement of emigrants, the interplay of literature and of institutions.

If it be urged that in international councils even great powers sometimes play only second fiddle, the only answer must be that it is the privilege and glory of a great democracy to make its own choices—even its own mistakes. Who can doubt that the purpose of the American people is not only to make the nation felt as a World Power, but also to spread Western civilization Eastward? Perhaps we have yet to learn the unyielding inertia of the East; doubtless we have some disillusionments before us. The diplomacy of the United States has not been a series of triumphs; it has included many errors and some injustices; but now that slavery has ceased to poison our foreign policy the general tendency of American expansion is toward human freedom. May the American nation be like Thomas Hooker, founder of Connecticut, of whom a contemporary said, "He had a temper like a mastiff-dog with a chain—he could let out his dog, and he could draw in his dog"!

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# THE DRAWER

## MINERVY'S VALENTINES.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

HOWARD knew by the old man's face, when he hobbled into the library, that he had come to ask a favor. He bowed obsequiously several times, flourishing his fragment of a hat apologetically as he approached him, and, contrary to his habit, begged to be allowed to sit down.

Howard drew the low rocker opposite his own seat.

"Certainly, Uncle 'Lum; sit down and make yourself comfortable. And what can I do for you this morning?"

Instead of answering, the old negro drew out his bandanna handkerchief, and began slowly to wipe his face. He evidently felt some embarrassment, and was trying to master it before he should venture upon his errand. Finally, however, he chuckled:

"Umh! I sca'cely know how to state it, Marse Howard. I—I jes 'lowed I'd drap in an' have a little talk dis mornin', an' maybe, arter a while, you'd do a little writin' fur me—not now, tell we talks it over." Then shifting his position, he said, tentatively, "Is you ever writ a valentime, marster?"

Howard laughed.

"No, Uncle 'Lum, I have never written one, exactly, but I have directed about a dozen for the boys during the last two days. Who started the valentine fever on the plantation, anyhow? And don't tell me you have caught it."

"I 'ain't caught nothin' f'om dese yo'ng fool niggers, ef dat what you mean—no, sir. I been knowin' 'bout valentimes 'fo' dey was born, but de valentimes we-all's white folks sont aroun' in de ole days was wuth talkin' about. Dey warn't no sech scandalous-lookin' things as I see flyin' roun' de plantation de las' few days—no, sir.

"Plantation niggers ain't fitten to communicate dey emotions wid valentimes, nohow. Half o' de boys an' gals on de place ain't speakin' to each other to-day an' 'istiddy, an' dey been three free fights down in de puckon grove, all on account o' dese picture valentimes gwine back an' fo'th.

"Thick-lip Sarey she got one wid nothin' but a big mouf wid hands an' foots to it, an' quick as she received it she withdrawed her speech f'om three o' de boys she helt onder s'picion, an' she quit her work in de fiel', an' walked, snortin' mad, all de way ten miles to town to pick out three o' de insultin'es' ones she could git to sen' back; an' when de boys got 'em—of co'se two of 'em was 'bleeged to be innocent—dey all three s'picioned two or three gals apiece, an' dat's de way hit trabbles—trouble in de valentime's track.

"But I don't call sech as dat *valentimes*, nohow. I calls dem no better'n word-o'-mouth insults. When *I* sends a valentime, I sends de *quality* sort. I ricollec' when my yo'ng mistus used to git all manner o' picture valentimes, wid roses an' hearts an' dese heah cunnin' little naked boy babies on 'em—an' po'try verses. I 'member in p'tic'lar one she got wha' come in a box, all sweet-smellin', an' tied wid a sash-ribbin, an' all you had to do was to pull out a little do'-knob in de picture, an' it 'd begin to stretch out, same as a 'cordion, tell it would stan' all alone by itse'f, an' d'rec'ly you could peep in an' see a flower-gyarden an' a peacock an' a lady settin' beside a yo'ng man on a paper sofy, an' po'try words under 'em, splainin' out eve'ything, same as a love-letter. *Dem* was *valentimes*. All dese low-down, red-nose, slim-neck, bald-head, fork-tail pictures wha' de boys is intrustin' to de gals dey claim to love, nowadays, I class dem as black-guardin'.

"But I started to tell yer about a valentime I sont once-t. Of co'se hit was secon'-han'; but dat didn't hurt it. Hit was one my yo'ng mistus got f'om a yo'ng man wha' she hated, an' so she passed it on to me, an' tol' me I could fling it away; but of co'se white fling-aways is nigger treasures, so I took an' sont it to a gal I was sort o' holdin' off f'om, jes to see how she'd teck it."

He chuckled to himself as if over a pleasant memory.

"And how did she take it, uncle?"

He did not answer for some minutes.

"Well," he said, presently, "'tain't no use to go over de groun'. Howsomever, I reckon I'll haf to tell you a little about it. Of co'se nigger doin's told in white lang'age, dey seems fureign; but, tell de trufe, Marse Howard, de lady I wants a valentime fur now, she's *de same lady*. She was my fust wife—when I wasn't no mo'n a boy, sca'cely. I was married to her reg'lar, out'n de book, in ole marster's libr'y, by a white-robe preacher. Seem like it ought to helt strong, but ef folks wants to stray, look like *nothin'* don't hol' 'em.

"I nuver was to say good-lookin', not even in my bes' days, an' Minervy—dat was her name, Minervy—she say she wouldn't 'a' married me nohow, 'cep'n' fur my ways. I nuver put on no ways in p'tic'lar, so fur as I knowed; but, howsomever, either she got so used to my



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ways dey didn't ketch 'er taste no mo', or maybe dey mought o' changed an' me not know it. Dey say eve'y man's ways changes mo' or less arter he's married. But to come to de p'int, she up an' let' me one day—follered a tall, stately, light-complected yaller man wid looks an' behavior—follered him down de river, an' set up housekeepin' wid 'im on a raft, an' I 'ain't nuver seen 'er face to face f'om dat day. I reckon she had a purty tough time of it, an' I 'ain't got no hard feelin's to her. We all follers our leadin's. Ef dey good, so much de better; an' ef dey bad, so much de wuss.

"We was livin' up in Howard County dem days, an' I didn't want to face de music, an' so I come down heah, whar I didn't know nobody, an' took up mo' land 'n I felt able to work, jes wid de intention o' killin' myse'f—but 'stid o' dat, heah I is axin' you to write me another valentime. When a pusson stops to think, Jordan is a strange road to trabble, shore enough.

"Well, sir, now I'm a-comin' to de story part. Who you reckon but my same little ole Minervy is jes lately turned up down heah in de Ozan bottom? Dey tell me she's all by herse'f, an' de 'S'ciety fur de P'omotion o' Widders an' Orphans,' hit pays her three dollars a month fur bein' a widder; an' ole man Joe Taylor, he say she draws fur bein' a orphan too, which seem to me like dat ain't sca'cely fair, an' she over adult age. She mus' be 'long about fifty or sixty. Yit 'n' still, come down to it, she's a honester orphan 'n she is a widder. But of co'se ef I was to speak out, I'd deprive her of de widder part, so I boun' to lay low. Ever sence I knowed she come back by 'erse'f, I been studyin' to fin' some way I could reach out my han' to her in de dark—an' pass on. So when de valentime fever come up agin, seem like maybe hit mought gi'e me a chance.

"An' so won't you please, sir, try to git me up a reel fancy fastidious valentime to sen' 'er? Maybe hit mought raise 'er courage a little to know somebody thought dat much of 'er."

Here was a romance. Howard turned and looked at the old man.

"Aren't you afraid she would suspect you, since you sent her one in the old days? And if she should, mightn't she naturally want you to take her back?"

He thought awhile over this. Then he said:

"No, sir, I don't reckon she would. You see, she'd haf to gi'e up dat widder's three dollars a month, s'ciety money. You know, a taste o' free money, hit's same as pizen in de blood. Hit's wuss 'n vaccination agin' work. No; de valentime won't do no harm. Hit 'll jes be some'h'n' to teck down an' look at offn an' on th'ough de day, an' at night befo' she go to bed, an' to console her sperits when she feels lonesome. Of co'se hit's boun' to bring me back to her min', an' I don't keer ef it do. You know, Minervy, she was de purties' little slim-ankle yaller gal dat ever trod de cotton row in de ole days—no mistake about it. An' I reckon, accordin' to white righteousness, she's my legal wife yit; but of co'se dat's jes on paper. But in my heart some days I sort o' hankers arter her changeable ways even yit. You nuver knowed what she was li'ble to do nex'."

"And don't you think that maybe you will go back to her some day?"

"An' leave de chillen's mammy? Oh no, Marse Howard. Oh no. Leave my ole 'oman, Nance Ann—out yander cookin' my supper now? I thinks de world an' all o' Nance Ann, an' she knows it. Of co'se I don't want no remarks passed about dis valentime business; but I know you's a genterman, an' you ain't gwine talk.

"You see, dis ain't nothin' but pyore bygone love 'twix' me an' little Minervy—dat's all. But you know how womens is. Ef Nance Ann knowed it—"

Howard was amused, and thinking to try him, he said:

"Why not send Nance Ann one, too? Then, in case she should ever hear about it, she wouldn't—"

"Yas, sir, she would! I tell yer she *can't* heah about it, marster! Lord have mussy! An' as to sendin' *Nance Ann* a valentime, I 'clare I believe she'd whup me ag'in. No, dey nuver was a day I'd 'a' dared to sen' her sech as dat. She warn't dat sort—not even time we was keepin' company. De fus thing I ever gin her was a pink gingham frock, an' she took 'n' took it back to de sto'e, an' swapped it off fur a fryin'-pan an' skillet, 'caze she say hit wouldn't wash. She's one o' deze homespun gals, Nance Ann is.

"But of co'se Minervy she's de yether sort; but she was a pleasu'ble little gal. So you'll fix up de valentime fine, please, sir?"

"Why, yes, I will try to—if you'll tell me what to say."

The old man turned to Howard aghast.

"Tell you what to say? Why, Marse Howard, how does I know? You de one wha' got education. You knows what to say. De onies' thing I ax you p'tic'lar is please be shore to put a piece o' reel up-an'-down love-po'try in it for me."

"But, really, old man, you'll have to give me some idea about it."

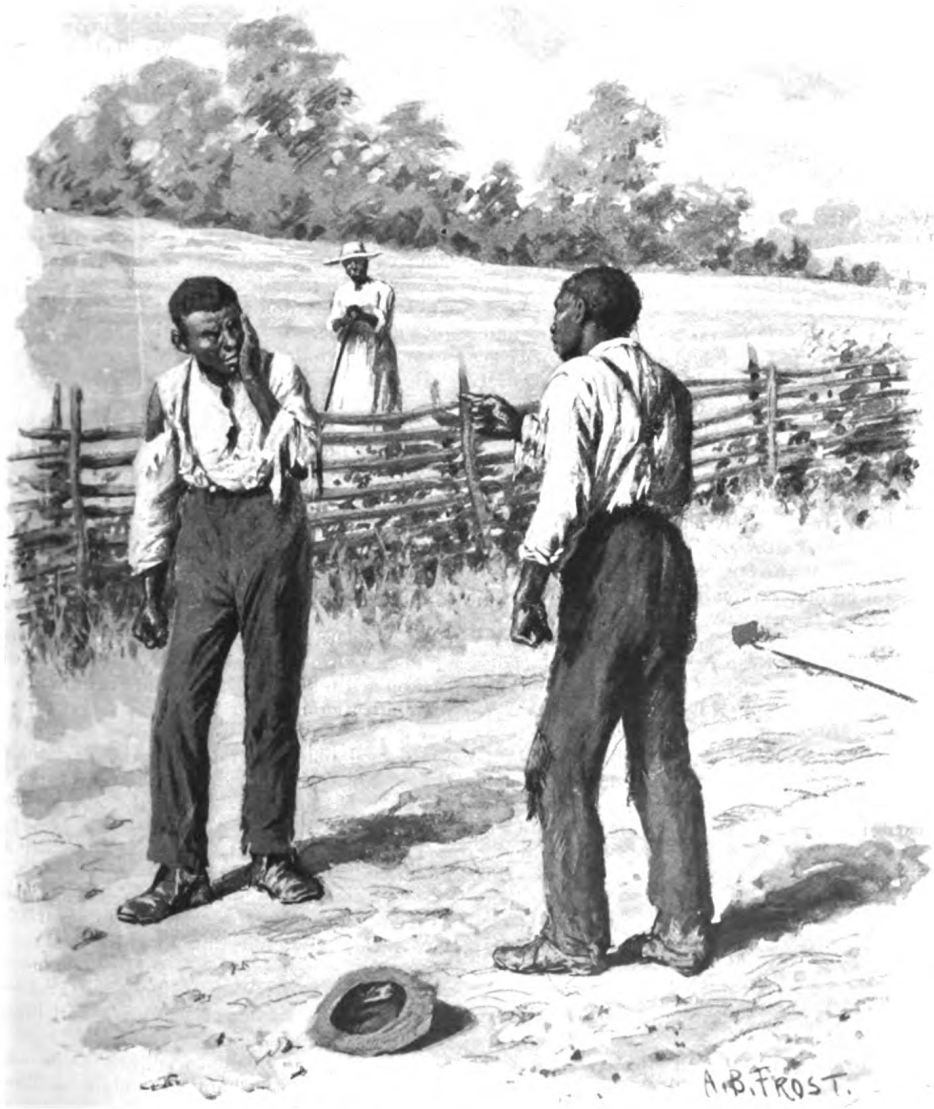
"How is I gwine gi'e you a idee about pen-writin', marster? No, sir! Ef I had a-knowed what to say, I'd 'a' made some o' de boys put it down fur me, on'y dey mought 'a' peached on me. You jes meck it a reg'lar fancy valentime, same as ef you was writin' it to a high-tone yo'ng white lady. I don't want no insinnations about ole age or sorrer in it, an' no hint about de way she acted, nuther. De one my yo'ng mistus gi'e me, hit had a white-lady picture standin' on it, wid yaller curls, an' a long piece o' po'try about blue eyes an' ruby

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lips, an' it tickled her mightily. When she received it, she twis' her head on one side, an' she say, ef I loves her so strong dat I seem to see her in dat light, she 'bleege to marry me.

"Dat gives you de startin'-p'int, an' I don't want dis one to go back on it—noways. But what I wants now is jes to make her blood circulate a little, an' gi'e her some'h'n' to ponder about; an' when you gits it done, I'll come, an' you kin read it off to me, please, sir.

"I passed by de place whar she stay de yether day—time I driv down to de Ozan wid de mules—an' I see a stout ole lady settin' in de cabin do', fannin' 'erse'f, an' I don't doubt it was her. Hit always did become her to set down an' ac' 'bove-ish. Arter I seen 'er, seem like I was sort o' giddy an' forgitful all day. Ole Jim Towers he seen her, an' he say she's changed consider'ble, but she's peart-featured yit, an' I don't doubt it.




"I UP AN' WHUPPED HIM OUT."

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"An' when you gits de valentime done, I gwine put a dollar bill in it—but fur Gord' sake don't you say nothin' about dat. I don't want no Feb'uary cyclone in my cabin. I gwine try to manage to sen' little Minervy a dollar once-t in a while, long as she's by 'erse'f, jes for ricollectiom' sake; an' of co'se I don't deny it's a in'ard satisfactiom, too, *to know she's come down to it.* I got jes dat much o' de ole Adam in me, an' so long as it don't make me rob no pocket but my own, I reckon Gord 'll forgive it. I'd like mightily to let 'er know I owns my own lan' an' mules, but I reckon dat's a-ca'yin' malice too fur. I daresn't do it, nohow, 'caze ef she know I'm heah, she'd gimme trouble, sho. She don't know but what I'm dead an' buried 'way up in Howard County; but she keeps my name—an' dat sort o' gi'e me de all-overs when I heerd it. Of co'se, time I come out heah, a green-grass widderer, I changed my intitlemints. I made a boy I know open a history-book an' call out de fus name on de page, an' he calt out Christopher Columbus, an' dat minute he christened me, but he didn't know it. I done it so's I could forgit who I was myse'f, an' start in an' work myse'f to death. Dat was my fatal desire. I'd 'a' took to drink ef I had a-been dat sort o' fool, but, thank Gord, I was jes a nachel fool fur work. I done worked off trouble all my life.

"So I started out—no mo' thought o' nair 'oman in my min 'n I had of a giaskutus or glory's crown; but, Lord have mussy! I hadn't no sooner tuck up lan' 'n I see a slim black gal workin' de fiel' nex' but one to mine, an' I took 'n' took notice to de way she'd fling de hoe, not noticin' in p'tic'lar, but jes takin' notice—*so.* Well, in de fiel' 'twix' her an' me dey was a yo'ng yaller man, an' I soon see dat he was tryin' wid every effort of his constitutiom to wait on Miss Hoe-flinger, an' she nuver give 'im no incouragemint—jes stan' off like a stalk o' cane, an' sway wid de win'. So dat went on tell one day I see he was a-pesterin' 'er constant, an' I see her cast jes one sheep-eye over to my fiel', so *wid dat, I up an' whupped him out,* an' tol' 'im ef he showed 'is face in dat neighborhood agin I'd *kill* 'im—an' I'd 'a' done it, too. Of co'se he had planted all his lan' in cotton, an' he could o' come back in his fiel' by fo'ce o' law, but he knowed hit would o' took all de sheriff's men to purtect 'im ef he tried hit; so at last me an' him we shuck hands like enemies, an' he sol' out his plantin' to Nance Ann an' me, in pardnership, an' of co'se dat was huccome we come to—

"You know one pardnership leads to another, an' –

"Well, she's de chillen's mammy, Nance Ann is, an' I thinks a heap of 'er.

"Sir? What dat you say? Yas, sir, I don't deny she whupped me once-t—but no doubt I needed hit. Nance Ann is a powerful build sence she stoutened out, and she's got a sense o' jestice to match her figgur. I acted mighty bad once-t, an' ef she hadn't a-chastised me de way she done, I mought 'a' did it ag'in. Dat's huccome I say I daresn't let 'er know about dis heah valentime. Dat one whuppin' she gi'e me was about a lady.

"Nance Ann 'ain't nuver is mentioned dat yether lady's name to me f'om dat day to dis, an' I 'ain't nuver is laid my eyes on de lady sence, nuther.

"But about de valentime, marster?"

"I was just going to say, Uncle 'Lum, there are no pretty valentines for sale here, and you are a day late as it is. Perhaps I might find a picture that you'd like, and write some verses to it—"

"Dat what I'm a-tellin' yer, boss. Ain't dat what I been urgin' you to do for a hour? You got a plenty o' purty pictures layin' roun' loose heah in yo' libr'y. Ef you'll stick one of 'em on a piece o' scalloped reesin-box paper, an' indite some po'try verses to suit hit, you kin take my word fur it, when Minervy gits it she'll ile her face fresh an' polish it off, an' start out an' hunt a reader, an' when she hears de love-po'try she'll set her head sideways an' meck up a story to match hit. I wouldn't be surprised ef she got credit fur a month's groceries on dat valentime—ef you meck it sumptu'us-lookin'. *Dat's Minerry!*

"Well, sir, I done talked too long a'ready, an' I'm gwine. I'll drap in dis evenin', ef you sesso, an' listen an' look at it."

He had risen, and was moving toward the door.

"Better come over here now, uncle, and look over some pictures with me." Howard led the way to the easel, where there were a number of portfolios, and selected several attractive studies of negro girls. "Here are some very pretty ones. How about these?"

The old man deliberately adjusted his glasses, but at a first glance he removed them, and looked Howard straight in the eyes.

"Fur Gord' sake, Marse Howard!" he exclaimed, "'ain't you got no white folks? You reckon I 'ain't got no mo' manners 'n to th'ow up a lady's color to her dat-a-way? No, sirree; not me."

Howard placed before him the next thing that came to his hand. It chanced to be a stately "Gibson girl," reduced for magazine use.

The old man studied it carefully for a few moments, and shook his head.

"Dat sho is a noble figgur of a 'oman," he said at last, eying the study at different angles; "but ain't she purty rigorous an' rawboned fur a love-lady, marster? Seem to me she looks sort o' proud an' hongry. Pass on some mo', please, sir. I wouldn't hurt little Minervy's feelin's—not fur nothin'."

Howard could not help smiling as he laid several other figures before the old man, all, as the first, delightful things from the white man's point of view; but he saw one after another

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laid aside as it failed to meet some requirement of the old lover's fancy.

Finally the old man put them all away and took off his glasses. This gave his vision longer range, and he was soon attracted to a pile of fashion-books on a rack near.

As he turned from one colored plate to another he fairly chuckled aloud, and Howard was amused to follow him through several books before he finally selected a slim lady in pink, with side curls and a lace mantilla.

"Heah she is!" he exclaimed. "Jes look at her standin' so swayback, an' feedin' a swan out'n 'er hand. Ef I could fin' a loose picture as purty as dat, I'd—"

When Howard tore the plate from the book and laid it in his hand, the old fellow's childish delight was really pathetic. He even chuckled aloud as he held it at arm's-length, viewing it at different angles.

"Now fur a little piece o' paper lace roun' de aidges—an' de po'try verse! Don't, fur Gord' sake, Marse Howard, forgit de po'try, an' meck it fine an' ticklish. I don't want no 'roses red,' nuther. It's wo'e out.

"Lemme see."

He dropped his head, closed his eyes, and began rubbing his bald pate.

"Lemme see. Dey used to be a piece o' po'try wid 'prithee' in hit; hit commenced somehow or other. I 'clare de mo' I tries to think, de mo' I forgits, but hit was mighty superfluous an' fine—"

The word reminded Howard of a dainty verse that he had years ago pasted in his scrap-book—the delicate "Toujours Amour" of the poet Stedman. He opened the book, and read it aloud slowly, the old man bending forward eagerly, so as not to miss a word:

"'Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair.
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin.'
'Oh,' the rosy lips reply,
'I can't tell you, if I try.
'Tis so long, I can't remember.
Ask some younger lass than I.'"

The old negro's eyes were fairly beaming.

"Dat sho is lovely, Marse Howard. Hit sho is; an' de dimple-chin, dat suits her down to de groun'. But couldn't you set 'er up a little *in years?* Three yeahs, dat won't do. Jes set 'er up to de fus bloom o' youth. Read dat age line once-t mo', please, sir."

Howard repeated the couplet—

"Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen—"

"How would hit do to slip in 'fo'teen yeahs' or 'sixteen yeahs'—any one o' de yo'ng ages wha' fit de line—"

"Why, yes, old man; we might do that, I suppose, if you wish it; but you haven't let me finish reading the poem yet." He could scarcely keep a twinkle out of his eye as he began the second stanza—

"'Tell, O, tell me, Grizzle-face.'"

This first line was greeted by a grunt, and the old man straightened himself, but he did not interrupt by a word, and Howard began again:

"'Tell, O, tell me, Grizzle-face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does love give up the chase?
Tell, O, tell me, Grizzle-face.'
'Ah!' the wise old lips reply,
'Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But of love I can't foretoken.
Ask some older sage than I.'"

After the first blurt of protest the old man had been so still that Howard wondered how he were taking it. When he stopped reading and looked up, he was shocked to find him in tears. As soon as the old man realized himself observed, however, he began to laugh.

"Fur Gord' sake, marster, excuse me," he chuckled, still wiping his eyes. "Whar in kingdom come did you git sech a double-bar'l shotgun as dat to fire at me? I could 'a' stood it all right ef I hadn't saw my ole face in yo' lookin'-glass heah de minute you purnounced de word 'Grizzle-face,' an' f'om dat on seem like every word hit me. Leave all dat las' part out o' de valentime, please, sir, fur Gord' sake; but ef hit ain't too much trouble, I wusht you'd read it over agin, slow, jes fur me—whilst I study ole Grizzle-face in de glass."

It was with quite another mind that Howard read the lines again, and when he had finished them he closed the book.

"Thanky, thanky, marster. Dat would be a good answer fur her to sen' back to me—ef she knowed it. Lordy, how a lookin'-glass kin set a pusson back! But dey's one thing sho. Whoever writ dat po'try, he knowed little Minervy—an' he knowed me.

"I feels like as ef I was walkin' in a dream, an' I dun'no' how I gwine wake up an' come back to life."

At this moment there were voices outside, as if some one were inquiring. The old man turned quickly, listened a moment, and sprang to his feet.

"Who dat?" he exclaimed. "Dat's Nance Ann at de do', sho's you born. How long is I been settin' heah, anyhow?"

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

IV.

THE dining-room table is stretched out to its full length by four leaves, and its snowy expanse is laden with vases of flowers, and dishes of fancy cakes and sandwiches, and piles of plates, and heaps of forks and spoons, and half-empty platters of variegated salad. It is the evening of Ethel Benton's first reception as a bride, and she and her spouse now sit at one end of the board, where they have cleared away a small space in the caterer's wilderness, making a pretence of dining; but as Ethel is almost too tired to eat, and as Benton has done nothing but munch sweets all the afternoon, they make little of the feast. It is eight o'clock, and the clocks are answering to the roll-call of time with their usual anachronistic promptitude.



AFTER THE RECEPTION.

"I'd hate to be a French waiter," remarks Benton, as he lights his cigar and pours a tumbler full of a light yellowish fluid which has done good service as punch during the afternoon.

"I should very well think you might," replies Ethel; "but why?"

"Think of going about from house to house, like this, every day in the week, eating nothing but salads and sandwiches, and drinking anything from champagne to pink lemonade, for four hours each afternoon! I should think that on Sundays those fellows would positively revel in boiled corned beef and ice-water!"

"Oh, I don't think the waiters eat and drink so much at receptions as they are blamed for. They must get used to that sort of thing, just as girls in candy-shops get sick of eating candy."

"Then all those fellows we had here to-day are novices," affirms Benton. "I saw one fat fellow ladling ice-cream into himself at about the rate of four quarts an hour. He was in the butler's pantry, and I had gone in to see about more punch. As soon as I caught sight of him I shouted, 'Hi, there!' but he never stopped; just nodded, and sputtered something that sounded like 'Oui, m'sieur,' and went on scooping up the ice-cream. So I went up to him, and touched him on the arm, and asked him if he would not have a chair, and could not I bring the freezer in and set it down beside him, and, if he would wait a minute, I would get the soup-ladle and a funnel, and send another man in to help. Well, that was all wasted on the Frenchman. He merely put down the empty plate, and took up another that had a half-melted dab of pink stuff on it, and said between gulps: 'I am ze man zat wash ze plate. It is ver' hot in ze kitcheen, over ze hot water for ze plate, so I make myself cold first, and zen I wash ze plate. It is also quicker to eat ze ice-cream as to scrape it off before washing ze plate.' If you had seen him eating, you would have admitted the truth of that last statement. So, as long as his gorging himself was strictly professional, I said nothing more."

"Why did not you tell the poor man he would ruin his digestion?" asks Ethel, ingenuously.

"He would not have understood," replies Benton, seriously. "Besides, he is not the first man that has been carried away by professional zeal, to his undoing. I only started out to say that I would not choose the business. And now that this hurrah is all over with, I'm going to get a good night's rest. I never saw so many people in my life that I did not know."

"Well, you see," explains Ethel, "there were a great many of my friends here that you had never met."

"Oh, but I told them all I had met them, you see. I kept saying I knew their faces very well—that I remembered having seen them at the wedding."

"But lots of them were not at the wedding!" exclaims Ethel. "How absurd of you!"

"Oh, I don't mind a little thing like that," continues her husband, calmly. "They should have been at the wedding, and if they were not, they were no doubt pleased that I thought they were there. At any rate, none of them disabused me. But I started the day too well to be bothered by small matters. No social amenity could phase me after my initial performance!"

"I hope you were not rude to any one," ventures Ethel.

"Of course I was not rude to any one! How foolish of you! I gave them all the glad hand and the India-rubber face—as Freddy says. By-the-way, that boy Freddy has some marvellous expressions in his vocabulary. He is a youth of infinite possibilities. I shall cultivate him. Dorothy ought to be proud of such a brother. I found him in the pantry too—helping my fat friend to 'wash ze plate' by the absorption process. Freddy said he was tired of 'rubber-necking' in the parlor—whatever that may mean. But I imagine, from the way my neck feels, that I must have been rubber-necking all day."

"Won't you please get back to your main subject, Arthur dear?" interrupts Ethel, mildly. "You started in to tell me about your 'initial performance.'"

"Oh yes—my début, so to speak," resumes Benton. "You remember at three o'clock Dr.

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and Mrs. Badminton Jones's cards came in, and you chased me out into the parlor almost before I had my neck-tie arranged, simply because you were not ready—and it was three o'clock, you know."

"Yes, it was three o'clock," admits Ethel; "but when you send out invitations to a reception 'from three until six,' no one is expected to come until four. No one has any right to expect the hostess to be ready at three."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," returns Benton, "but I know I rushed into the parlor to see the anticipatory Joneses. You said I must be very nice to them because they had sent us those salad-forks for a wedding-present. (All your friends seem to be classified according to the wedding-presents they sent you.) As I entered the parlor I saw a lady sitting in an arm-chair in about the middle of the room, and a fellow with a gray mustache standing near the window. I stepped briskly up to the lady, and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Jones?' and she got up smiling, and said she was not Mrs. Jones. 'I am Mrs. Warren. Don't you remember me?' 'Why, of course,' said I. 'Mrs. Warren, I remember you perfectly.' And I thought Mary must have brought in the wrong cards, so I turned to the man, and gave him the 'glad eye' (I get all these expressions from Freddy), and said, 'And how is Mr. Warren to-day?' The fellow grinned, and said, 'I don't know; I'm Dr. Jones.' So then we all laughed, and I felt like a blooming fool—which is part of the game, I suppose. 'I knew there were some Joneses in here somewhere,' said I then, with a forced 'ha-ha!' 'because I have receipts for them,' and I held up the cards."



CLEANING THE PLATES.

"The idea of your using such a term as receipts!" interrupts Ethel. Benton pays no attention to her exclamation.

"'But where is Mrs. Jones?' said I, looking about. 'You can't pass off Mrs. Warren as Mrs. Jones—I know Mrs. Warren too well!' You see, I was bound I should make a good bluff; and just then you came in, and Jones explained about his wife's being ill, and I took Mrs. Warren in and gave her some punch. I think she went away fully propitiated."

"You certainly made a nice mess of *that*," remarks Ethel. "I hope you did not do anything else like it during the afternoon."

"Nothing exactly like it," says Benton.

"Did you do anything at all similar!" cries Ethel.

"Your mother may think so," replies her husband. "But she ought to know that those things will happen at receptions, and in affairs of that nature it is always a case of *sauve qui peut!*"



BENTON RUSHED OUT.

"Well, what was this?" asks Ethel, resignedly.

"Nothing much. A girl came in—well, I won't call her a *girl;* she's on the shady side of thirty-three — and I don't know where you were. Anyhow, you weren't at the post of danger near the door, where you should have been. But She saw me, and perhaps She recognized me; at any rate, She knew me for the host, probably from my shamefaced and repentant look. She waltzed up and shook hands, and I could not have told her name—and can't now—to save my life! But She thought I knew her. I had her hypnotized—until your mother came along. If she had not been so officious she would not have gotten herself into trouble. But she wanted to do the great mother-of-the-hostess act, you know, and so she stopped and put her oar into our conversation. 'Why, how do you do, Mrs. Manley?' exclaimed She, graciously. Your mother how-d'ye-doed, and smiled, and said she was awfully sorry that she could not call the visitor by name, and tried to turn the joke on me by saying, 'Arthur, why don't you introduce your mother-in-law?' But I got back at her. I said: 'What? You don't mean to say you don't remember this lady's name? Why, you ought to know it as well as your own!' 'Of course, of course,' said your mother, 'but—' 'Why, the idea of your forgetting *me*, Mrs. Manley!' exclaimed She. 'Why, the *idea!*' I shouted. 'But *I* won't tell you! If you forget your friends, I shall not be responsible!' And then I said something about Mrs. Tararum at the other end of the room motioning to me, and excused myself and escaped. I did not see your mother before she went."



HE GAVE HER SOME PUNCH.

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A BORROWED VOICE.

"That flowers have a language is a fact I've noted long;
But I must say I never knew their voices were so strong!"

## A WORD OF ADVICE.

BEING A VALENTINE TO PHYLLIS.

BY CARLYLE SMITH.

You have asked me, Phyllis dear,
If I'd be your Valentine,
And I very greatly fear
I the honor must decline.

Fact is, Phyllis, times have changed;
Cupid's arrow's out of style;
And you'll find the fellows ranged
O'er the golf links all the while;

And the heart that you would pierce
Can't be won by Cupid's dart.
You must drive a golf-ball fierce
If you'd puncture Strephon's heart.

Take your brassey or your cleek,
Then seek out some linksome lie,
Clothe yourself in costume *chic*,
And, when we come trooping by,

Do not ask us if we'll be
Valentines, and things like that—
Really, Phyllis, can't you see
Such requests are slightly flat?

Rather step up bold as brass;
Cry out, "Hi! oh, laddie boy!"
As along the road we pass,
"Won't you be my caddie-boy?"

Then, dear Phyllis, you will find
Any man at all discreet,
Who to beauty is not blind,
Lying prostrate at your feet—

Only, let me tell you this:
If perchance you be *my* Queen,
Do not even breathe of bliss
When I'm on the putting-green.

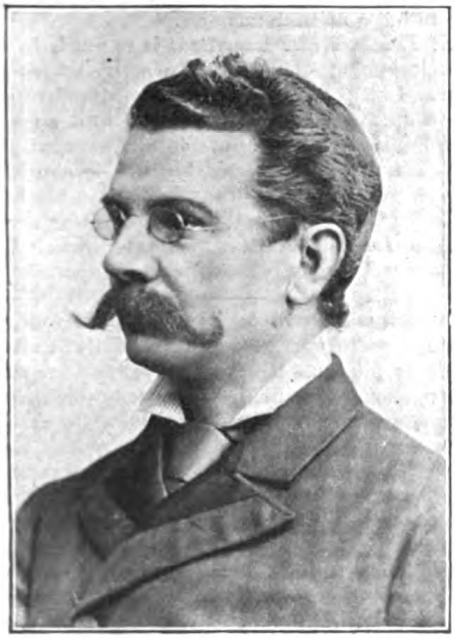
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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IT was with a deep sense of personal loss that the publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE received the announcement of the death of Mr. William Black, in England, on December 10, 1898. An association of many years was thus brought to a close; an association in which there was so much that was of a purely personal charm based upon an affectionate regard from those on this side of the sea for their friend on the other, that his death involves the severance of a friendly as well as of a commercial tie. It was the good fortune of Messrs. Harper and Brothers to be for a period of quite thirty years the publishers for Mr. Black in the United States. During that time, in periodical and in book form, all that he wrote was brought before American readers by this house, and during this period the relations existing between author and publisher were of the most cordial and friendly character. It seems only fitting that a brief word of farewell should be said here to the loyal friend and brilliant novelist. Of his work it is impossible, within the brief compass of a paragraph, to make a just and adequate estimate. From his first to his latest novel he had and held a constituency of his own. None of his contemporaries in the field of fiction had so wide a range as his—such as that indicated by a comparison of *Briseis*, one of his latest, with *A Daughter of Heth*, one of his earliest novels. His artistic skill never failed him, and all his work was characterized by a sweet wholesomeness and generous charm that endeared him to all his readers. There is melancholy satisfaction in noting, now that the pen of William Black has done its work, that despite the temptations of the hour the high-minded writer never for an instant lost sight of his ideals, nor forgot the traditions which had, at the outset of his career, seemed to him to be the noblest in English letters. Sincere and consistent to the last, it may be said of Mr. Black's finished work that there will be found nowhere a higher standard of sustained excellence, and while prophecy is unwise, it is difficult to believe that his work will be permitted to sink into obscurity by any generation of readers of cultivation and of discriminating taste.

William Black.



WILLIAM BLACK.

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IT is by no means a difficult task for either a critic or a parent to see why small boys between the ages of six and ninety take a sincere pleasure in reading the books of Kirk Munroe. Indeed, when one small boy in particular, not unrelated to the writer of these notes, at the age of eight, observed that his favorite authors were Kirk Munroe and Shakspere, in the order named, his father never thought of questioning the precedence, but was somewhat puzzled at the lad's selection of the second, with Henty and Oliver Optic and Castlemon to choose from, although he was pleased that one so young should seem to like the works of one so great. It transpired that the little lad had in some way familiarized himself with the main incidents of "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth," which he found sufficiently sanguinary to suit the gory tastes of his age. But his liking for Kirk Munroe was based upon something better, and one may think more vitally critical. "I don't know exactly why I like 'em," he observed, when speaking of Munroe's books. "But I guess it's because they're realler than most others"—a statement which encouraged his father to believe that if his boy ever should find it necessary to abandon his ambition to become a motorman in later life he might fall back on the profession of literary criticism with some hope of ultimate success.

"The Copper Princess." By KIRK MUNROE.

It was a very true estimate of the value of the work of the author of "A Flamingo Feather," "The Painted Desert," and "Dorymates." It is the quality of reality that has made Mr. Munroe's stories so full of charm to those who



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read him, whatever their age may be. His heroes are easily recognizable as living creatures, and as yet their creator has not manipulated their work in life from the given point of a recipe. His stories are by no means stereotyped. He uses a vigorous pen in the chase, and does not content himself, as so many writers for the young have done, with a brush and a stencil. However debatable it may be when said of those of maturer years, there can be no doubt that children like to believe their stories true, and there is, after all, no more keenly critical audience anywhere than that which is made up of the little folks. It does not take them long, once they are at all interested, to strip an author down to his very essentials, and if these do not strike them as related to real life they want no more of him. They are quick to detect a false note in construction or delineation of character, and, with the charming naïfness of children, are never afraid to express their real opinion. This Mr. Munroe, as much as if not more than any of our recent writers of books for boys, seems to have realized, and the result is that his work is always sincere, and wholly free from the little literary hypocrisies involving a laugh at the expense of the children between the lines, which we so frequently find in books written for the young, with a wise "wink" at the parent who reads them aloud.

In *The Copper Princess* Mr. Munroe has given to his readers a story that is fully up to his own excellent standard. Peveril is a real being of a not too heroic mould; his adventures are sufficiently exciting, and the people with whom he comes into contact sufficiently amusing. The story is dramatic, within the bounds of possibility, and must prove welcome to all who wish wholesome fiction for their children as well as for themselves.

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THE clever persons who, for once forgetting themselves, assert that America has no humorists honor themselves unduly at the same moment by forgetting Mr. Frank R. Stockton. It would be a pity if Mr. Stockton were to have to share the oblivion into which these critical and amusing persons would thrust him and themselves together. One may not complain whatever the quality of oblivion it is that may come to them, but one may be excused for wishing to choose for Mr. Stockton something of a more lasting nature. The kind of oblivion that will come to Mr. Stockton will shine lustrously through a humor-loving world long after this self-same world is oblivious of the critic who is dealing out dark places in the kingdom which awaits him.

"The Associate Hermits." By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Mr. Stockton has a delightful and at the same time difficult mission in this life. He has to live up to his own standard. How difficult this is to any man, whatever his standard may be, the author doubtless appreciates—indeed, there is direct evidence that he does so, for some years ago he wrote a tale in which he told of an individual who, in a certain line of human endeavor, once did so well that it ruined him, because he could never do so well again, and his consumers would have nothing below the standard of his first effort. But Mr. Stockton seems to have discovered the trick of living up to his own past. Not that he has either surpassed or even equalled "Rudder Grange" in his later work, but that the workmanship, the whimsical humor, the intense reality, every quality, indeed, that made of "Rudder Grange" an appealing and therefore a great book is discernible in the books he has written since. Mr. Stockton's work is individual, and therefore original. There has been nothing like him in letters before, and he appears at present to have no understudies.

Of *The Associate Hermits* it is enough to say that it is characteristic and worthy of its author. It will not rank with "Rudder Grange" or "Captain Horn," nor will it find so sure and continuous an appreciation as many of the author's short stories, but in the grade of Mr. Stockton's work that is represented by "The Girl at Cobhurst," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," and "The Dusantes," it may be said to rank high.

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IF one wishes to be an intimate friend of living creatures; to laugh at folly, and to smile at pleasant things; to sympathize with those who are troubled, and to weep with those in sorrow; to live in a dear old town so wedded to its past that going into and liking another town seems really a just cause for divorce—one should read with due appreciation *Old Chester Tales*, by Margaret Deland. Old Chester is not an abstract township. It may not be found on the map, as New York is, but it is quite as real as many more favored communities, and in its historian is indeed happy. Mrs. Deland's eye is a very penetrating one, and she has an unusual gift for putting into words that which she sees—a gift which has been an acknowledged possession ever since her first notable work in "John Ward, Preacher," when she forced Mrs. Humphry Ward and "Robert Elsmere" to share with her some of the laurels the latter had won. Allied to a clear vision and a lucid style, Mrs. Deland has a charming humor, which she lavishly displays throughout her stories, to carry us over the tearful spots, which might otherwise leave the reader oppressed; and as for the men and women, old and young, who grace her pages, they are all living, and easily recognizable as types carefully studied and admirably drawn. Besides "The Promises of Dorothea," which strikes one as very much like a case of kidnapping, and the very beautiful story of "The Child's Mother," the volume contains "Good for the Soul," "Miss Maria," "Justice and the Judge,"

"Old Chester Tales." By MARGARET DELAND.



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"Where the Laborers are Few," "Sally," and "The Unexpectedness of Mr. Horace Shields." Through them all, as a sort of tie binding the series into one, walks the figure of good old Dr. Lavendar, who will rank among the strongest characters that we have had from Mrs. Deland's pen.

The volume is but additional evidence, if any were needed, of the author's power to depict phases of life lying round about us, in such fashion as to bring pleasure to the reader, and to add substantially to the sum of American literature that is worth preserving.

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"An Angel In a Web." A Novel. By Julian Ralph.

One who was delegated specially to classify the Romance and the Realism in a library containing both would find some difficulty in placing *An Angel In a Web*, Mr. Julian Ralph's latest and most ambitious work. Mr. Ralph has been known hitherto rather as an observer of events than as a writer of fiction. As an attractive writer upon things, strange and otherwise, that he has seen at home and in the foreign lands he has had the good fortune to visit, under conditions which permitted of his seeing phases not visible to the eye of the ordinary traveller, he has been on "the fighting-line." But as a fictionist, he has been an untried volunteer. Hence it is that when Mr. Ralph enters into a field hitherto unexplored by him, he must find his work judged by other than the usual standards, and he does not come out of the tourney badly, for, like the volunteer, whatever his faults may be, they must be ascribed to the fact that he is "feeling his way." One notes throughout the story of the Angel a consciousness of latent strength. The author believes in his Angel, and handles his narrative with the inexorable pen of a creator who considers that he knows what he is about, and intends to have his way, but, like the volunteer, he is not quite sure under what leadership he is fighting. Is he a romancer or a realist? In other words, must "An Angel in a Web" be judged from the stand-point of Poe or Hoffman—to be extreme—or from the point of view of Mr. Howells? Or in the intermediate stage of the lamented Du Maurier? One cannot help feeling, with his Ethereans in mind, that Mr. Ralph has endeavored to stand upon a common ground with the author of "Peter Ibbetson," and not quite successfully. The reader's interest is kept dangling like Mohammed's coffin betwixt heaven and earth, and it is often difficult to decide if one is reading of mortals or of departed spirits. The mystic phases of the story are not so satisfying nor so well conceived as the more material, and one is impressed with the notion that Mr. Ralph's story would have been a vastly better one if his Ethereans had been left out of it. His descriptions of localities have all of that vivid picturesqueness which is characteristic of his books of observation, and the greater part of the pleasure to be derived from a reading of his novel comes from this fact.

The author has yet to win his spurs as a writer of fiction—and one wonders, in thinking about it, why, with so excellent a pair already won in other fields, he really cares for the new. There are so many good writers of fiction, and so few clear-visioned "chiels amang us takin' notes," that it comes to the reader with a sense of surprise that Mr. Ralph should wish to desert the ranks of the few for those of the many.

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"The New God." By Richard Voss.

As yet the name of Richard Voss does not convey much to the mind of the American reader, because Richard Voss is not a writer whose name appears every day in the American newspapers; but those who are familiar with recent developments in German letters can readily comprehend why anything that he does in the way of literary endeavor is worthy of consideration. He is by no means a Sienkiewicz or a Tolstoi, but he is nevertheless a factor in the European letters of to-day. He has written much that betokens an enviable future; he has written much which betokens an enviable past; and, like most really human creatures, he has written much that might just as well be forgotten. He has also written a book, published some years ago by two American authors, who apparently forgot that Mr. Voss wrote it first, since his name appeared nowhere on the title-page. His most recent book, *The New God*, comes to us as the latest in a course of literature of very much the same kind. We have had "Ben Hur," by General Wallace. We have had "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz. These have made us more or less receptive—Kingsley and "Hypatia" having first led us astray, if we may be classed among the wanderers [illegible] liking this sort of thing.

There has been a marked tendency lately among our authors to write of matters long since tabooed. Some years ago the so-called "Revised Testament" aroused nothing but horror among a certain class of worthy readers, who promptly anathematized the revisers. To-day we have a modern tale published in the guise of fiction which is nothing more nor less than a story of the Christian tragedy. The story is handled with much delicacy, and so reverently withal that none but the most hypercritical of readers can object. It is not easy for one who has not read the book in the original to judge of the merits of the translation, which is by Miss Mary F. Robinson; but it appears to be excellent, and in every way worthy of the Odd-Number Series in which "The New God" appears.

The sudden revelation of the emptiness of the old religions to the High Priest Velosianus; the mental and spiritual vagaries of the moribund Cæsar; the uneasy self-reproaching of Pilate; the mystical nature of the Hebrew



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maiden whom Christ had raised from the dead; the despair of Mary—all the besetting perplexities of the time are very vividly portrayed in the narration given us by Mr. Voss. The interest is tolerably well sustained throughout, but one notes a slight dilution of dramatic intensity as the story progresses. It lacks the vigor of Sienkiewicz, and is wanting in that cumulative force which one may think is essential to the best work of this nature. Nevertheless the story is well worth reading, and will undoubtedly impress those who read literature for its literary qualities, as the work of one who is very much in earnest, and of whom much that is excellent may yet be confidently expected.

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"The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell." By Barry O'Brien.

THE readers of to-day are a somewhat fortunate class, as they may realize when they consider the opportunities which have been presented to them recently. On this side of the Atlantic Ocean we have witnessed developments in European politics which have brought great men to the surface. We have seen them in the midst of their labors; we have heard them praised, and we have heard them reviled, and we have to a degree been able to see just how far the ideals for which they have striven have been realized. In other words, we have, in a sense, been an audience in a great world's theatre, sitting apart in a sizable private box of our own, watching great actors making history. Latterly we have become somewhat excited by the great drama of life, and, like the gallery gods, have shown a disposition to jump on the stage and take a hand in the thrashing of the villain ourselves—that is, some of us have—forgetting, perhaps, how comfortable it is to sit in a box and watch the goings on of others.

But it has been an interesting spectacle. We have seen the rise and the fall of great men, and our sympathies and our animosities have been aroused just as they are likely to be in a theatre where there are strong actors. We have seen the great men reach the zenith of their powers, and we have seen them pass into retirement, and then into the vale of eternal rest. Among them, taking our drama in its merely historical aspect, have been Gladstone and Bismarck and Parnell. These three names, one may say with confidence, have more than any others had significance. To precisely the extent that Mr. Gladstone represented the Briton's sense of justice, and went groping about to find what it meant, Mr. Gladstone became the conspicuous Briton of the age. To precisely the extent that Bismarck was the embodiment of an adapted mediævelism, and stood as the creator of an imperial republic, with a great surface show of imperialism allied to an irresistible undercurrent tending toward liberty, he has become the conspicuous Prussian of his century. And as a stern, inscrutable, unyielding champion of an everlasting principle, Charles Stewart Parnell may very well be named as the third of the most conspicuous figures in foreign politics in our own day—we say foreign, in spite of the fact that Mr. Parnell and his principles have seemed at times to mitigate somewhat the severities of our own domestic differences by overshadowing them.

Whatever one may think of the abstract merits of the argument as between England and Ireland, there can be no question that Mr. Parnell stood for a principle. While he lived he was the object of that malignant animosity which one who chooses to be strong must always accept as one of the disadvantages of his courage. When he died even his detractors felt that a man had gone out of life, because they were forced to admit that despite his weaknesses, despite his political views, with which they could no more agree than he could with theirs, despite every little human consideration to which society is so devoted, a vital figure, representing a vital principle with vital force, had passed beyond their ken.

The lives of Bismarck and of Gladstone have been published, although neither of them has been dead a year. Mr. Parnell's biography has had to wait seven years—possibly because he seemed less great than others; possibly because none could write his life without an enthusiasm or an animosity born of immediate politics; possibly because Mr. Parnell died in the middle of a struggle, the end of which is not yet in sight; his work was not accomplished as Bismarck's was, and he was identified with but one question, as Gladstone was not.

Mr. Barry O'Brien has written Mr. Parnell's biography judiciously. He has made his central figure a live person. One cannot read his pages without seeing or seeming to see Parnell. He has not idealized his subject, nor has he minimized the importance of his influence on British politics. His book is not a brief to prove that the Irish cause is a righteous one. He has merely presented, in all its aspects, the life of a strong representative of a question at issue from the point of view of one who, while sympathetic, is not blind to the facts. One could not have a happier, more judicious biographer than Mr. O'Brien, and the detail that his work, as published in England, has appealed both to the British sense of justice and to the Irish enthusiasm, is the best evidence of its merit that can be adduced.

Had Mr. O'Brien called his book "The Real Parnell," according to latter-day fashions in titles, none could question the accuracy of it. As a story of a great man's life the biography is entertaining. As a side light on history it is of great value. As a picture of the aspirations of a self-denying soul it is wonderful, and as an estimate of the character of one who, though great, was yet human in his weakness, it is worth reading by all who are interested in and in sympathy with life itself.



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PRESIDENT McKINLEY SIGNING THE ULTIMATUM.

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FEB 28 1899

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVIII MARCH, 1899 No. DLXXXVI

# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

## II.—THE COMING OF WAR.

AS the weary days went by after the destruction of the *Maine*, public feeling grew tenser every instant, and the waiting became more intolerable, until at last the report of the American board appeared, closely followed by that of the Spaniards, which told the lie agreed upon forty days before, and which they had not even taken the trouble to back up with any substantial evidence, or with more than a perfunctory examination of the wreck. No one heeded the Spanish report; public men, of course, read it, but the people knew Spain at last, and their instinct told them with entire certainty that here was a sham and an untruth, very patent and flagrant, upon which time was not to be wasted. The American report was based upon a most elaborate examination of the wreck and of witnesses, and upon the most carefully sifted testimony. It was honest and cool, and said that the *Maine* had been blown up from outside. There was no moral doubt after reading the report, and Captain Sigsbee's evidence before the Senate committee, that the outside engine of destruction was a government submarine mine, and had been exploded without the authority or knowledge of the Spanish government, by men who wore the uniform of Spain.

The President transmitted the report of the board to Congress without comment. It was perhaps needless to make any, for Senate and House and country supplied all that was necessary. Moreover, the President, as became a chief magistrate, had been and still was using every possible effort to avert war by peaceful and diplomatic methods, and continued to hope against hope for a successful result. The American people likewise were averse to war. An overwhelming majority would have so declared even after the report on the *Maine* had been submitted to Congress. On the other hand, an equally overwhelming majority were determined that there should be atonement for the *Maine*, and that Spanish rule in Cuba — which had caused the destruction of the ship — and the horrors of the "reconcentrados" should end. These demands meant war even if those who made them did not realize it, and it was this public sentiment that drove Congress forward to meet the popular will, which members and Senators very well knew could be fulfilled by war and in no other way. Against the sentiment springing from the popular instinct which at the great crises of American history has always been true and right, an opposition strong in purpose, though in large measure concealed, was arrayed. The naturally timid and conservative elements of the community shrank from war, and the powerful financial interests of the Eastern cities, too short-sighted to see that their selfish advantage was in the certainty of action and not in suspense, exerted their great force to stop every forward step along the inevitable path. For the result now was inevitable; had been so, in reality, since the fatal 15th of February, although men did not understand it at the moment, and still thought that they could stay the current of events which had been gathering strength for seventy years and broken loose at last.

The *Maine* message was sent in on March 28, and as men everywhere discussed the evidence, it became clear that although the President was reluctant to abandon hope, the resources of diplomacy

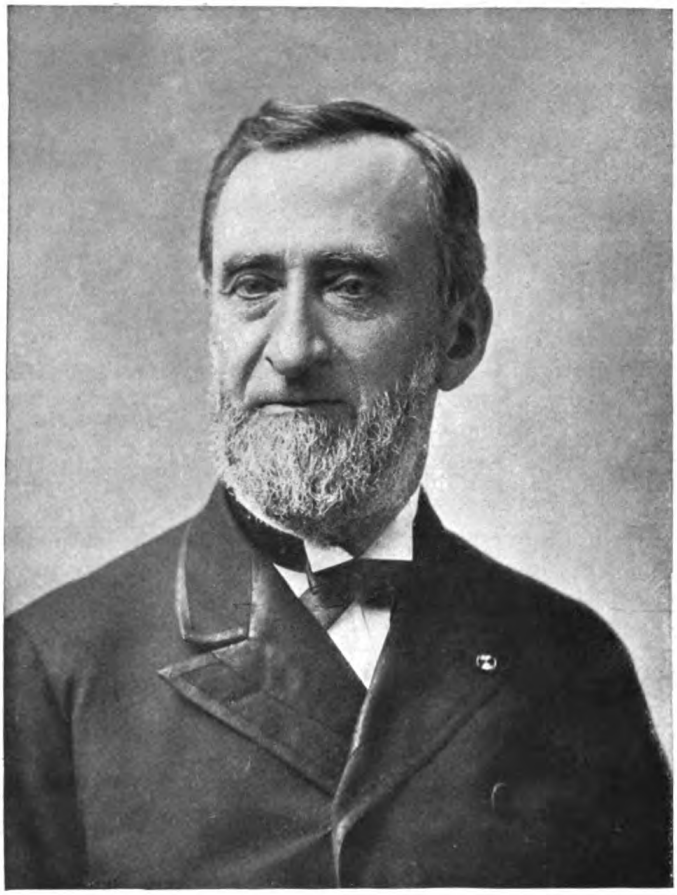
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had failed. What the exact course of the negotiations conducted by the President and the able Assistant Secretary of State, Judge Day, had been was unknown then, is not known now, and will not be thoroughly known until the time comes when the secret correspondence between Washington and Madrid is open to the historian. But it was perfectly well understood that Spain would not grant independence to Cuba, and that whether our minister had made the fact plain to the Spanish government or not, no peaceful settlement was possible on any other basis. Diplomats might plan, and twist, and devise, and exchange notes, and deal in all the forms so futile at a great crisis, but the American people had made up their minds that the only real and possible solution was the end of Spanish rule in Cuba. They had determined that the unsettled question must receive this time a right answer, and that it should knock at their door no longer, and the American people were right.



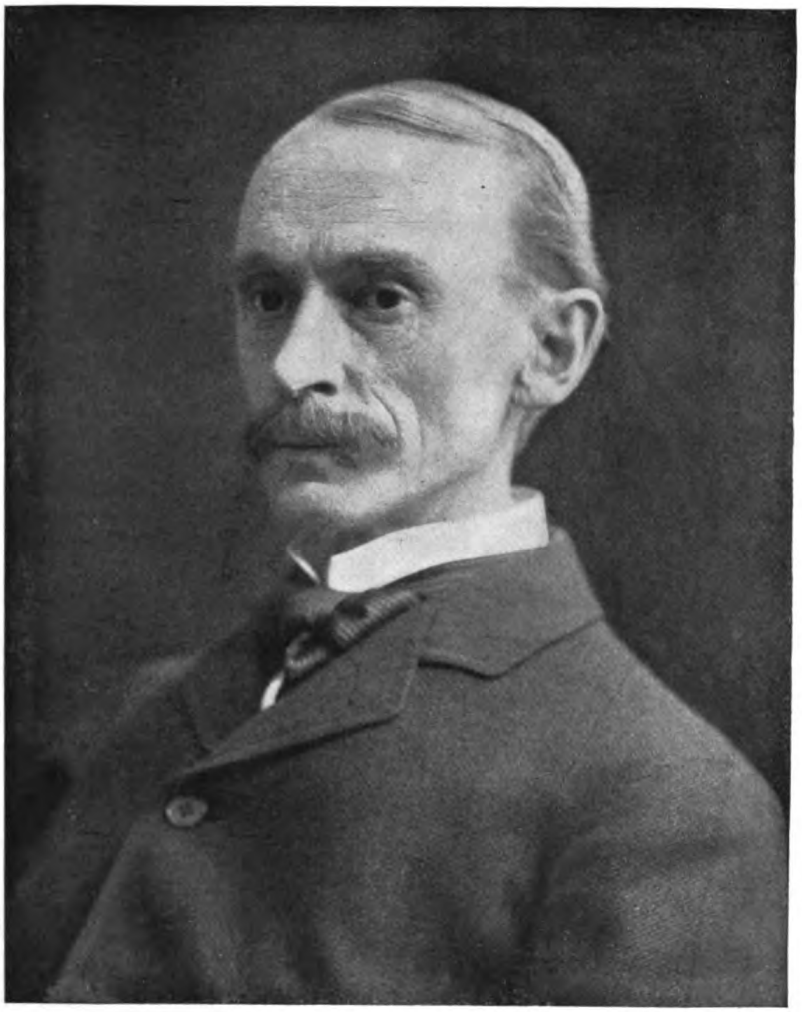
REDFIELD PROCTOR.

Whose report of his observations of the results of Spanish rule in Cuba profoundly influenced public feeling in America.

Meantime the tension and excitement steadily increased. The peace-at-any-price people fought hard but in vain against the sweeping tide of public sentiment. It was understood that a message would come to Congress on Monday, April 4. Then it was given out that it would be sent in on Wednesday, April 6, and the Capitol was thronged in expectation of the great event. When the House met, there was delay, and then the leaders of the Houses and three Senators of the Foreign Relations Committee were summoned suddenly to the White House. There the President showed them a despatch from General Lee, saying that if the message went in that day he could not answer for the lives of the Americans in Havana, and that he ought to have until Saturday at least to get them out of Cuba. To this appeal there could be but one answer. The message must be held back, and the Senators and members returned and made the announcement to their respective Houses.

Thereupon the tension, the excited suspense, the doubts, the rumors, were all renewed and intensified. It was generally believed that Spain would take advantage of this respite to make some new proposition, even if she had not already done so, and Saturday proved the correctness of the anticipation. On that day word came that Spain proposed an armistice with the insurgents, and that her council had voted $600,000 for the relief of the "reconcentrados." Those who wished to be deceived by these offers were so deceived,

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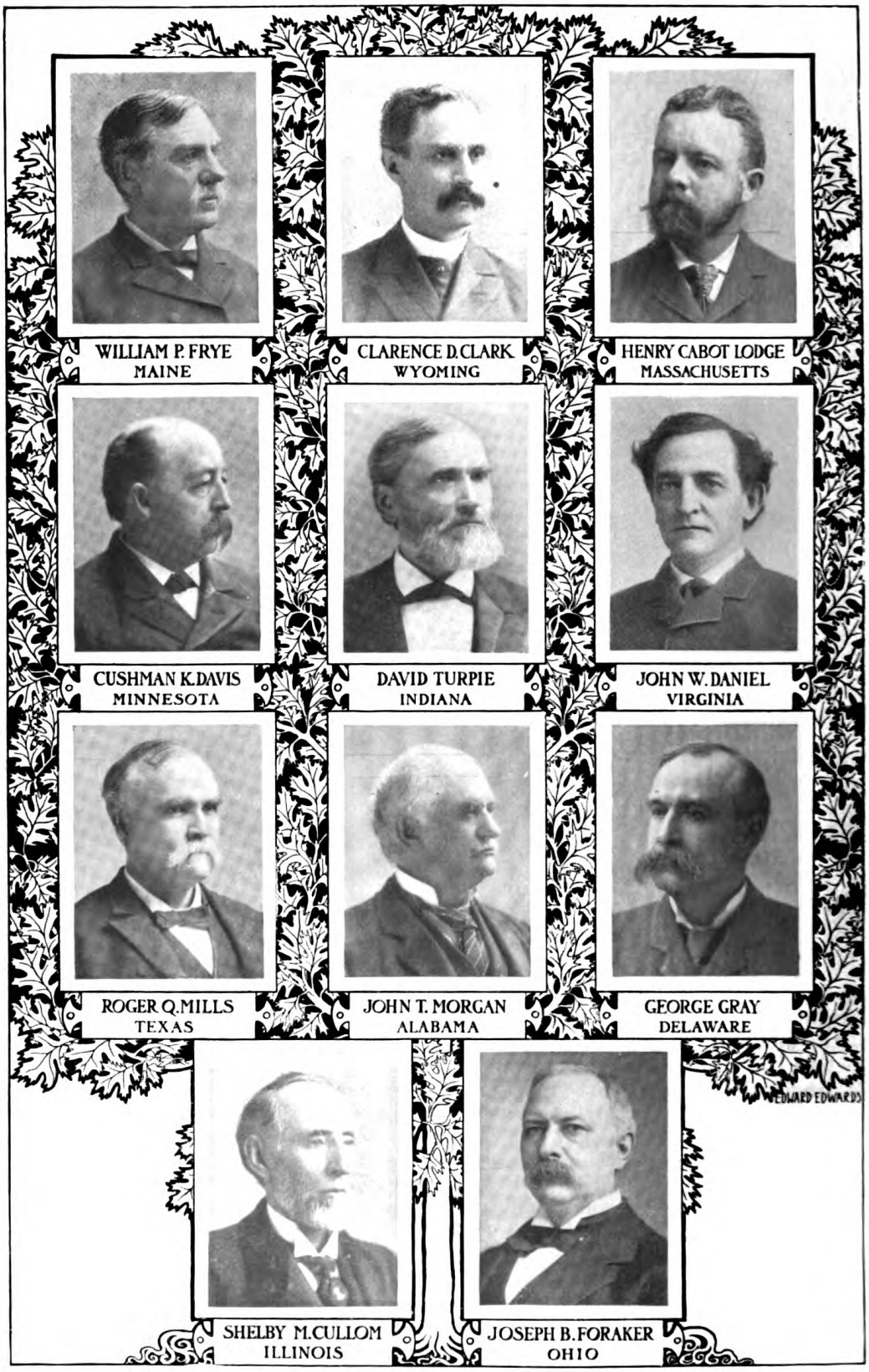


WILLIAM R. DAY.

but no one else. An armistice was impossible without the assent of both parties to the war, and the Cubans, on the eve of victory, of course would not consent. Moreover, the armistice, as soon appeared, consisted merely in an invitation to the insurgents to come in and lay down their arms. The proposition was not even a well-framed or judicious lie. As to the money for the "reconcentrados," it was an empty sham. There is no proof that a peseta was ever really appropriated; and if it had been, as General Lee justly said, it would all have been absorbed by Spanish officials before it reached its destination. The Spanish case closed fittingly with these false and fraudulent promises.

Anxious as the President was for peace, he could not and would not accept as realities such shams as these, and on Monday, April 11, the fateful message on Cuban affairs at last came in, and was referred to the Foreign Relations Committees of both Houses. The reading of the message was listened to with intense interest and in profound silence, broken only by a wave of applause when the sentence was read which said, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop." The President led up to this declaration by a dispassionate review of the Cuban question, and by a strong and

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THE UNITED STATES SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

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moving description of the condition of the island, which he characterized as "a wilderness and a grave." He asked Congress to empower him to end hostilities in Cuba, and to secure there the establishment "of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations." He said that he had exhausted diplomacy, and therefore left the issue with Congress, while he referred to Congress for its consideration the statement that the Queen-Regent had ordered a suspension of hostilities. In the deep excitement of the moment many persons felt that the message was too gentle, and that the President really did not desire as yet decided measures. But it was pointed out that when he asked Congress for power to establish a government in Cuba "capable of observing international relations," he requested power to make Cuba independent, because only an independent people can maintain relations of that character. More decisive still, indeed absolutely conclusive, was the simple fact that the President, having declared that he had exhausted diplomacy, had remitted the question to Congress. Congress has no diplomatic functions or attributes. With a foreign nation it has but one weapon — the war power; and when a President calls in Congress in a controversy with another nation, his action means that Congress, if it sees fit, must exercise its single power, and declare war. On this sound ground, which is constitutionally the only ground possible under such conditions, Congress proceeded to act.

For more than a week a draft of a resolution to be passed by Congress had been in existence, and had been seen by some Senators and a few others, which provided that the President should be authorized to intervene in order to stop the war in Cuba, to secure there peace, order, and a stable government established by the free action of the people, and to use the army and navy of the United States for these purposes. Whence this resolution came, or who drafted it, was not known, but some of those to whom it was submitted pointed out that it was utterly vague, that under its carefully loose terms the forces of the United States could be used to crush the insurgents, and that the government to be set up might be Spanish just as well as independent. Whether this resolution emanated from those opposed at all hazards to Cuba and to war, or not, it sank out of sight for a time, and then reappeared in the report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs made in the House on April 13. It read as follows:

> *Resolved*, That the President is hereby authorized and directed to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, to the end and with the purpose of securing permanent peace and order there, and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independent government of their own in the island of Cuba; and the President is hereby authorized and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States to execute the purpose of this resolution.

One very important change had been made in the original draft, without which, it is safe to say, it could not have passed the House committee. The alteration was the insertion after the word "stable" of the words "and independent." This greatly improved the resolution, but it still remained dangerously loose and vague, and had the cardinal defect of not saying squarely and honestly what the American people and Congress intended, which was the expulsion of Spain from Cuba. Nevertheless, after the Republican majority had voted down the Democratic proposition to recognize the insurgent government, the resolution as reported by the committee passed by a vote of 324 to 19, and was sent to the Senate.

The situation in the Senate was quite different. For a week before the message of April 11 came in, the Committee of Foreign Relations had been at work upon a resolution based upon one introduced by Senator Foraker of Ohio. The committee were determined that any resolution reported by them should be perfectly clear on the point that the object of the United States was to put an absolute end to Spanish rule in Cuba. With a preamble setting forth the treatment of the "reconcentrados" and the destruction of the *Maine* as the grounds of intervention, a resolution of this character was agreed to tentatively, and Senator Davis of Minnesota, the chairman of the committee, drafted a report to accompany it. Both the resolutions and the report were sent to the President for such suggestion and comment as he might see fit to make. After the message of April 11 came in, these resolutions were taken up for immediate action. There was a desire on the part of some members of the com-



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mittee to come as near as might be to the general line taken in the House resolution, but the chief point of difference arose upon the question of recognizing the government of the insurgents. The President, with wisdom and foresight, had declared in his message against any such recognition. A majority of the Senate committee sustained the President's position; and while all the committee supported the main and essential resolution as to the withdrawal of Spain, a minority reported, as an amendment, a clause recognizing the insurgent government. Senator Davis made the report for the committee, and in that report the case of the United States against Spain and the grounds of armed intervention were stated not only in the best way, but with a force and power, both legally and historically, which left nothing to be desired. The resolutions of the committee and the minority amendment submitted to the Senate on April 13 were as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

*Whereas* the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have, in the destruction of a United States battle-ship, with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the Harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11th, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; Therefore,

*Resolved*, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

*First.* That the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

*Second.* That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the Island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

*Third.* That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

VIEWS OF THE MINORITY.

The undersigned members of said committee cordially concur in the report made upon the Cuban resolutions, but favor the immediate recognition of the Republic of Cuba, as organized in the island, as a free, independent, and sovereign power among the nations of the world.

DAVID TURPIE.
R. Q. MILLS.
JNO. W. DANIEL.
J. B. FORAKER.

The amendment reported by the minority of the committee was to amend the first paragraph, by inserting, in line 4, after the word "independent," the following:

And that the government of the United States hereby recognizes the Republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.

On the presentation of the resolutions to the Senate a very earnest and very able debate ensued, which turned almost entirely upon the question of recognizing the insurgent government, and scarcely touched at all the second resolution, which was the one really effective and essential portion of the measure, which meant war, and could mean nothing else. The discussion lasted until Saturday evening, and then the Senate, with only one absentee, voted in the presence of crowded galleries and in the midst of intense excitement. The amendment of the minority of the Committee on Foreign Relations was adopted by a vote of 51 to 37, thirty-three Republicans and four Democrats constituting the minority, and ten Republicans voting with the Democrats and the Populists in the majority. The amendment of Senator Teller of Colorado, disclaiming any intention of seeking sovereignty or dominion over Cuba, was accepted by the committee and agreed to without division. All other amendments were voted down, a few short speeches were made, chiefly by those opposed to the resolutions, the Senate resolutions were substituted for those of the House, and then the resolutions as amended were passed by a vote of 67 to 21, nineteen Republicans and two Democrats forming the minority, and twenty-four Republicans voting with the Democrats and Populists in the majority. The resolutions were then sent to the House without a request for a conference, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.

The Sunday which intervened was a day of rumors and excitement. There was a well-founded apprehension that enough Republicans would break away and unite

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with the Democrats to carry concurrence in the Senate resolutions as they stood, including the recognition of the Cuban Republic. To prevent this the Republican leaders of the House put forth all their power. and made every exertion, with entire success, as the event proved, so far as recognition was concerned. When the House met on Monday, Mr. Dingley of Maine moved to concur in the Senate resolutions, with an amendment striking out the words "are and" in the first resolution, and the entire clause embodying the recognition of the insurgent government. This motion prevailed by a majority of 22. Thus did it come about that in the struggle over the question of recognition, forced into the resolutions by the action of the ten radical Republican Senators, everything else had been lost sight of, and in "everything else" was the one essential, vital resolution which demanded the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba. This second resolution was the effective one, for it meant war, and to this the leaders of the House, in their eagerness to defeat recognition of the republic, had been forced to agree, and the House accepted it without debate. With the two Houses agreed on this resolution, the real issue was settled, but much remained to be done in order to end the controversy under which had been carried the one absolutely vital clause in the entire measure.

So the amended resolutions came back to the Senate, the crowd rushed over from the House, pouring into the deserted galleries, there was a short debate, and then the motion of Senator Davis to concur was voted down by 46 to 32, and the resolutions went back to the House with the Senate's insistence and without a request for a conference. The excited crowds of onlookers swept over to the House, the resolutions were at once taken up, and the House, by a majority of 26, voted to insist on its amendments, and asked for a committee of conference. Again the crowds passed from the House to the Senate, and the resolutions were once more taken up. There was another debate, the ten dissenting Republicans announced that they would no longer insist upon the recognition of the Cuban Republic, a conference was agreed to, and both Houses took a recess until eight o'clock.

It was generally understood that on the Senate's receding from its position in regard to recognition the House would recede from its first amendment striking out the words "are and," and personal assurances were said to have been given to that effect. When Senators and members returned to the Capitol, therefore, they expected an agreement to be reported from the conference, an immediate acceptance of the report, and an adjournment in a few minutes. To every one's surprise, and to the great indignation of the Senate, a disagreement was reported from the committee, because the House refused to recede on its amendment to the first line striking out the words "are and." The point was not worth a contest on either side, for the whole phrase was purely rhetorical. It was rhetoric when Richard Henry Lee first read it to the Continental Congress, it was rhetoric still, hallowed by time and association, when applied to Cuba. At the most it was merely a declaration of intention, which it was proposed to make good by converting the intention into a fact. But personal feelings had been aroused, and now began to run high. The Senate, justly or unjustly, believed that it had been unfairly dealt with, while the House felt that the Senate was unreasonable. In this mood the House, by a majority of 32, voted to insist and asked for a further conference, which was agreed to by the Senate. Again the conferrees withdrew and the two Houses waited. The hours wore drearily away, and rumors came thickly that there would be another disagreement and a deadlock. Senator Morgan of Alabama sent a plain declaration of war up to the desk, and announced that at the proper time he would call it up. The hint was not without its effect. Senators hostile to Cuba crossed the Capitol and urged upon the Speaker that the House should give way. At this juncture the House conferrees asked to withdraw from the conference and hold a consultation apart. They then saw the Speaker, returned, and receded on the words "are and." After this an agreement was immediately reached, and reported to both Houses. Midnight had passed and a new day* begun. It was the 19th of April, a date very memorable in the history of the United States, when the Senate, by a vote of 42 to 35, and the House, by a vote of 311 to 6, accepted the conference report. The resolutions as finally agreed upon were

* The legislative day was still the 18th of April.

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precisely word for word those reported by the majority of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with the single addition of Senator Teller's amendment, which the committee had accepted. The Congress of the United States had gone clear of all pitfalls, and had declared just what the American people meant it to declare, that Spanish rule in Cuba must cease. In fact, if not in terms, it was a declaration of war.

The resolutions thus adopted went at once to the President, who held them over one day and then signed them. He sent a copy, early on the morning of the 21st, to the Spanish minister, Señor Polo y Bernabé, who thereupon asked for his passports and left the country. Before this, the resolutions had been cabled to our minister at Madrid, but the despatch was there held back long enough to enable the Spanish ministry to send General Woodford his passports before he could present the resolutions, a feat which called forth much admiration on the Continent among those who love diplomatic futilities, but which was as silly as shams usually are in the presence of realities. For the reality was war, and the precise manner in which it was brought into existence was of trifling consequence except to the arid diplomatic mind of Europe.

As soon as Spain severed her relations with the United States, on April 21, the American fleet, under the command of Admiral Sampson, was ordered to Havana, and the President proclaimed a blockade of that and certain other Cuban ports. On April 23, the guns of the *Nashville* cracked across the bows of the *Buena Ventura*, a Spanish merchantman; and Congress, on April 25, formally declared that war with the kingdom of Spain had existed since April 21. The pretences were over, the wrong which had lived on for three-quarters of a century was now to be redressed, the restless unsettled question was to get its true and right answer at last.

### MANILA.

Fernão da Magalhaens, or Magalhâes, was a boy when the discovery of Columbus fired the imagination of western Europe, but he was also one of those whose adventurous spirit was kindled and roused by this wonder tale of new lands beyond the Atlantic. He was still young when, in 1505, he made one in an expedition from Portugal, his native land, which, coming from the West, discovered some of the famous Spice Islands. Not long after, wounded by an insult from the Portuguese government, which impugned his honor as a man and a soldier, he left his country, solemnly and publicly renounced his allegiance to Portugal, was naturalized as a Spaniard, and took service with Charles V., who had the instinct of greatness in picking out able and effective men to do his work. Magellan, as we call him, was imbued with the Columbian ideas, and also held that, despite the Columbian discoveries, a short route by water to the East could be found by sailing westward. It was a great conception, and a true one, except that the route was longer than that round the Cape of Good Hope. With an expedition splendidly equipped by the Emperor, Magellan set sail on August 10, 1519. He crossed the Atlantic, touched at the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, made his way southward, repressed savagely a dangerous mutiny, and on October 21 entered the strait which bears his name. On November 28 he passed out of it with only three of his five vessels left, and found himself and his rejoicing crews in the Pacific. He felt that he had succeeded, but he had miscalculated the vast extent of the new ocean; and sailing on for days and days, in some fashion missed the countless islands of the Pacific, and did not see land until he reached the little group which he called the Ladrones, because the inhabitants stole a boat from him. There he lingered a short time, either at Rota or in the curious harbor of Guahan, destined, nearly four hundred years later, to receive the war-ships of a nation of whose future existence even those old believers in El Dorado never dreamed. From the Ladrones, which were discovered March 6, 1521, the weary voyage was continued until a new archipelago was reached, on the fifth Sunday of Lent. Gradually the magnitude of this new discovery became apparent, and Magellan named the new group in honor of St. Lazarus, on whose day it was discovered. They landed on Mindanao, made their way to Cebu, flattered themselves that they had converted and subdued the inhabitants, and then becoming involved in a tribal war, Magellan was killed, and his chosen successor, Serrano, was left behind to death and

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torture. Two ships escaped, one going east, and one, the *Victoria*, under Elcano, which left Timor on February 11, sailing still to the westward. On September 6, 1522, after many hardships and perils, the *Victoria* reached Spain, and a great voyage, the first which circled the globe, second only to that of Columbus in conception, and beyond all in the daring displayed and the distance traversed, came to an end.

Thus was a new possession added to the dominion of Spain; yet, although her navigators discovered it, a fraud finally made it hers. By the treaty of 1494, as afterwards expounded, all the world beyond the meridian 1080 miles west of the Azores was divided between Spain and Portugal, the eastern half going to Spain. The Spaniards, however, made the maps, and putting Magellan's discovery twenty-five degrees east of its true position, brought it within the Spanish half, when it really belonged to the portion allotted to Portugal. Twenty years later Villalobos, sailing from South America, visited the islands of Magellan, and named them the Philippines, in honor of the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Philip II. Again twenty years passed, and in 1565 a great expedition went from Mexico, and Spanish rule was established by Legaspi in the Philippines—first in Cebu, and later in Luzon—which was destined to continue unbroken for more than three hundred years.

Even in its last stage of decay, an empire which had once thus arrogated to itself the possession of half the world outside Europe still showed traces of its former grandeur in scattered fragments lying far apart on either side of the globe. When war came, and the United States looked out to see where to strike its foe, it found Spain present not only at its own doors, but far away across the Pacific, and there in the distant East the first blow fell.

The Navy Department, with watchful prevision, as the relations with Spain grew more strained, began to send out orders which would make all ready in case of war. In [illegible] January the commander-in-chief [illegible] European squadron was ordered [illegible] tain all men whose enlistments [illegible]red; the *Helena* was stopped at [illegible], the *Wilmington* in the West Indies, and at the end of the month orders went to assemble the European squadron at Lisbon. A month later orders went to all the squadrons to fill their bunkers with coal, and to be ready to move on the click of the wire. As early as January 27 the Asiatic squadron also had been directed to retain all men whose enlistments had expired, and on February 25 a cable message was sent to Commodore Dewey by Mr. Roosevelt directing him to assemble his squadron at Hong-kong, retain the *Olympia*, which had been ordered back to San Francisco, and be prepared in case of war for offensive operations in the Philippines. On the 3d of March the *Mohican* was sent with ammunition to Honolulu, there to await the *Baltimore*, which was to take the ammunition on board and proceed at once to join the Asiatic squadron. No wiser or more far-sighted precautions were ever taken by an administration than these, and it was all done so quietly that no one on the outside knew what was happening. While the country was stirring to its depths with the events which were fast bringing our relations with Spain to the breaking-point, while the air was filled with rumors and debates and the strife of contending forces, the *Baltimore* was speeding across the Pacific carrying ammunition to the Asiatic squadron, and Commodore Dewey was preparing very carefully and accurately for certain work which he saw before him. The order directing the Asiatic squadron to assemble at Hong-kong had gone on February 25, and on the following day another went telling the commodore to fill all the bunkers with the best coal to be had. By March 28 the squadron had assembled, and then came a period of waiting. Very dreary and very hot this waiting was, long drawn by constant strain and listening. With much anxiety, and always on the alert all through the trying time of suspense, the commodore was constantly making ready. First he sent the fleet paymaster over to the consignees of the English steamship *Nanshan* and bought her as she was, with 3300 tons of good Cardiff coal on board. Then he bought the *Zafiro*, a steamship of the Manila-Hong-kong line, just as she was, with all her fuel and provisions, and on her was placed all the spare ammunition, so that she became the magazine of the fleet. On April 18 the *McCulloch* came in and joined the squadron. She was only a revenue-cutter, it is true, but she was as good as a gunboat, being built

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of steel, having 1500 tons displacement, and carrying four 4-inch guns and a crew of 130 men all ready to fight. The news coming now from the United States was fast removing every doubt as to the future, and on the 19th of April, the day of Concord, when the two Houses were passing the war resolution, the American sailors in Hong-kong went over the sides, and in a few hours the white was gone, and the ships looked leaden and sombre in the dull dark drab of the war-paint. On the 21st, when General Woodford was leaving Madrid and Señor Polo was slipping out of Washington, the *Baltimore* appeared, a powerful addition to the fleet, and bringing also her load of ammunition, so that she was doubly welcome. Hardly had the new-comer found time to put on her war-paint when news came of the declaration of war, and then of the English proclamation of neutrality. This compelled a departure from Hong-kong on April 25 to the Chinese harbor of Mirs Bay, a few miles to the north; but there was not to be much more of the dreary waiting at this new anchorage. On the following day the *McCulloch*, left behind at Hong-kong, came rushing up the bay bringing a despatch dated at Washington, April 24, and worth reading just as it was written, for it opened a new page in history, and has become famous from its results—

*Dewey, Asiatic Squadron:*

War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors. LONG.

It is a great thing to be ready and to be without doubts, and Commodore Dewey was both. Before the day closed the captains had all been called to consultation on the flag-ship, and at two o'clock on April 27 the sailing-pennant went up, and all the fleet steamed out of Mirs Bay and steered southward across the 620 miles of one of the roughest seas in the world which lay between them and the Philippines. On the morning of April 30 the fleet was off Bolinao Bay, and looked in carefully. Nothing there. Then came Subig Bay. More care here, for the last report from Manila—a report that had flown on the cables all over the world—was that the Spanish admiral had brought his fleet to Subig Bay, and meant to give battle there. The *Boston* and *Concord* went ahead as scouts and examined the harbor. No enemy here either. Only two little fishing-boats, from which not even information could be obtained. Quite clear now that the Spaniards had determined to make their stand at the gates of their capital, and thither the fleet must go. So, on Saturday afternoon, April 30, the fleet started slowly along the thirty miles which lay between it and Manila. The tropical sun sank red across the land, and the great yellow moon rose, on the other hand, out of the sea to light them on their way.

Let us look at the squadron for a moment as it forges onward past the Luzon coast. There are nine ships in all, of which two, the *Nanshan*, a collier, and the *Zafiro*, a supply-ship, are non-combatants. Then there is the *McCulloch*, a revenue-cutter, but, as has been said, well enough built and armed to pass as a gunboat. Next is the *Petrel*, a true gunboat, but very small, only 892 tons, and carrying four 4-inch and four small machine guns. The *Concord*, also a steel gunboat, but with a displacement of 1710 tons, carries six 6-inch guns, and a secondary battery of eleven machine-guns, and has her deck and conning-tower protected. The next step is a marked advance in power, and brings us to the *Raleigh*, a second-rate steel cruiser of 3213 tons. Her armament consists of one rapid-fire 6-inch, and ten rapid-fire 5-inch guns, with a secondary battery of eight 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, and two Gatlings. Her deck and conning-tower are protected with armor; she has a cellulose belt and steel sponsons. The *Boston* is another cruiser of the second rate, of 3000 tons, a partially protected deck, two 8-inch, and six slow-fire 6-inch guns, two 6-pounders, two 3-pound, two 1-pound rapid-fire, and four machine guns. The *Baltimore* is a third steel cruiser of the second rate, with a displacement of 4413 tons, and a protection of steel deck-plates and shields for all the guns and conning-tower. Her armament is heavy, and consists of four 8-inch and six 6-inch guns, with two 6, two 3, and two 1 pounders, all rapid-fire, and six machine-guns. Last in the list comes the *Olympia*, the flag-ship, a first-class steel cruiser of 5870 tons, protected by steel deck-plates, steel-covered barbettes, gun-shields, and con-

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ning-tower, and a cellulose belt thirty-three inches thick and eight feet broad. Her main battery is composed of four 8-inch guns, her secondary battery of ten quick-fire fives, and in addition fourteen 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, all rapid-fire, and four Gatlings.

The speed of the ships varied from 21.5 knots for the *Olympia*, to 13.7 knots for the *Petrel*, the latter, or less, being of course the highest speed of the fleet. Speed, however, played no part in the action, and need not, therefore, be considered. From this summary it will be observed that although the American ships were all modern, and armed, as a rule, with the best modern guns, there was not a single armor-clad among them. They were all practically unarmored, and they were going through channels which were said to be filled with torpedoes, to encounter, so far as they knew, a more numerous fleet, composed of old ships, it is true, but armed with modern guns, and backed, as was understood, by forts mounted with the finest and heaviest modern rifles. The prospect was serious, and it was faced by officers and men alike with quiet confidence. The night was still, and the fleet, as it drew near to Manila, waited until the moon set, and then rounding the last point, saw the entrance to the great bay, which runs nearly thirty miles into the land, open before it. A very splendid bay indeed it is—one of the finest harbors, and one of the greatest of roadsteads; as a harbor, in fact, one of the prizes of the world, quite undeveloped, because it has been in feeble, incompetent, and corrupt hands ever since it was taken from its original owners. Twenty-six miles from the mouth is Manila. Some 250,000 people there, the vague Spanish statistics tell us. It is an interesting town, low-lying, and called the Venice of the East, because rivers intersect it. There are a new and an old town, the latter beautifully walled in the manner of three hundred years ago, with moats, drawbridges, and portcullises, altogether very picturesque, and worthy of preservation. Ten miles nearer the bay's mouth, and on the same side, lies Cavité, a suburb of Manila, with some 5000 people, a navy-yard, arsenal, and fortifications. At the entrance of the harbor lie two islands pretty well in the middle—one large, over 600 feet high, called Corregidor, one small, but over 400 feet in height. Between the islands is a narrow channel with eight fathoms of water at the narrowest part. Between Caballo and the little island of El Fraile three miles width of channel with eighteen fathoms of water, and known as the Boca Grande. On the other side, between Corregidor and San José Point, a channel known as the Boca Chica, two miles wide and of ample depth. Taken altogether, they are very fit and stately entrances to the great bay beyond. There are forts on Corregidor and Caballo, as well as light-houses, and batteries also on El Fraile, which lies to the southward. More forts on Limbones and San José points, heavily armed with the best Krupp guns, according to the information brought to Hong-kong. Nevertheless, they all were to be passed, and as the ships headed for the bay they saw the great light, the guardian of peaceful commerce, burning bright upon Corregidor. There was no light on the ships, but the throb of the engines shook the still air as they entered the Boca Grande, expecting each moment a shot from the batteries. On they went, well into the channel now, and still no sign of life from the shore. The warships had all passed, when some enthusiast on the *McCulloch* flung coals upon the fires, there was a rush of sparks and black smoke from her funnel, and the Spaniards waked up. A shot from the south side of the channel broke the stillness, and then two more, the shells dropping into the water. The reply came from the *Concord*, and one of her 4-inch shells struck the fort with a crash, followed by a cry in the darkness. A shot from the El Fraile batteries was answered by the *Raleigh*. Then an 8-inch gun boomed out from the *Boston*, and the *McCulloch* snapped away with her 4-pounders; there was more firing from the batteries, and then the islands and the mainland relapsed into profound quiet, and it was all as if nothing had happened. The American fleet had passed the dreaded forts at the entrance, and was in the Bay of Manila. On glided the ships, ever more slowly and quietly, until it seemed as if they hardly moved at all, and then with the sudden dawn of the tropics came day, and there ahead lay the Spanish fleet, close under the forts and batteries of Cavité. The moment had come.

It came, fortunately, to a man who

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knew exactly what he meant to do—a most victorious quality, and one all too rare in a world given overmuch to uncertainty and stumbling. Commodore Dewey had his plan thoroughly laid out, and now proceeded to carry it into execution. Making a wide detour to the east to drop the supply-ships out of range, the fleet swept slowly along. As it passed, the batteries and ships at Cavité opened fire, the sharp crack of the modern rifle mingling with the heavier roar of the older guns. The American fleet made no answer.

As the ships turned and passed in front of Manila the sight-seers on the walls and the cathedral towers could be seen with a glass, and the guns of the Luneta flung some heavy shells far out and wide of the ships, and a steady and useless fire continued from these batteries throughout the engagement. The *Concord* replied, and up went the signal on the flag-ship, "Hold your fire until close in." So the fleet moved silently and steadily down toward Cavité. Suddenly, just ahead of the flag-ship, there came a quivering shock, and a great column of water leaped into the air; another quiver and another burst of mud and water followed, again too far away for harm. The dreaded mines were really there, then, and the fleet was upon them; but no ship swerved, no man stirred, and, as sometimes happens, the brave were favored, and this was the last of the Spanish torpedoes. If there were others, they failed to explode, and those which had exploded failed to check the American ships for an instant. On they went, still silently, holding their fire, the Spanish batteries and ships now beginning to pour out shot and shell as their enemy drew near. Closer and closer they came, until at last the distance was but little over five thousand yards. "If you are ready, Gridley, you may fire," said the commodore to the captain of the *Olympia*. It seemed that the captain was ready. The port 8-inch gun of the forward turret rang out, and the great shell sped over the water to the Spanish flag-ship. Up went the signal "Fire as convenient," and the ships behind the *Olympia* opened at once. The Spaniards were not behindhand. From ships and forts there was a continuous roar, and the shells began to strike all about the American squadron. One burst so near the *Olympia* that its fragments cut the rigging, ploughed a furrow in the deck, and tore the bridge where the commodore stood. Still, none were hit, and on the order to "Open with all the guns," the American ships poured forth a fire which in volume, rapidity, and accuracy could not have been surpassed. Back they came for the second round, within four thousand yards this time, pouring in the same volume of concentrated fire from the starboard as before from the port batteries. The *Boston* and *Baltimore* were both hit, but not materially injured, and again they swung round in front of Manila and again, nearer than before, steamed steadily down toward Cavité. On each turn they drew nearer to the Spanish fleet, and the heavy, well-aimed American broadsides became more and more deadly. The Spaniards were suffering severely, and at seven o'clock the flag-ship, *Reina Cristina*, left her moorings and steamed bravely out, directing her course toward the *Olympia*. What the purpose of the Spanish admiral may have been no one knows, but word was at once passed to concentrate all fire on his advancing flag-ship. As she drew nearer, the storm of the American fire thickened about her. Her sides were torn, her bridge shot away; she could not stand the awful battering, and turned about to return to her anchorage. As she swung round, an 8-inch gun of the *Olympia* sent a shell which struck her opponent squarely in the stern. The great projectile raked the *Reina Cristina*, tore up her decks, and exploded her after boiler, so that she could barely reel back to the shelter of the forts, with one hundred and fifty of her crew dead and ninety wounded on board. While the flag-ship was thus engaged, two gunboats equipped as torpedo-boats slipped out from Cavité, one making for the supply-ships. The *Petrel* rushed after her, opened with the 4-pounders, drove her ashore, and then blew her to pieces with her rapid-fire guns, which was the end of the first Spanish torpedo-boat. The second headed for the *Olympia*, kept on despite the fire of the secondary battery, and began to get ominously near, men thought, but coming under the fierce storm of the machine-guns in the tops, turned to fly. So her end came. A well-directed shell struck her fairly inside the stern railing. There was an explosion, the gunboat seemed to break in the middle, and down

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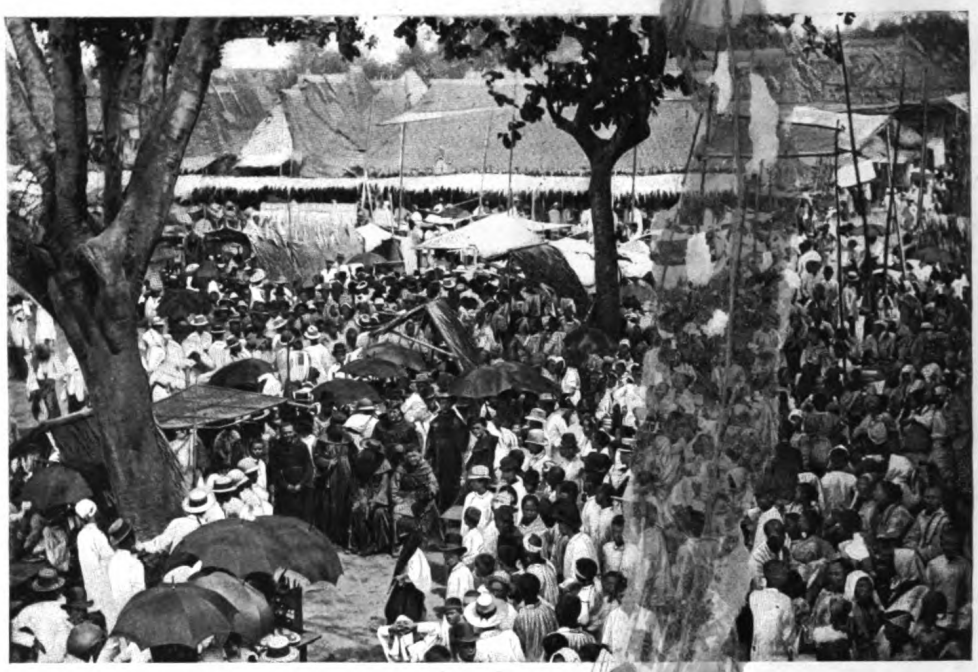
PLAZA DE FONDO, MANILA.

she went. Meantime the *Baltimore* had set the *Castilla*, the only wooden ship in the Spanish squadron, on fire, and she was soon a mass of flames.

Five times in all did the American ships turn and move past their opponents, each time closer, and each time with a more deadly broadside. There had been now two hours' hot work under the rising tropical sun, and at a quarter before eight the commodore, erroneously informed that ammunition for the 5-inch guns was running short, ran up the signals to cease firing and follow the flagship, so that he might consult with his captains, and if needful redistribute the ammunition. Something quite new and unheard-of, this stopping in the middle of a great naval action for any purpose. It is said that the American sailors, before they understood the meaning of it all, began to grumble at not being allowed to go on and finish up their task. The Spaniards, battered as they were, set up a cheer as they saw their foe withdraw to the other side of the bay, and sundry telegrams flew over the cable to Madrid saying that the Spanish fire had "forced the American ships to manœuvre" (the Spanish version of the skilful evolutions which had helped so much the American fighting), and that the enemy had now retreated to land their dead and wounded. Very characteristic and worthy of note these messages to Spain—no longer able to recognize facts, living among lies and delusions, and quite lost to that veracity of mind so essential, as Carlyle has pointed out, to the successful existence of men and nations. The evolutions of the American fleet were all planned beforehand; there were no dead and wounded, as the Americans found, not a little to their own astonishment, when the reports were made after this first round, and although several of the ships had been hit, no injury in the least serious had been done to any of them. Moreover, Commodore Dewey, as at the start, knew just what he meant to do. The Spanish fleet could not possibly escape. It had been disabled and crippled in the first round, but it still held the harbor, and the land batteries remained to be dealt with. The orders were to "capture or destroy." There must be none left; none must escape to harass future operations, or to try to cross the Pacific and alarm and perhaps attack the western coast of the United States. The work demanded could be most surely finished and made perfect if the men upon whom



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PRIESTS GATHERING TAXES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

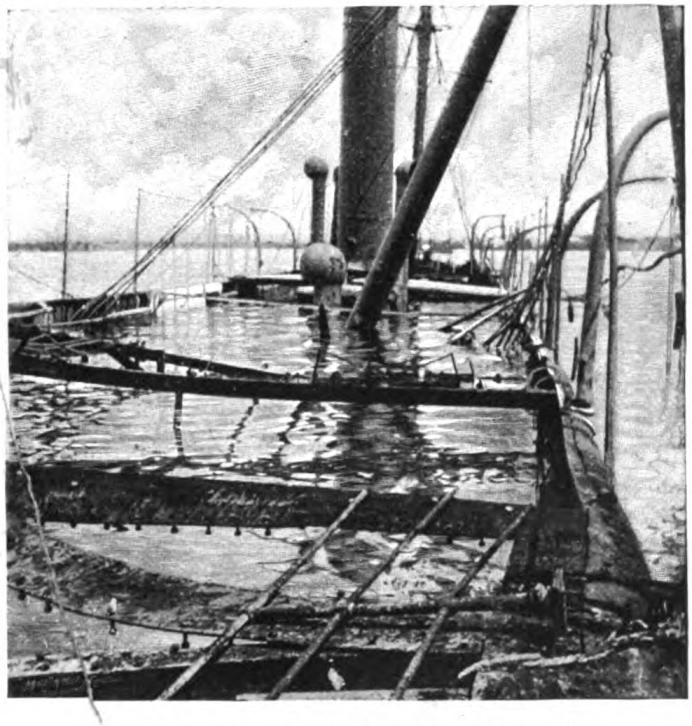
everything depended were kept in the best possible condition. So, after the withdrawal to the other side of the bay, there was a good rest for all the crews, a hearty breakfast eaten quite at leisure, a cleaning of decks and turrets, an examination of all the guns, a fresh supply of ammunition brought up, and then, at a quarter before eleven, after three hours thus occupied, up went the signals, the shrill whistles of the boatswains rang out, and off the fleet went for the second and last assault.

This time the work was to be more direct. Again the fleet swung round in front of Manila, and again it steamed down toward Cavité, the *Baltimore* in the lead. On it went, and first one Spanish shell, then another, struck the *Baltimore*, and men were wounded by the splinters. Still silence on the American ship, and no reply to the Spanish fire until at last the range was less than three thousand yards. Then the *Baltimore* poured her broadside into the *Reina Cristina*, whence the admiral had transferred his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*, and the former flag-ship, fatally wounded in the duel with the *Olympia*, went to pieces under the fierce fire of her new antagonist. Her magazines blew up, and she sank. Then the *Baltimore* turned on the *Don Juan de Austria*, and was joined by the *Olympia* and *Raleigh*. While the Spanish ship quivered under the heavy fire, a shell from the *Raleigh* pierced her magazine and she blew up, tearing off also the upper works of the gunboat *El Correo*, which was then destroyed by the *Petrel*. The *General Lezo*, another gunboat, was driven ashore by the *Concord* and burned, the *Velasco* went down before the *Boston*, the burning *Castilla* was scuttled, and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, the last ship which was able to fight, sank under the fire of the *Baltimore* with her flag nailed to the mast. Meantime the *Petrel*, running into shoal water, set on fire and destroyed the *Marques del Duero*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, and *General Lezo*. Just before this, Admiral Montojo, on his new flag-ship, the *Isla de Cuba*, with his guns silenced and his fleet gone, had run the gunboat ashore, hauled down his flag, left his vessel to its fate, and escaped to Manila. Thus the fleet was completely destroyed; but the shore batteries continued to fire, and one after another of them had to be silenced, which was done as fast as the American ships could

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close in upon them. They held out ngest at Cavité, but a last and well- aced shell entered the arse al magazine, a terrific explosion fol wed, the batteries all fell silent, and th white flag went up on the citadel. The battle of Manila had been fought and wo.

The next day the fleet went to Cavité, and a landing-party destroyed the batteries. On May ? the orts on Corregidor, at the entrance o. the harbor, surrendered to the *Raleigh* and *Baltimore*. At Cavité there was an effort to pretend that no white flag had been run up, and some cheap falsehood was indulged in, but facts were a little too strong even for Spaniards. The Spanish commander ran up the white flag again before eleven o'clock, and departed with his men, whereupon the American marines landed, and having assured the priests and nuns that we were not going to massacre the wounded in hospitals, as the Spanish had stated, established a guard, and took possession of the arsenal and dock-yards of Cavité. Commodore Dewey, through the British consul, announced the blockade of Manila; and as the Spaniards, still unable to recognize more than one or two facts, refused to let him run the cable, he promptly cut it, and thus held the great harbor and city firmly in his grasp, stripped of all means of communication with the outside world which he did not allow.



WRECK OF THE CRUISER "ISLA DE CUBA."

The rapidity, brilliancy, and completeness of the American victory at Manila riveted the attention of the world. In Europe, where hostility to the United States was everywhere felt and expressed, the news was received either in the silence which is sometimes the sincerest flattery, or with surprised expressions of wonder and grudging admiration. England, which from the beginning manifested a genuine and cordial friendship, praised Dewey's work generously and freely. Yet both on the Continent and in England, after the first shock had passed, critics appeared who sneered at the battle, called it a butchery, exaggerated the American force and diminished that of Spain. One English critic called it marvellously easy, and a well-known English journal said Dewey had merely destroyed a few old wooden ships. The last allegation was, of course, merely a wilful falsehood, for there was only one wooden ship, the *Castilla*, in the Spanish fleet, and the fact that the others also burned proved nothing, for all Cervera's ships, the very latest productions of European dock-yards, took fire, just like the older types at Manila. As to "its being so easy," it certainly looked easy after it was all done, and so did setting an egg on end seem easy after Columbus had shown how to do it. Such criticisms are really beneath contempt, but it is important to bring the facts clearly together and examine them, for on those facts Dewey's victory can stand without fear, and take its place in history.

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The greatest naval action in which the victor came down upon his enemy anchored in a harbor was Aboukir. Of the splendor of Nelson's performance, and of the victory which he won, there can be no question. Let us try Dewey by that high standard.



WEST BATTERY, CAVITÉ, AFTER DESTRUCTION.

The Bay of Aboukir is an almost open roadstead. All that was necessary was to keep clear of the shoals which make out from Aboukir Point and Island, and then, if the wind were fair, as Nelson's was, to bear down on the hostile fleet. The French fleet was anchored at Aboukir, and so were the Spaniards at Manila, with the additional protection of a boom at Cavité. The distance to be traversed by Nelson from the open sea to the French fleet was trifling. He had no channels to come through, no entrance-forts to pass, no mines to fear. Dewey had to pass through a wide channel, with powerful forts armed with modern guns on either side, in order to enter the bay. He then had to steam sixteen miles before he came opposite Cavité, while, from the best information received, he expected mines to be all about him, and two actually exploded in his near neighborhood. Nelson's fleet was numerically the same as that of his opponent, but all the English fighting-ships were seventy-fours, while the French had three heavier, one of 120 guns and two of 80 each. It has been said freely and frequently that the Spanish were so hopelessly inferior that they could only hope to die, and that Dewey's sole glory was in the rapidity with which he and his captains and men

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE AMERICAN AND THE SPANISH FLEETS ENGAGED AT MANILA.

| Name. | Class. | Armament. | Men and Officers. | Built in. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | AMERICAN FLEET. | | |
| Olympia | Protected cruiser. | Four 8-in., ten 5-in., 24 R.F. | 466 | 1892 |
| Baltimore | Protected cruiser. | Four 8-in., six 6-in., 10 R.F. | 395 | 1888 |
| Boston | Par. protected cruiser. | Two 8-in., six 6-in., 10 R.F. | 272 | 1884 |
| Raleigh | Protected cruiser. | One 6-in., ten 5-in., 14 R.F. | 295 | 1892 |
| Concord | Gunboat. | Six 6-in., 9 R.F. | 150 | 1891 |
| Petrel | Gunboat. | Four 6-in., 7 R.F. | 100 | 1888 |
| McCulloch (not in action) | Revenue-cutter. | Four 4-in. | 130 | 1888 |
| | | | 1808 | |
| | | SPANISH FLEET.* | | |
| Reina Cristina | Steel cruiser. | Six 6.2-in., two 2.7, 13 R.F. | 352 | 1887 |
| Castilla | Wooden cruiser. | Four 5.9, two 4.7, two 3.4, two 2.9, 12 R.F. | 349 | 1881 |
| Don Antonio de Ulloa | Iron cruiser. | Four 4.7, 5 R.F. | 159 | 1875 |
| Don Juan de Austria | Iron cruiser. | Four 4.7, two 2.7, 21 R.F. | 179 | 1887 |
| Isla de Luzon | Steel protected cruiser. | Six 4.7, 8 R.F. | 156 | 1887 |
| Isla de Cuba | Steel protected cruiser. | Six 4.7, 8 R.F. | 156 | 1887 |
| Velasco | Iron cruiser. | Three 6-in., two 2.7, 2 R.F. | 147 | 1881 |
| Marques del Duero | Gunboat. | One 6.2, two 4.7, 1 R.F. | 96 | 1875 |
| General Lezo | Gunboat. | One 3.5, 1 R.F. | 115 | 1885 |
| Argos | Gunboat. | ..... | 87 | .... |
| | | | 1796 | |

Two torpedo-boats and two transports, practically not in action.

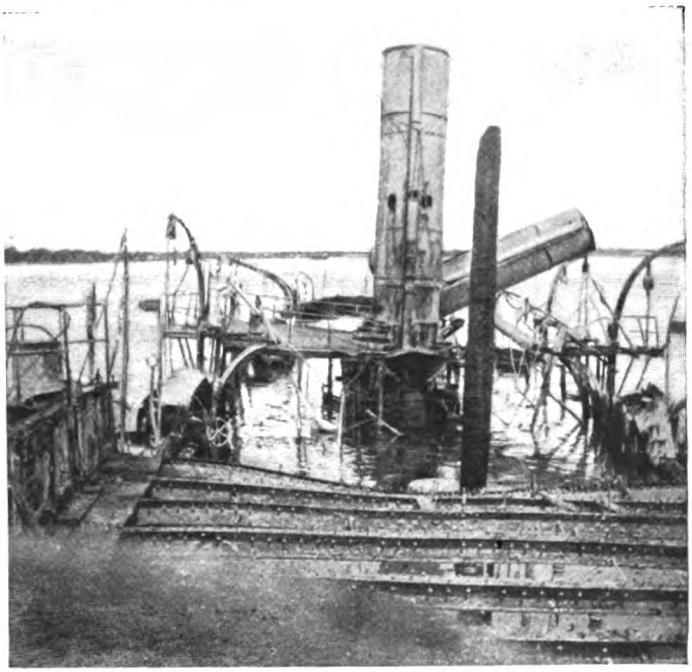
* El Correo is mentioned in Admiral Dewey's list to May 4, but is omitted in that given in his despatch of July 9, which is followed here.

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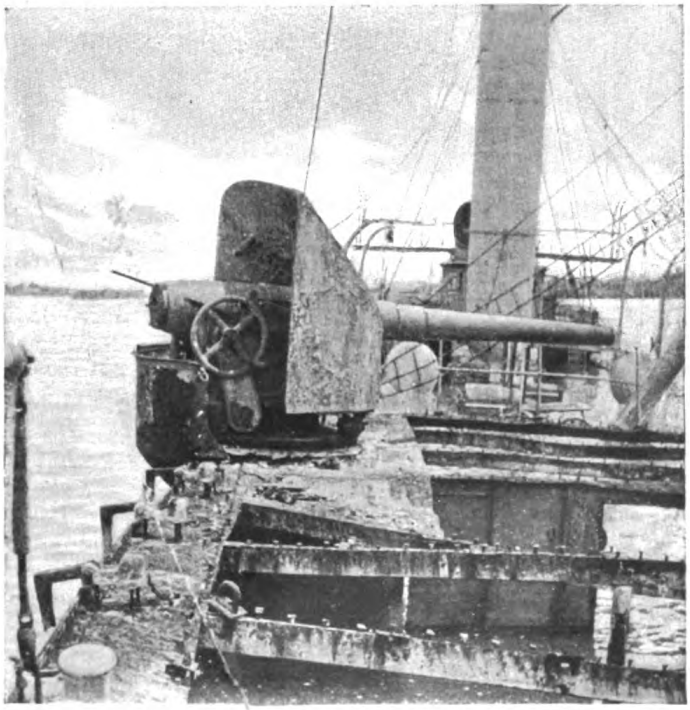
did their work without injury to themselves. There is scarcely more foundation for this statement than for the wholesale falsehood of the English weekly that all the Spanish ships were made of wood. The statistics on this point are worth consideration and study.

Commodore Dewey had six fighting-ships, and the revenue-cutter *McCulloch*, acting as convoy to the supply-ships, and not taking part in the action. These six ships have already been described, but for a better understanding, they are given in the table on page 520.

Numerically the Spaniards had ten fighting-ships and two torpedo-boats against the American six. Commodore Dewey had no armored ships at all, and no more protection against shell than his opponent. The Spanish ships, compared to the American, were older and of inferior types, but as they fought from an anchorage, speed and engines did not count, and they were armed with modern guns, which was by far the most important qualification. The Spaniards had 52 classified big guns,* and 72 rapid-fire and machine guns; the Americans 57 classified big guns, and 74 rapid-fire and machine guns. The Americans had 10 eight-inch guns, while the largest Spanish guns were 6.2 inches. Commodore Dewey therefore had the advantage in weight of metal and in heavy guns, and his flag-ship, the *Olympia*, far outclassed anything opposed to him. Nelson at Aboukir was slightly inferior to his



WRECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP, THE CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA."

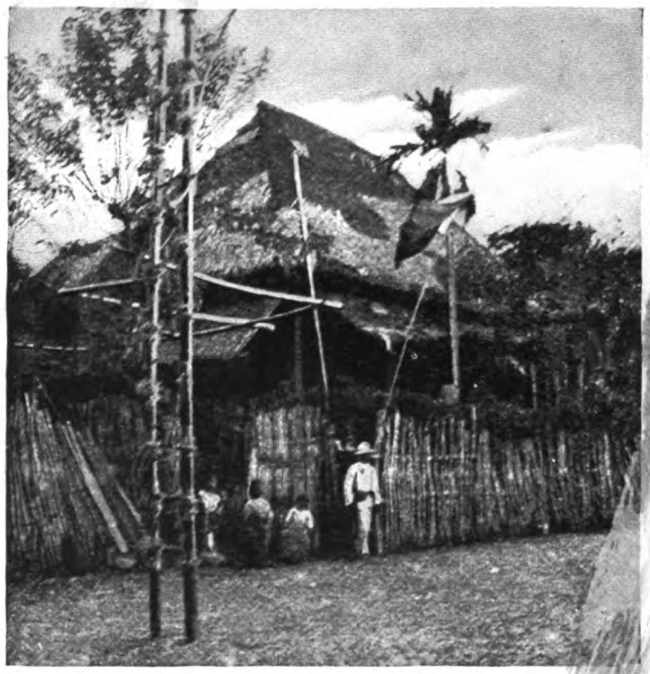


WRECK OF THE CRUISER "ISLA DE LUZON."

* *Argos* guns estimated at three.

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antagonist in weight of metal and number of guns, and had no ship as powerful as *L'Orient*. On the other hand, he equalled his foe in number of ships, while the Spaniards outnumbered Dewey two to one, and had 1796 men against the American 1678 engaged in action. A far more important difference was that while Nelson had only the French fleet to deal with, the Spaniards at Manila were supported by powerful, strongly manned shore batteries mounted with modern rifled guns, some of very large calibre. This last fact, too much overlooked, made the odds against Dewey very heavy, even after the two mines had exploded without result.



RESIDENCE OF AGUINALDO.

Both Dewey and Nelson hunted down the enemy, and fought him at anchor where they found him. Nelson entered an open roadstead by daylight, began his action at sunset, and fought on in the darkness. Dewey ran past powerful entrance-forts and up a deep bay in the darkness, and fought his battle in daylight. Neither took the enemy by surprise, for Admiral Montojo's report shows that he had tried Subig Bay and given it up, and had then made every preparation possible to meet the Americans at Cavité under the shelter of the batteries. Nelson practically destroyed the French fleet, but Admiral Villeneuve escaped, the next morning, with two ships of the line and two frigates, and there was only one English ship, the *Zealous*, not enough for the purpose, in condition to follow them. Dewey absolutely destroyed every Spanish ship, including the transport *Mindanao*, and captured the other transport, the *Manila*. He silenced all the land batteries and took Cavité. Aboukir had its messengers of death in the escaping French ships; Manila had none. Absolute completeness like this cannot be surpassed. The Spaniards admitted a loss of 634 killed and wounded in ships and forts, while the Americans had none killed and only eight wounded, all on the *Baltimore*. The American ships were hit several times, but not one was seriously injured, much less disabled. This has been attributed to the extremely bad marksmanship of the Spaniards, and has been used to explain Dewey's victory. It is easy to exaggerate the badness of the Spanish gunnery. They seem, as a matter of fact, to have shot well enough until the Americans opened upon them. The shells which struck the *Baltimore* effectively were both fired before that ship replied in the second round. But when the American fire began, it was delivered with such volume, precision, and concentration that the Spanish fire was actually smothered, and became wholly wild and ineffective. The great secret of the victory was the deadly accuracy and rapidity of the American gunners, which has always been characteristic of the American navy, as was shown in the frigate duels of 1812, of which the United States won against England eleven out of thir-

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teen. This great quality was not accidental, but due to skill, practice, and national aptitude. In addition to this traditional skill was the genius of the commander, backed by the fighting capacity of his captains and his crews. True to the great principle of Nelson and Farragut, Dewey went straight after his enemy, to fight the hostile fleet wherever found. In the darkness he went boldly into an unfamiliar harbor, past powerful batteries whose strength his best information had magnified, over mine fields the extent and danger of which he did not and could not know. As soon as dawn came he fell upon the Spanish fleet, supported as it was by shore batteries, and utterly destroyed it. The Spanish empire in the East crumbled before his guns, and the great city and harbor of Manila fell helplessly into his hands. All this was done without the loss of a man or serious injury to a ship. The most rigid inspection fails to discover a mistake. There can be nothing better than perfection of workmanship, and this Dewey and his officers and men showed. The completeness of the result, which is the final test, gives Manila a great place in the history of naval battles, and writes the name of George Dewey high up among the greatest of victorious admirals.

## HEART'S-EASE OVER HENRY HEINE.

(In Montmartre Cemetery at Paris.)

BY SARAH PIATT.

HERE, with your leaf or two of literal laurel,
(That rustles somewhat dryly, I suppose,)
One finds you silenced by the usual quarrel;
And—oh, the irony of it!—a rose
Out of your bosom, Henry Heine, grows.

If one may only pray for you, my brother,
(Heart of the dead, yours was a ghastly wrong!)
Christ rest you in this grave, who in that other,
In Paris there, awake in death so long,
Shouted the world back your derisive song.

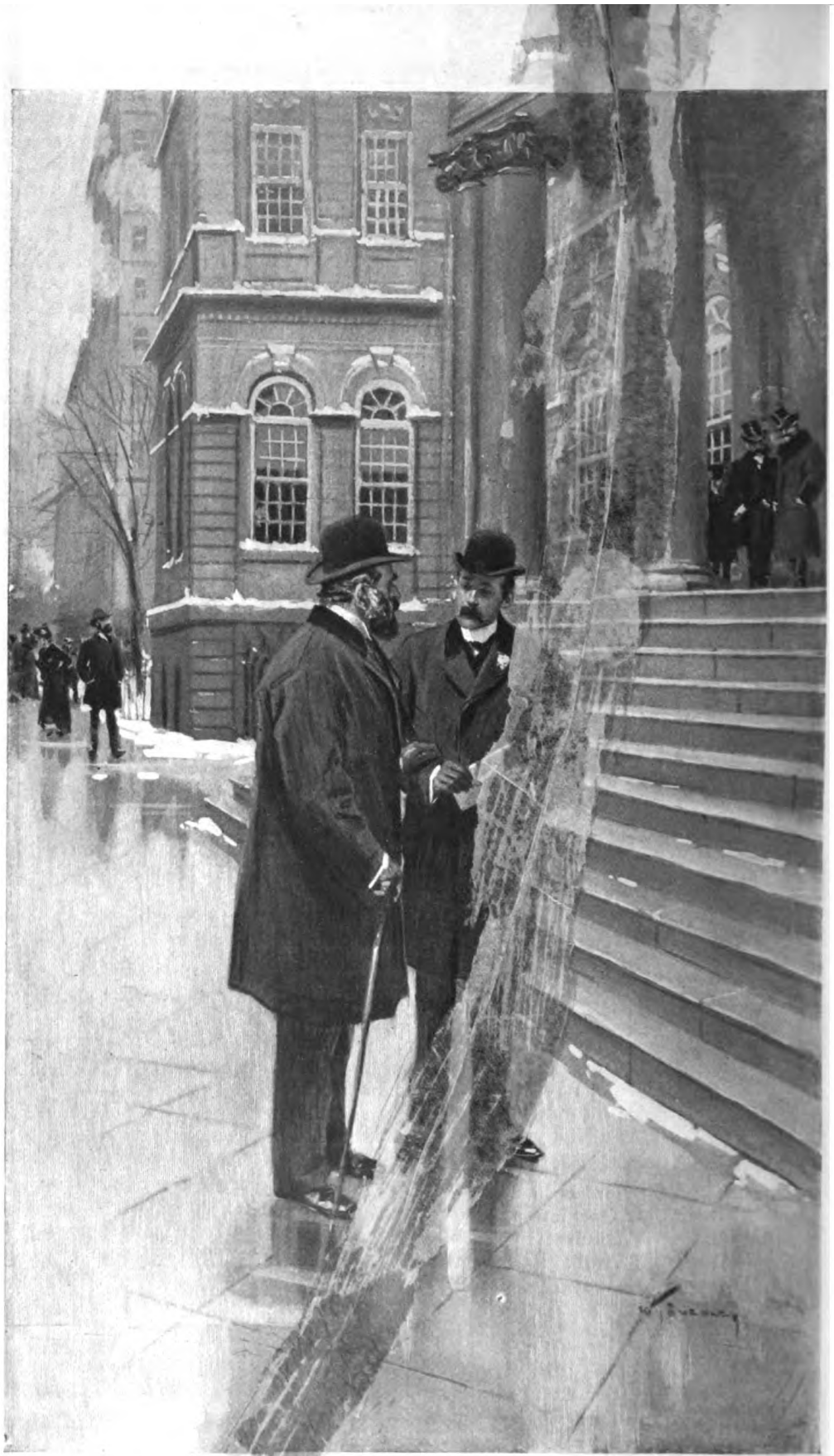
Well, up here in the sun, to-day, with beauty
So dark of promise it might break her glass,
I saw a street child, one whose piteous duty
To offer heart's-ease to the world it was—
And, for your sake, I could not let her pass.

So, here is heart's-ease for you, bitter lover,
O German poet in the German Land
Well known!* and with it tears enough to cover
The dust of all your woes—you understand?
Reach me, in taking it, that hollow hand.

Heart's-ease, and for a heart of dust and ashes?
Heart's-ease, and does the dead man care a whit?...
Into the empty eyes the old scorn flashes;
About the mocking mouth the slow smiles flit:
The still voice laughs, "Here I've too much of it!"

* Heine's expression regarding himself.

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"IT SAID THE ORGANIZATION WAS ENLISTING RECRUITS FROM SOCIETY."

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# ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A THIN inch of dusty snow littered the frozen grass-plots surrounding the municipal buildings, and frequent scurries of wind kept swirling it again on to the concrete walks whence it had been swept. The February sun—although it was within an hour of noon—could not break through the ashen clouds that shut out the sky.

It was a depressing day, and yet there was no relaxation of energy in the men who were darting here and there eagerly, each intent on his errand, with eyes fixed on the goal and with lips set in stern determination. As Curtis Van Dyne thrust himself through the throng on the Broadway sidewalk, leaving the frowning Post Office behind him, and passing before the blithe effigy of Nathan Hale, he almost laughed aloud as it suddenly struck him how incongruous it was that a statue of a man who had gladly died for his country should be stuck there between two buildings filled with men who were looking to their country, to the nation or to the city, to provide them with a living. But he was in no mood for laughter, even saturnine; and if anything could have aroused his satire, it would have been not a graven image, but himself.

He was in the habit of having a good opinion of himself, and he clung to his habits, especially to this one. Yet he was then divided between self-pity and self-contempt. For a good reason, so it seemed to him—and he was pleased to be able to think that it was an unselfish reason—he was going to take a step he did not quite approve of. He went over all the terms of the situation again as he turned from Broadway toward the City Hall; and the pressure of circumstances as he saw them brought him again to the same conclusion. Then he resolved not to let himself be worried by his own decision; if it was for the best, then there was no sense in not making the best of it.

So intent was he on his own thought that he did not observe the expectant smile of an older man who was walking across the park in front of the City Hall, and who slackened his gait, supposing that the young lawyer would greet him.

When Van Dyne passed on unseeing, the other man waited for a second and then called, "Curtis!"

The young man had already begun to mount the steps. He turned sharply, as though any conversation would then be unwelcome, but when he saw who had hailed him he smiled cheerfully and held out his hand cordially.

"Why, judge," he began, "I didn't know you were home again! I'm glad you are better. They told me you might have to go away for the rest of the winter."

"That's what they told me, too," answered Judge Jerningham; "and I told them I wouldn't go. I'm paid for doing my work here, and I don't intend to shirk it. I expect to take my seat again next week."

There was a striking contrast between the two men as they stood there on the steps of the City Hall. Judge Jerningham was nearly sixty; he had a stalwart frame, almost to be called stocky; his black hair was grizzled only, and his full beard was only streaked with white. He had large dark eyes deep set under cavernous brows. His clothes fitted him loosely, and although not exactly out of style, they were not to be called modish in either cut or material. Curtis Van Dyne was full thirty years younger; he was fair and slight, and he wore a drooping mustache. He was dressed with obvious care, and his garments suited him. He looked rather like a man of fashion than like a young fellow who had his way to make at the bar.

"By-the-way," said the judge, after a little pause, which gave Van Dyne time to wonder why it was that the elder man had called him—"by-the-way, how is your sister? I saw her in church on Sunday, and she looked a little pale and peaked, I thought."

"Oh, Martha's all right," the young man answered, briskly. "Aunt Mary attends to that."

"Do you know what struck me on Sunday as I looked at Martha?" asked the judge. "It was her likeness to her mother at the same age."



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"Yes," Van Dyne replied, "Aunt Mary says Martha's very like mother as a girl."

"And your mother was never very hearty," pursued the judge. "Don't you think it might be well to get the girl out of town for a little while next month? March is very hard on those whose bronchial tubes are weakened."

"I guess Martha can stand another March in New York," the young man responded. "She's all right enough. I don't say it wouldn't be good for her to go South for a few weeks, but— Well, you know I can't telephone for my steam-yacht to be brought round to the foot of Twenty-third Street, and I don't own any stock in Jekyll Island."

The judge made no immediate answer, and again there was an awkward silence.

The younger man broke it. He held out his hand once more. "It's pleasant to see you looking so fit," he said, cordially.

The other took his hand and held it. "Curtis," he began, "it isn't any of my business, I suppose, and yet I don't know. Who is to speak, if I don't?"

"Speak about what?" asked Van Dyne as the judge released his hand.

The elder man did not answer this question. Apparently he found it difficult to say what he wished.

"I happened to see a paragraph in the political gossip in the *Dial* this morning," he began again; "I don't often read that sort of stuff, but your name caught my eye. It said that the Organization was enlisting recruits from Society as an answer to the slanderous attacks that had been made on it, and that people could see how much there was in these malignant assaults when they found the better element eager to be enrolled. And then it gave half a dozen names of men who had just joined, including yours and Jimmy Suydam's. I suppose there is no truth in it?"

"It's about as near to the truth as a newspaper ever gets, I fancy," Van Dyne answered. His color had risen a little and his speech had become a little more precise. "I haven't joined yet, but I'm going to join this week. Pat McCann is to take us in hand, Jimmy and me; he's our district leader."

"Pat McCann!" and the judge spoke the name with horrified contempt.

"Yes," responded the young man. "Pat McCann has taken quite a shine to Jimmy and me. He gives us the glad hand and never the marble heart."

"It's no matter about Suydam," said the judge, with an impatient gesture; "he's a foolish young fellow, and he doesn't know any better. I suppose he expects to be a colonel on the staff of the first Governor they elect. But you—"

It was with a hint of bravado that Van Dyne returned: "I don't see that I'm any better than Jimmy. He hasn't committed any crime that I know of—except the deadly sin of inheriting a fortune. And as far as that goes, I wish old man Suydam had adopted me and divided his money between us. Then I could have that steam-yacht and take Martha down to Jekyll Island next month."

The judge hesitated again, and then he said: "Curtis, I suppose you think I have no right to speak to you about this, and perhaps I haven't. But I have known you since you were born, and I went to school with your father. We were classmates in college, and I was his best man when he married your mother. You know his record in the war, and you are proud of it, of course. He left you—you will excuse my putting it plainly?—he left you an honorable name."

"And that was about all he did leave me!" the young man returned. "I want to leave my children something more."

"If you join the organization, if you are a hail-fellow-well-met with all the Pat McCanns of the city," retorted the judge, sternly—"if you sink to that level, you would certainly leave your children something very different from what your father left you. If you do, I doubt whether the organization will go out of its way to offer inducements to your son. It will expect to get him cheap."

The young lawyer flushed again, and then he laughed uneasily.

"You are hard on me, judge," he said at last.

"I want you to be hard on yourself now," the older man returned. "I know you, Curtis; I know the stock you come of, and I am sure you will be hard enough on yourself—when it is too late."

"I'm not going to rob a bank, am I?" urged the younger man.

"You are going to rob yourself," was the swift answer. "You are going to rob your children, if you ever have any.

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of what your father left you—the priceless heritage of an honored name."

"Come, now, judge," said Van Dyne, "is that quite fair? You speak as if I were going to enroll in the Forty Thieves."

"If I thought you capable of doing that I should not be speaking to you at all," was the reply.

"Pat McCann isn't a bad fellow really," the young man declared. "He means well enough. And the rest of them are not rascals, either; they are not the crew of pirates the papers call them. They are giving the city as good a government now as our mixed population will stand. They have their ambition to do right; and I sincerely believe that they mean to do the best they know how."

"That's it precisely," the judge asserted. "They mean to do the best they know how. But how much do they know?"

"Well, they are not exactly fools, are they?" was the evasive answer.

"Don't misunderstand me," the elder man continued. "I am perfectly aware that the organization is not so black as it is painted. The men at the head of it are not a crew of pirates, as you say—of course not; if they were they would have been made to walk the plank long ago. Probably they mean well, as you say again. I should be sorry to believe that they do not."

"Well, then—" returned Van Dyne.

But the judge went on, regardless of what the young lawyer was going to say:

"They may mean well, but what of it if the result is what we see? The fact is that the men at the head of the organization are of an arrested type of civilization. They are two or three hundred years behind the age. They have retained the methods—perhaps not of Claude Duval, as their enemies allege, but of Sir Robert Walpole, as their friends could not deny. Here in America to-day they are anachronisms. They stand athwart our advance. I have no wish to call them names or to think them worse than they are; but I know that association with them is not good for you or for me. It is our duty—your duty and mine, and the duty of all who have a little enlightenment—to arouse the public against these survivals of a lower stage, and to fight them incessantly, and now and then to beat them, so that they may be made to respect our views. You say they are giving the city as good a government as our mixed population will stand. Well, that may be true; I don't think it is quite true; but even if it is, what of it? Are we to be satisfied with that? The best way to educate our mixed population to stand a better government is to fight these fellows steadily. Nothing educates more than an election, followed by an object-lesson."

"That's all very well," responded Van Dyne, when the judge had made an end of his long speech. "But I don't believe the organization leaders are really so far behind other people, or so much worse. They're not hypocrites, that's all. They know what they want, and they take it the easiest way they can."

"If that is the best defence you can make for them, they are worse than I thought," retorted the judge. "Sometimes the easiest way to take what you want is to steal it."

"I don't claim that they are perfect, all of them," the younger man declared. "I suppose they are all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. But we are all miserable sinners, you know—at least, we say so every Sunday. And I have known bad men in the church."

"Come, come, Curtis," the judge replied, "that's unworthy of you, isn't it? You would not be apologizing to me here for joining the church, would you?"

Van Dyne was about to answer hastily, but he checked the words on his lips. He looked away and across the frozen park to the pushing crowd on Broadway; but he did not really see the huge wagons rumbling in and out of Mail Street, nor did he hear the insistent clang of the cable-car.

His tone was deprecatory when he spoke at last.

"I suppose you are right," he began, "and I don't quite see myself in that company. I'll be frank, judge, for you are an old friend, and I know you wish me well, and I'd be glad to stand well in your eyes. I don't really want to join the organization; I don't like the men in it any more than you do; and I don't know that I approve of their ways much more than you do. But I've got to do it."

"Got to?" echoed the judge in surprise. "Why have you got to? They can't force you to join if you don't wish it."

"I've got to do it because I've got to have money," was the young man's explanation.

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"Do you mean that you are to be paid for associating with these people?" the judge asked.

"That's about it," was the answer. "I wouldn't do it if I wasn't going to make something out of it, would I? Not that there is any bargain, of course; but Pat McCann has dropped hints, and I know how easy it will be for them to throw things my way."

"I didn't know you needed money so badly," said the judge. "I thought you were doing well at the bar."

"I'm doing well enough, I suppose," Van Dyne explained; "but I could do better. In fact, I must do better. I must have money. There's—well, there's Martha. She came out last fall, and I gave her a coming-out tea, of course. Well, I want her to have a good time. Mother had a good time when she was a girl, and why shouldn't Martha? She won't be nineteen again."

"Yes," said the judge, "your mother had a good time when she was a girl. Your father and I saw to that."

"Martha's just got her first invitation to the Assembly," Van Dyne went on. "You should have seen how delighted she was, too; it did me good to see it. Mrs. Jimmy Suydam sent it to her. But all that will cost money; of course she's got to have a new gown and gloves and flowers and a carriage and so on. I don't begrudge it to her. I'm only too glad to give it to her. But I'm in debt now for that coming-out tea and for other things. I ran behind last year, and this year I shall spend more. That's why I've got to join the organization and pick up a reference now and then, and maybe a receivership by-and-by; and perhaps they'll elect me to an office, sooner or later. I know I'm too young yet, but I'd like to be a judge too."

"So it is for your sister you are selling yourself, is it?" asked the elder man. "Do you think she would be willing if she knew?"

"I'm not selling myself!" declared the young man, laughing a little nervously. "I haven't signed any compact with my own blood amid a blaze of red fire."

"Do you think your sister would approve if she knew?" persisted the judge.

"Oh, but she won't know!" was the answer. "I'll admit she wouldn't like it over-much. She takes after father, and she has very strict ideas. You ought to hear her talk about the corruption of our politics!"

"Curtis," said the judge, earnestly, "if you take after your father, you ought to be able to look things in the face. That's what I want you to do now. Have you any right to sacrifice yourself for your sister's sake in a way she would not like?"

"I'm not sacrificing myself at all," the young man declared. "I want some of the good things of life for myself. Besides, what do girls know about politics? They are always dreamy and impracticable. If they had their noses down to the grindstone of life for a little while it would sharpen their eyes, and they would see things differently."

"It will be a sad world when women like your sister and your mother see things differently, as you put it," the elder man retorted.

"If I want more money, I don't admit that it is any of Martha's business how I make it," Van Dyne asserted. "I'll let her have the spending of some of it—that will be her duty. I want her to have a summer in Europe too. She knows that mother was abroad a whole year when she was eighteen."

"I know that too," said the judge. "It was in Venice that your father and I first met her; she was feeding the pigeons in front of St. Mark's, and—"

The judge paused a moment, and then he laid his hand on Van Dyne's shoulder.

"Curtis," he continued, "if a thousand dollars now will help you out, or two thousand, or even five, if you need it, I shall be glad to let you have the money."

"Thank you, judge," was the prompt reply. "I can't take your money, because I don't know how or when I could pay you back."

"What matter about that?" returned the other. "I have nobody to leave it to."

"You were my father's friend and my mother's," said Van Dyne. "I would take money from you if I could take it from anybody. But I can't do that. You wouldn't in my place, would you?"

The judge did not answer this directly. "It is not easy to say what we should do if one were to stand in the other's place," he declared. "And if you change your mind, the money is ready for you whenever you want it."

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"You are very good to me, judge," said the young man, "and I appreciate your kindness—"

"Then don't say anything more about it," the elder man interrupted. "And you must forgive me for my plain speaking about that other matter."

"About my joining the organization?" said Van Dyne. "Well, I'll think over what you have said. I don't want you to believe that I don't understand the kindness that prompted you to say what you did. I haven't really decided absolutely what I had best do."

"It is a decision you must make for yourself, after all," the judge declared. "I will not urge you further."

He held out his hand once more, and the young man grasped it heartily.

"Perhaps you and Martha and 'Aunt Mary' could come and dine with me some night next week," the judge suggested. "I should like to hear about your sister's first experiences in society."

"Of course we will all come, with pleasure," said Van Dyne.

As the elder man walked away, the younger followed him with his eyes. Then he turned and went up the steps of the City Hall.

Almost at the top of the flight stood two men, who parted company as Van Dyne drew near. One of them waited for him to come up. The other started down, smiling at the young lawyer as they met, and saying: "Good-morning, Mr. Van Dyne. It's rain we're going to have, I'm thinking."

"Good-morning, Mr. O'Donnell," returned Van Dyne, roused from his revery.

"There's Mr. McCann waiting to have a word with you," cried O'Donnell over his shoulder, as he passed.

The young lawyer looked up and saw the other man at the top of the steps. He wanted time to think over his conversation with Judge Jerningham, and he had no desire for a talk just then with the district leader. Perhaps he unconsciously revealed this feeling in the coolness with which he returned the other's greeting, courteous as he always was, especially toward those whom he did not consider his equals.

"It's glad I am to see you, Mr. Van Dyne," said the politician, patting the young man on the shoulder as they shook hands.

Van Dyne drew back instinctively. Never before had Pat McCann's high hat seemed so very shiny to him, or Pat McCann's fur overcoat so very furry. The big diamond in Pat McCann's shirt front was concealed by the tightly buttoned coat; but Van Dyne knew that it was there all the same, and he detested it more than ever before.

"It's a dark morning it is," said McCann. "Will we take a little drop of something warm?"

"Thank you," returned the young lawyer, somewhat stiffly; "I never drink in the morning."

"No more do I," declared the other; "but it's a chill day this is. Well, and when are you coming round to see the boys? Terry O'Donnell and me, we was just talking about you and Mr. Suydam."

Van Dyne did not see why it should annoy him to know that he had been the subject of conversation between Pat McCann and Terry O'Donnell, but he was instantly aware of the annoyance. If he intended to throw in his lot with these people, he must look forward to many intimacies not quite to his liking.

"Oh, you were talking about me, were you?" he said.

"We was that," continued the district leader. "We want you to meet the boys and let them know you, don't you see? We want you to give them the glad hand."

When Van Dyne had used this slang phrase to the judge, it had seemed to him amusing; now it struck him as vulgar.

"We want you to jolly them up a bit," McCann went on. "The boys will be glad to know you better."

"Yes," was the monosyllabic response to this invitation.

The district leader looked at the young lawyer, and his manner changed.

"We'd like to get acquainted with you, Mr. Van Dyne," he said, "if you're going to be one of us."

"If I'm going to be one of you," Van Dyne repeated. "That's just the question. Am I going to be one of you?"

"I thought we had settled all that last week," cried McCann.

"I don't think I told you that I would join you," Van Dyne declared, wondering just how far he had committed himself at that last interview.

"You told me you thought you would," McCann declared.

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"Oh, maybe I thought so then," Van Dyne answered.

The district leader was generally wary and tactful. Among people of his own class he was a good judge of men; and he owed his position largely to his persuasive powers. But on this occasion he made a mistake, due perhaps in some measure to his perception of the other's assumption of superiority.

"And now you don't think so?" he retorted, swiftly. "Is that what it is? Well, it's for you to say, not me. I'm not begging any man to come into the organization if they don't want. But I can't waste my time any more on them that don't want. It's for you to say the word, and it's now or never."

"Since you put it that way, Mr. McCann," said Van Dyne, "it's never."

"Then you don't want to join the organization?" asked the district leader, a little taken aback by the other's sudden change of determination.

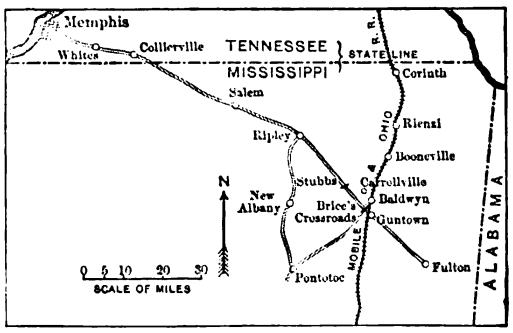
"No," Van Dyne replied, "I don't."

And when he was left alone on the top of the City Hall steps, the young lawyer was puzzled to know whether it was Judge Jerningham or Pat McCann that had most influenced his decision.

## MAJOR-GENERAL FORREST AT BRICE'S CROSS-ROADS.

BY JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

THE battle at Brice's cross-roads, in Lee County, Mississippi, took place on the 10th of June, 1864. It has passed into history as one of the most signal victories of the civil war, considering the forces engaged. On this field General Forrest displayed not only that bull-dog tenacity of purpose which characterized his aggressive method of warfare, but his remarkable ability as a strategist, and those original methods of fighting which




then won success, and have since attracted the closest attention of students of military science.

The contending forces were — on the Union side, 3200 cavalry and 4500 infantry, with 22 pieces of artillery, commanded by General Samuel D. Sturgis; on the Confederate side, 4713 mounted troops, with 12 pieces of artillery, under General N. B. Forrest.

At Brice's the main highway leading from Memphis to Ripley, and on in a direction east of south to Fulton in Mississippi, intersects almost at a right angle another important road, leading from Corinth through Rienzi, Booneville, Baldwyn, and in a southwesterly direction to Pontotoc.

With the exception of two or three cleared patches of land, not exceeding six acres in extent, immediately around Brice's house, the country, which is only slightly undulating, for a mile in every direction was, at the time of the battle, not only heavily timbered, but there was an undergrowth of black-jack and scrub-oak so dense that in places the troops could with difficulty force their way through; and being then in full leaf, it was possible to approach within a few yards without being seen. About one mile northeast of Brice's the Corinth road, with a worm-fence on either hand for about a quarter of a mile, passed through a field, to the outskirts of which, on all sides, the dense undergrowth extended. This field was enclosed by a heavy rail fence, re-enforced on top with poles and brushwood. About the same distance on the highway leading from Brice's toward Ripley and Memphis the road-bed descended some twenty feet into the Tishomingo Creek bottom, along which stream there was a large corn-field, at that time in cultivation, and here this sluggish stream was spanned by a small wooden bridge.

At the urgent insistence of General

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Sherman the expedition under Sturgis had been sent into Mississippi. Its first object was to engage the attention of Forrest, and thus prevent any interference from the much-dreaded cavalryman with Sherman's communications in Tennessee. Sherman and Johnston, two great masters in strategy, were playing a memorable game of war among the pine-clad hills of Georgia. Sherman, fiercely aggressive, with an army larger and better equipped, was slowly yet surely pushing Johnston back upon Atlanta. The latter, with matchless skill, was contesting every foot of ground, and inflicting heavy losses upon his antagonist; but, despite these losses, it was clear to the Union commander that he had this army of the Confederacy at his mercy if he could keep his troops well supplied from the North and West until the corn with which the Southern fields were teeming was sufficiently ripened to supply subsistence to his men and animals. The burden of his official despatches of that date was, keep "that devil Forrest" (as he termed him) from my rear, and I will take care of Johnston in my front.

His anxiety from this source became at last so great that he went to the extreme of offering one of his brigadier-generals a major-general's commission if he would kill Forrest. "It must be done, if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the Treasury."* In case the wily fox could not be killed or crippled, he must be kept busy where he was.

Starting from Memphis on the 1st of June, with a train of 250 wagons and ambulances, General Sturgis, by slow marches over roads made difficult by frequent rains, had, at dark on the 9th of June, concentrated his entire command at Stubbs's farm, on the Ripley and Fulton highway, nine miles north of Brice's cross-roads.

Forrest, surmising from the direction the Federal column had taken that its object would be the destruction of the Mobile and Ohio Railway from Corinth southward, had posted his troops in various detachments along this road from Rienzi to Baldwyn.

At 9 o'clock on this night he received information of Sturgis's encampment at Stubbs's place, and immediately ordered each detachment of his command to prepare three days' rations, to issue the full complement of ammunition, and to move at 4 o'clock in the morning, as rapidly as the condition of the roads would permit, in the direction of Brice's cross-roads. It had rained almost daily for a week, and on the afternoon and night of the 9th it came down in torrents until after midnight, but at daybreak on the morning of the 10th of June the clouds had vanished, and when the sun came up it ushered in one of those hot, humid, and depressing days characteristic of this season of the year in this section of the South.

It will thus be seen that, in order to reach the battle-field, Bell's brigade, which formed one-half of Forrest's command, would have to march from Rienzi, twenty-five miles; Rucker's brigade, and Morton's and Rice's twelve pieces, eighteen miles, from Booneville; and the brigades of Johnson and Lyon, from Baldwyn, six miles to Brice's—while the army of Sturgis concentrated at Stubbs's was within nine miles of the cross-roads.

By daylight the Confederates were in motion. Colonel E. W. Rucker narrates that General Forrest overtook him early in the morning, about 7 o'clock, and rode by his side. He told Rucker that he intended to attack the Federals at Brice's. "I know they greatly outnumber the troops I have at hand, but the road along which they will march is narrow and muddy; they will make slow progress. The country is densely wooded, and the undergrowth so heavy that when we strike them they will not know how few men we have. Their cavalry will move out ahead of the infantry, and should reach the cross-roads three hours in advance. We can whip their cavalry in that time. As soon as the fight opens they will send back to have the infantry hurried up. It is going to be as hot as hell, and coming on a run for five or six miles over such roads, their infantry will be so tired out we will ride right over them. I want everything to move up as fast as possible. I will go ahead with Lyon and the Escort and open the fight."*

At 5.30 the Union cavalry under Grierson mounted their horses and moved out in the direction of Brice's. With fateful leisure the infantry cooked their breakfast, and did not march until 7 o'clock. The advance-guard of Waring's brigade of Grierson's division encountered the

* Official Records.

* MSS. in possession of the writer.

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Confederate outposts at the Tishomingo Creek bridge, drove these away, reached Brice's cross-roads at 9.45, and pursued the flying Confederates, who, turning to the left at Brice's, ran in the direction of Baldwyn. Along this road Waring proceeded for a mile, until he came to the edge of the field through which it runs, and here he encountered the advance of Lyon's brigade, which, under Captain H. A. Tyler, had just arrived upon the opposite side of this clearing, about four hundred yards distant.

By 10 o'clock, when Lyon had thrown out his skirmishers, Forrest in person came up with his Escort, eighty-five strong, and with Gartrell's company of fifty men, and took command of Lyon's troops, which numbered 800 rifles.

Grierson, satisfied that the Confederates were in considerable strength, dismounted Waring's brigade (1450 strong), which he posted behind the fence in the edge of the dense timber, about equally divided on the north and south side of the road along which Forrest was advancing. Two rifle guns and two howitzers attached to this brigade were thrown into position on a slight elevation just behind his line, and one hundred picked men armed with revolving-rifles were sent forward and concealed in the fence corners of the lane, about one hundred yards in advance.

To the right of Waring was dismounted Grierson's other brigade, under Winslow (numbering 1750), and the extreme right of this portion of the Union line was slightly "refused," or drawn back, in the direction of Brice's house. It will be seen that at this (for General Forrest) critical moment General Grierson had on the field 3200 cavalry, with four pieces of artillery in position and six others in reserve, confronted, four hundred yards away, by 800 mounted troops of Lyon's brigade, with 135 men on Escort duty, and with no Confederate artillery within eight miles.

Forrest was naturally an offensive fighter. He rarely stood to receive an attack. If his troops were mounted and the enemy moved first upon him, he always advanced to meet their charge. In a memorable interview with a Federal officer he said he would "give more for fifteen minutes of bulge on the enemy than for a week of tactics." He believed that one man in motion was worth two standing to receive an attack.

When he realized how strong the enemy in his immediate front were, his chief anxiety was that they might charge in force and run over his small command. Rucker was still some two miles in the rear, and Johnson was yet behind him. He immediately had Lyon's troops dismounted and thrown into line, and their position behind the fence strengthened by brush and logs. To prevent Grierson from attacking, it was important to make a show of force, and, with characteristic effrontery, having alternate panels of the worm-fence thrown down, he ordered Lyon to make a demonstration by advancing from the edge of the woods into the open field. Lyon threw out a double line of skirmishers, and marched boldly toward the enemy's position.

That Forrest's advance was "pure bluff" should have been clear to Grierson, for Lyon's right just reached the Baldwyn road, while his left extended only a little beyond the junction of Waring's and Winslow's brigades. He was thus widely overlapped on either flank.

Major E. Hunn Hanson, of Waring's brigade, says of this movement, "The Confederate line advancing was shorter than our own, its left ending in front of the left and centre of Winslow's brigade."*

With artillery and small-arms the Union line opened upon the Confederates, who kept up their feigned attack for about half an hour, when they withdrew, without confusion, to the edge of the woods from which they had started, and there resumed their position behind the "lay-outs."

Major Hanson (above quoted) says, "The Confederates retired, with but little disorder, to the edge of the woods, and kept up a skirmish fire at long range for some time."

It was at this moment that Colonel E. W. Rucker, with his brigade of 700 mounted men, came on the scene. When within two miles of Lyon's position, hearing the cannonade, he put spurs to his horses and went rapidly forward with his hardy riders to the relief of his chieftain.

Forrest at once dismounted two of Rucker's regiments, the Seventh Tennessee and Chalmers's Eighteenth Mississippi Battalion, placing them in line to the left of Lyon's troops, opposing the centre of Winslow's brigade. The Eighth Mis-

* *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. IV.

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sissippi, under Duff, was kept mounted, and thrown well over to the left toward the Guntown road to protect that flank of the Confederates from being turned. All told, the Confederates now had on the field 1635 men, with Grierson's division, 3200 strong, in line of battle, opposing them.

Forrest again ordered his lines forward, with the same purpose for which the original attack was made, and after some sharp firing, although not at close range, the Confederates again retired. Chalmers's battalion, mistaking the object of the movement, had advanced too far to the front, and received an enfilading fire from the right of Winslow's line, which threw it into confusion, but it rallied on the main Confederate line.

As the troops came back a second time, Colonel W. A. Johnson arrived with 500 Alabamians, being that portion of his brigade whose horses had not given out in the forced march they had just made from northern Alabama. Two days before the battle General Forrest had sent Colonel D. C. Kelley to meet this body of troops, with an urgent note to Johnson to push forward with his best mounted men and reach Baldwyn by the night of the 9th or the morning of the 10th, as he expected to fight Sturgis at Brice's cross-roads at that time.*

These troops Forrest directed to dismount, take position on Lyon's right, and move forward to engage the attention of that portion of the Union line. After some desultory firing, lasting not longer than five minutes, Johnson also retired.

Major Hanson says of this incident, "Later about 300 of the Confederates advanced against Waring's extreme left, but were easily repulsed."†

It was now about 11 o'clock, and although Bell's brigade, which numbered more than the Confederate troops at the front, and the artillery under Morton were not within supporting distance, Forrest determined to close with Grierson in deadly earnest. He rode hurriedly along his entire line, with words of encouragement to his troops, telling them that he expected every man to move forward when the signal was given. It was not to be a feint, but desperate work and at close quarters. At the sound of the bugle the dismounted troopers sprang from the edge of the timber, leaped through the fence, and with a wild yell rushed into the open space toward the Union line. Such was their eagerness that the commands seemed to vie with each other as to which should first reach their antagonists. The men of Waring and Winslow seemed imbued with the same desperate purpose, for they stood their ground right manfully, their repeating-rifles crackling away in a deafening roar, first at a distance, and then, as the lines came clashing together, into the very faces of the Confederates.

It fell to the gallant Rucker to make the first impression upon the Union position. At the head of the Seventh Tennessee and Chalmers's battalion, he swept onward with such impetuosity that he carried his part of the line fully one hundred yards in advance of Lyon and Johnson.

Concentrating his fire on this part of the Southern line, Waring had hoped to check or break it here, and when under the fearful ordeal it wavered for a moment, he sprang forward with two of his regiments to drive it from the field. To make assurance sure, this vigilant officer brought up the 2d New Jersey and the 7th Indiana to fill the gap made by his counter-charge and to re-enforce his line. It was a brave and desperate venture, and worthy of the brave Waring. But Rucker's men were not to be denied. Stubborn of will, and apt pupil of his great commander, he had already won the confidence of his faithful soldiers. As the Union troops rushed forward, he shouted to his Southerners to draw their six-shooters and close with them hand to hand, and in one of the most fiercely contested short engagements of the war the Federals were finally forced to retire. The desperate character of this attack and the obstinate resistance with which it was met may be appreciated from an account by a participant, in J. P. Young's *History of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry:* "The Federals occupied a wood on the far side of the field, behind a rail fence, greatly strengthened with logs and brush piled up against it. It was very hot and sultry when the command was given, and as we approached, the fence seemed ablaze with crackling breech-loaders. The fire was so terrific that the regiment staggered for a moment, and some of the men fell flat upon

* MSS. of Colonel D. C. Kelley, in possession of the author.

† *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*



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the earth for protection. They again pushed forward, reached the fence, and began to pull the brush away in order to close with the Federals. So close was this struggle that guns once fired were not reloaded, but used as clubs, and pistols were brought into play, while the two lines struggled with the ferocity of wild beasts. Never did men fight more gallantly for their position than did the determined men of the North for this black-jack thicket on that hot June day. Sergeant John D. Huhn, of Company B, being a few feet in advance, came face to face with a Federal, presented his gun, and ordered the Union soldier to throw his weapon down. Several Federal soldiers rushed to the rescue of their comrade. With clubbed guns they broke Sergeant Huhn's arm and struck him over the head until he fell senseless. Privates Lauderdale and Maclin of the Seventh Tennessee ran to his aid, shot two of his stout-hearted assailants, and drove the others away with clubbed guns."

Of these attacks Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., says: "They were exceedingly fierce. The first assault was repulsed. The second one, after a hand-to-hand fight, was successful, and forced back my right, although the whole 2d New Jersey and the 7th Indiana were brought into action. After falling back a short distance I succeeded in forming a second line, which was held until the infantry came up to relieve my command, the men being much fatigued and out of ammunition."*

Of this incident Major E. Hunn Hanson, of the 4th Missouri (Waring's regiment), says: "The line of the enemy in view did not exceed 2500, and was somewhat shorter than our cavalry in position. They advanced, and were repulsed, and, with little disorder, fell back. Again marching upon the cavalry, when within fifty yards of Waring's line the centre of that command slowly gave way."†

Forrest had only 2080 men on the field at that moment; and as every regiment but one was fighting dismounted, deducting the troops left with the horses, he had actually engaged in this fierce and successful attack not more than 1700 troops. Employing his usual tactics, he had strengthened his centre, and while the enemy's flanks were kept at bay, he had broken through the Union line at this point. Just as this was accomplished, Johnson and Lyon, with equal courage, had closed in with the left of the Federal forces, while Duff's Mississippi regiment, mounted, on the extreme Confederate left, was vigorously engaged in holding the attention of the extreme right of Grierson's line. As Waring's centre gave way, the gallant W. A. Johnson and his Alabamians advanced so rapidly and eagerly that he had gained a point fully half-way between his original position and the road leading from Ripley to Brice's, along which the infantry column coming to re-enforce Grierson was now advancing.

Still pushing onward, Rucker, leading this brilliant assault mounted, was too fair a target to escape. Several bullets passed through his clothing; his horse, five times wounded, fell at last from a mortal shot. His rider received a bullet in the abdomen, which, though exceedingly painful, was fortunately not a fatal wound; nor did he yield his position at the head of his troops until the field was won.

The Union cavalry was now beaten at all points of the line, and by 12.30 Forrest had carried out the first part of his programme, viz., that he would have the Federal cavalry whipped by the time their infantry could get up.

At 10 o'clock in the morning, when Forrest had come on the field, he despatched Major Charles W. Anderson, of his staff, toward Booneville with the order, "Tell Bell to move up fast and fetch all he's got," and for Morton to bring the artillery on at a gallop. Nor had he forgotten the famous movement upon the flank and rear of his opponent, which he always employed, and which in all probability was one of the chief factors in his wonderful success. He directed General A. Buford (his division commander) to take Colonel C. R. Barteau's 2d Tennessee Regiment of Bell's brigade, when it should have arrived within five miles of the battle-field, and to proceed across the country through the woods and byways until it struck the road over which Sturgis would pass from Stubbs's to the cross-roads. Barteau says, "My instructions were to take my regiment, numbering then 250 men, across the country by out-of-the-way routes, to slip in upon the Federal flank

* Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., ¶ 1, p. 132.

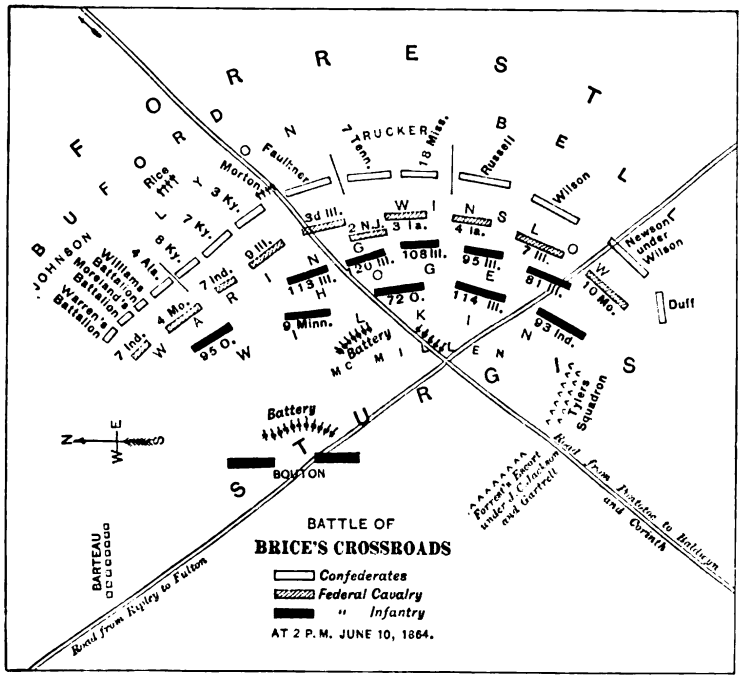
† *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

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and rear, and attack them in co-operation with Forrest's forces in front."*

How well Barteau did his work, and what commotion he caused in the Union lines, will appear in the course of the narrative.

When the Confederates were first encountered General Grierson had sent a courier to Sturgis, who was then some six miles back, for re-enforcements, and this request was repeated with greater urgency when Rucker and Johnson came on the field and joined hands with Lyon in their desperate onslaught. It was, however, not until 12 o'clock that the Union commander in person came upon the scene, and more than an hour later when the head of the infantry column began to appear. These had been urged forward as fast as the condition of the road and the extreme heat would permit.




Colonel Hoge, who led the advance brigade of infantry, says: "It was impossible to keep up the rapid gait. I received a peremptory order to move forward rapidly, as the enemy was gaining ground, and the only thing that would save us was the infantry. Three-quarters of a mile from the field I received an order from Colonel McMillen in person to move forward at double-quick, which was done."†

Coming upon the scene, Hoge's brigade —the 113th, 108th, 95th, and 81st Illinois Infantry, with Battery B of the 2d Illinois Artillery—were thrown into line, the battery being placed at Brice's house.

These re-enforcements had not all formed in line before the 1st Brigade, under Colonel A. Wilkin, also arrived. The 95th Ohio, 114th Illinois, 93d Indiana, and 72d Ohio Infantry were thrown into line at points most needed, while Mueller's section of the 6th Indiana battery, re-enforced by Chapman's full battery, were posted on an eminence in the rear of Brice's house. Battery E of the 1st Illinois Light Artillery and the 19th Minnesota Artillery were held in reserve at the cross-roads. Three thousand six hundred Union infantry, who as yet had not fired a shot, with three batteries of artillery additional, had come upon the scene, re-enforcing Grierson's division, which Forrest had already beaten, and this entire force was confronted by 2000 Confederates, which General Forrest had at hand. Behind this bulwark of infantry the Federal troopers, exhausted and beaten, took refuge, some quitting the field, as the records show, without orders.

Still back of these, and then in sight, was another infantry brigade, of colored troops, with artillery, under Colonel Bouton, held in reserve.

In crescentic line, and this in some portion of double formation, the Federal army now extended from well north of the Baldwyn road across to and some two hundred yards beyond or west of the road from Ripley to Guntown. At this propitious moment for the success of Forrest's

* MSS. of Colonel C. R. Barteau, in possession of the author.

† Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., ¶ 1, p. 119.

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battle, just as the Federal infantry were swinging into line, Morton came up with the artillery, and at his heels were General Buford and Tyree H. Bell, with the latter's full brigade of fresh troops, which, within the last six months, had been recruited within the Union lines in western Tennessee. The artillery consisted of Morton's and Rice's battery, which had travelled eighteen miles since daylight, over roads so muddy that for much of the distance it was with great difficulty the horses could drag the pieces along. For the last six miles it required the most vigorous urging with whip and spur to push them forward in a trot.

To the right of the road from Baldwyn, as Morton advanced in rear of Lyon's position, his batteries were brought into action and opened with telling effect. General Sturgis says of this particular period of the engagement: "Finding that our troops were being hard pressed, I ordered one section to open on the enemy's reserve. Their artillery soon replied, and with telling accuracy, every shell bursting over and in the immediate vicinity of our guns."*

With fatal precision, scarcely excelled by the sharp-shooter with his Whitworth globe-sighted rifle, Captain John W. Morton, the famous young artillerist, who had celebrated his twenty-first birthday on the bloody field of Chickamauga, with clear eye and steady heart was sending his shells with deadly purpose right to the spot.

Placing Buford in command of the right wing, where Johnson and Lyon were operating, Forrest, with Bell's troops, who had marched twenty-five miles since daylight to reach the battle-field, moved to the Confederate left and dismounted to the left of Rucker, extending his now strengthened line westward of the road leading from Brice's to Guntown.

Still further to the Confederate left, mounted, and guarding that wing, and ready to swoop around and upon the Union flank and rear, were two companies of Kentuckians, upon which, under their dashing leader, Captain H. A. Tyler, Forrest knew he could rely for most desperate work when the occasion offered. The other mounted companies, his famous Escort under Captain Jackson and Gartrell's Georgians, on headquarter duty with Forrest, were kept immediately with the general.

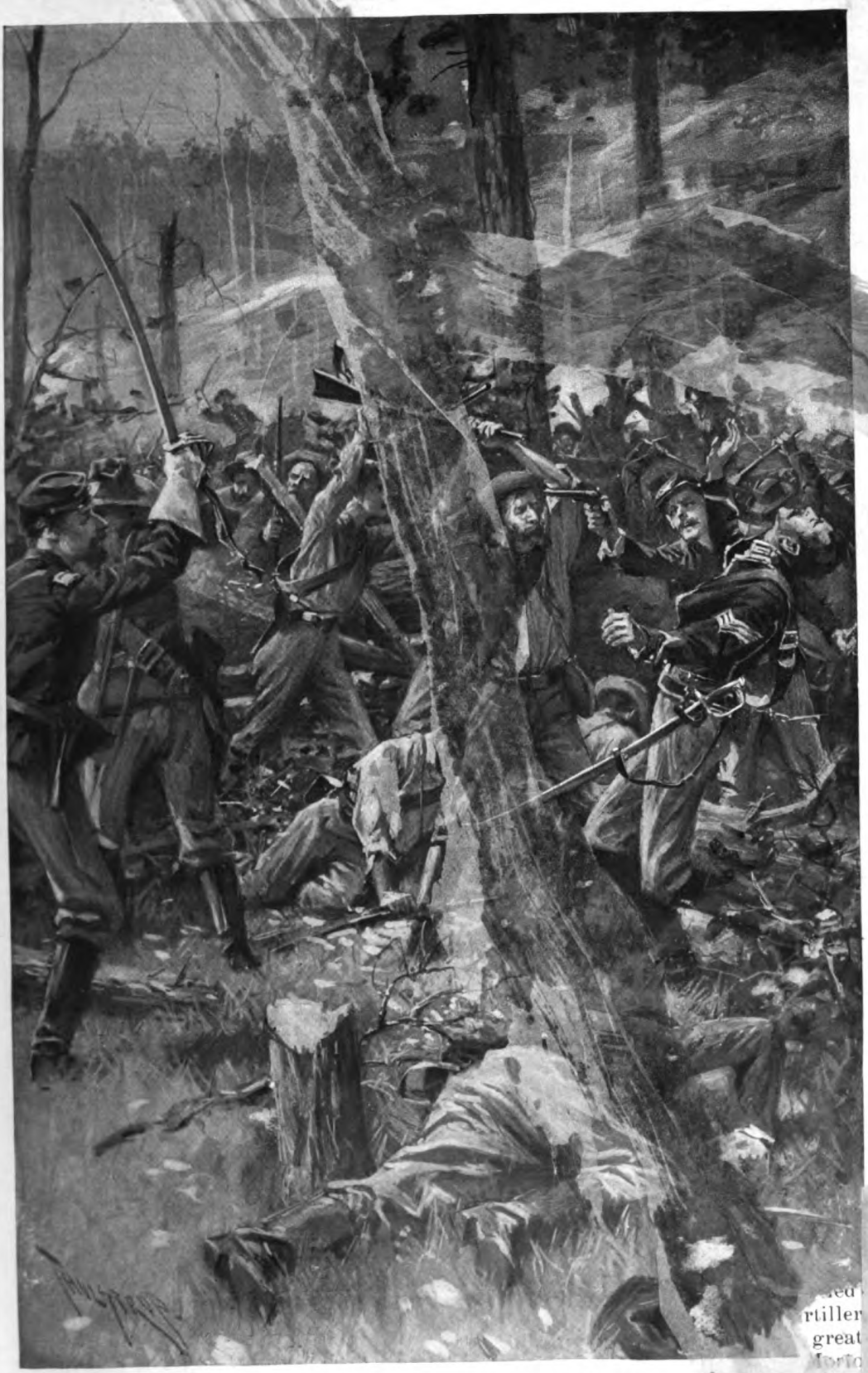
* Official Records, Vol. XXXIX., ¶ 1, p. 92.

The two opposing armies now faced each other for the supreme effort. Seven thousand seven hundred Federal soldiers with 22 pieces of artillery confronted Forrest, who, with an audacity born of supreme confidence in his men as well as in himself, moved forward to attack them. Almost of the Confederates fought dismounted, deducting those left with the horses in the rear, the Confederate commander could not have carried into action in this desperate encounter over 3500 troops, with 12 pieces of artillery—a proportion of less than one to two.

For some thirty minutes the sounds of war had ceased. A rifle here and there from some sharp-shooter or venturesome skirmisher spoke out in vicious challenge, but the wild fusillade and the crackle and roar of hundreds and thousands of guns no longer swept to and fro along the double rainbow of men in deadly earnest for the undoing of each other. It was the calm before the storm; the ominous silence which precedes the cloudburst and the angry onslaught of the winds. The atmosphere was heavy with humidity, the day depressing and intensely hot. Not a cloud was in the sky to shield friend or foe from the burning rays of the sun. Nothing but the thick foliage intervened, and this was motionless, for not a breath of air was stirring. Forrest, in apt phraseology more forcible than elegant, had measured the heat when he said to Rucker that morning, in his forecast of the fight and of the day, "It is going to be as hot as hell." The troops, and animals as well, in both contending armies, had suffered extremely, and a goodly number had fallen from exhaustion and sun-stroke.

On the Union side, Grierson's cavalry had been fighting steadily from ten to two, and fighting is terribly exhausting work. They had been roughly handled to boot, and had a right to be wearied and worried. On the Confederate side, Johnson's, Rucker's, and Lyon's men, who had "knocked out" Waring's and Winslow's brigades, were equally fatigued. Bell's famous brigade, which had just arrived, had travelled twenty-five miles to reach the battle-field, and for the last fourth of this journey its horses had been urged to the full limit of their endurance and speed. The Union infantry had also suffered much; in fact, more than any other troops upon the field. They had marched

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HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT BETWEEN THE BRIGADES OF GENERALS RUCKER AND [illegible]

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nine miles since 7 o'clock, and under urgent appeals from Grierson and Sturgis three miles had been made at a trot, and the next and final mile at a double-quick.

Forrest was fully alive to the conditions which, in spite of his numerical weakness, favored him. He had no thought of giving his enemy an opportunity to "catch their wind." He had informed Buford that everything was ready on the left, and that he must push his end of the line (the right), and engage as much as possible the attention of the enemy in that direction. He added that they were massing in front of him, and that their left would not offer as much resistance as he and Bell would encounter. Johnson, on the extreme right of the Confederate line, was urged to crowd in as closely as possible on the road leading from Ripley to Brice's.



BRIGADIER-GEN. H. B. LYON.

The two Federal brigades of infantry under Hoge and Wilkin had scarcely effected their alignment when over to their left the rifles of Johnson and Rucker told them the fight had reopened, and at this moment everything in the Confederate line of battle moved to the front. There was now no open country, except a few acres immediately about Brice's house. Through the thick and almost impenetrable undergrowth, just where Hoge had formed his sturdy Westerners in double array, both ranks lying prone upon the ground, for concealment as well as protection, there came, with guns trailing and bodies bent as close to the earth as possible, the rustling sound of a moving body of men among the foliage, as with difficulty they pushed their way forward. These were the Tennesseeans, as stanch and brave a set of men as ever served in war, under Tyree H. Bell,* the Blücher of this hard-fought field. When within only [illegible] paces of the Federal line, which as [illegible]der Cay could not see, the rifles of Hoge's [illegible]ans, [illegible]y burst forth, a withering flash [illegible]re [illegible]s.

* From MSS. of General Tyree H. Bell, in possession of the author.

and murderous roar, into the very faces of the Confederates. Under this fierce and sudden fire, which inflicted serious loss, a part of Bell's men gave way. Taking quick advantage of the momentary confusion he had caused, Hoge, with great gallantry, believing that the entire line of the enemy would yield if a general advance was made, ordered his whole force forward, directing his attack principally on the right of Bell and the left of Rucker's position.

Forrest, knowing the heavy fighting would be just at this point, had remained with the troops, and seeing the disaster which now threatened him, dismounted from his horse, called to his two Escort companies to dismount and hitch their horses to the bushes, and with these daring fighters gathered about him he rushed into the thickest of the fray, pistol in hand, to take his place in the front rank with his men. With equal dash and courage, Bell did the same; and with such examples, and under such leadership, the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. W. RUCKER.

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Tennesseeans quickly rallied, and being re-enforced by Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Wisdom, who, with 250 men of Newsom's regiment, had been held in reserve behind this portion of the line, they checked the retreat and advanced again upon the enemy. Arrested in front of Bell, the Federal infantry pushed on in gallant style against the thinner line of Rucker; but this sturdy fighter had no notion of yielding the position he had won after such a fierce struggle. He knew from the way the rifles were crackling on his left that Forrest was hard at work there and was holding his own. As the Federal infantry came on with bayonets fixed, Rucker shouted, "Kneel on the ground, men, draw your six-shooters, and don't run." Against this plucky wall the onrushing Federals struck hard, but rebounded. They could not break through it, and in fierce and bloody hand-to-hand combat the bayonet was no match for the repeating-pistol, and the Union troops gave way as the whole Confederate line rushed forward with irresistible force.

As the centre of Hoge's line crumbled away in this terrific onslaught, Johnson, with Lyon's prompt aid, had pushed back the extreme left of McMillen's line, until it was now doubled back upon the Ripley road. At this important juncture Forrest received a message from the ever-watchful Buford which was invaluable to him. From the open position occupied by this officer on the extreme right he had observed a sudden movement of the Union cavalry from near Brice's house to the rear, and could now distinguish musketry off to his right, in the direction of Tishomingo Creek. Barteau was there with the Second Tennessee. He had arrived in the nick of time, and had struck the rear and flank of Sturgis's column. The brilliant strategy of Forrest was now to prove its value in deciding the fate of the Union army.

Of this moment Colonel Barteau says:* "I succeeded in reaching the Federal rear just as the fighting seemed heaviest in front. I at once deployed my men in a long line, had my bugler ride up and down, sounding the charge at different points, and kept up as big a show as I could and a vigorous fire upon the Federals, until their complete rout was evident. I was in the flank and rear of their

* Diary of Colonel C. R. Barteau, in possession of the author.



COLONEL W. A. JOHNSON.

p[illegible]on when Waring's and Winslow's br[illegible]es came back."

[illegible] brilliant movement, executed with vigor [illegible]nd precision, had at this crisis of the battle not only thrown the reserve brigade of infantry and the train-guard into commotion, but had withdrawn from Forrest's immediate front practically all of Grierson's cavalry that could offer him effectual resistance.

Forrest's perception told him that the crisis of the day had come, and that now the battle must be lost or won. It was past 4 o'clock. How swift and unheeded is the flight of time when the storm of battle is raging! For more than two hours these desperate men of either army had been in murderous strife at close range, since Bell and Morton had arrived. With savage fierceness against heavy odds Forrest's men had fought, and it seemed that the extreme of endurance had been reached.

Riding along the rear of the line, encouraging his troops by telling them that the enemy were giving way, that their rear was attacked by Barteau, and that only one supreme effort was necessary to sweep them from the field, he hastened to the position of Morton with the artillery, upon whom at this moment he greatly depended. As he rode up to Morton, whose guns were then in action, the po-

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sition being one at close range to the enemy and of great exposure, the artillerist ventured to say to his general that it was too dangerous a place for him, and suggested that he should go to the rear a short distance, where it was safer. He noticed that Forrest was much exhausted, and was surprised that he yielded to the advice of his subordinate. Riding back some thirty or forty yards, he called Morton to him as he laid himself upon the ground at the root of a big tree. Here he said to the artillerist that he believed he had the enemy beaten, and that while they were still holding on with considerable stubbornness near the cross-roads, he felt convinced that one more vigorous charge along the whole line, in which the artillery should take an active part, would be successful. He said that he would order this charge within ten minutes, and directed him to take four guns, double-shotted with canister, and, as soon as the bugle sounded the charge, to hitch the horses to them, gallop forward as far as possible, and open upon them at close range. Forrest rode then further over to the right to give Buford his final instructions. General Buford said that when Forrest told him what part Morton was to play, he suggested that it would be dangerous to send the guns forward without any support; but Forrest replied, "Buford, all the Yankees in front of us cannot get to Morton's guns." After the battle and pursuit were over, two days later, when the artillerist was returning with his pets, Forrest rode up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Well, John, I think your guns won the battle for us." Flushing with pride at this great praise of the man he idolized, Morton said: "General, I am glad you think so much of our work, but you scared me pretty bad when you pushed me up so close to their infantry and left me without any protection. I was afraid they might take my guns." To this Forrest replied, as he rode away, "Well, artillery is made to be captured, and I wanted to see them take yours."

Hurrying back to Bell, he ordered Tyler with his two companies of Kentuckians, Captain Jackson of the Escort, and Captain Johnson with Gartrell's Georgians to charge around the Federal right flank when the firing became general along the line and to rush into their rear, and engage at pistol range any Federal troops between their right and the Tishomingo Creek bridge.

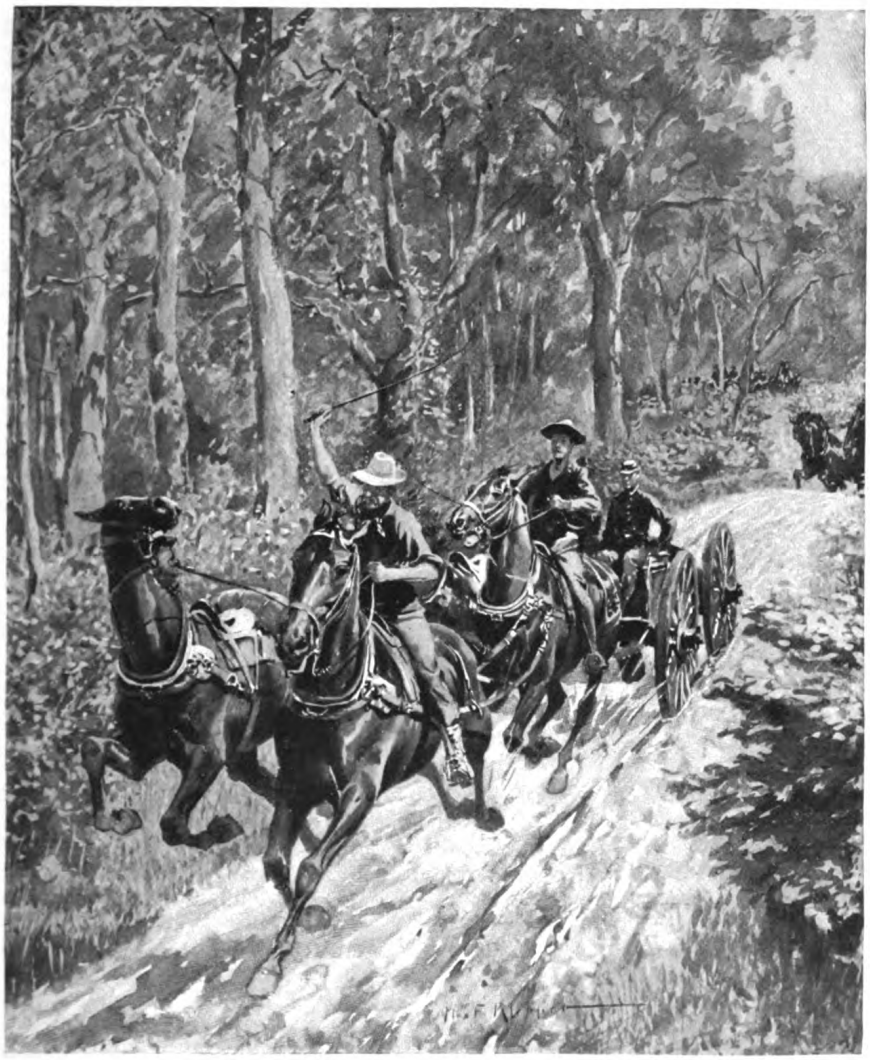
Forrest's famous tactics were now to be demonstrated, viz., the fierce onslaught from the front, with a charge upon both flanks and in the enemy's rear by a few well-chosen and desperate horsemen. As Gaus's bugle sounded the charge, Buford and Lyon and Johnson went forward with the right of the Confederate line, in face of the tremendous discharge of small-arms and artillery; and amid the wild yells of the successful Confederates the Federal line gave way, stubbornly for a little space, and then yielded in disorder. Morton, with his horses hitched to the guns, swept forward along the country road, so narrow that only four pieces could be employed, with such boldness that in all probability the Federal commander at this point felt he was heavily supported, and when within short range of the centre and right of the Union line he made his double-shotted guns tell on their ranks with frightful effect. Rucker's final charge on the centre and Bell's quick rush to the left carried away the last vestige of organization on the part of the Federals, and their line was at last irreparably broken.

Colonel McMillen, commanding the infantry, says: "As the enemy on our right were being driven back by the 9th Minnesota and 93d Indiana, I directed Captain Fitch to put one section of his artillery into position on the Guntown road and sweep it with grape and canister. Soon after, the left and left centre gave back in considerable confusion, the rebels [Johnson and Lyon] following them in force up to the road over which we had advanced, and from which they were kept by the 72d Ohio and Mueller's battery. I endeavored to rally the different regiments and get them to advance to their original position, but failed. I sent word to General Sturgis I was hard pressed, and unless relieved I would be obliged to abandon my position. I was informed that he had nothing to send me. I therefore determined to retire and form another line a short distance in the rear to keep the enemy from the cross-roads until the artillery could be moved."*

As the Federals retired, Lieutenants Haller and Mayson, under orders from Morton, pushed their guns still further by hand along the narrow roadway to

* Official Records, Vol. xxxix., ¶ 1, p. 105.

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"MORTON SWEPT FORWARD ALONG THE COUNTRY ROAD."

the front, firing as they advanced. Coincident with this, Buford, Lyon, and Rucker closed in from all directions upon the Union forces, now in confusion, crowding them to the cross-roads at Brice's house, where three pieces of artillery were captured and turned upon the fleeing enemy.

General Sturgis, referring to this period of the engagement, says: "I now endeavored to get hold of the colored brigade, which formed the guard of the wagon train. While traversing the short distance to where the head of that brigade should be found, the main line began to give way at various points. Order soon gave way to confusion, and confusion to panic. . . . The army drifted toward the rear, and was beyond control. The road became crowded and jammed with troops; wagons and artillery sank into the deep mud and became inextricable. No power could check the panic-stricken mass as it swept toward the rear."*

About one-quarter of a mile north of the cross-roads Colonel McMillen endeavored to stem the current of disaster by throwing the 55th Colored Infantry across the line of retreat. The 59th Col-

* Official Records, Vol. xxxix., ¶ 1, p. 93.

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ored Infantry and Lamberg's section of artillery were placed somewhat in rear of them, and for the same purpose, but the on-sweeping tide of the Confederates was running high, and could not be withstood. The brave General Buford, with boldness and ability, had pushed Johnson's Alabamians so far forward on the extreme Confederate right that they struck the flank of Bouton's Africans in the direction of Tishomingo Creek, and at the same moment upon the extreme left of the Confederate line the troopers of Forrest's Escort, under Jackson and Gartrell, with Tyler's two Kentucky companies, mounted, with daredevil recklessness swept around the right of the Federal line and rode squarely into the colored infantry with their six-shooters, just as Johnson's troops came in range and opened upon them from the other side. To add to their discomfiture, Morton and Rice, pushing their guns by hand, were crowding along the main road from Brice's to the bridge, and now, within gunshot range, thundered away, with their guns double-shotted with canister.

Nothing could surpass the desperate earnestness of these heroic men who stood to their work throughout this hot and depressing day. Suffering intensely with thirst, they drank the blackened powder-stained water from the sponge-buckets, which was being used to cleanse and cool the guns, rather than send one needed man away. Even some of the wounded refused to go to the rear.* McMillen's forlorn hope was demolished so quickly that he scarcely checked the onward rush of Forrest's men.

Rearward of this position, across the sluggish Tishomingo Creek, there was a narrow wooden bridge, which had become hopelessly blocked by the overturning of a wagon and the impaction behind this of several other vehicles.

On to this bridge, clambering over the wreckage of wagons and the fallen horses struggling to free themselves, mad with fright, the fugitives rushed pell-mell, the soldiers pushing each other off on either side into the stream in their wild efforts to escape. Others, seeing the hopelessness of attempting to cross the bridge, threw themselves into the water, and waded or swam across, while many were drowned, or shot as they were floundering in the water. The Union loss was fearful. Reaching the creek, the Confederates cleared the bridge by pushing the wagons and dead or wounded animals into the stream.

Meanwhile a detachment of Forrest's Escort, under Lieutenant George L. Cowan, had effected a crossing about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, and sweeping around upon the flank of the enemy, charged boldly in among the panic-stricken crowd of fugitives, and cut off and captured a large number of prisoners and some wagons. So far was Cowan within the Federal lines that he came in range of Morton's relentless guns, and it was only when the battle-flag of the Escort was waved that he was recognized, and the firing in that direction ceased.



BRIGADIER GENERAL TYREE H. BELL.

The sun was now just above the western horizon, but Forrest had no idea of calling off the chase. The men who had been detailed as horse-holders, and were therefore comparatively fresh, were hurried to the front, and under the personal leadership of Forrest and Buford they went forward upon the heels of the beaten army. Two miles from the battle-field McMillen succeeded in rallying a portion

* James Moran, a mere lad, who was badly wounded, when told by Captain Morton to go to the hospital, replied: "Captain, I don't want to go. I can stand it until we run 'em away."

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CAPTAIN J. W. MORTON.



GENERAL A. BUFORD.

of the first and second brigades, under the command of brave Colonel A. Wilkin, who, later on, fell on the bloody field of Harrisburg. This line, however, could not stand longer than to permit Bouton to pass through with his Africans, for Morton came upon the scene with two of his pieces, and after a single round the Federals vanished. From this point on resistance practically ceased.

Major E. H. Hanson, a Union officer who took part in this engagement, reports: "All through the night the beaten men kept on their way, reaching Ripley, twenty-two miles from the battlefield, on the morning of June 11. During the retreat the enemy captured 14 pieces of artillery, our entire wagon train of 250 wagons, loaded with ammunition and ten days' rations. At Ripley an attempt was made to reorganize our troops into companies and regiments, but the enemy appeared on two sides before this could be accomplished, and we were only able to check them until the retreat could be resumed. It continued in this way to Collierville, Tennessee. The bitter humiliation of this disaster rankles after a quarter of a century. Our loss was 2240 men. The enemy may have numbered 3500 or 4000, but it must be reluctantly confessed that not more than this number is believed to have been in action. If there was during the war another engagement like this, it is unknown to the writer; and in its immediate results there was no success, among the many won by Forrest, comparable to that of Guntown."*

Forrest's men who had done the fighting on foot were allowed to rest until 1 o'clock, while the horse-holders kept hammering away at the fleeing enemy, to give them no respite. At 3 A.M. Buford in force came upon their rear in the Hatchie bottoms, and here the balance of the wagon train and 14 additional pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the gallant Kentuckian. Four miles from Ripley, Grierson had rallied a forlorn hope, but, with the Escort and the Seventh Tennessee alone, Forrest, leading the charge in person, attacked them, and after a feeble resistance scattered them "like chaff before the winds."

All through the day and until nightfall of the 11th the pursuit was continued, and only closed when, near Salem, in sight of the home of his youth, Forrest, completely exhausted, was seized with a fainting spell, fell from his horse, and

* *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

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RETREAT OVER TISHOMINGO CREEK BRIDGE.

remained unconscious for nearly an hour, to the great alarm of his devoted followers.

The battle at Brice's cross-roads demonstrated the truth of the adage that "the battle is not to the strong." The Federals were not defeated for lack of courage, as the fighting qualities of these men, when properly handled, was in a succeeding engagement fully shown.

From 10 until 4, beneath the fierce heat of a Southern sun, the men of Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee had struggled in desperate and often hand-to-hand conflict with the sturdy soldiers of Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and New Jersey; and while there can be no doubt that great credit was due to the splendid fighting qualities of the men under Forrest, and to his officers, as determined and courageous as himself, nothing on that day and against such odds could have saved his army from defeat and destruction but the marvellous genius of the "unlettered soldier."

He had fought on the field a body of veteran troops which doubly outnumbered him, and withal advantageously posted, as he had been the assailant from the beginning. To reach the battle-field the Federal troops had only nine miles to march; the greater portion of Forrest's command had marched twenty-five miles, and his artillery had made eighteen miles before they came into action. The vigorous and tireless pursuit was as wonderful as the victory on the field. It seems almost incredible that men could have endured what this little army of Forrest endured on those two days of June.

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The artillery of Morton and Rice had started from Booneville at 5 A.M. on the 10th, had marched eighteen miles, and then for five hours had been engaged without intermission in this desperate conflict; had followed the enemy from the field until well into the night, and after seven hours of rest pushed onward, keeping up with and at times even in front of the advance-guard of Forrest's cavalry; had reached Salem on the night of the 11th, making sixty miles in thirty-eight hours, besides fighting for five hours of this time — a record possibly without a parallel in artillery fighting. So energetic had been Morton's pursuit that fifteen horses fell dead in harness from exhaustion.

Bell's brigade at 4 A.M. on the 10th had left Rienzi, marched twenty-five miles to the battle-field, fought from 2 until 5, pursued the enemy from the field, and at 8 P.M. on the night of the 11th camped at Davis's Mill, north of Salem, having made nearly eighty miles in forty hours.

No wonder the army of Sturgis had melted away in a wild stampede, until it was every one for himself. Few escaped, excepting those who had horses, or who cut them loose from the wagons and the artillery. The infantry suffered most heavily in killed and captured, while the colored troops, believing that no quarter would be shown them, scattered in all directions, taking to the woods and bottoms for safety.

In his enterprising book entitled *Whip and Spur*, the late Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., gives a vivid description of this flight of the Union army; and records an incident replete with humor. He says:

> The demoralizing roar of our own guns, and the howling over our heads of our own shells, together with the sharp rattle of musketry in our rear, hastened and saddened the ignominious flight of the head of our column. The ambulances with our groaning, wounded men came pouring into the village [Ripley], and, to our surprise, those women who had so recently given only evidence of a horrified hatred, pressed round to offer every aid that lay in their power, and to comfort our suffering men as only kind-hearted women can. We marched without rest, and without sleep, and without food. The cavalrymen were mainly dismounted, and driving their tired jades before them.
>
> During our last night's march, my brigade having the advance, and I being at its rear, Grierson ordered me to prevent the pushing ahead of the stragglers of the other brigades, who were to be recognized by their wearing hats (mine wore caps). Grierson's adjutant was at my side; we were all sleeping more or less of the time, but constantly some hatted straggler was detected pushing toward the front, and ordered back. Finally, close to my right, and pushing slowly to the front in a long-strided walk, came a gray horse with a hatted rider, an India-rubber poncho covering his uniform. I ordered him back; the adjutant, eager for enforcement of the order, remonstrated at the man's disobedience; I ordered again, but without result; the adjutant ejaculated, "Damn him, cut him down!" I drew my sabre, and laid its flat in one long stinging welt across that black poncho. "Who are you hitting?" Then we both remembered that Grierson too wore a hat; and I tender him here my public acknowledgment of a good-nature so great that an evening reunion in Memphis over a dozen of wine won his generous silence.

On the morning of the 11th, at Ripley, General Sturgis writes, "Nothing was left but to keep in motion." On the 12th he was at Collierville, after a run of forty-eight hours, with scarcely a halt; and on the 13th, at 9 A.M., a fragment of his fleeing command was at White's Station. It had taken him nine days to march his command from this point to Brice's cross-roads. The return trip was made in sixty-four hours.

General Washburn says: "The expedition left the railroad terminus on June 1st, and reached Brice's cross-roads on June 10th. The force that escaped returned to this point in one day and two nights."

The Confederates lost heavily in killed and wounded. The report of the chief surgeon, Dr. J. B. Cowan, gives 493 killed and wounded. In Rucker's brigade the loss was 23 per cent., and in Lyon's command over 20 per cent. were killed or wounded.

General Sturgis in his official report, made on the 24th of June, gave his loss of killed, wounded, and missing as 2240. The detailed reports of his brigade and regimental commanders show his loss to have been 2612.

General Forrest captured 250 wagons and ambulances, 18 pieces of artillery, 5000 stands of small-arms, and 500,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition, and all the enemy's baggage and supplies.



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## STORM AND CALM.

BY HELEN HAY.

THE fury of the tempest! The world torn,
  Tortured upon its passion. All the deep
  Trembling beneath it, from the haggard steep
To the sweet valley and the brooding corn;
With foaming lips and shrieks of maddened scorn
  Lashing to life the Earth's insensate sleep
  Till, caught in one last, mad, gigantic leap,
Expiring on the heights where it was born.

And then a hush. The dripping, tender rain
  Falls in warm tears. The lightning could not wake
    The grief that silence in her heart has furled.
Soft sighs the wind—the sea is gray with pain—
  The fulness of a heart too tense to break,
    And deep unuttered sadness in the world.

# THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART III.

XV.

IT was this afternoon that the dance took place on the south promenade. Everybody came and looked, and the circle around the waltzers was three or four deep. Between the surrounding heads and shoulders, the hats of the young ladies wheeling and whirling, and the faces of the men who were wheeling and whirling them, rose and sank with the rhythm of their steps. The space allotted to the dancing was walled to seaward with canvas, and was prettily treated with German and American flags: it was hard to go wrong with flags, Miss Triscoe said, securing herself under Mrs. March's wing.

Where they stood they could see Burnamy's face, flashing and flushing in the dance; at the end of the first piece he came to them, and remained talking and laughing till the music began again.

"Don't you want to try it?" he asked abruptly of Miss Triscoe.

"Isn't it rather — public?" she asked back.

Mrs. March could feel the hand which the girl had put through her arm thrill with temptation; but Burnamy could not.

"Perhaps it *is* rather obvious," he said, and he made a long glide over the deck to the feet of the pivotal girl, anticipating another young man who was rapidly advancing from the opposite quarter. The next moment her hat and his face showed themselves in the necessary proximity to each other within the circle.

"How well she dances!" said Miss Triscoe.

"Do you think so? She looks as if she had been wound up and set going."

"She's very graceful," the girl persisted.

The day ended with an entertainment in the saloon for one of the marine charities which address themselves to the hearts and pockets of passengers on all steamers. There were recitations in English and German, and songs from several people who had kindly consented, and ever more piano performance. Most of those who took part were of the race gifted in art and finance; its children excelled in the music, and its fathers counted the gate-money during the last half of the programme, with an audible clinking of the silver on the table before them.

Miss Triscoe was with her father, and Mrs. March was herself chaperoned by Mr. Burnamy: her husband had refused to come to the entertainment. She hoped

* Begun in January number, 1899.

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to leave Burnamy and Miss Triscoe together before the evening ended; but Miss Triscoe merely stopped with her father, in quitting the saloon, to laugh at some features of the entertainment, as people who take no part in such things do; Burnamy stood up to exchange some unimpassioned words with her, and then they said good-night.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the *Norumbia* came to anchor in the pretty harbor of Plymouth. In the cool early light the town lay distinct along the shore, quaint with its small English houses, and stately with some public edifices of unknown function on the uplands; a country-seat of aristocratic aspect showed itself on one of the heights; on another the tower of a country church peered over the tree-tops; there were lines of fortifications, as peaceful, at their distance, as the stone walls dividing the green fields. The very iron-clads in the harbor close at hand contributed to the amiable gayety of the scene under the pale blue English sky, already broken with clouds from which the flush of the sunrise had not quite faded. The breath of the land came freshly out over the water; one could almost smell the grass and the leaves. Gulls wheeled and darted over the crisp water; the tones of the English voices on the tender were pleasant to the ear, as it fussed and scuffled to the ship's side. A few score of the passengers left her; with their baggage they formed picturesque groups on the tender's deck, and they set out for the shore waving their hands and their handkerchiefs to the friends they left clustered along the rail of the *Norumbia*. Mr. and Mrs. Leffers bade March farewell, in the final fondness inspired by his having coffee with them before they left the ship; they said they hated to leave.

The stop had roused everybody, and the breakfast tables were promptly filled, except such as the passengers landing at Plymouth had vacated; these were stripped of their cloths, and the remaining commensals placed at others. The seats of the Lefferses were given to March's old Ohio friend and his wife. He tried to engage them in the talk which began to be general in the excitement of having touched land; but they shyly held aloof.

Some English newspapers had come aboard from the tug, and there was the usual good-natured adjustment of the American self-satisfaction, among those who had seen them, to the ever-surprising fact that our continent is apparently of no interest to Europe. There were some meagre New York stock-market quotations in the papers; a paragraph in fine print announced the lynching of a negro in Alabama; another recorded a coal-mining strike in Pennsylvania.

"I always have to get used to it over again," said Kenby. "This is the twentieth time I have been across, and I'm just as much astonished as I was the first, to find out that they don't want to know anything about us here."

"Oh," said March, "curiosity and the weather both come from the west. San Francisco wants to know about Denver, Denver about Chicago, Chicago about New York, and New York about London; but curiosity never travels the other way any more than a hot wave or a cold wave."

"Ah, but London doesn't care a rap about Vienna," said Kenby.

"Well, some pressures give out before they reach the coast, on our own side. It isn't an infallible analogy."

Triscoe was fiercely chewing a morsel, as if in haste to take part in the discussion. He gulped it, and broke out. "Why should they care about us, anyway?"

March lightly ventured, "Oh, men and brothers, you know."

"That isn't sufficient ground. The Chinese are men and brothers; so are the South-Americans and Central-Africans, and Hawaiians; but we're not impatient for the latest news about them. It's civilization that interests civilization."

"I hope that fact doesn't leave us out in the cold with the barbarians?" Burnamy put in, with a smile.

"Do you think we are civilized?" retorted the other.

"We have that superstition in Chicago," said Burnamy. He added, still smiling, "About the New-Yorkers, I mean."

"You're more superstitious in Chicago than I supposed. New York is an anarchy, tempered by vigilance committees."

"Oh, I don't think you can say that," Kenby cheerfully protested, "since the Reformers came in. Look at our streets!"

"Yes, our streets are clean, for the time being, and when we look at them we think we have made a clean sweep in our manners and morals. But how long do

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you think it will be before Tammany will be in the saddle again?"

"Oh, never in the world!" said the optimistic head of the table.

"I wish I had your faith; or I should if I didn't feel that it is one of the things that help to establish Tammanys with us. You will see *our* Tammany in power after the next election." Kenby laughed in a large-hearted incredulity; and his laugh was like fuel to the other's flame. "New York is politically a mediæval Italian republic, and it's morally a frontier mining-town. Socially it's—" He stopped as if he could not say what.

"I think it's a place where you have a very nice time, papa," said his daughter, and Burnamy smiled with her; not because he knew anything about it.

Her father went on as if he had not heard her. "It's as vulgar and crude as money can make it. Nothing counts but money, and as soon as there's enough, it counts for everything. In less than a year you'll have Tammany in power; it won't be more than a year till you'll have it in society."

"Oh no! Oh no!" came from Kenby. He did not care much for society, but he vaguely respected it as the stronghold of the proprieties and the amenities.

"Isn't society a good place for Tammany to be in?" asked March in the pause Triscoe let follow upon Kenby's laugh.

"There's no reason why it shouldn't be. Society is as bad as all the rest of it. And what New York is, politically, morally, and socially, the whole country wishes to be and tries to be."

There was that measure of truth in the words which silences; no one could find just the terms of refutation.

"Well," said Kenby at last, "it's a good thing there are so many lines to Europe. We've still got the right to emigrate."

"Yes, but even there we don't escape the abuse of our infamous newspapers for exercising a man's right to live where he chooses. And there is no country in Europe—except Turkey, or Spain—that isn't a better home for an honest man than the United States."

The Ohioan had once before cleared his throat as if he were going to speak. Now, he leaned far enough forward to catch Triscoe's eye, and said, slowly and distinctly: "I don't know just what reason you have to feel as you do about the country. I feel differently about it myself—perhaps because I fought for it."

At first, the others were glad of this arrogance; it even seemed an answer; but Burnamy saw Miss Triscoe's cheek flush, and then he doubted its validity.

Triscoe nervously crushed a biscuit in his hand, as if to expend a violent impulse upon it. He said, coldly, "I was speaking from that stand-point."

The Ohioan shrank back in his seat, and March felt sorry for him, though he had put himself in the wrong. His old hand trembled beside his plate, and his head shook, while his lips formed silent words; and his shy wife was sharing his pain and shame.

Kenby began to talk about the stop which the *Norumbia* was to make at Cherbourg, and about what hour the next day they should all be in Cuxhaven. Miss Triscoe said they had never come on the Hanseatic Line before, and asked several questions. Her father did not speak again, and after a little while he rose without waiting for her to make the move from table; he had punctiliously deferred to her hitherto. Eltwin rose at the same time, and March feared that he might be going to provoke another defeat, in some way.

Eltwin lifted his voice, and said, trying to catch Triscoe's eye, "I think I ought to beg your pardon, sir. I *do* beg your pardon."

March perceived that Eltwin wished to make the offer of his reparation as distinct as his aggression had been; and now he quaked for Triscoe, whose daughter he saw glance apprehensively at her father as she swayed aside to let the two men come together.

"That is all right, Colonel—"

"Major," Eltwin conscientiously interposed.

"Major," Triscoe bowed; and he put out his hand and grasped the hand which had been tremulously rising toward him. "There can't be any doubt of what we did, no matter what we've got."

"No, no!" said the other, eagerly. "That was what I meant, sir. I don't think as you do; but I believe that a man who helped to save the country has a right to think what he pleases about it."

Triscoe said, "That is all right, my dear sir. May I ask your regiment?"

The Marches let the old fellows walk away together, followed by the wife of

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the one and the daughter of the other. They saw the young girl making some graceful overtures of speech to the elder woman as they went.

"That was rather fine, my dear," said Mrs. March.

"Well, I don't know. It was a little too dramatic, wasn't it? It wasn't what I should have expected of real life."

"Oh, you spoil everything! If *that's* the spirit you're going through Europe in!"

"It isn't. As soon as I touch European soil I shall reform."

XVI.

That was not the first time General Triscoe had silenced question of his opinions with the argument he had used upon Eltwin, though he was seldom able to use it so aptly. He always found that people suffered his belief in our national degeneration much more readily when they knew that he had left a diplomatic position in Europe (he had gone abroad as secretary of a minor legation) to come home and fight for the Union. Some millions of other men had gone into the war from the varied motives which impelled men at that time; but he was aware that he had distinction, as a man of property and a man of family, in doing so. His family had improved as time passed, and it was now so old that back of his grandfather it was lost in antiquity. This ancestor had retired from the sea and became a merchant in his native Rhode Island port, where his son established himself as a physician, and married the daughter of a former slave-trader whose social position was the highest in the place; Triscoe liked to mention his maternal grandfather when he wished a listener to realize just how anomalous his part in a war against slavery was; it heightened the effect of his pose.

He fought gallantly through the war, and he was brevetted Brigadier-General at the close. With this honor, and with the wound which caused an almost imperceptible limp in his gait, he won the heart of a rich New York girl, and her father set him up in a business, which was not long in going to pieces in his hands. Then the young couple went to live in Paris, where their daughter was born, and where the mother died when the child was ten years old. A little later his father-in-law died, and Triscoe returned to New York, where he found the fortune which his daughter had inherited was much less than he somehow thought he had a right to expect.

The income from her fortune was enough to live on, and he did not go back to Paris, where, in fact, things were not so much to his mind under the Republic as they had been under the Second Empire. He was still willing to do something for his country, however, and he allowed his name to be used on a citizen's ticket in his district; but his provision-man was sent to Congress instead. Then he retired to Rhode Island and attempted to convert his shore property into a watering-place; but after being attractively plotted and laid out with streets and sidewalks, it allured no one to build on it except the birds and the chipmonks, and he came back to New York, where his daughter had remained in school.

One of her maternal aunts made her a coming-out tea, after she left school; and she entered upon a series of dinners, dances, theatre parties, and receptions of all kinds; but the tide of fairy gold pouring through her fingers left no engagement-ring on them. She had no duties, but she seldom got out of humor with her pleasures; she had some odd tastes of her own, and in a society where none but the most serious books were ever seriously mentioned she was rather fond of good ones, and had romantic ideas of a life that she vaguely called bohemian. Her character was never tested by anything more trying than the fear that her father might take her abroad to live; he had taken her abroad several times for the summer.

The dreaded trial did not approach for several years after she had ceased to be a bud; and then it came when her father was again willing to serve his country in diplomacy, either at the Hague, or at Brussels, or even at Berne. Reasons of political geography prevented his appointment anywhere, but General Triscoe having arranged his affairs for going abroad on the mission he had expected, decided to go without it. He was really very fit for both of the offices he had sought, and so far as a man can deserve public place by public service, he had deserved it. His pessimism was uncommonly well grounded, and if it did not go very deep, it might well have reached the bottom of his nature.



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His daughter had begun to divine him at the early age when parents suppose themselves still to be mysteries to their children. She did not think it necessary ever to explain him to others; perhaps she would not have found it possible; and now after she parted with Mrs. Eltwin and went to sit down beside Mrs. March she did not refer to her father. She said how sweet she had found the old lady from Ohio; and what sort of place did Mrs. March suppose it was where Mrs. Eltwin lived? They seemed to have everything there, like any place. She had wanted to ask Mrs. Eltwin if they sat on their steps; but she had not quite dared.

Burnamy came by, slowly, and at Mrs. March's suggestion he took one of the chairs on her other side, to help her and Miss Triscoe look at the Channel Islands and watch the approach of the steamer to Cherbourg, where the *Norumbia* was to land again. The young people talked across Mrs. March to each other, and said how charming the islands were, in their gray-green insubstantiality, with valleys furrowing them far inward, like airy clefts in low banks of clouds. It seemed all the nicer not to know just which was which; but when the ship drew nearer to Cherbourg, he suggested that they could see better by going round to the other side of the ship. Miss Triscoe, as at the other times when she had gone off with Burnamy, marked her allegiance to Mrs. March by leaving a wrap with her.

Every one was restless in breaking with the old life at sea. There had been an equal unrest when the ship first sailed; people had first come aboard in the demoralization of severing their ties with home, and they shrank from forming others. Then the charm of the idle, eventless life grew upon them, and united them in a fond reluctance from the inevitable end. Now that the beginning of the end had come, the pangs of disintegration were felt in all the once-more-repellent particles. Burnamy and Miss Triscoe, as they hung upon the rail, owned to each other that they hated to have the voyage over. They had liked leaving Plymouth and being at sea again; they wished that they need not be reminded of another debarkation by the energy of the crane in hoisting the Cherbourg baggage from the hold.

They approved of the picturesqueness of three French vessels of war that passed, dragging their kraken shapes low through the level water. At Cherbourg an emotional French tender came out to the ship, very different in her clamorous voices and excited figures from the steady self-control of the English tender at Plymouth; and they thought the French fortifications much more on show than the English had been. Nothing marked their youthful date so much to the Marches, who presently joined them, as their failure to realize that in this peaceful sea the great battle between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* was fought. The elder couple tried to affect their imaginations with the fact which reanimated the spectre of a dreadful war for themselves; but they had to pass on and leave the young people unmoved.

Mrs. March wondered if they noticed the debarkation of the pivotal girl, whom she saw standing on the deck of the tender, with her hands at her waist, and giving now this side and now that side of her face to the young men waving their hats to her from the rail of the ship. Burnamy was not of their number, and he seemed not to know that the girl was leaving him finally to Miss Triscoe. If Miss Triscoe knew it she did nothing the whole of that long, last afternoon to profit by the fact. Burnamy spent a great part of it in the chair beside Mrs. March, and he showed an intolerable resignation to the girl's absence.

"Yes," said March, taking the place Burnamy left at last, "that terrible patience of youth!"

"Patience? Folly! Stupidity! They ought to be together every instant! Do they suppose that life is *full* of such chances? Do they think that fate has nothing to do but—"

She stopped for a fit climax, and he suggested, "Hang round and wait on them?"

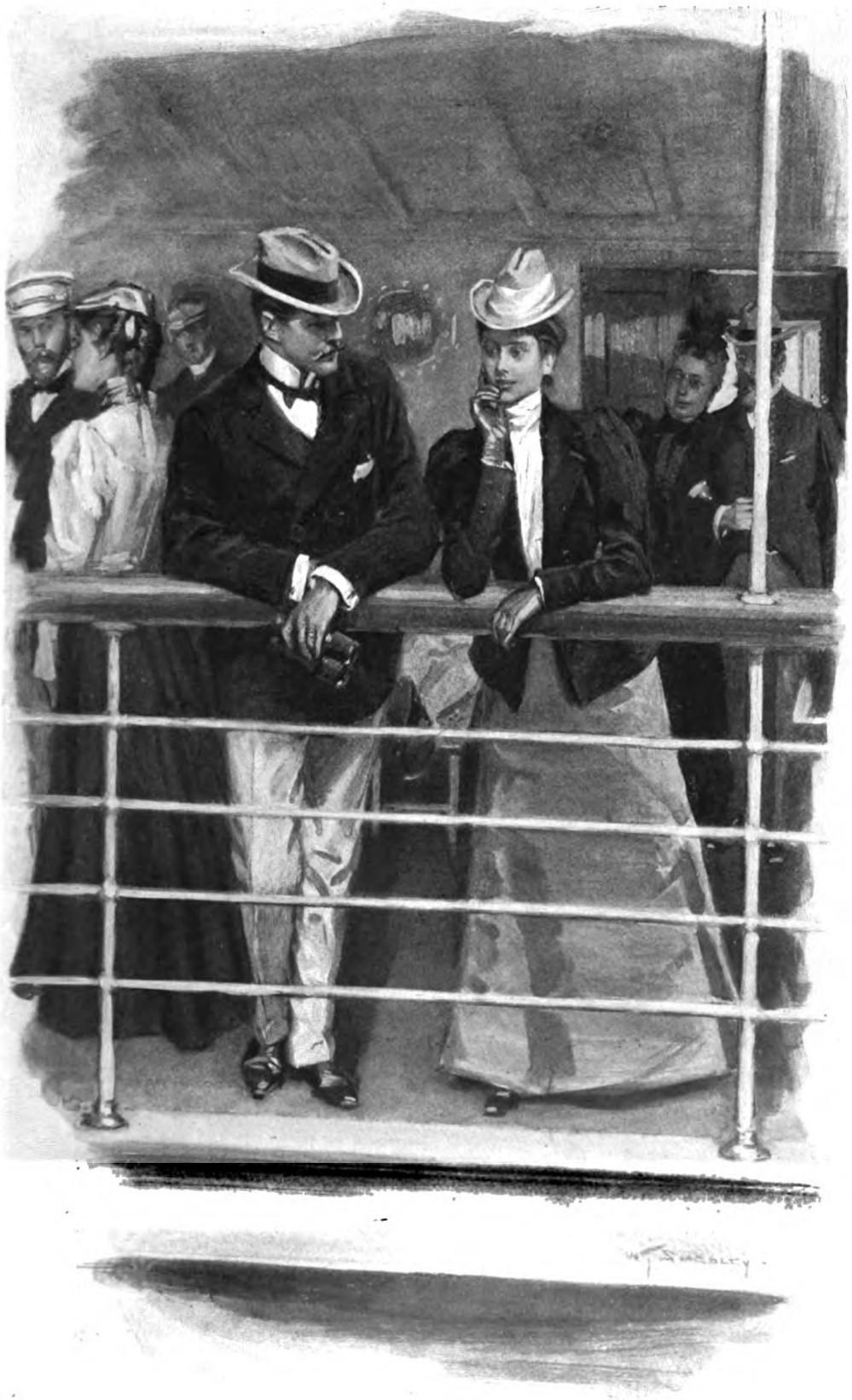
"Yes! It's their one chance in a lifetime, probably."

"Then you've quite decided that they're in love?" He sank comfortably back, and put up his weary legs on the chair's extension with the conviction that love had no such joy as that to offer.

"I've decided that they're intensely interested in each other."

"Then what more can we ask of them? And why do you care what they do or

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"THEY OWNED TO EACH OTHER THAT THEY HATED TO HAVE THE VOYAGE OVER."

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don't do with their chance? Why do you wish their love well, if it's that? Is marriage such a very certain good?"

"It isn't all that it might be, but it's all that there is. What would our lives have been without it?" she retorted.

"Oh, we should have got on. It's such a tremendous risk that we ought to go round begging people to think twice, to count a hundred, or a nonillion, before they fall in love to the marrying-point. I don't mind their flirting; that amuses them; but marrying is a different thing. I doubt if Papa Triscoe would take kindly to the notion of a son-in-law he hadn't selected himself, and his daughter doesn't strike me as a young lady who has any wisdom to throw away on a choice. She has her little charm; her little gift of beauty, of grace, of spirit, and the other things that go with her age and sex; but what could she do for a fellow like Burnamy, who has his way to make, who has the ladder of fame to climb, with an old mother at the bottom of it to look after? You wouldn't want him to have an eye on Miss Triscoe's money, even if she had money, and I doubt if she has much. It's all very pretty to have a girl like her fascinated with a youth of his simple traditions; though Burnamy isn't altogether pastoral in his ideals, and he looks forward to a place in the very world she belongs to. I don't think it's for us to promote the affair."

"Well, perhaps you're right," she sighed. "I will let them alone from this out. Thank goodness, I shall not have them under my eyes very long."

"Oh, I don't think there's any harm done *yet*," said her husband, with a laugh.

At dinner there seemed so little harm of the kind he meant that she suffered from an illogical disappointment. The young people got through the meal with no talk that seemed inductive; Burnamy left the table first, and Miss Triscoe bore his going without apparent discouragement; she kept on chatting with March till his wife took him away to their chairs on deck.

There were a few more ships in sight than there were in mid-ocean; but the late twilight thickened over the North Sea quite like the night after they left New York, except that it was colder; and their hearts turned to their children, who had been in abeyance for the week past, with a remorseful pang. "Well," she said, "I wish we were going to be in New York to-morrow, instead of Hamburg."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" he protested. "Not so bad as that, my dear. This is the last night, and it's hard to manage, as the last night always is. I suppose the last night on earth—"

"Basil!" she implored.

"Well, I won't, then. But what I want is to see a Dutch lugger. I've never seen a Dutch lugger, and—"

She suddenly pressed his arm, and in obedience to the signal he was silent; though it seemed afterwards that he ought to have gone on talking as if he did not see Burnamy and Miss Triscoe swinging slowly by. They were walking close together, and she was leaning forward and looking up into his face while he talked.

"*Now*," Mrs. March whispered, long after they were out of hearing, "let us go instantly. I wouldn't for worlds have them see us here when they get round again. They would feel that they had to stop and speak, and that would spoil everything. Come!"

## XVII.

Burnamy paused in a flow of autobiography, and modestly waited for Miss Triscoe's prompting. He had not to wait long.

"And then, how soon did you think of printing your things in a book?"

"Oh, about as soon as they began to take with the public."

"How could you tell that they were —taking?"

"They were copied into other papers, and people talked about them."

"And that was what made Mr. Stoller want you to be his secretary?"

"I don't believe it was. The theory in the office was that he didn't think much of them; but he knows I can write shorthand, and put things into shape."

"What things?"

"Oh—ideas. He has a notion of trying to come forward in politics. He owns shares in everything but the United States Senate—gas, electricity, railroads, aldermen, newspapers—and now he would like some Senate. That's what I think."

She did not quite understand, and she was far from knowing that this cynic humor expressed a deadlier pessimism than her father's fiercest accusals of the country. "How fascinating it is!" she said,

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innocently. "And I suppose they all envy your coming out?"

"In the office?"

"Yes. *I* should envy *them—staying.*"

Burnamy laughed. "I don't believe they envy me. It won't be all roses for me—they know that. But they know that I can take care of myself if it isn't." He remembered something one of his friends in the office had said of the painful surprise the Bird of Prey would feel if he ever tried his beak on him in the belief that he was soft.

She abruptly left the mere personal question. "And which would you rather write: poems, or those kind of sketches?"

"I don't know," said Burnamy, willing to talk of himself on any terms. "I suppose that prose is the thing for our time, rather more; but there are things that you can't say in prose. I used to write a great deal of verse in college; but I didn't have much luck with editors till Mr. March took this little piece for *Every Other Week.*"

"Little? I thought it was a long poem!"

Burnamy laughed at the notion. "It's only eight lines."

"Oh!" said the girl. "What is it about?"

He yielded to the temptation with a weakness which he found incredible in a person of his make. "I can repeat it if you won't give me away to Mrs. March."

"Oh, no indeed!" He said the lines over to her very simply and well. "They are beautiful—beautiful!"

"Do you think so?" he gasped, in his joy at her praise.

"Yes, lovely. Do you know, you are the first literary man—the only literary man—I ever talked with. They *must* go out—somewhere! Papa must meet them at his clubs. But I never do; and so I'm making the most of you."

"You can't make too much of me, Miss Triscoe," said Burnamy.

She would not mind his mocking. "That day you spoke about the Maiden Knight, don't you know, I had never heard any talk about books in that way. I didn't know you were an author then."

"Well, I'm not much of an author now," he said, cynically, to retrieve his folly in repeating his poem to her.

"Oh, that will do for *you* to say. But I know what Mrs. March thinks."

He wished very much to know what Mrs. March thought too; *Every Other Week* was such a very good place that he could not conscientiously neglect any means of having his work favorably considered there; if Mrs. March's interest in it would act upon her husband, ought not he to know just how much she thought of him as a writer? "Did she like the poem?"

Miss Triscoe could not recall that Mrs. March had said anything about the poem, but she launched herself upon the general current of Mrs. March's liking for Burnamy. "But it wouldn't do to tell you all she said!" This was not what he hoped, but he was richly content when she returned to his personal history. "And you didn't know any one when you went up to Chicago from—"

"Tippecanoe? Not exactly that. I wasn't acquainted with any one in the office, but they had printed some things of mine, and they were willing to let me try my hand. That was all I could ask."

"Of course! You knew you could do the rest. Well, it is like a romance. A woman couldn't have such an adventure as that!" sighed the girl.

"But women do!" Burnamy retorted. "There is a girl writing on the paper now—she's going to do the literary notices while I'm gone—who came to Chicago from Ann Arbor, with no more chance than I had, and who's made her way single-handed from interviewing up."

"Oh," said Miss Triscoe, with a distinct drop in her enthusiasm. "Is she nice?"

"She's mighty clever, and she's nice enough, too, though the kind of journalism that women do isn't the most dignified. And she's one of the best girls I know, with lots of sense."

"It must be very interesting," said Miss Triscoe, with little interest in the way she said it. "I suppose you're quite a little community by yourselves."

"On the paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, some of us know one another, in the office, but most of us don't. There's quite a regiment of people on a big paper. If you'd like to come out," Burnamy ventured, "perhaps you could get the Woman's Page to do."

"What's that?"

"Oh, fashion; and personal gossip about society leaders; and recipes for dishes and diseases; and correspondence on points of etiquette."

He expected her to shudder at the no-



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tion, but she merely asked, "Do women write it?"

He laughed reminiscently. "Well, not always. We had one man who used to do it beautifully—when he was sober. The department hasn't had any permanent head since."

He was sorry he had said this, but it did not seem to shock her, and no doubt she had not taken it in fully. She abruptly left the subject. "Do you know what time we really get in to-morrow?"

"About one, I believe—there's a consensus of stewards to that effect, anyway." After a pause he asked, "Are you likely to be in Carlsbad?"

"We are going to Dresden, first, I believe. Then we may go on down to Vienna. But nothing is settled, yet."

"Are you going direct to Dresden?"

"I don't know. We may stay in Hamburg a day or two."

"I've got to go straight to Carlsbad. There's a sleeping-car that will get me there by morning: Mr. Stoller likes zeal. But I hope you'll let me be of use to you any way I can, before we part to-morrow."

"You're very kind. You've been very good already—to papa." He protested that he had not been at all good. "But he's used to taking care of himself on the other side. Oh, it's *this* side, now!"

"So it is! How strange that seems! It's actually Europe. But as long as we're at sea, we can't realize it. Don't you hate to have experiences slip through your fingers?"

"I don't know. A girl doesn't have many experiences of her own; they're always other people's."

This affected Burnamy as so profound that he did not question its truth. He only suggested, "Well, sometimes they *make* other people have the experiences."

Whether Miss Triscoe decided that this was too intimate or not she left the question. "Do you understand German?"

"A little. I studied it at college, and I've cultivated a sort of beer-garden German in Chicago. I can ask for things."

"I can't, except in French, and that's worse than English, in Germany, I hear."

"Then you must let me be your interpreter up to the last moment. Will you?"

She did not answer. "It must be rather late, isn't it?" she asked. He let her see his watch, and she said, "Yes, it's very late," and led the way within. "I must look after my packing; papa's always so prompt, and I must justify myself for making him let me give up my maid when we left home; we expect to get one in Dresden. Good-night!"

Burnamy looked after her drifting down their corridor, and wondered whether it would have been a fit return for her expression of a sense of novelty in him as a literary man if he had told her that she was the first young lady he had known who had a maid. The fact awed him; Miss Triscoe herself did not awe him so much.

## XVIII.

The next morning was merely a transitional period, full of turmoil and disorder, between the broken life of the sea and the untried life of the shore. No one attempted to resume the routine of the voyage. People went and came between their rooms and the saloons and the decks, and were no longer careful to take their own steamer chairs when they sat down for a moment.

In the cabins the berths were not made up, and those who remained below had to sit on their hard edges, or on the sofas, which were cumbered with hand-bags and rolls of shawls. At an early hour after breakfast the bedroom stewards began to get the steamer trunks out and pile them in the corridors; the servants all became more caressingly attentive; and people who had left off settling the amount of the fees they were going to give, anxiously conferred together. The question whether you ought ever to give the head steward anything pressed crucially at the early lunch, and Kenby brought only a partial relief by saying that he always regarded the head steward as an officer of the ship. March made the experiment of offering him six marks, and the head steward took them quite as if he were not an officer of the ship. He also collected a handsome fee for the music, which is the tax levied on all German ships beyond the tolls exacted on the steamers of other nations.

After lunch the low, flat shore at Cuxhaven was so near that the summer cottages of the little watering-place showed through the warm drizzle much like the summer cottages of our own shore, and if it had not been for the strange, low sky, the Americans might easily have fancied themselves at home again.

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Every one waited on foot while the tender came out into the stream where the *Norumbia* had dropped anchor. People who had brought their hand-baggage with them from their rooms looked so much safer with it that people who had left theirs to their stewards had to go back and pledge them afresh not to forget it. The tender came alongside, and the transfer of the heavy trunks began, but it seemed such an endless work that every one sat down in some other's chair. At last the trunks were all on the tender, and the bareheaded stewards began to run down the gangways with the hand-baggage. "Is this Hoboken?" March murmured in his wife's ear, with a bewildered sense of something in the scene like the reversed action of the kinematograph.

On the deck of the tender there was a brief moment of reunion among the companions of the voyage, the more intimate for their being crowded together under cover from the drizzle which now turned into a dashing rain. Burnamy's smile appeared, and then Mrs. March recognized Miss Triscoe and her father in their travel dress; they were not far from Burnamy's smile, but he seemed rather to have charge of the Eltwins, whom he was helping look after their bags and bundles. Rose Adding was talking with Kenby, and apparently asking his opinion of something; Mrs. Adding sat near them tranquilly enjoying her son.

Mrs. March made her husband identify their baggage, large and small, and after he had satisfied her, he furtively satisfied himself by a fresh count that it was all there. But he need not have taken the trouble; their long, calm bedroom-steward was keeping guard over it; his eyes expressed a contemptuous pity for their anxiety, whose like he must have been very tired of. He brought their hand-bags into the customs-room at the station where they landed; and there took a last leave and a last fee with unexpected cordiality.

Again their companionship suffered eclipse in the distraction which the customs inspectors of all countries bring to travellers; and again they were united during the long delay in the waiting-room, which was also the restaurant. It was full of strange noises and figures and odors—the shuffling of feet, the clash of crockery, the explosion of nervous German voices, mixed with the smell of beer and ham, and the smoke of cigars. Through it all pierced the wail of a postman standing at the door with a letter in his hand and calling out at regular intervals, "Krahnay, Krahnay!" When March could bear it no longer he went up to him and shouted, "Crane! Crane!" and the man bowed gratefully, and began to cry, "Kren! Kren!" But whether Mr. Crane got his letter or not, he never knew.

People were swarming at the window of the telegraph-office, and sending home cablegrams to announce their safe arrival; March could not forbear cabling to his son, though he felt it absurd. There was a great deal of talking, but no laughing, except among the Americans, and the girls behind the bar who tried to understand what they wanted, and then served them with what they chose for them. Otherwise the Germans, though voluble, were unsmiling, and here on the threshold of their empire the travellers had their first hint of the anxious mood which seems habitual with these amiable people.

Mrs. Adding came screaming with glee to March where he sat with his wife, and leaned over her son to ask, "*Do* you know what lese-majesty is? Rose is afraid I've committed it!"

"No, I don't," said March. "But it's the unpardonable sin. What have you been doing?"

"I asked the official at the door when our train would start, and when he said at half past three, I said, 'How tiresome!' Rose says the railroads belong to the state here, and that if I find fault with the time-table, it's constructive censure of the Emperor, and that's lese-majesty." She gave way to her mirth, while the boy studied March's face with an appealing smile.

"Well, I don't think you'll be arrested this time, Mrs. Adding; but I hope it will be a warning to Mrs. March. She's been complaining of the coffee."

"Indeed I shall say what I like," said Mrs. March. "I'm an American."

"Well, you'll find you're a German, if you like to say anything disagreeable about the coffee in the restaurant of the Emperor's railroad station; the first thing you know I shall be given three months on your account."

Mrs. Adding asked: "Then they won't punish ladies? There, Rose! *I'm* safe,

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you see; and you're still a minor, though you *are* so wise for your years."

She went back to her table, where Kenby came and sat down by her.

"I don't know that I quite like her playing on that sensitive child," said Mrs. March. "And you've joined with her in her joking. Go and speak to him!"

The boy was slowly following his mother, with his head fallen. March overtook him, and he started nervously at the touch of a hand on his shoulder, and then looked gratefully up into the man's face. March tried to tell him what the crime of lese-majesty was, and he said: "Oh, yes. I understood that. But I got to thinking; and I don't want my mother to take any risks."

"I don't believe she will, really, Rose. But I'll speak to her, and tell her she can't be too cautious."

"Not now, please!" the boy entreated.

"Well, I'll find another chance," March assented. He looked round and caught a smiling nod from Burnamy, who was still with the Eltwins; the Triscoes were at a table by themselves; Miss Triscoe nodded too, but her father appeared not to see March. "It's all right, with Rose," he said, when he sat down again by his wife; "but I guess it's all over with Burnamy," and he told her what he had seen. "Do you think it came to any displeasure between them last night? Do you suppose he offered himself, and she—"

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. March, but she was not at peace. "It's her father who's keeping her away from him."

"I shouldn't mind that. He's keeping her away from us, too." But at that moment Miss Triscoe, as if she had followed his return from afar, came over to speak to his wife. She said they were going on to Dresden that evening, and she was afraid they might have no chance to see each other on the train or in Hamburg. March, at this advance, went to speak with her father; he found him no more reconciled to Europe than America.

"They're Goths," he said of the Germans. "I could hardly get that stupid brute in the telegraph-office to take my despatch."

On his way back to his wife March met Miss Triscoe; he was not altogether surprised to meet Burnamy with her, now. The young fellow asked if he could be of any use to him, and then he said he would look him up in the train. He seemed in a hurry, but when he walked away with Miss Triscoe he did not seem in a hurry.

March remarked upon the change to his wife, and she sighed, "Yes, you can see that as far as *they're* concerned—"

"It's a great pity that there should be parents to complicate these affairs," he said. "How simple it would be if there were no parties to them but the lovers! But nature is always insisting upon fathers and mothers, and families on both sides."

## XIX.

The long train which they took at last was for the *Norumbia's* people alone, and it was of several transitional and tentative types of cars. Some were still the old coach-body carriages; but most were of a strange corridor arrangement, with the aisle at the side, and the seats crossing from it, with compartments sometimes rising to the roof, and sometimes rising half-way. No two cars seemed quite alike, but all were very comfortable; and when the train began to run out through the little sea-side town into the country, the old delight of foreign travel began. Most of the houses were little and low and gray, with ivy or flowering vines covering their walls to their brown-tiled roofs; there was here and there a touch of Northern Gothic in the architecture; but usually where it was pretentious it was in the mansard taste, which was so bad with us a generation ago, and is still very bad in Cuxhaven.

The fields, flat and wide, were dotted with familiar shapes of Holstein cattle, herded by little girls, with their hair in yellow pigtails. The gray, stormy sky hung low, and broke in fitful rains; but perhaps for the inclement season of midsummer it was not very cold. Flowers were blooming along the embankments and in the rank green fields with a dogged energy; in the various distances were groups of trees embowering cottages and even villages, and always along the ditches and watercourses were double lines of low willows. At the first stop the train made, the passengers flocked to the refreshment-booth, prettily arranged beside the station, where the abundance of the cherries and strawberries gave proof that vegetation was in other respects superior to the elements. But it was not of the profusion of the sausages, and the ham which openly in slices or

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covertly in sandwiches, claimed its primacy in the German affections; every form of this was flanked by tall glasses of beer.

A number of the natives stood by and stared unsmiling at the train, which had broken out in a rash of little American flags at every window. The boyish display, which must have made the Americans themselves laugh, if their sense of humor had not been lost in their impassioned patriotism, was the last expression of unity among the *Norumbia's* passengers, and they met no more in their sea-solidarity. Of their table acquaintance the Marches saw no one except Burnamy, who came through the train looking for them. He said he was in one of the rear cars with the Eltwins, and was going to Carlsbad with them in the sleeping-car train leaving Hamburg at seven. He owned to having seen the Triscoes since they had left Cuxhaven; Mrs. March would not suffer herself to ask him whether they were in the same carriage with the Eltwins. He had got a letter from Mr. Stoller at Cuxhaven, and he begged the Marches to let him engage rooms for them at the hotel where he was going to stay with him.

After they reached Hamburg they had flying glimpses of him and of others in the odious rivalry to get their baggage examined first which seized upon all, and in which they no longer knew each other, but selfishly struggled for the good-will of porters and inspectors. There was really no such haste; but none could govern themselves against the general frenzy. With the porter he secured March conspired and perspired to win the attention of a cold but not unkindly inspector. The officer opened one trunk, and after a glance at it marked all as passed, and then there ensued a heroic strife with the porter as to the pieces which were to go to the Berlin station for their journey next day, and the pieces which were to go to the hotel overnight. At last the division was made; the Marches got into a cab of the first class; and the porter, crimson and steaming at every pore from the physical and intellectual strain, went back into the station.

They had got the number of their cab from the policeman who stands at the door of all large German stations and supplies the traveller with a metallic check for the sort of vehicle he demands. They were not proud, but it seemed best not to risk a second-class cab in a strange city, and when their first-class cab came creaking and limping out of the rank, they saw how wise they had been, if one of the second class could have been worse.

As they rattled away from the station they saw yet another kind of turnout, which they were destined to see more and more in the German lands. It was that team of a woman harnessed with a dog to a cart which the women of no other country can see without a sense of personal insult. March tried to take the humorous view, and complained that they had not been offered the choice of such an equipage by the policeman, but his wife would not be amused. She said that no country which suffered such a thing could be truly civilized, though he made her observe that no city in the world, except Boston or Brooklyn, was probably so thoroughly trolleyed as Hamburg. The hum of the electric car was everywhere, and everywhere the shriek of the wires overhead; batlike flights of connecting plates traversed all the perspectives through which they drove to the pleasant little hotel they had chosen.

## XX.

On one hand their windows gave upon a basin of the Elbe, where stately white swans were sailing; and on the other to the new Rathhaus, over the trees that deeply shaded the perennial mud of a cold, dim public garden, where water-proof old women and impervious nurses sat, and children played in the long twilight of the sour, rain-soaked summer of the fatherland. It was all picturesque, and within-doors there was the novelty of the meagre carpets and stalwart furniture of the Germans, and their beds, which after so many ages of Anglo-Saxon satire remain immutably preposterous. They are apparently imagined for the stature of sleepers who have shortened as they broadened; their pillows are triangularly shaped to bring the chin tight upon the breast under the bloated feather bulk which is meant for covering, and which rises over the sleeper from a thick substratum of cotton coverlet, neatly buttoned into the upper sheet, with the effect of a portly waistcoat.

The hotel was illumined by the kindly splendor of the uniformed *portier*, who had met the travellers at the door, like a

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glowing vision of the past, and a friendly air diffused itself through the whole house. At the dinner, which, if not so cheap as they had somehow hoped, was by no means bad, they took counsel with the English-speaking waiter as to what entertainment Hamburg could offer for the evening, and by the time they had drunk their coffee they had courage for the Circus Renz, which seemed to be all there was.

The conductor of the trolley-car, which they hailed at the street corner, stopped it and got off the platform, and stood in the street till they were safely aboard, without telling them to step lively, or pulling them up the steps, or knuckling them in the back to make them move forward. He let them get fairly seated before he started the car, and so lost the fun of seeing them lurch and stagger violently, and wildly clutch each other for support. The Germans have so little sense of humor that probably no one in the car would have been amused to see the strangers flung upon the floor. No one apparently found it droll that the conductor should touch his cap to them when he asked for their fare; no one smiled at their efforts to make him understand where they wished to go, and he did not wink at the other passengers in trying to find out. Whenever the car stopped he descended first, and did not remount till the passenger had taken time to get well away from it. When the Marches got into the wrong car in coming home, and were carried beyond their street, the conductor would not take their fare.

The kindly civility which environed them went far to alleviate the inclemency of the climate; it began to rain as soon as they left the shelter of the car, but a citizen of whom they asked the nearest way to the Circus Renz was so anxious to have them go aright that they did not mind the wet, and the thought of his goodness embittered March's self-reproach for under-tipping the sort of gorgeous heyduk, with a staff like a drum-major's, who left his place at the circus door to get their tickets. He brought them back with a magnificent bow, and was then as visibly disappointed with the share of the change returned to him as a child would have been.

They went to their places with the sting of his disappointment rankling in their hearts. "One ought always to overpay them," March sighed, "and I will do it from this time forth; we shall not be much the poorer for it. This heyduk is not going to get off with less than a mark when we come out." As an earnest of his good faith he gave the old man who showed them to their box a tip that made him bow double, and he bought every conceivable libretto and play-bill offered him at prices fixed by his remorse. "One ought to do it," he said. "We are of the quality of good geniuses to these poor souls; we are Fortune—in disguise; we are money found in the road. It is an accursed system, but they are more its victims than we." His wife quite agreed with him, and with the same good conscience between them they gave themselves up to the pure joy which the circus, of all modern entertainments, seems alone to inspire. The house was full from floor to roof when they came in, and every one was intent upon the two Spanish clowns, Lui-Lui and Soltamontes, whose drolleries spoke the universal language of circus humor, and needed no translation either into German or English. They had missed by an event or two the more patriotic attraction of "Miss Darlings, the american Star," as she was billed in English, but they were in good time for one of those equestrian performances which leave the spectator almost exanimate from their prolixity, and for the pantomimic piece which closed the evening.

This was not given until nearly the whole house had gone out and stayed itself with beer and cheese and ham and sausage, in the restaurant which purveys these light refreshments in the summer theatres all over Germany. When the people came back gorged to the throat, they sat down in the right mood to enjoy the allegory of "the Enchantedmountain's Fantasy; the Mountainepisodes; the Highinteresting Sledges-Courses on the Steep Acclivities; the Amazing Uprush of the thenceplunging Four Trains, which arrive with Lightningsswiftness at the Top of the over-40-feet-high Mountain; the Highest Triumph of the Today's Circus-Art; the Sledgejourney in the Wizardmountain, and the Fairy Ballet in the Realm of the Ghostprince, with Gold and Silver, Jewel, Bloomghosts, Gnomes, Gnomesses, and Dwarfs, in nevertill-now-seen Splendor of Costume." The

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Marches were happy in this allegory, and happier in the ballet, which is everywhere delightfully innocent, and which here appealed with the large flat feet and the plain good faces of the coryphées to all that was simplest and sweetest in their natures. They could not have resisted, if they had wished, that environment of good-will; and if it had not been for the disappointed heyduk, they would have got home from their evening at the Circus Renz without a pang.

They looked for him everywhere when they came out, but he had vanished, and they were left with a regret which if unavailing was not too poignant. In spite of it they had still an exhilaration in their release from the companionship of their fellow-voyagers, which they analyzed as the psychical revulsion from the strain of too great interest in them. Mrs. March declared that for the present, at least, she wanted Europe quite to themselves; and she said that not even for the pleasure of seeing Burnamy and Miss Triscoe come into their box together would she have suffered an American trespass upon their exclusive possession of the Circus Renz.

In the audience she had seen German officers for the first time in Hamburg, and she meant, if unremitting question could bring out the truth, to know why she had not met any more. She had read much of the prevalence and prepotence of the German officers who would try to push her off the sidewalk, till they realized that she was an American woman, and would then submit to her inflexible purpose of holding it. But she had been some seven or eight hours in Hamburg, and nothing of the kind had happened to her, perhaps because she had hardly yet walked a block in the city streets, but perhaps also because there seemed to be very few officers or military of any kind in Hamburg.

## XXI.

Their absence was plausibly explained, the next morning, by the young German friend who came in to see them at breakfast. He said that Hamburg had been so long a free republic that the presence of a large imperial garrison was distasteful to the people, and as a matter of fact there were very few soldiers quartered there, whether the authorities chose to indulge the popular grudge or not. He was himself in a joyful flutter of spirits, for he had just the day before got his release from military service. He gave them a notion of what the rapture of a man reprieved from death might be, and he was as radiantly happy in the ill health which had got him his release as if it had been the greatest blessing of heaven. He bubbled over with smiling regrets that he should be leaving his home for the first stage of the journey which he was to take in search of strength, and he pressed them to say if there were not something that he could do for them.

"Yes," said Mrs. March, with a promptness surprising to her husband, who could think of nothing; "tell us where Heinrich Heine lived when he was in Hamburg. My husband has always had a great passion for him and wants to look him up everywhere."

March had forgotten that Heine ever lived in Hamburg, and the young man had apparently never known it. His face fell; he wished to make Mrs. March believe that it was only Heine's uncle who had lived there; but she was firm; and when he had asked among the hotel people he came back gladly owning that he was wrong, and that the poet used to live in Königstrasse, which was very near by, and where they could easily know the house by his bust set in its front. The *portier* and the head waiter shared his ecstasy in so easily obliging the friendly American pair, and joined him in minutely instructing the driver when they shut them into their carriage.

They did not know that his was almost the only laughing face they should see in the serious German Empire; just as they did not know that it rained there every day. As they drove off in the gray drizzle with the unfounded hope that sooner or later the weather would be fine, they bade their driver be very slow in taking them through Königstrasse, so that he should by no means miss Heine's dwelling, and he duly stopped in front of a house bearing the promised bust. They dismounted in order to revere it more at their ease, but the bust proved, by an irony bitterer than the sick, heart-breaking, brilliant Jew could have imagined in his cruelest moment, to be that of the German Milton, the respectable poet Klopstock, whom Heine abhorred and mocked so pitilessly.

In fact it was here that the good, much-forgotten Klopstock dwelt, when he came home to live with a comfortable pension

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from the Danish government; and the pilgrims to the mistaken shrine went asking about among the neighbors in Königstrasse for some manner of house where Heine might have lived; they would have been willing to accept a flat, or any sort of two-pair back. The neighbors were somewhat moved by the anxiety of the strangers; but they were not so much moved as neighbors in Italy would have been. There was no eager and smiling sympathy in the little crowd that gathered to see what was going on; they were patient of question and kind in their helpless response, but they were not gay. To a man they had not heard of Heine; even the owner of a sausage and blood-pudding shop across the way had not heard of him; the clerk of a stationer-and-bookseller's next to the butcher's had heard of him, but he had never heard that he lived in Königstrasse; he never had heard where he lived in Hamburg.

The pilgrims to the fraudulent shrine got back into their carriage, and drove sadly away, instructing their driver with the rigidity which their limited German favored, not to let any house with a bust in its front escape him. He promised, and took his course out through Königstrasse, and suddenly they found themselves in a world of such eld and quaintness that they forgot Heine as completely as any of his countrymen had done. They were in steep and narrow streets, that crooked and turned with no apparent purpose of leading anywhere, among houses that looked down upon them with an astonished stare from the leaden-sashed windows of their timber-laced gables. The façades with their lattices stretching in bands quite across them, and with their steep roofs climbing high in successions of blinking dormers, were more richly mediæval than anything the travellers had ever dreamt of before, and they feasted themselves upon the unimagined picturesqueness with a leisurely minuteness which brought responsive gazers everywhere to the windows; windows were set ajar; shop doors were darkened by curious figures from within, and the traffic of the tortuous alleys was interrupted by their progress. They could not have said which delighted them more—the houses in the immediate foreground, or the sharp high gables in the prospectives and the background; but all were like the painted scenes of the stage, and they had a pleasant difficulty in realizing that they were not persons in some romantic drama.

The illusion remained with them and qualified the impression which Hamburg made by her much-trolleyed Bostonian effect; by the decorous activity and Parisian architecture of her business streets; by the turmoil of her quays, and the innumerable masts and chimneys of her shipping. At the heart of all was that quaintness, that picturesqueness of the past, which embodied the spirit of the old Hanseatic city, and seemed the expression of the home-side of her history. The sense of this gained strength from such slight study of her annals as they afterwards made, and assisted the digestion of some of the toughest statistics. In the shadow of those Gothic houses the fact that Hamburg was one of the greatest coffee marts and money marts of the world had a romantic glamour; and the fact that in the four years from 1870 till 1874 a quarter of a million emigrants sailed on her ships for the United States seemed to stretch a nerve of kindred feeling from those mediæval streets through the whole shabby length of Third Avenue.

It was perhaps in this glamour, or this feeling of commercial solidarity, that March went to have a look at the Hamburg Bourse, in the beautiful new Rathhaus. It was not undergoing repairs, it was too new for that; but it was in construction, and so it fulfilled the function of a public edifice, in withholding its entire interest from the stranger. He could not get into the Senate-Chamber; but the Bourse was free to him, and when he stepped within, it rose at him with a roar of voices and of feet like the New York Stock Exchange. The spectacle was not so frantic; people were not shaking their fists or fingers in each other's noses; but they were all wild in the tamer German way, and he was glad to mount from the Bourse to the poor little art gallery upstairs, and to shut out its clamor. He was not so glad when he looked round on these, his first, examples of modern German art. The custodian led him gently about and said which things were for sale, and it made his heart ache to see how bad they were, and to think that, bad as they were, he could not buy any of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"HE BUBBLED OVER WITH SMILING REGRETS."

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"Their Fondness for Water."

# ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

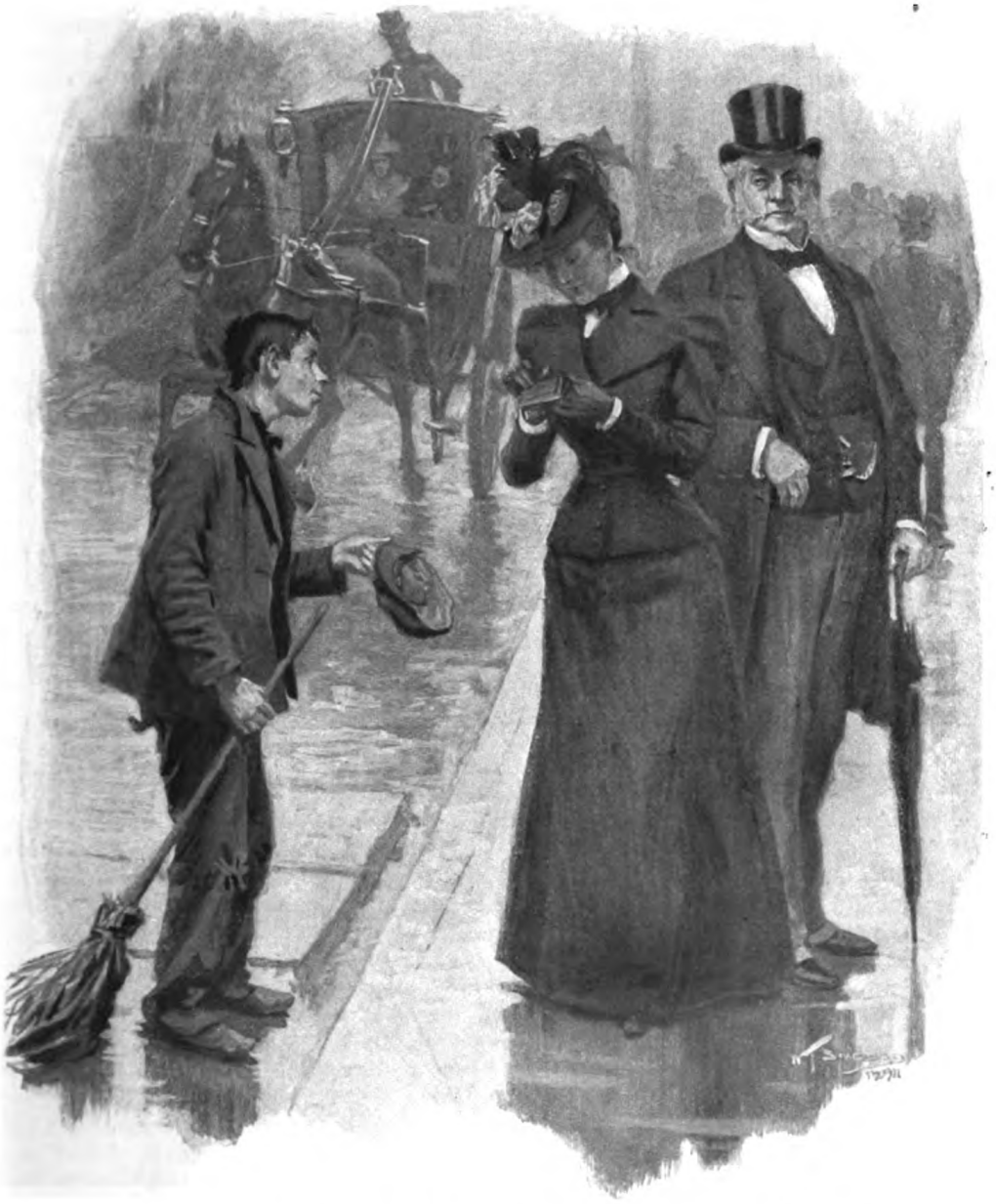
TO Americans who have lived in England the most striking and peculiar characteristics of the English people are their affection for their sovereign, their unwavering respect for caste and all monarchical institutions, their love of nature, animals, and flowers, their regard for individual liberty, the precision with which they choose their words in speaking, and their rock-ribbed conservatism and confidence in whatever is English, which is surely dropping them behind in the commercial competition which has sprung up between them and the Germans, the Americans, and the Japanese. If I add to these the pride and comfort they take in their homes, and their excessive fondness for out-door sports and for water, except as a beverage, it seems to me I have summed up their main traits as they appear to a stranger who studies them long enough to understand them.

I shall say nothing of them which I have not said *at* them in print and without contradiction from any quarter. To begin an analysis of their mental make-up, I have said that they always put their worst foot forward. The best homes in London—those that are most palatial within—have the dullest exteriors, and reach away in blocks of plain, box-shaped, soot-grimed, factorylike buildings. Englishmen nearly always make the worst impression when they are adding to their acquaintances, and the kindest of them seem rude when they are addressed by strangers, or when either their rights, their liberties, or their comfort are in the slightest degree encroached upon. They go about doing themselves injustice. This proceeds either from awkwardness, shyness, or confidence in themselves. They leave it to you and me and the whole world to find out for ourselves their vir-

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tues, their attractions, and all the nicer attributes which they hide within the shell of their reserve.

It is not true that they lack a sense of humor or a love of fun. I have heard as quick and as dependent on unexpected situations and distorted views of things as is ours. They are slower-minded than we; slower in every way — more deliberate, more patient, more given to reflection, to



"NO ONE WHO DOES ANYTHING FOR GAIN IN ENGLAND IS A VAGRANT."

funny stories and as good jokes there as here. True, they are not so much given to joking. Then, again, their jokes are of a different sort. Their wit is not as procrastination, and to taking their ease —in every way. An American's first month in London is a sore trial of his nerves. Every succeeding month is more

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and more a rest. As long as you expect to do anything, get anything, or reach anywhere in a hurry, you are on the rack of despair. Once you realize the folly of trying to reform thirty-eight millions of easy-going, deliberate people, you begin to feel grateful for the calm and peace and restfulness they carry about with them like an atmosphere.

To illustrate their deliberateness, let me tell of a hat which blew off a mechanic's head on the top of a 'bus crossing Albert Bridge only a few days ago. A stiff breeze blew up the Thames, and the hat was whirled against the side of the bridge, and then went spinning down the footway in the opposite direction from that which the omnibus pursued. "I say," said the mechanic, reaching over and touching the driver on the shoulder, "me 'at's blowed off." The driver fidgeted a moment at this sudden interruption, then took a tighter grasp of the reins, and clucked to the horses to quicken their pace. The hat and the vehicle spun along in opposite ways. "I say, driver," said the mechanic, "me 'at's blowed off." The driver fidgeted again, but now his mind grasped the situation, though most unwillingly.

"It 'as, 'as it?" he said, turning to the man. "Well, then, that 'll teach you to buy 'ats to fit your 'ead. I 'ad a 'ole lot of 'ats blow off before I made up me mind to get 'em to fit me 'ead. After that I 'ad no more trouble."

The hat was still bowling along, and was now at the farther end of the bridge. The mechanic looked at it dully. I was in a fever of gratuitous impatience for the 'bus to stop, or for the man to climb down. The driver turned back to his work and clucked to his horses, who quickened their gait. Just then a vagrant stopped the flight of the hat and ran and caught the 'bus, and got a penny for his pains. So every one was happy, even I.

I say a vagrant caught it. Perhaps by catching it he was promoted, and ceased to be a vagrant. No one who does anything for gain in England is a vagrant in the eyes of the law, its executors, or the people at large. One beggar who knew this peculiarity of his nation said, when arrested in midsummer, that he was no beggar. "I shovel snow off the pavements for a living," said he. There is not snow enough to shovel once in five years, but any one could see that that was not his fault. If a man, a woman, or a child sings or dances, plays a penny flute, sweeps a crossing, or turns handsprings beside the coaches or boats that run to Hampton Court, he or she cannot be called a beggar. Merely putting a hand out to fend a lady's dress from the muddy wheel as she climbs into a hansom raises a man beyond the charge of vagabondage. This grows out of the sacredness of individual liberty in this freest of the lands of Europe—a monarchy so liberal that the republicanism of France becomes a mockery when compared to it. The liberty of the individual is as much the loafer's as the gentleman's; and so we see the Queen retire to rest in Buckingham Palace after the Jubilee procession, and tens of thousands of men and women go to sleep on the grass of the park beneath her windows at the same time. All summer Hyde Park, St. James's, and Green Park are almost rendered eyesores by the figures of sleeping men; and in certain parks the men and boys bathe in the ornamental waters up to a fixed hour of the morning. Out of this regard for the liberty of the individual grows the shameful night parade in Piccadilly, wherein vice flaunts itself and evil women pre-empt the best street in London, while good ones must keep in-doors or shut themselves in cabs.

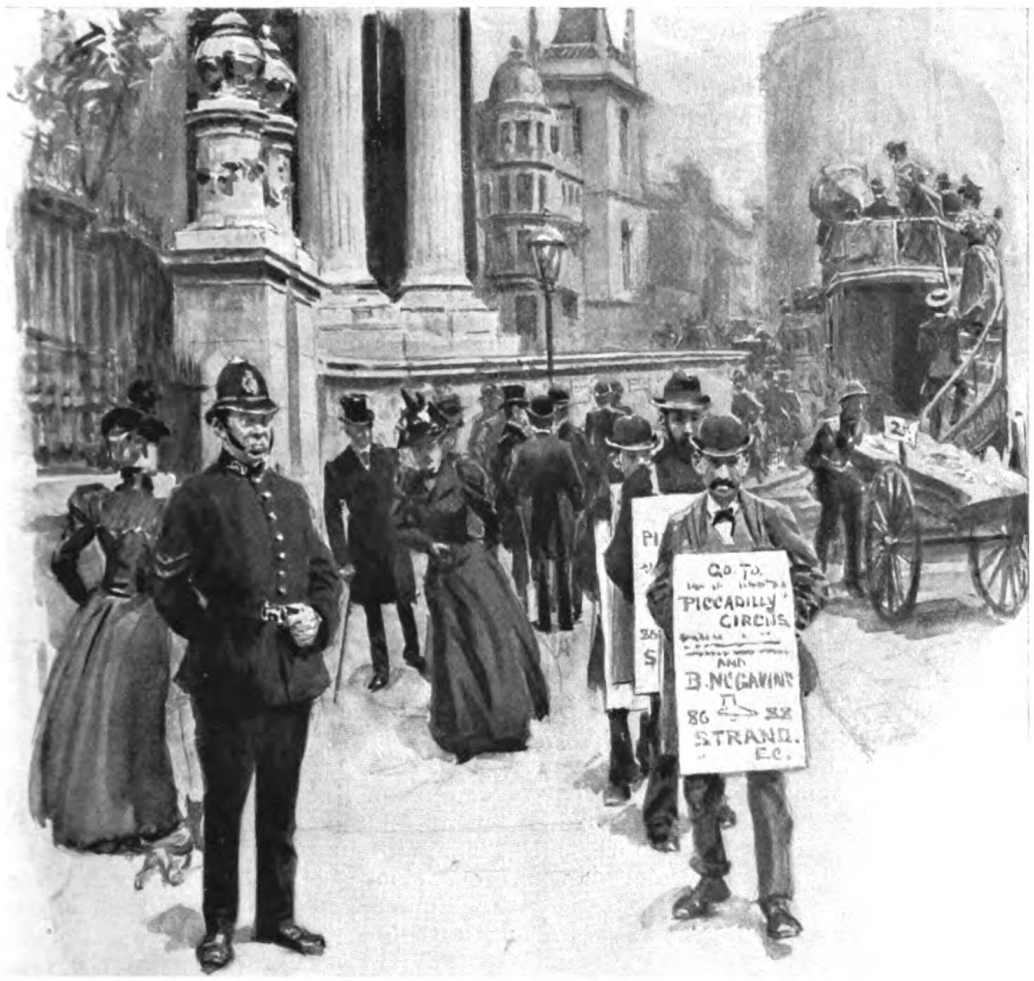
"When you are telling us the truth about London," said a wise Englishman, "include your views of Piccadilly at night, but don't dwell too much on them, because nothing can be done about it for a hundred years at least. The reason is this: a few years ago a young woman was arrested there on a charge of immorality. She was taken to a police station, kept overnight, and charged in the morning. She said she was a virtuous woman. The policeman swore against her, but she brought proof that she lived at home in a nice quarter of the town with her mother, a respectable woman of the middle class. Her neighbors swore to the good character and behavior of the mother and her daughters, and all England was in a tremor of indignation at the outrage that seemed to have been committed. As a result the wicked walk, and no constable pursues them, for no constable dares to run the risk of making another such mistake."

All night long of every night a dog's half-stifled howling annoyed me in the last house I took in London. In the

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morning the beast was let out at six o'clock, and sleep fled from every bedroom in my home. The suspicion that the animal was being starved, or was in pain for other reasons, did not lessen the annoyance. At last I went to the nearest police station.

"I am glad to be able to tell you that we have a report upon that dog," said the Inspector. "An earlier complaint led us to send a sergeant to the house. I will read his report: Sergeant X., 156, says, 'The house is an old mansion, more lately in use as a private school-house, and now in the sole charge of a Mrs. Bobbetts, a care-taker. I called upon her and notified her that there were complaints of the dog barking, and she said it was nothing, only a setter pup that had been taken from its mother, and was being weaned. Being cautioned, she promised to keep the dog in as much as possible,




A LONDON BOBBY—A BIT OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

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without hurting its health, and to do everything to keep it quieter.'

"There," said the Inspector, "I'm sure that must be a great satisfaction to you. I am glad to have been able to give you the facts. If the dog was being starved or abused, that would be one thing—wouldn't it? But since it's merely took from its mother and crying for her, as dogs will, that puts a different face on it—doesn't it? I was sure you'd see it in that way. The other gentleman was quite satisfied. He couldn't sleep no more than you. He kept thinking it was cruelty that caused the dog's howling; but you see it's only a puppy doing as puppies will, and being took from his mother, as dogs so often has to be."

Amused at this view of the case, and at the suggestion of what might have happened had the dog been abused, I turned to take my leave. The Inspector was not quite sure I saw the matter with his English view.

"However," said he, "the nuisance still remains—doesn't it?"

"So I was thinking," said I.

"Ah!" said he, with a lawyerlike air, "the nuisance does certainly remain. Well, if you feel that way, and it keeps on, you'll have to summons the caretaker—won't you?"

The nuisance did continue, and I went to the station to lodge another complaint.

"I'll have to ask you to stop that howling," said I, entertaining a thoroughly American anticipation of a police raid on the house, and the massacre or abduction of the dog.

"We can't stop it," said the Inspector. "We can't do anything about it. Great heavens! what a row there'd be if we presumed to enter that house and interfere with that woman's management of her own property! She'd have a great laugh at us. She'd have more than that, sir. She'd know her rights, if we didn't; and she'd go to the heads of the force or the courts, or somewhere or other, and Heaven knows what a time there'd be."

"Well, what's to be done?" I asked.

"Summons her, and charge her, and let the court deal with her for maintaining a nuisance. She'll have to stop the dog's howls, or pay a fine."

"What?" I said. "Have a poor woman brought to court and put in the dock, and all the rest of it? I never could do it."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Inspector. "It 'd be her own doings; but you might first go around and tell her how you feel about it, and reason with her, mentioning your dislike of proceeding to harsh measures. She might take it kindly, or she might drive you out with a slanging. You can't never tell what a female will do. But there's your choice—isn't it? It's argue with her or it's summons her."

As I made my way out past half a dozen "Bobbies" I was conscious of a feeling for them still kindlier than before.

Those incomparable guardians of the peace of the world's capital! All towering, awkward country boys brought to the big city, and dressed up so that they shall ever remain as much apart from the Londoner as the day they landed. Their casques of cloth, their huge hands and feet protruding from short tight sleeves and short tight trouser legs, and their funny short coats, with skirts that stick out beyond their hips like the wooden coats of Swiss toy soldiers—but, bless me! these are not things to laugh at.

Go and see the order these constables maintain. See them merely walk to and fro through a turbulent crowd, saying only, "Move along, please," and separating the shoulders and elbows which form the circuit of every crowd's galvanism.

Even in the last bread riots, when tens of thousands of rioters assembled in Trafalgar Square and the Guards were ordered out, this was all that was done. The mounted soldiers moved their horses into the heart of the mob and out again by different paths, and broke the concord of the mass so that it melted out of sight.

Be sure the people deserve more than half the credit for this peaceful ordering of their ways. They respect the law, and the arrival of a Bobby, empty-handed, means as much to all, except the drunkenest or the craziest ones, as if he carried a howitzer with him. Nevertheless, in London it is the police who get the hard knocks and cruel wounds far oftener than the bullies they bring into court.

In the slum quarters the people often demand a fair fight when an arrest is to be made, and then the "Bobby" appears in court bandaged, as prisoners too often are in New York.

It is difficult for an American to under-

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COLLECTIONS OF PET DOGS LEFT AT THE DOORWAYS OF THE BIG STORES.

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"A LADY'S HAND ON EACH MAN'S ARM."

stand that he may use the police as servants, and then to reconcile that fact with their efficiency as policemen. It is true, however. I have often sent policemen for cabs, have given them letters to post, have employed them to guide me through puzzling neighborhoods, and have had them lead me for blocks in a black fog. Twopence is all that the Londoner gives a policeman for such a service, and he thinks none the worse of the constable for taking what he has earned without neglecting his duty or going off his post. They use the cabman over there in similar ways—especially to carry letters and parcels quickly.

I have seen more persons in England who do not like cats than I supposed the world contained, but in respect of other animals the fondness of the English for the brute creation is extraordinary. There is a dog in every house, and poor and rich alike keep dogs trotting after them in the streets. The collections of pet dogs

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left at the doorways of the big stores to be chained up and cared for by porters in gold lace while the dogs' mistresses are indoors makes one of the sights of the town.

High-bred terriers, and French poodles sheared so as to leave tufts and knobs of kinky wool here and there on their bodies, are the fashionable pets at present; but no dog is so much of a mongrel or so hideously ugly that he cannot find a countess or a coster to lead him about the streets. Not merely canaries, but every sort of bird that flies is petted in English homes and sold by English fanciers. So, too, all but the poorest keep gardens — however small they be; and even the very poorest put pots of flowers in their windows.

The island is a paradise for horses. Not only are all the roads I ever have seen in the country as level and smooth as the city streets, but the draught-horses are very much stronger and bigger than any we see in America; so that the extra heaviness of the vehicles is more than counterbalanced. Whenever a lady wishes to distinguish a visitor to her country house, she takes him to the stable to see the horses. And she talks to them, and feeds them with sugar, and pets them as if they were human.

Because the Englishman is forever eating he sees to it that the animal which he loves next to his dog shall do as well. Therefore, whenever a vehicle stops, whether for the driver to collect or deliver a package, or take a drink, or enjoy a rest, his first act is to hang a nose-bag full of feed over his horse's head. If the reader knew how often an English driver has to stop at the public-houses for a drink, how often he feels obliged to haul up to a curb to smoke or chat with a friend, or to sit still and rest, he would appreciate how many times a horse is fed in a day. The feeding seems to me well-nigh perpetual.

And so it is with the people generally. Tea in bed, then breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, and late supper before retiring are six of their meals, four of which are regular and habitual with all classes. The mechanic and the laborer stop work for a drink or a bite and a smoke at mid-morning and mid-afternoon. More than one lady has told me that she feels obliged to eat something between breakfast and luncheon every day; and the husband of one, hearing her say this, vowed that she woke in the middle of every night to eat some cold pudding. As this man is constitutionally incapable of telling the truth, I do not ask the reader to believe that even one Briton goes so far as that in satisfying the tireless hunger of the race.

The enervating climate accounts for this, and for the drinking habits of the people. For three months after my arrival in London I could not get warm. I knew that the people put on heavy clothes, and took a great deal of exercise in lieu of heating their houses as we do; but the thickest clothes did not suffice, and only a few Americans know how to work at athletics and business at the same time, so that I shivered by night and by day, and was made almost ill with the cold. I said so to my banker—the soberest, most orderly of men.

"How much whiskey do you drink?" he asked.

I had not been drinking any.

"Good heavens, man!" he exclaimed. "Come with me." He took me to the nearest public-house and ordered a glass of Scotch whiskey for me. "There," said he, "never let the middle of an afternoon pass without your having had a glass of spirits. Take another before you go to bed. Others may prescribe a greater quantity, and you must be the judge of your own requirements, but, mark me, you take two drinks a day as I have advised, or you'll be ill; indeed, I shouldn't wonder if you died. It is impossible to live in this climate without stimulants."

The drunkenness that results from the strain of the debilitating climate is worse than shocking to a stranger. The crowds in the gin-palaces, the preponderance of poor women in the mass of drinkers, the drunkenness of women, and the fact that liquor, which renders men sodden, seems to make women crazy — these with the bedlam in the streets at the closing-time of the taverns each night are all as noteworthy, though not as nice, as the eating habits of the people.

These same London poor beat their wives. No one will deny it. At least, they beat them, or fight with them, or get beaten by them — according to the distribution of strength in each married couple. The refrain of the police-court chorus every day demonstrates how much rum leads to fighting in the homes. I



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remember now that a clerk of the court told me that the poor are reforming rapidly in this respect.

"They throw things at each other more and more, instead of fighting," said he; but the point seems a small one to me.

The commonplaceness of the subject of drink, and the failure of the mass to view it as gentler folk do, are seen in the perennial references to it on the cheap stage and in the cheap press. This frankness is illustrated by an adventure I once had —on a 'bus again—at Charing Cross. I climbed to the roof and saw, with alarm, that the driver was not in his place. I thought the horses were free to run away, and was about to clamber down again when the driver came out of a public-house, wiping his mouth. Then a little boy appeared from under the horses' heads, which he had been holding.

"Been getting a drink?" I asked.

"Yes," said he; "I always gets a drink at this end of the line. You can't drink the stuff at the other end. You really can't, you know. It's 'orrid. Well, see 'ere, I'll tell you 'ow bad it is. It's worse than water."

He paused a moment to allow me to study this graphic analysis of the awful quality of that rum, and then he proceeded:

"Another man as calls himself a gentleman came up 'ere t'other day, just as you 'ave, and I was 'aving me drink, just as I've been 'aving it now, and when I come 'e raised a awful row. 'Where was you?' 'e asks. ''Aving a drink,' says I, as respectful as anythink. Then, would you believe it, he ups and says I 'adn't no right to 'ave a drink whilst I was on duty, and 'e'd report me to the company. What do you think of that?"

"What did you say?"

"What did I say? I waits a few minutes and turns it over in my 'ead, and then I lets 'im 'ave a bit of me mind. 'You,' I says — 'you proberbly calls yourself a gentleman. And you goes and says I 'adn't ought to drink. A pretty business,' I says, 'trying to stop a poor man 'aving 'is drink, and at the same time callin' yourself a gentleman!'"

These comments on the drinking habits of the masses do not apply to the middle million or the upper ten thousand. Once, in a first-class railway carriage, I heard a well-dressed, well-appearing man of middle age boast that he could drink a quart of port-wine in an afternoon and go home as steadily as if he had only drunk a glass of water. Such a boast would not have excited any attention a century ago. It does so now, because the gentlemen of London no longer get drunk.

In the West End clubs drunkenness is an infrequent thing. All men drink more than the same sorts do here, but men of pride watch their capacity as an engineer watches the water-gauge when filling the boiler of his engine. A greater variety of wines is served at dinner, and one hears more talk of what is in the cellars of good houses there than here. Some may say that this is for the good reason that the English have more fine wines and costly cellars than we, but that does not bear on the case, because we can have whatever we want as well as any people on earth. It is still the same matter of climate. One's physical system will take in a great deal in England before it perceptibly responds to the stimulant. Therefore it is that one is certain to have sherry and champagne and claret, or hock and claret, and then port, followed by brandy or a liqueur after the coffee. This is the mere basis or skeleton of the wine-scheme of an English dinner. More wines may be had, but less would be impossible. Whiskey always follows later in the evening, by going-home time, if not before.

The dinners are not more elaborate on the whole there than here, but they are enjoyed at greater leisure, especially over the dessert at the end, when the port is reached.

The formalities which lead up to and endure all through and after a dinner in England seem a little stiff to those of us newer folk who have not copied them. But they are meritorious. I have never been in a nice home of any sort, no matter how modest or how well acquainted with one another were the people there, that these conventional usages were not adhered to. It may be a ducal mansion or only a flat, yet the servant announces with due formality each guest that arrives, and then declares the readiness of the dinner in the same conventional, formal manner. And the hostess either appoints an escort for each lady, or else has done so quietly before the meal is announced. The hallways may be of baronial width, or as strait as the road to

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heaven, yet the couples will always proceed to the dining-room with a lady's hand on each man's arm. Even though they must walk crabwise, this will always be so.

The seats at the dining-table will surely be set with cards bearing the names of the guests, that they may find their places, and menu cards, set in pretty holders, will almost as certainly tell the ingredients of the feast to those who are to enjoy it. There are said to be hundreds of London families each of whose accumulated treasure of plate is measured by van-loads; but those who have far less silver always display what they have of it, and of cut glass, in a way which distinguishes English tables and makes them all akin.

All the diners rise at the proper moment, and the ladies proceed to the drawing-room as surely, in all houses, as every Englishman in other places comes to his feet at the first notes of "God Save the Queen." It is the host's part to see to it that the time during which the men linger over the brandy and cigars is not prolonged to even the verge of rudeness toward the ladies waiting abovestairs. The smoking is limited to the dining-room, the library, or the smoking-room, as the case may be; but when the guests depart there is always heard the invitation to a glass of spirits and a cigar or cigarette, while the ladies are putting on their wraps. This last drink is the English "night-cap," taken at that moment to kill the time, or to carry the men cheerily on their homeward way; it is the modern stirrup-cup.

I have seen in English "Bohemia" some houses wherein certain features of this formality were omitted, but the only household in London where every formality was waived was that of a foreigner. There we came in unannounced, went to dinner in a sort of catch-as-catch-can fashion, with a lady or without, sat unconscionably long over our cigars, and then smoked all over the house. The effect of this laxity was that we all appreciated the full value of the English convention in ordering society, and in bringing dignity to it and self-respect to its members.

The most part of the English usages some of us copy, and the rest of us can get used to; but there is a feature of formal dining there which is different. I refer to the failure to introduce all the company to one another. There are no general introductions at an English dinner, or even at a house party in the country. If all the guests are acquainted there is no need to introduce them, but if they are strangers they must remain so, or trust to chance or personal magnetism for making acquaintanceships. Every man is introduced at a dinner party to the lady he is to escort to the table. There it stops. It is a custom which has some close relation to the experience of an ancient race through many centuries. I leave the reader to analyze it.

Even to a town house where twenty-two servants were kept many visitors brought their maids or valets; but I have found myself everywhere so well cared for by the servants already there that I never regretted my condition. The strenuous effort of the whole people to obtain comfort at home has brought them a great deal of it.

One who lives there is apt to stay oftenest at country houses, and there the customs are complex, but as smooth in motion as the engines of a racing "liner." Your host's coachman meets you at the station. In-door servants take your things to your room, and there your bag is opened and emptied in order that its contents may be put precisely where you will want them. Every need you have while in your room will be anticipated. Your bath will usually be made ready overnight, so that the water may take on the temperature of the air, and your clothing and boots will be found ready brushed when you need them.

Breakfast customs always surprise a new-comer, for the servants do not wait on table, but only bring the dishes to the sideboard, to which each guest repairs to help himself. He carries his plate thither, stocks it with the viands he prefers, and then takes it back to his place at table. He even pours out his own tea or coffee—tea being the usual breakfast drink in England.

He is in loose flannels and low shoes (if the weather is half fine), and from the breakfast table he saunters out from under the ivy, which throws its green arabesquerie over wall and porch, to spend a whole long day at out-door diversion, at tennis, or bowls, or whatever, with intervals of reading in a hammock. He helps the hostess choose the fruits for dinner out of the glass houses, or goes with

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her to the stable, or to her old-fashioned herb-garden, with its rue and thyme and sage and all the rest, if, as it often happens, she has preserved such bric-à-brac of the past.

Luncheon may be served out-of-doors under a spreading tree, with liveried men to wait upon the guests; and at six o'clock, or half past, the elaborate high-walled garden will be deserted for the bedroom, and the donning of evening dress and pumps against the announcement of the always formal dinner. The whole day runs like clock-work, but one never sees the wheels.

One does not altogether like the way in which the children are shunted aside and left with nurses, being brought to their mothers when dressed for a walk or a ride, and shown to their father and the guests for only a little while later in the drawing-room. But manly boys grow out of this upbringing in some way or other, and the girls find favor in the eyes of other girls' brothers.

The formal "mother" and "father" with which English girls address their parents seem farther from the heart and farther from the grace of femininity than the endearing terms our daughters use; while the boyish way of calling their fathers "pater" or "governor" and their mothers "mater" sounds very stiff to us. The old middle-class terms "ma" and "pa" have descended far below that class to-day, and seem to be in complete disrepute.

In England you can trace caste from the sorrowing lady on the throne to the top-hat and long coat of the simplest gentleman in the West End, or the same hat and short coat of the humblest clerk in the City. From top to bottom the English love it all. Let no one humbug my reader with the assertion (born of our republican wishes) that the lines of caste grow looser, or that monarchy is under a death-sentence in England. The youngest, most sheltered oak in that land is not as firmly rooted nor as sure of a long existence.

Let us see some of the effects of caste —some of the curious effects that I have noted. On Jubilee day I stood so near the procession that I could have touched the door of Her Majesty's carriage with my walking-stick.

When she had ridden by, the lady next to me said,

"Oh dear, now she's gone, and I didn't see her."

"Didn't see her?" I repeated, in astonishment.

"I couldn't," she replied. "I was so excited I could not look at her. This is the third time I've tried, but something always comes up and blinds me."

Once I was walking in Hyde Park with a little English lady, who suddenly cried out:

"Oh, there's the Princess" (meaning the Princess of Wales), "and Princess Victoria! Do hurry and let us get near the road to see them!"

"Well, there, they have gone," said she, after the royal carriage had passed, "and I shall be in a flutter for half an hour. I suppose you'll never understand it, but I go perfectly silly whenever I see royalty."

I long ago learned to distrust every Englishman who pretends to view royalty coldly, as we do here in America. If an Englishman abuses the institution of caste, I suspect him of being a very cheap fraud.

I have known only one English woman to speak disrespectfully of the institution. She was a type-writer girl, who wore trousers when she rode her bicycle, and belonged to a short-haired guild which once declared itself "opposed to marriage on account of its indecency." The usual thing is to hear a cheap wit or noisy democrat assail the aristocracy, and in the next breath betray his servile admiration of it. For instance, a well-known self-advertiser on the edge of an honorable calling was once assuring me that he felt like an American, and would like to see every nobleman obliged to pawn his coronet and go to work at sweeping the streets. Ten minutes later he was pressing me to take tea at his house the next afternoon. "You'll meet some very smart people there," said he: "indeed, I even hope to have the honor of entertaining Lady Dash, the daughter of the Duke of Doldrums, you know, so I'm sure you'll make it a point to come."

This perfectly natural ingrained feeling sifts all the way through society from top to bottom, manifesting itself in a million ways. A professional man may aspire to a gentle position if he can afford it and is fit for it; and so may even a manufacturer; but, as I understand it,

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this a man may not do if he is a tradesman, no matter how wealthy or polished he may be—that is, if he sells goods at retail.

A high silk hat is a badge of gentility (in London rather than in England at large) which even a cabman respects, and a first-class railway ticket has inspired most deferential behavior from a station agent who had been very rude to me when I bought a third-class ticket at his window. Dress remains a badge of rank, because men do not presume to dress above their station, as a rule; and in a city warehouse you may distinguish the proprietor by his silk hat and frock-coat, the clerk by his silk hat and short coat, and the porter by his round hat. I have been told again and again—though I am thankful never to have had to experience it—that a business man who receives you freely at his house as a friend, will prove difficult of access and stiffly ceremonious if you go to his office on business.

Because of such conditions, Americans at home wonder why other Americans live in England. There is no mystery about it. Some live there because England is three thousand miles from their home reputations, or the scene of their failures. Others do so because their mode of life—however good or evil—is not pried into by press or public. Some live there because of the restful calm of every phase of life. Some love the historic landmarks and the literary associations, animate and inanimate, dead or living. But one other thing all Americans who are there cannot help enjoying. It is this: that in the freest, most liberally governed of foreign lands they find their own freedom even greater than that of their English neighbors. Only his own circle and the ones beneath it are open to an Englishman, but every circle welcomes any American who is able to grace it. An Englishman in London must be particular where and how he lives; but an American may inhabit a cottage in a poor neighborhood without damaging his social standing. He may dress as he pleases, he may even maintain a trace of bohemianism in his entertainments, if he prefers it, or is blind to it. His mistakes are excused, and his eccentricities are credited, with kindly forbearance, to his nationality oftener than to himself.

Several times I have known an Englishman on the easiest terms in American houses to drop his affability and his careless manner when another Englishman has entered the circle and been introduced to him.

Americans, having no rank, are of every rank in England; but an Englishman must know all about a fellow-countryman's position before he feels it safe to be at ease with him.

These are very loose and terse summings up of some features of a complex institution, yet it is only from lack of space that I do not illustrate them all with anecdotes.

One at least should be illustrated. That is my statement that a manufacturer may take a place in good society and a tradesman may not. How this may result is seen in a case within my circle of acquaintance. The lovely, accomplished, and much-travelled daughter of a manufacturer of the most costly and fashionable luxuries has every fashionable door closed in her face, and must live out her life in the company of greatly inferior, often vulgar people, because her father sells over the counter of a shop a small fraction of what he manufactures. Her beauty, grace, and intelligence, and her father's great wealth, do not throw a feather's weight toward her advantage.

We have followed down as low as the porters in a city warehouse a few of the striking effects of caste. Go lower and see how it influences the household servants. They have their own ranks and degrees in the servants' hall of each dwelling, their own pride in themselves and in the position of their employers. I told in another article how all a lady's servants left her because she once made up a bed when she thought her maids had more work than they could properly attend to during a rush of company. I also know a gentleman who has the general English love of flowers, and who cannot keep a gardener because he will potter in his greenhouses with his own hands. If you hand a soiled plate to a maid, or a piece of waste paper off the floor, she will say, "Thank you." She will polish your shoes for you as willingly as she will eat her own breakfast; but she will give you impudence if you display an American's kindly interest in her own affairs, and leave you if you hang your own pictures.

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# STORIES IN VERSE.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

## I.—A WOMAN'S HAND.

THE dawn grew golden in the east,
The dancing and the music ceased;
The world, the world of men, awoke,
And then the guest who tarried spoke.

And as he spoke he took her hand
In his (he could not understand!)
And held it, tiny, white, and slim,
While she in silence gazed at him.

"Soft little tender birdlike thing,
May Time or Toil," he murmured, "bring
No line to thee, poor girlish hand!"
(Oh, he could never understand!)

Then she, with one strange wistful look,
Drew back the hand he idly took,
And smiling hid it from his gaze,
While he bowed low, and went his ways.

The little hand remained the same
Soft birdlike thing, and no toil came
To take its tenderness away,
Nor steal its beauty day by day,

For in the world its only task
Was but to press a wayward heart
(Ah, little hand so white and slim!)
That ached with all her love for him.

## II.—AT THE COMEDY.

LAST night, in snowy gown and glove,
I saw you watch the play,
Wherein each Hero won his Love
The old unlifelike way.

(*And oh were life their little scene*
*Where love so smoothly ran,*
*How different, Dear, this world had been*
*Since this old world began!*)

For you who saw them gayly win
Both hand and heart away,
Knew well where dwelt the mockery in
That foolish little play.

("*If Love were all! if Love were all!*"
*The viols sobbed and cried;*
"*Then Love were best whate'er befall,*"
*Low, low the flutes replied.*)

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And you, Fond Heart, did you forget
  For all the changing year?
Since watching there your eyes grew wet
  With just an idle tear.

(*And down the great dark curtain fell*
  *Upon their foolish play,*
*But you and I knew—oh, too well—*
  *Life went another way.*)

### III.—A TRAGEDY.

SHE passed me in the crowded square,
And on her little face forlorn
I caught a glimmer of despair
  Her childish brow had never worn;
Yet as she lightly smiled at me
I saw the old half-wistful air
Still lurking in her sea-blue eyes.
  For I had known her as a child,
And ere she grew so worldly-wise,
When she was like a flower, and fair,
  We two had wandered, free and wild,
    Down hills that faced the sea.

Oh, she who seemed a flower of old,
  And knew each hill and highland place
From April green to Autumn gold,
I saw go thro' the drifting rain
  With rouge upon her childish face,
To hide a shadow of the pain
And all the aging sorrow there.
Yet with the same old queenly tread
She faded down the darkening square,
Amid the night she knew too well;
  And like the stateliest flower that grows
She held her queenly little head,
  And still, it seemed, from that poor rose,
    An old sweet perfume fell.

## WITHOUT THE COURTS.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

IT was a wide marsh, with a dim blue shore on the other side. Away down to the right the horizon was clear, for there was the sea into which the tide-water river emptied itself. To the left the river showed more definitely and in longer reaches, though still shored by the marsh. The low sand bluff that bounded the marsh on the south was fringed with saw-palmettoes and bunches of wild myrtle, with here and there a solemn pine rising to lonely heights, and here and there wide-spreading, moss-draped oaks making dense shadows.

Where the trees were thickest a plantation-house, built very much on the plan

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of the oaks, low and wide-spreading, stood looking out through its old-fashioned, small-paned windows, as it had looked for many, many changing years over the desolate marsh and sinuous river. So many had lived and loved, had come and gone, in that plain, heavily timbered old house that at last it seemed almost to have acquired personality and the cheerful expression of a serene old age which could look back on a simple, honorable, kindly past, and forward to a safe future. To-day its outlook was misty, for a fine white film was stretched across the sky that dimmed the sunshine a little, and blurred the outline of the far horizon. A mild, gray day, which, while demanding fires, yet permitted the master of the house to bring his book to the front piazza. His feet were on the banisters, his chair was tilted back, and a soft hat was drawn a little over his eyes. Some pipes and a box of tobacco were on another chair beside him, and at a little distance a red setter lay with his head on his front paws watching his master wistfully, with now and then a nervous start and a tremulous long breath that was almost a whimper. Out on the bluff, under the trees, a negro woman sat sewing, and a little child, with long fair curls creeping out from under the deep frill of her white sun-bonnet, played beside her.

It was very still—so still that as far away as she was the words of the child would now and then reach her father where he sat, and hearing, he would lift his head and look toward the little group. It was a dull-looking book that he held, bound in brown leather, and heavy; for when wheels were heard driving up to the side door, and he dropped it on the floor, it jarred loudly, so that the sound reached the child under the trees. She focussed her long bonnet on her father as he moved quickly down the piazza and cut across the corner to the side steps, where an open vehicle had stopped; then catching sight of the traveller who had arrived, she ran towards him as fast as her little legs could move, crying, "Tad! Tad!"

The two men shook hands; a servant, coming round from the back, took a valise from the wagon; and Tad going to meet the child, the master turned to the coachman.

"Did your mistress give you any orders last night?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," the negro answered; "Miss Lise say fuh me to come to de P'int fuh her dis mawnin' des es soon es I bring Mass Tad from de station."

"Then go at once," and Mr. Beverley pulled out his watch.

"Yes, and be in a hurry." When once more he had reached his chair, Beverley pushed the heavy book aside with his foot, then, as if on second thought, he turned it up so that the title would show.

Before he took his seat he drew another big chair forward, then filling his pipe he lighted it slowly while he watched his friend, who, having returned the child to her nurse, was coming toward the house, stooping and patting the dog as he came. "Poor old doggie," he said, "who's been trampling on you? What ails him, George?" he went on, when he reached the piazza. "He's trembling as if he had a chill, and winces as if he were sore."

"I had to thrash him this morning," Beverley answered, and a gleam came into his eyes that seemed to stop the poor dog in his tracks, and he lay down as before, tremulous and watchful.

Tad's own eyes took on a watchful look. "Where's Lise?" he asked.

"Over at Aunt Bowman's."

Then, as sitting down Tad's foot struck the big book, he said, "Reading law, and beating old Dash, and writing me that extraordinary letter yesterday, something must be very wrong, George—by Jove! infernally wrong."

Beverley handed him the tobacco-box and pipes. "Light up," he said.

Tad obeyed, and for a little while they smoked in silence; then Tad, still with the watchful look in his eyes, went on:

"Your letter bothered me; bothered me because I could not come out yesterday."

"Yes," Beverley answered, "I meant you to come yesterday."

"I've wanted to come all winter," Tad went on, "but I've been away attending court, you know."

"Yes, I wish you had come," and Beverley blew out clouds of smoke. "That letter should have been written long ago. Well, I sent for you as my lawyer, Tad, and as you did not come yesterday, I reduced everything to writing—"

"Reduced *what* to writing?"

"My instructions;" then Beverley turn-

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ed his head away and added, "I've decided to sell."

Tad's chair came down on its front legs with a bang; his pipe, jarred from its stem, fell on the floor, and the dog sprang up with a nervous yelp.

Beverley nodded as if he had expected this outbreak, and taking his pipe from his lips he began to stir the tobacco in the bowl with his knife-blade, watching his own motions attentively. "I know all you want to say," he went on, "but there's no use in saying it. I know that no creature has ever owned this land but Beverleys; I know that I belong to the soil as that tree does; I know that it would have broken my mother's heart, and my father's"—his voice shook a little. "Well, never mind; if he knew, he would commend what I have done."

Tad was still leaning forward, with the pipe-stem forgotten between his fingers, gazing at the pipe-bowl forgotten on the floor. Beverley was looking out across the marsh.

"That club has offered me a fancy price," he continued, his voice growing more and more monotonous, as if he had rehearsed his speech, "and I mean to take it. They want this house just as it stands, the high lands, and the fields down to the barn—in short, all of the original Beverley tract, which will give them the best shooting and fishing. I want you to begin at once to look up the deeds, and to get everything in readiness; but I do not want the bargain concluded, nor the transfer made, until next autumn, and I shall put everything into your hands, as I do not wish to enter into any of the details. I shall keep all the up-river tract and continue to plant it, living in the overseer's house—"

"And Lise and the child?" Tad interrupted; and now he raised his eyes from the fallen pipe and fixed them on his friend's averted face.

"They will go to Europe — and live there." There was a moment's pause, then Beverley went on: "The money I get for this place, together with what I make planting, will enable me to keep them there; the child, always under the supervision of a careful English governess, to whom I myself will give instructions, for I shall take them over. In case of my death, there is yourself, and my life-insurance made out to the child—"

Tad grasped his arm. "George!"—and he shook him as if to waken him—"George, for God's sake, tell me all!"

"I am telling you all."

"But Lise has learned to love the place."

"Yes, she has learned to love the place."

"And your aunt Bowman, and Jack, and Sandy, like your own brothers! George, you'll pull up the growth of generations!"

There was no answer, and the look across the marsh became more set.

"George!"—again shaking his arm—"George, for God sake, tell me all!"

"I *am* telling you all. Aunt Bowman? Yes, it will hurt her: this was her father's house—"

"And Sandy?" Tad struck in, leaning a little more forward, trying to get a better view of his friend's face.

Beverley glanced round at the dog. "Get away from here!" he cried, springing to his feet, his eyes flashing. The dog fled down the steps, and the men's eyes met.

"I *am* telling you all!" Beverley repeated, harshly. "And it will be better for the child." He sat down again, while a deathly, spent look came over his face; and the dog once more crept up the steps.

"Better — best," he went on, as if to himself. "*Best*—yes. And as I have no son—thank God!—no son, what does it matter? Traditions? memories? all marred and blotted — *stained*. And the place must not be called Beverley any more; the name must vanish. You hear, Tad?" lifting his head quickly. "You must stipulate about the name."

Tad put down the pipe-stem at last, put it into the tobacco-box with an exaggerated carefulness as if it were spun glass, and began to walk up and down the piazza. After a turn or two he saw Beverley bend his head to one side as if listening.

"You think you hear the carriage," he said. "I wish Lise *would* come; I don't think she should stay away when you are so worried."

"It was my arrangement," Beverley answered, coldly; "and I do not need a keeper, Tad."

There was silence while Tad walked the length of the piazza and back, then he paused behind Beverley's chair. "George," he said, "I love you as I love

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myself, but as surely as my name is Thaddeus Marvin, I'll throw up your business, and even your friendship, before I'll help you to do this thing."

Beverley shook his head slowly. "No," he said—"no, you won't," and again silence fell between them.

Somewhere within the house a clock ticked; a bird fluttered down to a rose-bush in front, and the laughter of the little child came clear and sweet from the river-bank. Presently the dog lifted its head sidewise and grew rigid, and Beverley, putting his pipe slowly into the tobacco-box, laid his two hands on the arms of his chair. Tad looked quickly from one to the other. The dog heard something that the master expected to hear. Then coming nearer on the still air was the thud of a horse's hoofs, and a mad rattle of wheels. The dog rushed out, barking wildly; the negro woman gathered the child up into her arms; Tad ran to the side steps, and Beverley rose slowly to his feet.

On the horse came; but now Tad could see that the driver was urging him, and that the lady on the back seat was leaning forward urging the driver. What was she fleeing from? It was scarcely a moment before they reached the steps, and Tad sprang forward.

"What is it, Lise?" he cried, and almost lifted her from the wagon.

Her forget-me-not-blue eyes looked as if they had seen some dreadful vision, which they would forever see; her fair hair, blown out here and there by the wind, crisped and curled about a pallid face; her colorless lips were drawn back squarely, as in a mask of tragedy, and her breath seemed hard to get.

"What is it?" Tad repeated.

She clutched his shoulder. "Sandy," she whispered—"brought home dead!" She drew a long, sobbing breath—"Shot!"

In Tad's honest eyes that looked into hers there dawned a growing horror of knowledge: and slowly, as if directed by some stronger power, he loosened her hand from off his shoulder and laid it on the railing of the steps.

"Call the carriage back," Beverley said, looking down on them from above, "I must be needed at the Point."

A rigidity crept over the trembling woman; she drew her lips together, catching the lower one with her teeth, and began to mount the steps as a blind person might. At the top, her husband stood aside out of her way; their eyes met—it was not long—then she passed on slowly into the house.

It was very still at the Point when they arrived. Mrs. Bowman sent at once for her nephew to come to her where she had shut herself into her room, while Tad took his seat on the front piazza with others who were waiting about, and watching, and talking in hushed voices.

"It is so dreadful!" said the distant cousin, who took her seat next to Tad. "Sandy was *so* handsome! and his mother's darling—me! me! it is always the dearest who is taken," wiping her eyes. "And last night he was the gayest of the gay—he and Lise Beverley. George went home early, just as soon as they began to dance. He is so quiet, you know, so deadly still. I always feel a little bit sorry for Lise; poor, pretty, gay Lise. But George left her here last night, and she was in a gale of spirits, she and Sandy, dancing like mad, and keeping us in roars of laughter. Cousin Bowman was so pleased to see the young ones so gay; and to think!—oh, me! to think!"—and again she wiped away her tears. "Have you heard the particulars?" she went on, turning squarely on her silent companion.

Tad shook his head. "Only the bare fact," he answered.

"How strange!" Then she began eagerly: "Sandy went out very early this morning to shoot—he often does, you know—and told the boatmen to meet him at nine o'clock at the long bend below the far swamp—you know it?"

"Yes," Tad answered.

"And they found him lying there dead! Accident, of course, for both barrels of his gun were empty, and just by the trunk of a fallen tree; he must have tripped in stepping over it—don't you think so?"

"Yes," Tad answered again.

"They brought him home; we were all late at breakfast, laughing and talking, and those stupid negroes brought him to the front landing! Lise saw the boat coming. 'There's Sandy!' she said, and ran out. Oh, it was awful! Cousin Bowman and Jack were nearly frantic!" This time she sobbed a little, and others near wiped their eyes.

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"Jack has gone out to walk by himself, poor fellow," she went on, recovering herself, "and I'm *so* glad George has come over; he'll be a comfort to Cousin Bowman. He and Sandy have always been so devoted; he's like another son to Cousin Bowman; she depends on him greatly, as the head of her family. Poor George! he adored Sandy."

"Yes," Tad answered, "he did. He did most of Sandy's work at school, and took many of Sandy's whippings."

"Poor George!" she repeated; "it will break his heart. And Lise—Lise stood there like a dead woman while they brought him, lying on an old door, straight up to her—past her! Oh, it was awful!"

Tad rose hurriedly. "Take this chair," he said, and gave his place to a newcomer. After this he kept himself as far from his late companion and as near to the hall door as was possible, and waited patiently through all the long, lagging hours while people came to make inquiries and to offer help; and food was served in the dining-room and eaten between whispered sentences that told the story of the unfortunate accident over and over again, and so sent it away through all the country-side, and into the town newspapers.

At last, as evening fell, Jack Bowman came in at the back door, and down the hall. Beverley came out quickly from his aunt's room, and Tad stepped in from the piazza. The three men paused a moment, then Bowman led the way into the parlor, where, on a couch in the middle of the room, the dead man lay. He shut the door and turned to Beverley. "It was buckshot," he said.

Beverley nodded. "For our good names' sake there could be no scandal," he answered.

Bowman bent his head.

"He agreed in this," Beverley went on, "and arranged it all himself, so that no living soul, and especially his mother, need ever know."

Again Bowman bent his head.

"And at the last"— Beverley's voice broke a little—"at the last he fired both barrels into the air."

Bowman laid his hand on the folded hands of his brother, and Beverley turned toward the door with shudders as of mortal agony going over him.

Tad took the reins himself, leaving the coachman to walk, and he and his friend drove through the lonely night together. Through all the distance Beverley sat silent, bent over like an old, decrepit man, but as they turned in at the big gate, he laid his hand on Tad's arm.

"You must take the old dog with you," he said, "out of my sight! This morning I had to beat him to make him come away, and at the last he ran back and licked his face."

# THE BUILDING OF THE MODERN CITY HOUSE.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS.

## PART I.

IT has always been thought a misfortune for London town that so much of its territory is held by large owners that your house or your church has to be built upon leasehold property. If a public square, famous in history and known to every Londoner and every traveller, be the property of a single magnate, the hotels, the churches, the dwellings, fronting upon it will be in a sense his property too, though they have been built at the cost and at the orders of others. Sooner or later the ownership of these buildings falls in; sooner or later the building which has been erected on another man's land has to be purchased at a valuation by that universal owner of the soil"; sooner or later the house which you thought your own must become another's. It has always been assumed that this fact takes away greatly from the interest which the London householder might feel in his own dwelling, and makes him careless as to its external appearance, and as to its very arrangement and interior finish. That, at least, is one reason commonly given for the generally low character of architectural merit in London houses.

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READY-MADE AND HOME-MADE HOUSES.

In New York we have no such difficulty to contend with; it is rare that houses are built on leasehold property. And yet it is not the New-Yorker's way to build his own house with care and forethought. It is altogether the rule for the would-be owner of a house in New York to buy, ready-built, a house which has been built with many others in a row, and offered him complete for so much money. The generally low character of house architecture in New York may be partly the result of this vicious practice, for there, more than in most other American cities, houses are built for selling and buying. Even mansions of unusual size and display, costing perhaps one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with the ground that they stand upon, are built by a speculator, and may be expected to sell readily to some millionaire. Many a rich man will be heard to say that he would never take the trouble to build so long as such well-arranged and agreeable houses are offered him for purchase. The question is whether such houses will ever be properly planned and adequately built.

The plans are sure to be of the normal and familiar type, and therefore to pass fairly well the examination of the housekeeper who has always lived in a house of a normal type; yet, since the house has been built at a venture to please the first accidental comer, no great refinement of plan can be expected. Robert Browning speaks of having vainly given time and pains to turn his poem "Sordello" into "what the many might—instead of what the few must—like." This is exactly what the builder of houses for sale does; he builds what will fairly well suit any person in search of a certain class of house: he cannot, of course, build what would exactly suit any one person or any one family, and that the future owner will discover.

As it is with the refinement of the plan, so it is with the quality of the building. This is a more serious matter than the reader can be expected to believe, for the chances are that he has never tried to drive a nail into a properly laid-up brick wall. How rarely first-rate brick-work is put into a city house may easily be seen, now that business is invading the residential quarters of our cities, and homes of all sorts, even the handsomest, are being torn down. A seemingly solid brick pier five or six feet wide, between the jambs of two windows, will crumble all to pieces, every brick falling apart from every other brick clean and free from mortar—what had been the mortar flying up in clouds of idle dust. Compare such brick-work with brick-work as it is understood by a good engineer—with brick-work such as the government builders put into the inner linings and passages of their sea-coast fortifications; with brick-work such as the successive superintendents of the ill-starred Albany Capitol built into its lower stories; and with brick-work such as is put into a good private house, designed by an architect and built by a first-rate mason to whom an adequate price is paid. A brick wall, as such builders understand it, is a massive unit. It is composed, indeed, of separate parallelopipedons of baked clay, with thin layers of adhesive substance uniting them; but the result is a compact mass which will ring under the hammer like a slab of hard stone, and which, if thrown down, would strike the ground in one piece, and break across a brick more readily than at one of the joints. Such a wall, if laid up to carry beams, will take the under side of each one of these beams solidly and true. Such a wall will contain flues as smooth and accurate as the external face, even if the flue be not itself a piece of earthen-ware pipe. Such brick-work as that should mark the standard to which all building should be required to conform. The difficulty is that the fashion has been set of such very inferior work that it would be impracticable in one generation to force builder and employer alike to recognize its necessity. Such brick-work costs somewhat more per cubic foot than slight and inferior work, but not much more; and the percentage of cost is really inconsiderable when compared with the vast superiority given to the whole building as to comfort, safety, and healthfulness. If the owner but knew, he would not rest easy in such a house as he owns. If the would-be buyer could but see, he would not be slow to judge and to reject. Planning he may partly judge of, though not altogether, as he is presumably no expert in such matters; but of building he can form no idea whatever.

The most important lesson for the resident of our cities is that, if possible, he should build his own house.

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### THE AMERICAN CITY HOUSE.

By a city house is usually meant one that faces on a single street, or, at most, as in the case of the corner house, upon two, and has windows upon the street and upon its back yard, and nowhere else. A house with windows on all four sides, and therefore with some grounds of its own, is to be considered a suburban house or a country house.

The large houses of Charleston, and, to a lesser degree, of Savannah, have, indeed, very commonly, windows on four sides. Sometimes these houses are arranged in pairs—"semi-detached," as the English phrase is. Either arrangement comes of having enough land to set the house in its own garden. In New Orleans the type of the very large house may be considered that with a central court-yard, or patio—a plan that hardly obtains elsewhere in the United States. In residential quarters of the smaller Northern cities houses standing free in their own grounds, and in this respect not unlike those in Savannah and in Charleston, are abundant. But in the greater cities it is surprising how little regard has been paid to that comfort and ease and to that splendor which come of ornamental grounds, even if small. In almost every quarter of Paris there are exquisite gardens whose ancient trees look over high walls. The very first idea of sumptuous lay-out to a Parisian is that he shall drive through a gateway into a paved court, and that the whole rear of his house shall look upon an enclosed place with flowers, shrubbery, and trees of considerable size. These houses may, indeed, like ours, be built in between others of a similar character, so that they have windows on two fronts alone, but they are radically different in that they are less deep from front to back than they are wide from blind side-wall to side-wall. It is a marvel that the multi-millionaires of New York and Chicago have not cared to build such mansions.

The typical American city house has long been built upon a single slice of ground, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, or forty feet wide. It is built close up to the street-line, or, in some cases, with a very few feet of reservation in front, and is apt to cover more than half the lot in depth. The demand for more room on the drawing-room floor is apt to be so great that an extension will be built out into the back yard, leaving little open space either at the side of the extension or at the extreme end; and this extension may rise through two or three stories, or even to the height of the main house. The result of this is that there is insufficient light for the rear windows, and that he is fortunate who can secure a corner house. He indeed may be thought fortunate who has a view through to the next street because of the presence there of some church or similar building with a little land around it, or because the neighboring land-owner is holding the land for a rise; but this advantage adds light to the rear windows only, and the middle of the house still receives borrowed light.

### THE HIGH STOOP OF GOTHAM.

One would think that any householder in a great and bustling city would have appreciated the necessity of having the rooms used for the daily needs of his family, together with those used for the receiving of guests—and in this way for the elegancies of life—tolerably well removed from the main door of entrance. The resident of London enters his house by means of a porch or door-step raised but little above the sidewalk; his drawing-rooms are in the story above. New York has not felt the need of this arrangement until our own time, and it may be said that the other close-built and crowded cities of the country have not been much in advance of it. As the town grew into a city, the New-Yorker raised his drawing-rooms higher and higher above the level of the street, but raised his front door with them. Gotham is responsible for the anomaly of the high-stoop house, and has clung to it for seventy years. It never existed in any previous epoch, and did not exist fifty years ago in any other city of the known world; but when New York, the wealthiest and largest city on the continent, adopted this abnormal type as its own, other cities, even strongly individual and strongly differentiated Boston, took it over, and made their houses to correspond very closely to the New York prototype. There have, indeed, been a few English-basement houses during the past three-quarters of a century, and about 1870 the French-basement type was introduced; but these systems of plan had so little success that they would hardly

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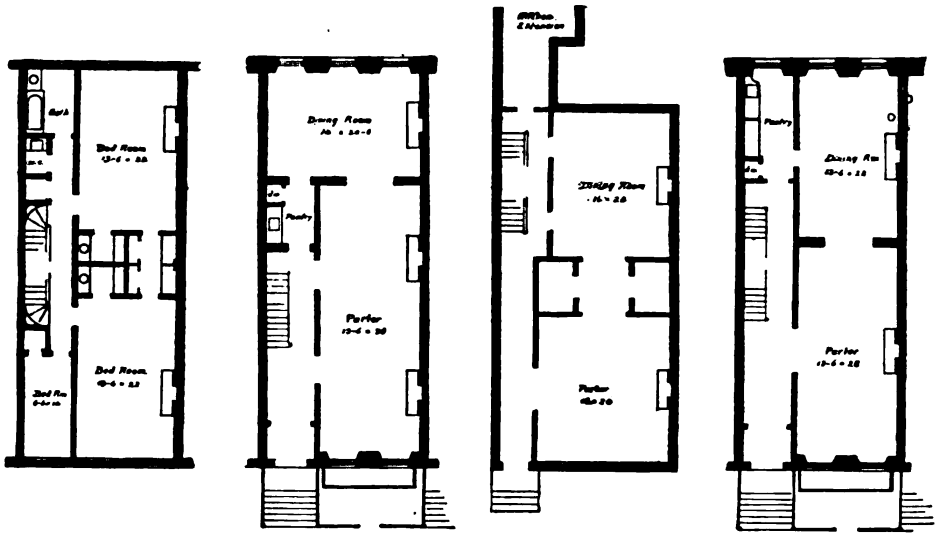


FIG. I. FIG. II. FIG. III. FIG. IV.

THE PLANS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Fig. I. First bedroom story of the New York house of 1860. Fig. II. Principal story of the New York house of 1860, developed from that of 1850 by throwing two parlors into one and adding the tea-room, or library, which soon became a dining-room. Fig. III. Philadelphia house before the War. Fig. IV. New York house of 1870, on a lot not less than twenty-one and a half feet wide.

be worthy of mention, except in a thorough historical study of house-planning in America.

### THE AMERICAN BASEMENT.

The flank of the high-stoop position was turned by some architects who were employed by rich men to alter, to enlarge, to decorate and glorify old houses. They ingeniously transported the entrance-door and vestibule from the parlor story to the basement, and left the stairs to the drawing-room to be climbed within-doors instead of outside in the open. A house in Lexington Avenue, a house in Gramercy Park, one here and one there, but usually a large and rather sumptuous mansion, were altered in this most desirable way.

The next step was taken somewhere about the year 1885, when new houses of importance were built on the same plan. The principal entrance, which in the altered houses was sometimes sunk to the level or below the level of the sidewalk, was now put where it should be. Theoretically one entered the house without ascending at all; but as rain-water must be kept out, and as the ground-floor must not only be, but seem to be, secure from floods in the time of melting snow, a door-sill was put in, seven or seven and a half inches high, upon which the visitor stepped before walking into the vestibule. This type of house, having been taken up by wealthy men employing distinguished architects, was immediately approved by the more intelligent planners of new buildings. The "American-basement house" is now the prevalent style.

### THE PLANS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

In planning the stories of houses built in city blocks the few possible arrangements are somewhat obvious. Yet the planning may be revised, and where every inch is of consequence it is worthy of much study and patient thought.

There is much to be said for the familiar plans of our ancestors. Let Fig. I. be the second story of a New York house of 1860 or thereabout. For the purposes of a moderate-sized family it is very hard to improve upon that disposition. Two large bedrooms, one small room, which may be a "hall bedroom" or a dressing-room or a sewing-room, and a bath-room—that, with a passage between the large bedrooms giving a draught of air and affording an excellent chance for closets with shelves and with hooks for hanging up garments—that is the plan which really fills most of the requirements. To throw the whole front into one large room, as is often done, is only admissible where the family is very small. It is singular how much a house seems to be crowded by this change.

The principal floor which accompanies

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such a bedroom floor as the above was, of course, generally of the old high-stoop plan, at least in New York. One such plan is given in Fig. II. This plan underwent several minor changes. About 1840, and before, the forty-foot stretch of drawing-rooms was divided by a partition with folding-doors, and as these doors swung open and occupied space in the length of the rooms, a kind of closet was arranged behind each door, so that the two halves of the drawing-room were divided by more than a mere partition-wall. This was a common arrangement in Philadelphia, at least as regards the two parlors, for in that case the dining-room in the rear was not common, and the back parlor was often used as a dining-room. In this usual and really very convenient plan (Fig. III.), it must be remembered that the back building played a great part. The dining-room was sometimes in this extension, and the rooms used for kitchen and laundry and their appurtenances were always there. From 1850 on, the folding-doors were replaced by sliding-doors, and the closets disappeared. This was the type adopted in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in some handsome houses much earlier than 1855, as, for instance, in those fronting on Washington Square in New York, and those in Clinton Place, Brevoort Place, etc.; but the almost universal acceptance of the type might be put down as of 1850. From 1860 on, the sliding-doors also tended to disappear, and the two parlors appeared as one long drawing-room, sometimes with a screen of plaster columns, or, in less expensive houses, a transom overhead boxed down with hollow wood-work and ornamental plastering, which seemed to divide the long room into two. As early as 1870 this plan was modified as shown in Fig. IV. The dining-room was turned in the house so as to be a continuation of the parlor, and there resulted then a house with a parlor diminished in length from forty to thirty or even twenty-eight feet, and a dining-room of nearly the same length and of exactly the same width. This arrangement left the butler's pantry at the end of the staircase hall, and allowed this important room to have a good window. All these were modifications of the high-stoop house.

### THE REASON FOR THE HIGH-STOOP HOUSE.

The high-stoop house remained so long in vogue for a reason that is interesting historically. It is a reminiscence, a continuation in popular use in our cities of the simple house built on the lines of the country house in old country-village-like Dutch New Amsterdam and British New York.

There is a marked difference between the plans of a country house and a city house. In the country it is customary all over the world, whenever violence is not to be feared, to put the principal rooms in the ground-story—that is to say, in the story raised not more than a couple of feet above the level of the ground. French châteaux of the less pretentious

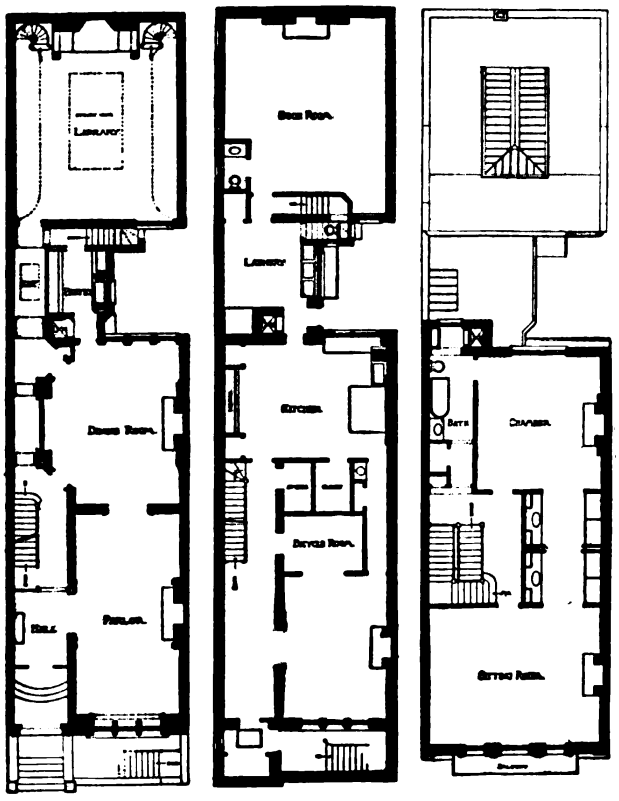


FIG. V. FIG. VI. FIG. VII.

A combination of the high stoop and the American basement, in a New York house built to accommodate the library of a scholar. Fig. V. is the principal story, Fig. VI. the basement story, and Fig. VII. the second story.

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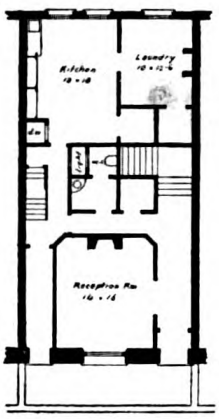


FIG. VIII.

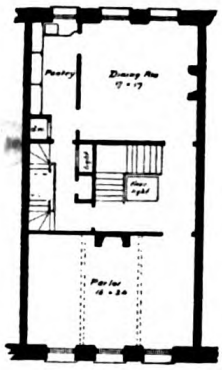


FIG. IX.

An early American basement (1863) in a 25-foot house. Fig. VIII. Entrance-floor. Fig. IX. Principal floor.

type, English country houses, both large and small, German Landhäuser, and even, in spite of long tradition, Italian villas of the present day, are planned in this way. It is true that exceptions occur; in England as well as in France drawing-rooms are sometimes on the upper floor; but it still remains the rule to place all the rooms for family life and for entertainment on the ground-floor. In cities the reverse is the case. In England it is everywhere assumed that the rooms of ceremony should be at the head of the first flight of stairs, and not near the front door, nor on the same floor with it. In the Continental cities of Europe there are no private houses except private hotels of sumptuous appointment. The private house, in the English and American sense, is so rare that it may be said not to exist in the well-built portions of large cities. The family of moderate means on the Continent of Europe lives, of course, in a city "flat," or in a country house with windows on all sides.

The reason why English city houses have their rooms of elegance and entertainment out of the way of the street door is, one would think, obvious. It is the natural desire for retirement and privacy. The reason why American house-owners in the Colonial times built with their drawing-rooms beside the street door is obvious too: it is that the towns were for a long time open and free, not crowded, not stately or citylike in lay-out. The reason why this plan took strong hold and remained in fashion until a recent day in New York is, of course, the comparative rarity of trained servants, and, one might say, of trained mistresses of the household as well. To say good-by to your visitor at the drawing-room door and to leave him to make a journey through a hall and down a long staircase and out at the front door has been difficult for the American housewife, in view of the fact that she has had to trust that visitor to an uninstructed servant without traditions and without the acquired habit of seeing the visitor out, or else to trust him to his own devices and to his own ingenuity in turning the right door-knobs and not bolting himself in the more firmly the longer he works. No doubt the same difficulty still exists to a certain extent in our half-formed community, but that it is partly disappearing is evident from the rapid increase in the number of American-basement houses. That houses of this latter plan are the more agreeable ones, whether for residence or for entertainment, need hardly be urged. Every one can remember the disagreeables of living, of receiving, and of being received, in houses of which the entrance-door was opposite the drawing-room door. Every one can remember the annoyance of having the principal rooms used by the family overlooked, in a sense, by any casual bearer of a message who might be waiting in the passage. Every one can remember his own forlorn entrance with dripping umbrella and turned-up trousers into a hall already filled with guests overflowing from the drawing-room on one side and the dining-room on the other.

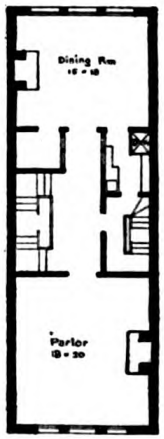



FIG. X.



FIG XI.

A modern adaption of Figs. VIII. and IX. for a 20-foot lot. Fig. X. Principal story. Fig. XI. First bedroom story.

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### A COMBINATION OF THE HIGH STOOP AND THE FRENCH BASEMENT.

It may be well to give one instance, a very good one, of a house which combines the advantages of the high stoop and the French basement. This (Figs. V., VI., VII.) is a house erected in New York by Messrs. Brunner and Tryon for occupation by a professor of Columbia University, and it is worthy of special notice because, being built on a twenty-five-foot lot, it gives all that a scholar and the possessor of an important library requires in addition to the usual accommodation for a family. There are ten risers between the level of the sidewalk and the level of the first floor — that is to say, the first story is raised at least six feet above the sidewalk. The reader may, if he is interested in such matters, notice the ingenuity shown in giving to the vestibule a sufficient landing outside of the inner doors,

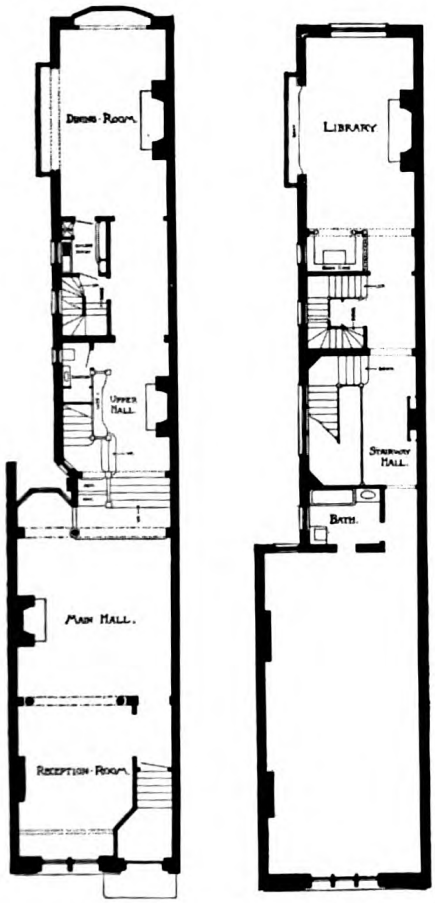



FIG. XII. FIG. XIII.

An American basement on a 22-foot lot of great depth, showing the notable development of a square hall in the middle of the house. Fig. XII. Entrance-floor. Fig. XIII. Principal floor.



THE EXTERIOR OF FIGURES XII. AND XIII.

while still the outer or night doors have room to swing back against the wall, where they remain during the day, leaving only the glazed "storm-doors" closed. Fig. V. shows the first floor. It will be noticed how the dining-room is widened at the expense of the hall in such a way as to leave but a narrow corridor leading to the library, which corridor, however, is amply sufficient for the requirements of the situation. This library is very high, seventeen or eighteen feet, with a gallery to enable the student to reach the second tier of cases, and it has small windows high in the wall above the great



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THE EXTERIOR OF FIGURES XIV. AND XV.

fireplace, as well as one of normal size and situation looking into the court. This large room has also a skylight to diffuse light over all the cases. As may be supposed, the window looking on the court is especially arranged for the scholar's work-table. Beneath this library there is a large book-room in the basement story, Fig. VI., which in this house, as in a high-stoop house, is not the story of entrance. A staircase shown in Fig. VI. leads down to this book-room, which is, indeed, a place for all that subsidiary work and for that as yet unshaped material of the student which are hardly presentable in the library proper. In Fig. VII., the second-story plan of this house, there is a family sitting-room in front and a bedroom in the rear. The closets between are in every way like those shown in Fig. I., except that, being more spacious, they afford more room for a wash-stand, making of each separate compartment a sufficient dressing-room.

### AN EARLY AMERICAN BASEMENT.

Architects who plan according to an intelligent sense of the needs of cultivated families have always felt the superiority of relegating the entrance-door to the story below the principal rooms. Fig. VIII. is the ground-story, and Fig. IX. the story next above, of a twenty-five-foot house which was planned in this manner more than thirty years ago. It was worked out between the person proposing to build and an architect of radical tendencies. It gives an ideal arrangement for a family of moderate size who desire, above all things, quiet evenings. The front room on the ground-floor is what we call a reception-room, the "parlor" above is the sitting-room and library in one. Evidently an influence akin to the English preference for quiet and privacy was at work here, as there is no other room entitled "parlor," and

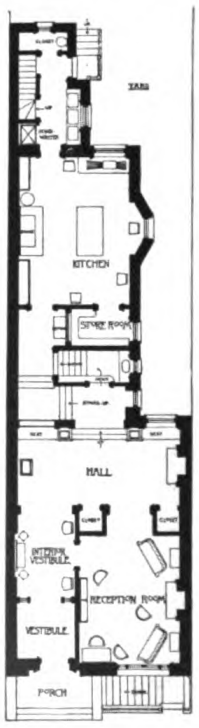



FIG. XIV.

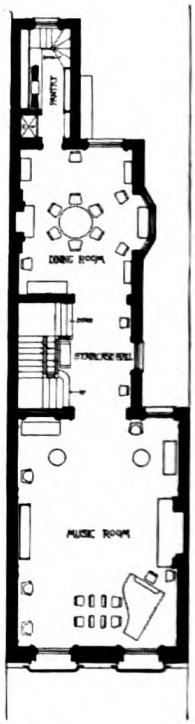



FIG. XV.

Planned with a large and lofty room for musical entertainments. Fig. XIV. Entrance-floor. Fig. XV. Principal floor.

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nodrawing-room. The servants' staircase, carried from cellar to attic, is a convenience which our American city houses should possess more often than they do. It is worth an effort and some sacrifice to get the servants' staircase into working order. A dumb-waiter going from cellar to attic makes this staircase less essential, but is a fire-trap, and, according to the present law, must be built with special precautions. The modern electric elevator, as adapted to the private house, was not known when this plan was made. In this plan the main staircase has the unusual arrangement—an arrangement which will be objected to by many—of being built in between walls for the whole ascent to the principal story. This was so arranged partly on account of the good disposition possible for the toilet-rooms, which by this arrangement could be lighted by plate-glass lights in the floor of the hall above, and partly by a feeling shared by owner and architect that a staircase between two



THE EXTERIOR OF FIGURES XVI. AND XVII.

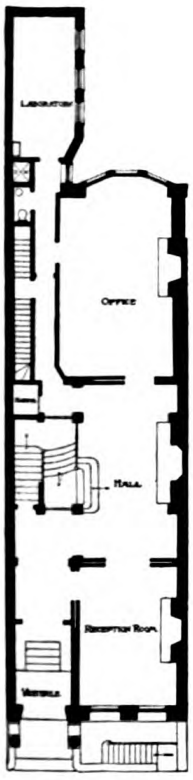



FIG. XVI.

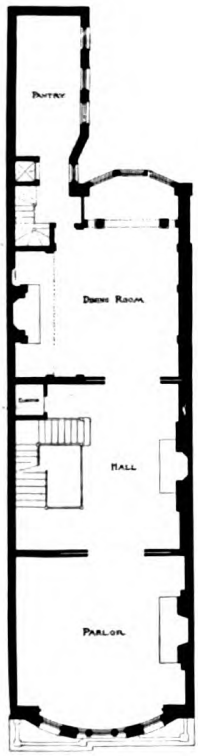



FIG. XVII.

Planned for a physician, with the entrance-floor given up to study and professional occupations. Fig. XVI Entrance-floor. Fig. XVII. Principal story.

walls was not a disagreeable thing. If the staircase be wide enough, it was reasoned, it is good to go up between two solid walls, especially for the stairs of the first story. The effect is stately, and the stairs may be of stone without great cost. The arrangement would be objected to by many owners nowadays, who would, for the sake of having an open hall around the staircase, do away with the toilet-rooms on that floor altogether, or crowd them into insufficient corners. In the principal story the hall is wholly open, and it was intended that the principal stairs should be carried up to the top of the house. It would be easy to avoid some expense by stopping these stairs at the next floor above the principal story. It was intended that the library should be the family sitting-room, and that in this and in the dining-room,

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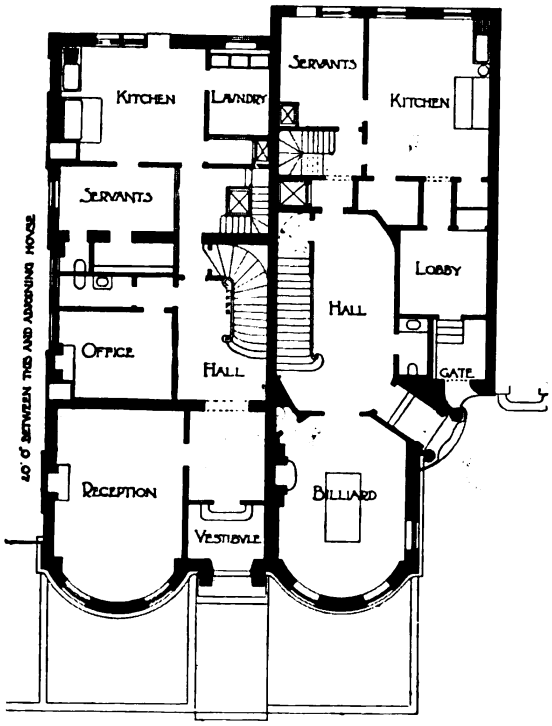



FIG. XVIII.

An original treatment of the American basement. Basement stories.

with some additional space given by the arrangement of the hall between the two, the common life of the family should be led. The library ceiling is divided by two heavy girders, and it was intended to hang a curtain beneath that one of them which is nearest to the door, thus separating on occasion the inner part, fourteen by sixteen feet, from that which would then form a lobby.

### MODERN AMERICAN BASEMENTS.

Fig. X. shows a modification of this plan for a twenty-foot house, which modification was made consciously in the year 1896. In this case the toilet-room has disappeared, except for a very small closet with a wash-basin in it in the rear of the staircase hall. The plan otherwise will be found to agree very closely with the larger and earlier plan. Fig. X. shows the principal story and Fig. XI. the third story of the same house. In both of these schemes the same general idea prevails, namely, that the ground-floor reception-room or "parlor" should serve for formal callers and for persons visiting the house on matters of business. In this way the story above is kept free for the family and for those persons who are received into their intimacy, and kept free also for entertainment, which in so small a house must be limited as to the number of guests. The superiority in comfort, and in the feeling of quiet, and of a certain removal from the street noise, the street mud, and the street annoyances, which the placing of the principal rooms involves, seems as obvious to the student as it is found to be in practice. The strange thing about it all is that for so many years the great Eastern cities have gone on with the high-stoop house in its different varieties, spending untold sums of money on cut-stone stoops and on half-sunk areas faced everywhere with cut stone, all of which is avoided by the other scheme, while the result, both within and without, has been the reverse of stately, the reverse of dignified, and generally destructive of external beauty.

An enlargement of this scheme for a twenty-two-foot lot of great depth is shown in Fig. XII. This is the ground-floor of a house by Messrs. Frank Miles Day and Brother. In this the reception-room plays the same part as in the plan Fig. VIII., and in the corresponding ground-story of the smaller house given in Figs. X. and XI. Back of this reception-room is one of those square halls, made as large as the width of the lot al-

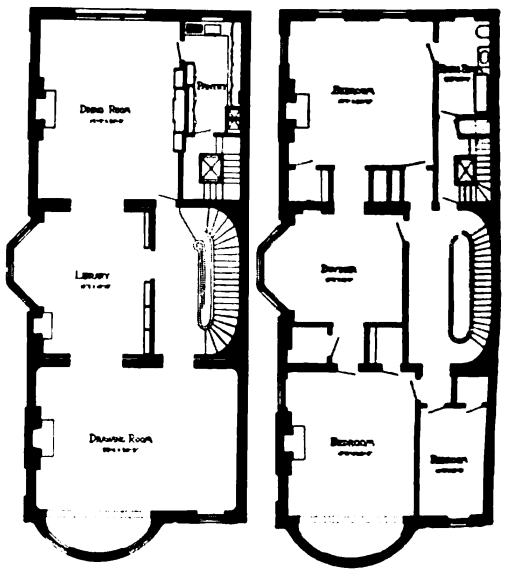


FIG. XIX. FIG. XX.

Principal story and first bedroom story of the left-hand house in Fig. XVIII.

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peculiarities of this story are that a library occupies the greater part of the rear extension, while the front room is left free to form a very large drawing-room, if that should be desired. This would make a really noble room for a narrow city lot, more than twenty feet in clear width and forty-two feet long. The plan shows great refinement, great thoughtfulness, and intelligent adaptation in every part.

### THE SQUARE HALL IN CITY HOUSES.

At the same time there is exception to be taken to this common invasion of the small city house by that square hall of which mention has been



TYPES OF MODERN HOUSES IN NEW YORK.

lows, which, since 1880, have been so very fashionable. Ascending a few steps in the rear of this square hall, with its fireplace and bay-window, one enters a passage leading to the dining-room, and the whole house is found to prolong itself to about one hundred and sixteen feet of clear depth, or length. Ascending the main staircase, which begins with the five steps leading from the square hall to the upper passage, one reaches the landing of the principal story, Fig. XIII. The

made. Popular as it has been during the last fifteen years, it is open to the serious objection that a very large part of the cubic contents of the house is given up to a room which cannot be private because it is a thoroughfare, which is hard to furnish properly and comfortably for the same reason, which is hard to warm, and which is still much more than is required for the purposes of a passageway. The true doctrine is, probably, that the city house should have its rooms as large as practicable and its corridors as narrow as practicable; the true doc-

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trine is that the corridors and staircase, halls and passages, should be not larger than it is found essential to make them for the moving in and out of pieces of furniture. If they are large enough for that, they are large enough for all other practical purposes, and for elegance as well as for comfort; the rooms themselves should receive all the available space. These rooms, capable of having doors which can be left open or kept shut at will, not liable to be made to serve as thoroughfares, each one more or less independent of the others — these rooms are what should receive the best work of the decorator, and it is they which should contain the furniture and the works of art which the members of the family care for. It is no doubt an admirable thing to have a great hall, or even a long and lighted corridor, in which may stand the cabinets, the carved chests, and the supplementary bookcases, which have not so appropriate a place in any room; but such halls and such corridors are the essential glory of the large country house, and the fact must be admitted that a city house built upon a twenty-two-foot lot, and with windows in front on the street and in the rear on the back yard, and nowhere else, does not allow of such opportunities for display. The house shown in Figs. V. and VI. compares advantageously in its economy of space in hall and staircase with the house shown in Figs. XII. and XIII.; for everything yields to spacious living-rooms.

### PLANS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE OWNER'S REQUIREMENTS.

Fig. XIV., in many ways an unusual plan, offers a remarkably successful example of a special purpose thoroughly carried out. It was desired to provide in a twenty-five-foot house with independent walls one very large and lofty room for musical entertainments, and still to accommodate a small family comfortably. The design is by Messrs. Howard and Cauldwell. Fig. XIV. is the ground-floor of this house. The central hall, to which objection has been made, exists indeed, but it is diminished to what seems almost a thwartwise passage, out of which, however, the stairs go up in a very stately fashion, reaching a landing above which has certainly all the conditions of great elegance. The upper story, Fig. XV., shows this landing, from which access is had to the dining-room in the rear and to the music-room in the front. This fine room, twenty-two feet wide and forty feet long in the clear, and three feet six inches higher than the other rooms in this story, such as the dining-room, with two great windows on the front, a small one opposite them on a court, and a very large doorway opening on the landing, which itself has a window—this room is well worth the sacrifice of something. It cannot be said, however, that any serious loss of comfort or elegance elsewhere in the house is easy to point out. This set of rooms on the principal floor completes the accommodations for family life and for society. There are but few bedrooms, but this is because more were not needed. The scheme is full of interest, and has been worked out in minute detail with admirable results.

Fig. XVI. shows the ground-floor and Fig. XVII. the principal story of a house in West Fifty-fourth Street, New York, built upon a twenty-five-foot lot by Messrs. Heins and La Farge. The requirements of the owner, a physician, involved a somewhat unusual plan, the ground-floor being practically abandoned to study and professional occupations. There is nothing in the rooms or their arrangement to make this story other than agreeable for family use, but it is specially arranged for a physician in large practice. The story above, devoted to the living-rooms of the family, is remarkably simple, having only a few, and those very large and open apartments. The parlor and the dining-room are separated by a large open hall, which to many persons would seem objectionable, for the reasons given with regard to the square hall in Fig. XII. To the present writer it seems that the house would be more agreeable with that hall divided into the staircase itself, made as small as practicable, and a room connecting the parlor with the dining-room. It is, however, quite well known that this, though always preferred in English cities, is considered contracted by many Americans, who prefer the more open arrangement of a house even at the cost of some loss of retirement. Such houses, intended for professional men, may also be arranged with two separate entrances, one for guests of the family and one for business visitors, but always on the understanding

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that the kitchen entrance is by means of a front area and a passage through the sub-basement, or by means of an alley.

### BACK ALLEYS.

This scheme of a back alley has never been adopted in New York. It is known in Boston, and is not uncommon in Philadelphia. The advantages of the plan are obvious, but it is urged that a city or a quarter so arranged is more difficult to police. As for the space required, if the passageways and front entrances with their approaches be reckoned up for all the houses in a block, it will perhaps be found that an alley through the centre of the block would be a saving. On the other hand, the arrangement which has been made in some parts of London, by which all the ground in the heart of the block, upon which the back windows look, is turned into one continuous garden—the adoption of this admirable scheme would bar out the back alley, as also our American system of doing the family washing in the house. London has its washing, and therefore its drying, done far away in the country, out of the reach of the "blacks."

### AN ORIGINAL TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN BASEMENT.

An instance of the high development of the American-basement plan is to be seen in Fig. XVIII., in which is shown the ground-story of two houses built side by side by Messrs. Babb, Cook, and Willard. Our special interest is with the house on the left hand, the shorter house of the two, which measures in extreme length, including the bay-window, seventy-eight feet outside of the walls. The projection of the bay-window is six feet, and if the house were built out to the street-line, with the bay-window projecting into the space generally allowed for areas and stoops, there would be a back yard of twenty-eight feet left out of a hundred-foot lot. The house in question is peculiar in two ways: first, it is set back many feet from the street-line; and, in the second place, a twenty-foot passageway is reserved between it and the house nearest on the left. This passageway allows of windows in the gable wall, and, what is more important as influencing the general plan of the house, it serves the purpose of the back alley described above by giving access to the kitchen without the necessity of a servants' door in the front. This house is built on a thirty-foot lot, but, so far as this ground-story is concerned, a similar plan could



AMERICAN BASEMENT HOUSES BUILT AS COMPANIONS.
Clinton and Russell, architects.

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AMERICAN BASEMENTS WITH DETAILS IN THE COLONIAL STYLE.
McKim, Mead, and White, architects.

be used for a much narrower lot without much serious alteration.

The house adjoining on the right was limited in its plan in a still more unusual way. The large open place in front, between this house and its next adjoining neighbor, was reserved by previous agreement of the lot-owners. The extremely ingenious and agreeable entrance to this house, the porch and its columns masking, as it were, the open grating through which access is given to the kitchen department, is well worthy of attention; but it does not often happen that such conditions exist in city houses. The other house, that to the left, is the one which concerns us more nearly. Fig. XIX. gives the principal story. This story is much more modified than was the basement by the position of that very laudable feature the possible side-light on the twenty-foot alley. It is used for one room only, but the library would be a very different thing without the little bay-window, which projects three feet beyond the line of the wall. Still, the plan might exist on its present lines, and even be thought a good and satisfactory one, without this side-light. We are so accustomed to middle rooms, which are lighted by borrowed light, and which are of the most use in the evening, that it would not startle any one to see this plan carried out without the side window, as it would have to be if another house adjoined this one on the left hand. Fig. XX. is the principal bedroom floor, and is also very interesting to the student of careful planning. For it is to be observed that this house is full of delicate refinements in the way of provision for every possible requirement, and also of what might almost be called artistic touches in the manipulation and perfecting of the plan.

GOOD BUILDING WITH MODERN MATERIALS.

In the modern houses Figs. V.–XX. the partitions are probably of incombustible material so far as their mere construction goes—that is to say, they are made of blocks of porous terra-cotta, or of cement, or of plaster spread upon and keyed into wire lath secured to slender iron uprights, or in some such way are built without the use of wood. Their external fittings, their baseboards, door-trims, and doors, remain of course as wooden and as combustible as ever. It is to be expected that the use of fire-proof materials will tend to simplify our house plans, and to do away with such little delicacies of arrangement as one sees in the partition between the dining-room and butler's pantry, Fig. XIX., to effect which the carpenter has only to saw off

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his studs to measure, and knock in his nails at head and foot. These considerations lead the thought to the essential matter of good building under the new circumstances. We abandon the familiar carpenter-work of the past. It will be doubly difficult to secure sufficiently good materials and workmanship, sufficient solidity and sufficient permanence.

From the Colonial period until the present day nine-tenths of American house-building is the carpenter's doing; the carpenter calls on the mason for his small contribution to the structure, just as he calls on the slater for the final touch to the roof. Even in some of our cities only the outer and principal walls are of masonry, and everything within the outer walls is of wood, at least in its construction. This way of building is a relic of the exclusive use of carpenter-work natural to a new country with abundant forests, and was characteristic everywhere of American building in the old time. When Chicago was swept away by a conflagration in 1871, it was noted that some of the seemingly brick-built blocks of houses were of brick only on their four external faces, the party-walls between the dwellings being themselves of studs, lath, and plaster. Such a group of houses would burn like one house. When Boston lost the greater part of its business quarter in 1872 the newspapers talked in their usual careless way about fire-proof buildings having melted before the flames, when in reality those five-story business buildings also were merely carpenter-built structures, with external facings of granite replacing the brick. It was hard for people to believe that what they called a brick house or a granite warehouse was in reality a mere mass of light wood-work, so ingeniously combined in hollow floors and hollow partitions that the fire would run horizontally along the one, and vertically from floor to floor along the other. The original American house was simply built by a carpenter, and so is the present American house of small cost anywhere outside of the great cities. The necessity of supplying a different material has been felt in the cities, and masonry of one kind or another has replaced studs and clapboards for the outer walls, but still the tradition of our builders is wood-work—wood-work wherever it can be used. Only slightly have the fire laws and building laws of the cities checked this disposition to make everything of wood. Even to this day, what we call a fire-proof building has wooden doors, wooden flooring, wooden sash, wooden architraves to doors and windows, and but slight is the effort made to replace these finishings and furnishings with any other material. The partitions themselves, however, are often, in the best class of city houses as well as in public buildings, made now of incombustible material, and this under requirement of law, or for the sake of diminished insurance rates, or, finally, to avoid the shrinking and settling of wood framing.

The traditions of the carpenter-shop have always been fairly sound. The floors of our dwelling-houses are abundantly solid; the wood-work of the partitions, the furring, and the finishing are generally as good as could be asked. It is true that very many houses, run up rapidly for sale at a low price, were carelessly built in those days, but there were plenty of well-built houses too. It is the mason-work that fails. The would-be buyer of a good house finds it hard to avoid thin walls of brick hastily thrown together, with a very insufficient amount of mortar, and with the most careless and hasty bricklaying. The twenty-five-foot brick house, with brownstone front and somewhat stately appointments within and without, is found very soon to have flues so defective that the house itself and its neighbor on one side or the other side are both endangered. In one such house, costing with the ground it stood upon $65,000, when the fire in the furnace was lighted for the first time, the smoke poured in dense volumes into the principal story, both of the house itself and of its next neighbor. The wood-work of the pantry on one side and of the drawing-room on the other was hastily cut and torn away, and the cause was found to be in a brick which had never even been put rightly into its place in the wall, but which projected a little way diagonally, leaving a wide-open joint at either end. In another such house, although the walls separating the large rooms from the entrance-hall and passages were of brick-work throughout, and although the floor beams of basement and principal story were amply solid and massive, and set closely enough to meet all possible requirements, yet the floors



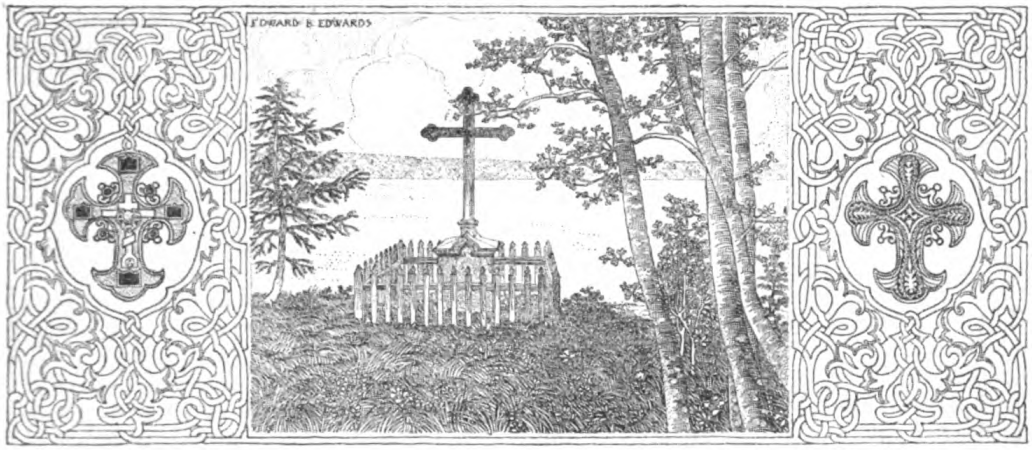
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gave way and lost their level to a noticeable extent immediately upon taking the weight of ordinarily heavy furniture. In this case the brick-work in general was fairly good, and the carpenter-work was all that could be desired, but the responsibility of giving to the floor beams a proper support on the brick wall had been met by neither carpenter nor mason—the supports of the beams had been brought level by small pieces of half-rotten slate; and when a few pounds of additional weight were laid upon each beam, the ends of the beams settled down into the imperfectly laid course of brick below. A catalogue of such instances of careless building as this might be made, with chapter and verse, with date and place, for every item; but it is unnecessary. Every householder knows what careless work goes into the houses which he and his friends buy ready-made, and sell again when they cannot endure them any longer. Indeed, this careless way of building comes of the ready-made house, just as careless workmanship is apt to be put into the "reach-me-down" garment, the "just-as-good" bicycle, and the ready-made article of any sort.

### CHANGES OF PLAN NECESSITATED BY MODERN MATERIALS.

Some not inconsiderable changes in plan will result from the general use of incombustible material and better workmanship. A comparison of a carefully planned private house of France, or of any country or district where masonry is used much more freely and readily, and where there is much less wood-work than with us, will show a remarkable simplicity of plan. For good or for evil, such a tendency will inevitably result as the work of our builders grows more durable and permanent in character. It will be less easy to furnish the housekeeper with little closets in many corners and with large ones set anywhere at her discretion, and with their doors coming exactly where she likes to have them. On the other hand, she will be much less annoyed by dust and by smells rising from the lower stories through the whole house. The loss of closets may perhaps be partly avoided by new inventions furnishing light and cheap partitions of incombustible material. The gain will be certain and permanent. It will be harder to put bell-pulls or bell-knobs, the mouths of speaking-tubes, and the openings for gas in the places which the owner desires, because the superintendents of the future will be less willing to allow the scandalous cutting of long channels in solid brick-work—even horizontal channels two inches deep, as the custom has been; even the piercing of brick with holes for the passage of pipes will not be allowed, as this is too often allowed at present. Such walls will not, we may be sure, be cut through and through, with great ragged holes in the critical part of the superincumbent load upon an arch, and actually invading the haunch or the crown of the arch itself. Elevators and dumb-waiters must hereafter be built in with solid fire-proof shafts from top to bottom, and this will consume space, as well as add to the initial cost. Of all of these subjects there will be a fuller treatment in a second article of this series. For the present it must suffice that the reader's attention be called to the importance of thorough-going work on the part of his architect. Planning must not be slighted, as it is too often slighted now; but the architect who is employed to design a private house, large or small, must be held to the loyal discharge of his duty. It must be understood that he will give the same personal and minute attention to making the house comfortable, convenient, and what it is required to be, as his contemporary the physician gives his own best attention and all the fruits of his training to save life and to relieve disease. The architect is not hereafter to be let off with a pretty set of drawings, delicate and exquisitely finished, and showing a house whose general features are what the owner thinks he wants. No requirement of the housekeeper is so small as to be unworthy of the architect's attention; and if it be desired that the butler's pantry be arranged in this and not in another way, it is for the architect to bring that about, or else to point out to the owner the reasons why it cannot be done. Owners must be reasonable too; there is no doubt about that. There are many things which are impracticable, and many more which it is unreasonable to ask, and of these there must be question by-and-by; but the point now under consideration is the need of the employing an architect who will take a pleasure in doing his full duty in the planning of a new dwelling.

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# THE WAY OF THE CROSS

## BY STEPHEN BONSAL

I.

AFTER all the stir and bustle, the delays and the excitement, attending the setting out of a convoy upon a tarantass journey of such length, at last we galloped out of Irkutsk, passing under the archway of the eastern gate, over which is written, in great letters, "This is the way to the ocean." Under this legend stands the proud name of Muravieff of the Amur, who first traced the path we are to follow, and won the empire we are entering upon.

"The Westerlings bottled us up in Europe," said an officer of the Guards who shared my tarantass, "and there they would not let us have a water-front either upon the northern or southern seas; but we have turned up all right on the Pacific, and I wonder what they will do about it?" Then he resumed his papiro, and relapsed into the silence which he had hitherto always observed, seemingly not a little embarrassed at the outburst of exultation into which the sight of the triumphal arch had betrayed him. But the other members of the convoy were less reserved; they flung their caps wildly in the air, and as one man shouted the gruff Russian hurrah; and I shouted too, for after crossing Siberia, the interminable low-lying land with its invariable monotonous stretches of yellow swamp and gray steppe, I too was glad to know we were on the way to the ocean, ever-changing and beautiful, even though it still lay hundreds of miles away.

After many days in tarantass we embarked in crazy native boats manned by Buriat rowers, and crossed that strange inland maelstrom of mysterious turbulent water which is known as Lake Baikal; then we came to the Amur, the noble and majestic stream which gives easy access to the heart of Asia, even as our own Mississippi does to the innermost lands of the Western Continent. Here our convoy embarked upon a large flat-bottomed river steamer of great power, and in the course of the restful, idle days which followed we had time and opportunity to become better acquainted with our fellow-passengers. There travelled in the company all sorts and conditions of men, but principally representatives of those interesting, strongly marked types to be met with always upon the frontiers of civilization. Here I saw again, as in western America and in southern Africa, the stalwart pioneers of our civilization, and in the background the drooping, vanishing figures of the dying aborigines, men of the inferior races who have run their course, who have no part in the future. With us there travelled miners and gold-diggers from the washings of Blagovechensk, traders and trappers returning with their pelf from the desolate delta of the Lena, and peddlers haggling over kopecks—the millionaires of the next decade; and also, alas, convicts chained together and to the deck upon which they crouched. There was a French engineer from the great School of Mines, who had

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been sent to spy out the new land and report upon its wealth and resources to a syndicate of bankers; and there were one or two who, like myself, came into the new land, which had been so recently made accessible, with no higher motive than curiosity—to have a look at a new playground. By far the greater number of the passengers, however, were officers of the army or of the civil administration, and these, because they wore the Tsar's cloth in such a mixed gathering, soon exhibited somewhat exclusive tendencies. They messed together, and between meals, as well as from night to morning, played cards, drank tea from the samovar that was always steaming, and smoked their papiros cigarettes.

The passengers with whom I was frequently thrown, and whose company I certainly most enjoyed, were two sisters of the mendicant order of St. Catherine, who, living upon the coarsest of rye bread, and drinking the bitter, unfiltered water of the swamp land, were travelling as best they could, on foot when no other means of transportation was forth-coming, across the great lone land, begging for alms in His name and for His glory, to complete the great church and shrine of St. Dimitri in Kieff. They wore an extremely picturesque and mediæval, but certainly a most unbecoming garb. To wear it in public was of itself convincing proof that the sisters had risen superior to one of the most popular, and I think most amiable, weaknesses of their sex. Their costume was black, all black, a skirt reaching a few inches below the knee, and a loose blouse falling over it from the shoulders. Around the waist they wore heavy leather belts, as broad and as thick as a horse's girth, to which was attached a battered and weather-worn tin box, inscribed with the cry I so often heard from their lips, "Do alms, I pray you, for the glory of God and the church of St. Dimitri." In keeping with their mission of self-sacrifice, the mendicant sisters travelled with the steerage, exposed to wind and weather, the burning sun and the driving rain, upon the open deck. Here I often joined them as they sat together with the convicts, chained and manacled, and marked by that most disfiguring symbol of their unfortunate condition, the head closely shaven on one side, while on the other the hair is allowed to grow luxuriantly. Around us, lolling in uncouth attitudes, were crews of filthy Chinese and stolid Koreans, and representatives of all the other strange and barbarous nationalities —the flotsam and jetsam of that labor market of the Eastern world which has been drawn upon so widely to construct the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

They met my advances towards a better acquaintance, particularly the elder, Sister Marta, in the most amiable manner. Though their minds were fully occupied with the highest purpose of their pilgrimage, I could see they had toward me a feeling of friendliness, of course of a distinctly impersonal character. It was that tacit understanding and unexpressed sympathy which, so far as my experience extends, never fails to manifest itself when the men and the women of the new Eastern and the young Western land are brought into contact by the accident of travel. But Nadia, the younger, would sink her eyes to the ground whenever I came near, and many days had passed before I knew their color or heard the sound of her voice. It rings now in my ears as I listen, and the scene rises before me over which it breathed, though it is far away now and long ago. Sailing through the still night, lulled by the soft music of the waves against the ship's side, we were leaning against the railing, silent, under the spell of the passing scenes. Suddenly we came around the sharp bend of the river, and were surprised to see the north bank ablaze with lights. As there was no settlement marked on the river chart, we knew we had come upon a construction camp of that wonderful work, the longest link in the chain of communication between peoples, the Trans-Siberian. As we steamed nearer we could distinctly see, in the lurid glare of the many pine torches, hundreds of men, white and yellow, soldiers, convicts, and free laborers, all armed alike with peaceful spade and shovel and hod, working through the night upon their gigantic task. By the side of the road-bed, and undisturbed by the noise, in the glare of the torches, slept their tired comrades of the day shift, and out of the darkness behind there came slowly, creeping from the shadow into the light and glare of the circle in which they worked, a great lumbering construction train.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Marta: "how glad I am to have lived to see it!

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This wonderful way of steam and of steel will make America and Siberia neighbors, and bring all the world together like kinsmen reunited after years of separation and some misunderstanding, which will all vanish upon closer acquaintance." Then, musingly: "I wonder what it is—this power, this miracle of steam? You know the poor Buriats say, 'Tis accursed; it comes from the evil one!'"

"But we who see how it brings men together, and how it makes them kinder to their kin, we know 'tis the seed of His fire."

It was Nadia who spoke, whose voice I heard for the first time.

We talked on together for hours of our distant people and of our home lands, so far apart, yet drawing nearer day by day, and as we talked it suddenly dawned upon us that the story of America and the story of Siberia, the great neighbors across the Pacific, were in many respects the same.

"In Siberia," said Marta, carrying out the historical parallel upon which she loved to dwell into detail, "there was Yermak and Khabaroff, who conquered the heathen lands and subjected their people to the cross. These were the first of the rough warriors who made smooth the way we follow. And in America?"

"Cortez, Raleigh, De Soto, and Boone, and Clark, these are the men who dispersed the Indians and overcame the still more powerful barriers and obstructive forces of the new and rugged land."

"Then with us in Siberia came Avoukine, who led the dissenting Rpskolniks from the Church of the strict ritual to the freer lands of the Amur, where they might worship their God according to the dictates of their conscience. And with you?"

"With us there were many such—Winthrop and Williams, Penn and Calvert."

Nadia caught me by the arm, and said, so earnestly, "Teach me to say their blessed names, that I may tell our people of their brothers."

So I taught her, and right gladly. I loved to hear her repeat the familiar names in her strange accent; but in it all and over all there lay a shadow; I had an uneasy feeling in my heart — a consciousness that I was not acting quite fairly; that I was sailing in their goodly company under false pretences; that I should enlighten them as to the darkness by which I was surrounded, in which I walked.

"And how long will the doctrine of the *Filioque* keep us apart," said Nadia, "and the Church of the East and the Church of the West from that union which would be strengthening to both? How long we have lived apart! It seems to me a little thing, and yet so much of unbrotherliness has sprung from it."

"'Tis a great doctrine," said Marta, with some severity. "On one side is a vital truth, and on the other a subversive error; but which it is I do not know; I know only that His truth will prevail, and the waves of error subside; and in the mean time we of Russia pray not only for His Church, nor yet only for Christians, but for all men in His image created. And you? I believe so. I hope so."

Marta walked away. The question of doctrine had somewhat aroused her crusading spirit. "And now teach me again to say their blessed names," said Nadia, with sweet insistence.

All too few were the hours we spent together upon the forward deck, straining our eyes to spy out the new land through which we were passing, and I growing conscious of a desire springing up in my heart that this voyage through a new world might lead me into the haven of a life of which I had never dreamed before. How it was with me I only guessed one night as I overheard a group of officers discussing the rules of the order to which the sisters belonged. Theirs is not the allegiance of a lifetime, I heard them say; their vows are not irrevocable; they give a number of years to charity, to the service of the Lord, much as do their brothers to the service and under the colors of the Great White Tsar; and then they return, each to her sphere, to brighten by their presence the simple, the almost saintly lives of the peasants in Holy Russia.

When next I saw Nadia something had happened; a change had come over me. Our intercourse had been so free, so frank, upon the old footing; but now I could no longer call her sister; there was profanation in the thought, the word. "*Panya panjenka*, my little lady," I cried, as she came towards me this evening. These were simply the words of address to a gentlewoman which I knew were hers by the right of birth as well as by the achievement of culture, and yet her

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eyes fell, and from that moment avoided mine. She became silent; the growing confidence was lost; her manner was constrained; and when at last I asked in what I had been so unfortunate as to offend her, she looked at me and said, with eyes that read my soul and a voice of touching pathos and infinite dignity,

"Oh, my brother, when you speak to me so, when you call me Panjenka, your eyes flash strangely, and I see that your thoughts are wandering; that you think to see before you another, and not the humble sister of St. Catherine's order who wanders the world wide, seeking to save souls, and living only for that love which is charity."

I had forgotten; I never could remember that, so I said nothing.

One afternoon as we sat upon the deck, with the throng of the chattering Chinese and the silent gold-diggers from Blagovechensk about us, we discovered that we who had met upon this frontier of our civilization were all three, by what was a strange coincidence, travelling in the same direction, towards the Holy Land. The sisters of St. Catherine had received permission, when their tour of the new colonies was completed, to return to Russia by sea, and they expected to leave the Odessa steamer at Port Said, and to spend some weeks at the Russian hospice in the Holy City.

"I too shall stop over in Palestine," I said, "when I have sailed through the Spice Islands and the Malay Archipelago; but," I added, "I greatly fear I do not go there with those thoughts and aspirations which better become the pilgrim than the palmer's garb."

"Then why do you go, my brother, if you do not go to draw strength for the battle of life, and to show your faith before all men?"

Strange that the earnest, almost solemn tone of Nadia, which I now recall so vividly, did not arrest the idle flow of my conversation; but it did not, not until too late, not until I had given pain to her gentle heart.

"Why do I go? Well, because I am possessed by a demon which I fear me no one can cast out; because I am the unwilling and yet the pliant slave of an ill-starred curiosity that compels me to hunt down my illusions and so destroy them one by one."

"Forgive me, brother, if I speak severely, if my words wound, but I feel that it is unseemly and unworthy of you to approach the sanctuary in such an idle spirit, with a soul devoid of high purpose."

"Perhaps, and yet in extenuation I can plead that I am not the first idle pilgrim who has journeyed to the holy places. You probably do not know it, but in my tongue we have a word which is often applied to the category of men who are not in great haste, who are perhaps the idlers in the vineyard. We are often described as saunterers—those who saunter when they should run for the prize; and men who are wise in the history of words say, or some say, that this generic term is derived directly from the Latin *Sancta Terra;* so we saunterers, who know well our own short-comings, are inclined to believe that the early pilgrims and the crusaders of the Middle Ages, who brought the term into but lazy repute, were no better than they should be, and I hope when I reach the shrine I shall find that there have passed other saunterers this way, that they too have been shriven—"

I stopped, for hot tears were running down the cheeks of my little sister—tears, however, which though they veiled did not quench the fire of reproach that, lighted by my foolish, thoughtless words, burned in her beautiful eyes. She turned from me and walked away to conceal her emotion, and conscious at last of the pain which my words had caused, I would have given my right arm to recall them. Sister Marta sat still in grim silence beside me, and never a word of reproach came from her. With a sudden throb, my heart began to beat strangely faster, for why, I asked, should Nadia care or give any heed to the idle words which fell from my chattering lips? I only spoke to pass away the time upon a long summer's afternoon. How could she care? But that she had cared enough to rebuke me almost made me glad.

Some hours later I found myself again upon the deck, but now alone, watching, as we steamed on through the serene twilight of these Northern latitudes, the banks of the river covered by the dense primeval forest and wrapped in the hush and holy calm of nature undisturbed by man. Amid all the beauties and the grandeur of the scene I was, I could not disguise it, alone—alone with an empty

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heart and a vacant mind. The weariness which sooner or later overtakes the purposeless wanderer through the waste places of the earth now settled down upon me with a heavy, oppressive, and almost retributive hand. I, who had loved so well and had so often sought out the loneliness of the desert, to pitch my tent there where never tent was pitched before —yes, I, the Ishmaelite, had it in my heart at this moment to yearn for the sound of the great city's roar, even though it were, as it must be for many days of travel to come, a city to which I was a stranger.

Despite the strong current against us, we were forging ahead now with considerable speed. We were almost certain to reach Iman in the morning, though the captain was, of course, non-committal, and would promise nothing. From there I was to take the completed section of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which would bring me to the shores of the Pacific in forty-eight hours. For the moment, to be instantly dismissed as mawkish sentimentality, it did occur to me that it would be hard to part with Nadia, that the way would seem—and then I laughed at the folly of the thought. I had only spoken to her half a dozen times; and yet—what dreams thrive in an idle mind when one is alone and lonely, floating upon a Siberian river, yielding without a hope and without a purpose to the ever-changing currents of life!

The soft gray twilight deepened, and one by one the dark curtains of night were drawn; then slowly the growing darkness gave place to the silver light of a moon that was waxing full. As it rose clear of the tree-line, a flood of silver light fell upon a high promontory ahead, and upon a great white cross which stood upon its highest peak. I knew, or I thought I knew, what the cross meant which stood out so clear and bright in the moonlight, dominating the desolate scene with the ghostly shadow which it cast far and wide over the waters and over the land. I had passed this way on my voyage north, and had been told that it marked the grave of a young French missionary who, forty years before, had been murdered there by the treacherous natives, after having undergone with Christian heroism the most terrible of tortures. He, the Marquette of Siberian history, lies sleeping there upon the banks of the great river which he was the first to explore. In the land where he died, as well as in the land which gave him birth, his name is forgotten. The whole story of his life, crowned with the glory of martyrdom, is epitomized in a single paragraph of the annals of the Propaganda of the Faith—a glorious book of record, which would be long indeed if it contained more than a simple roll-call of the names of those who have died that the world might live. Swiftly the steamer approached the dark promontory crowned with the symbol of martyrdom, now bathed in the tender light of the rising moon. I could only think of the hero sleeping there; I saw him standing in his frail canoe, embarked upon his adventurous voyage, and then I seemed to see following in his wake the fleets of the world, as they will so soon now follow in his course, when the Usuri and the Amur will have become much-travelled roads of men and ships, like the Mississippi and the Missouri. Will they remember the man who is sleeping there when the wooden cross has crumbled away, or will they pass him by without a thought, as I might so well have done?

I wrapped myself closer in my rug, and closed my eyes. In a half-conscious dream I anticipated the moment, now drawing near, when I would see again the Pacific, the great open sea; and then a pang shot through my heart as I remembered that from Iman our paths lay in different directions—that there I would have to part with Nadia. Suddenly I was aroused by a warm breath near my cheek, a hand upon my arm, and the sound of a voice that sent the blood coursing like wild horses through my veins. She stood by me; it must be she; and yet if it was she, I had never seen her before. The beautiful outlines of her gracious, deerlike head were no longer marred by the heavy mitre, the head-dress of her order. Instead of the loose and shapeless *armjak* which had hung about her like the folds of a sack, she stood before me now in a long white robe which clung to her form and did not wholly conceal the delicate beauty of her budding womanhood. The child was a woman now, and her face flashed with the knowledge of the glory of it. Back from her forehead and over her shoulders she brushed the great masses of her black, unbraided hair. She was very beautiful. I can see her, I shall al-

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ways see her, as she stood that night —proud, defiant, and yet full of pity and full of fears—there in the moonlight before me; but the vision is mine, the precious relic of all my pilgrimage. It is burned deep in my soul, engraven indelibly upon my heart; it is mine, all mine, because she gave it to me; and you —look, if you have the wish, upon the hearts that some do wear upon their sleeves for daws to peck at and men to gape at, but never upon mine, for it was and is hers, and so it is very precious in my sight.

She came very close to me, and gazed earnestly into my eyes. "I thought you would be sleeping, Sir Saunterer, and so I came to awaken you, that you might see the tomb of your brother." So she spoke—on the moment when I thought that the child was distraught, wild with the river fever. Dragging me imperiously after her, she sprang to the gunwale, and with her flashing, all-compelling eyes fixed now upon me, now upon the lonely white monument to the murdered priest, upon which the moonlight seemed to linger as it rose there before us against the background of the forest and the hills. Then she cried, her face aflame with enthusiasm: "See! see! oh, my brother, see! how far he carried his cross, how high he placed it before he fell, and he was a brother to you and to me, of our common clay...."

How short these midnight hours seemed as we sailed onward in the silver light upon the mighty river! The veil of convention lifted and the web of artificiality was brushed away as, with the shadow of our common and inevitable doom overhanging us, we grasped at the light as we saw it, and spoke right hungrily of the mystery of life, of love, and of death. The hours sped on with breathless haste; the silver moon grew faint and pale; the dark hour before the dawning passed, and when I saw the rays of the coming day shooting their bright arrows of light above the dark horizon, I hailed the dawn as of the birthday of my life.

"Will you, can you forgive me for the harsh and cruel things I said before—before I knew?" This as she stole away to where Sister Marta was sleeping like a tired child upon the crowded deck.

"I could never have forgiven you had you not spoken, for then I would never have known you—my—Nadia."

A few hours later the day which had dawned so early and so brightly for me began for my fellow-passengers. The officers who had been gambling throughout the night in the grimy, smoke-filled saloon stumbled upon the deck, and as the sun rose above the concealing screen of the high banks and the dark forests, they walked out singly and in twos, and, gazing towards the light that was rising in the east, bowed and crossed themselves, as is still the custom in Holy Russia. The banks of the river, which had been for so many days bare and desolate, now grew animated with the multiplying signs of approaching civilization. We were evidently nearing the settlements. We passed canoes filled with Gilyaki, strange little manikins with furtive eyes and stealthy movements, looking as they crouched and cowered in their bark canoes like so many brass Buddhas. They seemed to be fleeing before the march of Western civilization and the coming of a vigorous atmosphere to which they cannot become reconciled, before which they must fly or die. A little later, as we steamed through the solitude of the waters, we were aroused by a mighty shout which came from the left, and there we saw, in a clearing of the forest, the rude log huts of a Cossack stanitza. The men held the children high in the air to see us, and the women waved their kerchiefs in welcome. In a moment the whole settlement was alive with bearded men galloping about upon their wiry ponies. The whole population assembled soon, and in their front stood the starosta, the captain of the village, and by his side a burly giant, clothed in a long purple velvet robe. It was the village priest, the shepherd of this adventurous flock. Soon the little settlement disappeared behind a bend in the river; and again the steamer panted on through the silence and the solitude, until at last—ah! there was no mistaking it—we pricked up our ears at the welcome sound to which we had long been a stranger, for which we had listened long and vainly. It was the hum and roar of approaching humanity, of advancing civilization — the roar that arose from the men who are working at the head of this shaft through which our life is to be carried into the heart of Asia. We slowed up, and soon anchored off Iman. There arose on the breeze a perfect pandemonium of screeching steam-

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whistles from the mills, and above it I could hear the shrill and piercing warning of the locomotive. It was only awaiting our coming, impatient to begin the journey to the sea.

We walked down the gang-plank together, and as they turned, for here our ways parted, I said, "I trust we shall meet again in the Holy City, in Jerusalem."

"I trust so; I hope so. Mountains cannot meet, but brethren do," answered Sister Marta.

Nadia looked at me for a moment with a dreamy look in her soft, gentle eyes, but not a word did she say, or else I had followed her as she walked on slowly through the unpaved streets of the bustling settlement, with her hand outstretched and her voice raised, asking alms for the glory of God and the church of His servant Dimitri.

II.

Many days had passed since my entry into the Holy City, and still no news from my sister pilgrims. I had begun to fear some mishap had befallen them: that I would perhaps have to leave before they arrived. The thought that if I did I never could hope to see them again depressed and disheartened me, but it taught me to know past all doubting what I had only faintly suspected when we parted in Siberia, how lonely life would be—my life would be—in which Sister Nadia had no part.

One afternoon I went to the Holy Sepulchre, where I had never dared to go before, for there we were to have gone together. Then, as always in the sacred precincts, it was twilight. All the masses had been said, and all the praises sung, in all the many tongues and according to the diverse rituals into which the church of one foundation has been divided. A deep religious hush was over the Tomb, and a single taper that burned upon each altar served but to heighten the atmosphere of gloom.

I entered the Chapel of the Angels, through which lies the passage to the Tomb. Coming from the soft twilight which reigns in the church outside, I was all but blinded by the bright, confusing, and variegated light that came from the many lamps, for here in this antechamber to the quiet and to the shadow of the Tomb hang the lamps which the Christian Churches feed. The lights of the faith of the Armenians, of the Abyssinians, of the Copts, the Syrians, the Latins, and the Greeks are burning here to-day where once shone the light of the world. Here I waited, for by the side of the low entrance into the Tomb beyond I saw a pair of well-worn shoes, of which some pilgrim of the Eastern Church had divested himself, as is their custom, before going into the shrine. Out of the Tomb there came towards me the murmur of a low and passionate prayer, broken now and again by the sound of warm, fervid lips pressed upon the cold alabaster slab. Not caring to disturb prayers such as these, I waited outside in the confusing glare of the light in the Chapel of the Angels.

I waited, not impatiently, for in my heart I rejoiced at the delay. Not so the guardian priest, a great, burly, beetle-browed fellow, who betrayed his impatience at the length of the pilgrim's prayers by striding noisily up and down by the side of the Tomb. Seeing that the enraptured pilgrim remained happily oblivious to his irreverent conduct, the priest now broke forth in harsh words:

. "You must go, woman," he began, in the rough, broken Russian of the Greek priests. "You have prayed here in the holy of holies for fully an hour, and you have covered the thrice-blessed slab of the alabaster Tomb with your shroud at least a dozen times, yet you have bought not a drop of the excellent rose-water which we sell at a loss, and you have only given to me, the keeper of the holy place, a beggarly ten kopecks, which I would scorn to receive were not the needs and necessities of the church so pressing. And now what do I see? You bring out from under your apron still another shroud! No, no, my worthy woman; that we cannot permit. We cannot allow pilgrims to hawk about as merchandise the blessings of this place. Many a warm rum tea and arrack punch and pilgrims' pence you have, I dare swear, thought to earn from the village gossips with your extra shroud, blessed by contact with the stone of the Tomb while the Greek priest was sleeping; but you see I wasn't sleeping; I was meditating, and your meanness has disturbed my meditations. So give me a ruble—a silver ruble—we do not take paper—or, *apagee!* —begone!"

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The kneeling pilgrim, a Russian woman as I now saw, staggered to her feet. For a moment she could not believe her ears; then, with bated breath and halting speech, as though she could not bring herself to speak upon such a subject in such a place:

"But, your nobility, I have nothing; not a single kopeck that I can call my own is left to me, and the money I carry I have begged on foot and walked world wide to collect, that I might help to build the blessed church in Kieff of Dimitri, a servant of the Lord. The shroud is not for a village gossip, nor yet for sale. The first shroud I spread over the alabaster slab was for my sister who started with me from Holy Russia to worship here. She died in the Red Sea, and dying, her wish was that when I sailed again upon the seas homeward bound, I should cast her garment of death, blessed by the sacred contact, upon the waters, and commit it to the care of Him who bade the waves be still, knowing that, if it be His will, it is within His power to waft the garment to where she lies. I have washed it white in the waters by the ford where St. John did lay his hand upon the infant Jesus; and now—"

"Pilgrim tales, and a right cunning one; but, woman, I have listened to so many pilgrim tales. You can cover the slab of anointment outside with your shroud, and it will cost you nothing; but here you must give me a ruble, or, *apagee!*—begone!"

He advanced almost threateningly upon her, and the woman, with tears streaming down her weather-beaten face, and the garment of death pressed close to her heart, ran out into the chapel.

"Oh, my brother!" she said, as I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, my sister!"

It was Marta.

For a moment we stood there dazed in the glare of the lights of the many Churches.

"No," she said at last, "I will wear no shroud of this man's blessing. I will go to Him naked as I came from my mother's womb, and He will clothe me."

Then we passed out into the Church of the Sepulchre, through the rows of the merchants and the money-changers and those who had precious relics to sell.

"And some day in His own time He will come and cleanse His Temple."

III.

"I have been so lonely, so lonely, my brother, since Nadia left me—ah, yes, you heard—but, praise be to God and the blessed Panagia, her death was a happy death. She fell asleep with words of praise and of thanksgiving for the grace that had been vouchsafed to her. She went with every earthly wish satisfied, and she carried back to our Maker a soul and a body as pure and unspotted as the day she was born. But, my brother, your face is so white, your lips so wan—"

"It is nothing—nothing but the penetrating chill of this tomblike church. Let us go, and outside you will tell me all, everything."

"Yes, I remember, it was at Iman we parted. From there we went along the East-Siberian coast, visiting every settlement and every town that is rising there in the old heathen world, now under the sign of the cross, and everywhere her voice sounded sweetly, like a note that had strayed from above. 'Do alms! Do alms!' she would say as the Cossacks and the colonists crowded about us. And they put their hands deep in their pockets,—and see, feel, how heavy her alms grew;" and she lifted up and made me feel the weight of the box. "I have carried it with my own since the day our sister fell in the front of the crusade. Though the copper coins were given to me, and the silver pieces to Nadia, He who reads all hearts knows that I was not envious of her better fortune in His service. A kopeck for her was a kopeck for me, and it was all to better and more strongly build the shrine to His glory; but sometimes I sighed as I saw the rich harvest which the cry for alms in her winsome vibrant voice never failed to bring in, for I thought—God forgive me if I wrong them!—that these were indeed the children of this world, the wise children of mammon; that when they gazed upon her fragile form, upon those delicate features, and upon the lustre of those eyes which seemed to have already an outlook upon the world to come, they went down very deep into their pockets, saying, 'The angels are calling this woman to her God; she will soon be with Him and tell of our goodness, of how we do give alms to His poor, and to those who ask in His name.'"

After a violent spell of sobbing, Marta continued: "She grew very much weak-

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er as the time came for us to embark. I breathed more freely when we put to sea. I hoped, but it was not to be. The voyage down the rock-bound coast and along the burning sands of the heathen lands taxed severely her little remaining strength. In the Yellow Sea and in the channel off blue Formosa we met with typhoons, great winds, and swirling, circling seas and currents, which tossed our ship about as though it were a cockle-shell. I had begun to fear the worst, when at last we changed our course, and passing around the peninsula of the Malays, we entered upon a new world of smooth and tranquil seas, of soft summer airs. Every night as we sailed there went before and shone upon us a great silver star. It seemed to guide us as did the star of old the Magi—the Wise Men from the East—to the humble stable and the lowly manger where the hope of man was born.

"She grew weaker. We had to carry her upon the deck now. Still, the ship made good progress, and at last we ran out of the great tranquil ocean into the troubled strait, and into the Red Sea; and then vaguely—or was it a mirage of the imagination?—one afternoon as I looked eagerly across the sandy, wind-swept, and sun-beaten strand, I thought I saw rising over and beyond the great emptiness of the desert the grim dark outline of Sinai. Every morning as I saw how pale and white Nadia grew, and how her strength was ebbing with every hour, I trembled. But at night, when the bright star rose, I sang 'Ave Maris Stella,' and praised God for its light. It was to me the star of His covenant and promise. It was guiding us to the holy places, and we were sailing on in its silver wake in His charge and keeping. I thought it would not, could not, fail us.

"But it was not His will. One night she lay so still and quiet upon the deck I thought she was sleeping. As I stooped to kiss her brow, as I loved to do, I saw that her eyes were wide open and filled with tears of joy and thankfulness. For several moments in speechless amazement I looked and wondered at the change which had been wrought. She, too, could not speal for very joy, but softly stroked my hand.

"'Oh, my dear sister,' she began at last, and her voice was very low, 'through His infinite mercy the last and the supreme blessing has been vouchsafed to me. This day my grave has been robbed of its sting, and death of its victory; for while you thought I slept I have travelled far, and, He leading me, I have been to the holy places. I stood in the shadow of Sinai, and I have heard the terrible voice of the Law that spoke there; and then I was led to the lowly mount, where I stood in the sunshine and listened to the Gospel of Love as it was spoken with infinite tenderness by the Son of Man, who had not where to lay His head. It was the Sabbath of the Lord, and I followed Him up to Jerusalem; and as we came up out of the valley vast multitudes streamed out of the Golden Gate—the Beautiful Gate—and strawed branches and garlands of flowers in His path, as it was foretold beforetime.

"'"Blessed be the kingdom of our father David," they sang; "for that Peace which was promised of old, and which passeth the understanding of men, has come to Jerusalem."

"'I saw the Christian conqueror coming to His throne, not as the Crusaders came, and not as the Moslem of old feared He would come, with a sword of fire to slay and to destroy. No; He came riding meekly upon an ass, with an olive branch of peace in His outstretched hand, and words of love upon His lips; and the granite bowlders rolled away before His glance, and the heavily barred gates that had been closed for centuries sprang open as He came; and among the thousands who streamed out to meet Him the sick were healed, the lame became straight, and those who mourned were comforted.'

"Then her face flushed, and her eyes flashed with a strange joy. Grasping me with unexpected strength, she said, 'Do you not see them, oh, my sister? They are coming in great numbers from every land; they spread branches of palms and chaplets of flowers in His path; they fall down and worship Him; they arise and call upon His holy name; and—and'—here her voice sank, and her expression changed from one of rapture to deadly pallor—'and Jerusalem, ah, peace be to Jerusalem! They shall prosper who love thee!' And so she died."

For some moments we walked on in silence; then Marta said, "Our sister sent you this as a remembrance of our meeting, as a reminder that though it has not been granted her to keep the

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tryst in the Holy City, she is with you, and will remain with you always in spirit." It was the little cross of jade which a Buriat convert had given her the day we crossed the maelstrom of Baikal. I took it mechanically, and hid it hastily in my bosom. Marta was still speaking. "I asked her if she had any message for you—any word to send with it, but she only looked at it very long, and said, 'No, only the cross, and he will understand.'"

"Yes, I understand."

We walked on for several minutes, and then I said, "Shall we go to the wall by the Damascus Gate, where the Second Adventists are awaiting the coming of the Lord; or shall we go to where the German Templars are telling of the coming glory of the New Jerusalem?"

The day was dark. A chilling rain was falling. "No," she said, after some hesitation; "let us go to-day and together. Alone I have not dared, and who knows what the morrow may bring forth? Let us seek the Via Dolorosa, the way of suffering and of the cross, now, to-day and together."

We looked about us to discover where our footsteps had led us, as we walked without plan, with thoughts far away from our surroundings. By chance we had come to and were standing beneath the Tower of Antonia, which is part of the Prætorium of Pilate. It is the first station upon the way of suffering and of sorrow that leads to Calvary, for here the false judgment was rendered. The tower, though somewhat ruinous, is now the barrack of the Turkish garrison, and adjoins the great Mosque of Omar, which rises upon the site of the Temple. As we watched and wondered at the changes that time has wrought, the sound of a trumpet rang out shrilly through the echoing walls, and on the moment the slovenly soldiers ran hither and thither, making all ready for the inspection. Down in the Temple yard the recruits, and the veterans too, were assembling. They had been suddenly called to the colors, to take again the oath of allegiance to the Sultan; and were soon to be sent to harry, burn, and murder in the Hauran.

"See," said Sister Marta, with her eyes suddenly aflame and fixed sternly upon a strange lettering over the doorway of the tower, which even the hurrying soldiers saluted as they went in and out. "'Tis the name of Abdul-Hamid, the assassin, the antichrist, whom they salute, to whom they bow down. Nineteen centuries and we have progressed—from Pilate to Abdul. How long, O Lord, how long? Yea, verily, even until the time of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." . . . Then her face softened, and her expression changed to one of touching gentleness. "He will come meekly, riding upon an ass, an olive branch in His hand, not with a sword." An expression of almost saintly submission came over her as she added: "Peace be to Jerusalem! They shall prosper who love thee."

Then we turned and began the winding way of the cross which leads to Calvary. Overhead the clouds gathered darkly; the rain fell steadily, wetting us to the skin. Underfoot, the rock of the road-bed glistened, worn smooth and slippery by the feet of the thousands and thousands of pilgrims who had preceded us here, each staggering under the burden of his cross. "Here He placed His weary shoulder, and fain would have rested, and here He too fell under the weight of the sins of the world—our cross," said Marta, as we passed the hallowed places. Then the marking of the stations became less plain, and soon unwittingly we wandered and lost our way. First we took the turn to the right, which led us down hill to a swamp under Moriah, and then we took the turning to the left, which proved a blind alley, ending in a drinking-shop. Wearily we retraced our footsteps up the hill, and at last we reached the point from which we had started to stray. In a corner of a doorway, and under the protection of its ledge, crouched a Moslem pilgrim from Yemen, enveloped in rags, and with a tattered turban of apostolic green upon his head; as he heard our approach he babbled, his teeth chattering with the cold: "Tarik-el-alam, tarik-el-alam"—"the way of suffering, 'tis the way of suffering;" but when we asked even him, in our confusion, which was the way, he could not or would not say. "I am going up to the sanctuary, El Kurds," he babbled, "and this is the way of suffering—tarik-el-alam—'tis the only way that leads to the sanctuary;" and that was all that he would say.

We hesitated. Behind us we could hear the neighing of the war-horses in

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the barrack from where once Pilate lorded it over Palestine; and before us, and coming over the city towards us, we could hear the music of the bells that call the pilgrims to prayer at the shrine of the sepulchre where the stone was rolled away of angels, and yet we still could not decide which of the many ways that opened out before us was the way we sought.

As we stood, a strange sensation came over me. Though I could see no one, I was sure that we were observed, even watched, and as I scrutinized the wall that rose about us I at last caught sight of the face of a nun, wearing the garb of the white Carmelites, looking down curiously upon us from behind the iron bars of her convent window. Her eyes fell when they met mine, and she drew back. Seeing that I wished to speak with her, in answer to my detaining gesture, she returned to the lattice, and said, in French, with a soft lisp that, with her dark olive complexion, betrayed her Italian birth, "What are you seeking, my—monsieur?"

"We have lost our way. We are seeking the way of the cross. We have tried many paths, and now we do not know which way to turn."

Her embarrassment all vanished the moment she learned that we were pilgrims too. "My brother, my sister," she said, "how can it be, for the way of the cross lies straight before you? 'Tis the broadest way in the whole city. Keep straight on, and you cannot fail to find it. It will lead you to Golgotha, which was the place of the skull, and beyond."

## EBB-TIDE.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

A SODDEN reach of wide and wind-swept lea,
A sky of shattered steel that palls the sight,
And one long shaft of sun that seems to write
Vast letters slowly on a slate of sea;
The dreary wail of gulls that skim the crest
Of sullen breakers sliding in to land,
A world grown empty, full of vague unrest,
And shadow-shapes that stride across the sand.

The gray beach widens. Foot by foot appear
Strange forms of wreckage creeping from the waves,
Like ghosts that steal in silence from their graves
To watch beside the death-bed of the year;
Poor shattered shapes of ships that once stood out
Full-freighted to the far horizon's sweep
To music of the cheery sailor-shout
Of men who sought the wonders of the deep!

Poor shattered ships! Their gallant cruising o'er,
Their cargoes coral-crusted leagues below,
They rise, unnamed, unnumbered, from the slow
Recession of the ebb along the shore.
The fickle tide that bore them bravely then
Betrays their shame and nakedness to be
Mute witness to the littleness of men
Who battle with the sovereignty of sea.

For me, as well, alone upon the dune,
There sinks a tide that strips the beaches bare,
And leaves but grim unsightly wreckage where
The brooding skies make mockery of noon.
Ah, dear, that hopes, like tides, should ebb away,
Unmasking on the naked shore of love
Flotsam and jetsam of a happier day,
Dreams wrecked, and all the emptiness thereof!

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## A SONG.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

SING me a sweet, low song of night
Before the moon is risen,
A song that tells of the star's delight
Escaped from day's bright prison.
A song that croons with the cricket's voice,
That sleeps with the shadowed trees,
A song that shall bid my heart rejoice
At its tender mysteries!

And then when the song is ended, love,
Bend down your head unto me,
Whisper the word that was born above
Ere the moon had swayed the sea.
Ere the oldest star began to shine,
Or the farthest sun to burn,
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,
Yet newest, and sweet to learn!

# THE SPAN O' LIFE.*

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN AND J. N. McILWRAITH.

PART VI.

MAXWELL'S STORY RESUMED.

"Adieu, paniers, vendanges sont faites."—*Old Proverb.*

### CHAPTER XXVI.

### I CLOSE ONE ACCOUNT AND OPEN ANOTHER.

PORTENTOUS as were its results, I have never been able to look upon the battle of the 13th of September as adding anything of value to military knowledge. From a technical view it never attained the dignity of battle at any point, and only exceeded a skirmish in the heavy losses and the deaths of the leading Generals on each side.

The recognition of their efforts, and of those who so ably replaced them, by their respective governments and contemporaries, reads as a sorry commentary on the popular distribution of honors.

Wolfe, almost a tyro, at one bound won immortality and immediate applause from his countrymen; Montcalm, almost a veteran, though mourned by those about him, was persistently vilified, even after death, by the very man who should have been his most loyal supporter — I do not hesitate to name M. de Vaudreuil; and I am not aware of even a head-stone having been raised to his memory.

On the other hand, his successor, the Chevalier de Lévis, met with fitting reward and honorable advancement in his profession, and the titles of Duke and Marshal of France were borne with dignity by one whose natural nobility of soul rendered him eminently worthy of such honors.

To complete the contrast, the Honorable James Murray, who succeeded Wolfe, held an unprotected city in the enemy's country throughout a distressing winter, handled his slender troops with contagious enthusiasm, fought and lost a desperate battle like a gallant soldier, governed a conquered people with consummate tact, and still serves his country with distinc-

* Begun in October number, 1898

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tion—to meet with no other reward, that I ever heard of, than the approbation of his conscience and the admiration of all honest men.

In writing thus openly I must disclaim any intention of carping, for I would scorn to deprive either of the illustrious dead of a single laurel in the crown so nobly won, but the very generosity of contemporary admiration has a tendency to work injustice towards the survivors.

I know personally, for I afterwards had abundant opportunity of judging, with what stoutness of heart did that admirable soldier, General Murray, support his misgivings when he saw the last English frigate sail from Quebec in the late autumn of '59, bearing his more fortunate comrades to the reward of their gallantry, while he and his little garrison were left in a ruined town to face all the chances of war, to which were added the unknown dangers of a dreaded winter season.

On our side we made our headquarters in Montreal, where the military were busy enough, whilst the officials and other unemployed classes — priests, women, and schoolboys—beguiled their inaction and cheated themselves into hopefulness by the most chimerical and fantastical projects for the retaking of Quebec that ever deluded the human mind.

The truth is, we were as miserable a lot of devils on both sides as one could well imagine. In Quebec, the English were half starved, half frozen, wholly without pay, and without reliable information. In Montreal, we had enough to eat, we were as gay as the clergy, M. de Vaudreuil, and our miserable plight would permit, we were without pay, it is true, but to that we had been long accustomed; but we had the most exact information as to what went on in Quebec, thanks to friends within its walls. Whilst our non-fighting orders, ever at the height of certainty or the depth of despair, had so befooled themselves with their infallible schemes of conquest that they looked forward to the spring campaign with a confidence almost pitiable in the eyes of thinking men.

Early in April M. de Lévis gathered together his motley army—the remnants of the brigades of Béarn La Reine, La Sarre, Royal Rouissillon, Berri, and La Marine, less than four thousand in all, with about three thousand militia and volunteers—and, supported by a few miserable cannon, marched forth to sit down before Quebec.

We were disappointed in our first plan of attack, but on the 28th of April, 1760, we had the good fortune to meet Murray face to face on almost the same ground where Wolfe and Montcalm had fought in the previous September.

Murray's force was somewhat smaller than ours, but more than equalled it in quality, being all regular troops, besides which he had somewhat the advantage of position; but, falling into the same error as Montcalm, he abandoned this to begin the attack, and the same result followed.

The battle of Ste. Foye will always command the respect of men of discretion without regard to the side which may engage their sympathies.

There we met a foe as brave as the heart of soldier could desire, who for hours disputed every foot of ground with us, and the one error of the action on our part was rectified with a precision so admirable that it but heightened the honors of the day. Before I record this I must note a personal incident.

Immediately in front of our left, where the regiments of Béarn and La Sarre were stationed, stood a mill and its dependencies, belonging, I believe, to one called Dumont, and though its possession was not of the slightest strategical importance, by one of those strange chances of battle it became the centre of the most obstinate fighting on both sides. Our grenadiers took possession of it, and held it until driven out at the point of dirk and claymore by the Highlanders, who in turn were dislodged after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, whereupon the whole contest recommenced. M. de Lévis, annoyed by the useless waste of men and the danger of expending such effort and attention on so misleading an object, sent me with orders to have our men withdrawn.

When I arrived the struggle was again at its height, both sides were fighting with the simple ferocity of savages, unmindful of every rule of war. There was neither direction nor command, it was man against man in a mad, unmeaning struggle for the pleasure of mastery.

"Pardon, monsieur," I said to the Chevalier d'Aiguebelle, who commanded the grenadiers, "but M. de Lévis sends positive orders that you must withdraw your men. You are distracting the attention of the whole left."

Then catching sight of the officer in command of Fraser's, I rode forward and

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saluted. As he answered my salute I saw it was my once prisoner, Nairn.

"Call off your men, Captain Nairn!" I shouted. "This is simply murder! I have given orders for ours to withdraw. There is no loss of honor on either side."

Without a moment's hesitation he rushed amongst them, commanding and striking up swords right and left, whilst we did the same. When our object was attained, he turned to me and said:

"Hark you, sir! I am ready enough to join in avoiding useless slaughter, but I have an account to square with you, for which there shall be no calling off when we meet. Remember that!"

I laughed and saluted, mightily intrigued at what his meaning might be, and then rode off to attend on the General.

Meantime the fighting along the line had been severe, and the enemy's artillery had told on us with such effect that at last our centre wavered and began to give way. Supported by a wood, our left stood firm within about twenty paces of the foe, when a flurried adjutant ran along the line with orders to make a half-turn to the right and retire to some houses in the rear.

M. Malartic, major of La Sarre, stood aghast; it virtually meant retreat, and retreat in such a position invited certain destruction. He hurried over to M. de Barroute, a captain of Béarn, which stood next to the right, and repeated the order. They agreed at once a mistake had been made, and an ominous murmur arose from the men as the news was whispered from one to another. On this, M. Dalquier, their colonel, as fine and experienced an officer as ever drew sword, rode up, and inquiring of their difficulty, swept it aside by crying: "I will take it upon me to disobey the order. Fix bayonets, mes enfants!" The command was executed in an instant; then, rising in his stirrups, he swung his sword above his head and roared in a voice that could be heard all along the line, "Charge!"

The effect was indescribable; there was one quick, sharp shout of "Vive le Roi!" and the men went on like so many demons.

"Look at La Sarre!" cried Poulariez, with the Royal Rouissillon on the right, as we marked the sudden confusion, and then the charge. "The English have advanced too far! Run to the Canadians, Maxwell! Half wheel to the left, and we fall on their flank!"

It was the deciding point of the battle. The English line was thrown into complete disorder, and thenceforward there was nothing but hand-to-hand fighting of the fiercest description, which lasted until it ended in the utter rout of the enemy.

At one point I saw M. de Boucherville, who carried the flag of the Montreal troops, go down in a mêlée, but the colors were saved by the determined gallantry of M. de Sarennes, who carried them off amid a storm of cheers.

"Bravo, Sarennes!" I called to him as he rode past a moment later. "Your lady-love should have seen that!"

"Go to the devil!" he roared back at me, with the voice and gesture of the boor he really was at bottom, but my hands were too full either to wonder at his insult or demand an explanation.

I will make no attempt to follow the detail of the action; it is enough to say the honors rested with us. We stood victorious over the same foe that had defeated us on the same ground six months before. We had regained the Heights, regained the General Hospital, and it remained to be seen how soon we might sweep over its ruined ramparts into Quebec and hold it once more for King Louis.

As I entered the hospital towards evening to report to M. de Lévis, one of the sisters addressed me: "Pardon, monsieur, but are you the Chevalier de Maxwell?"

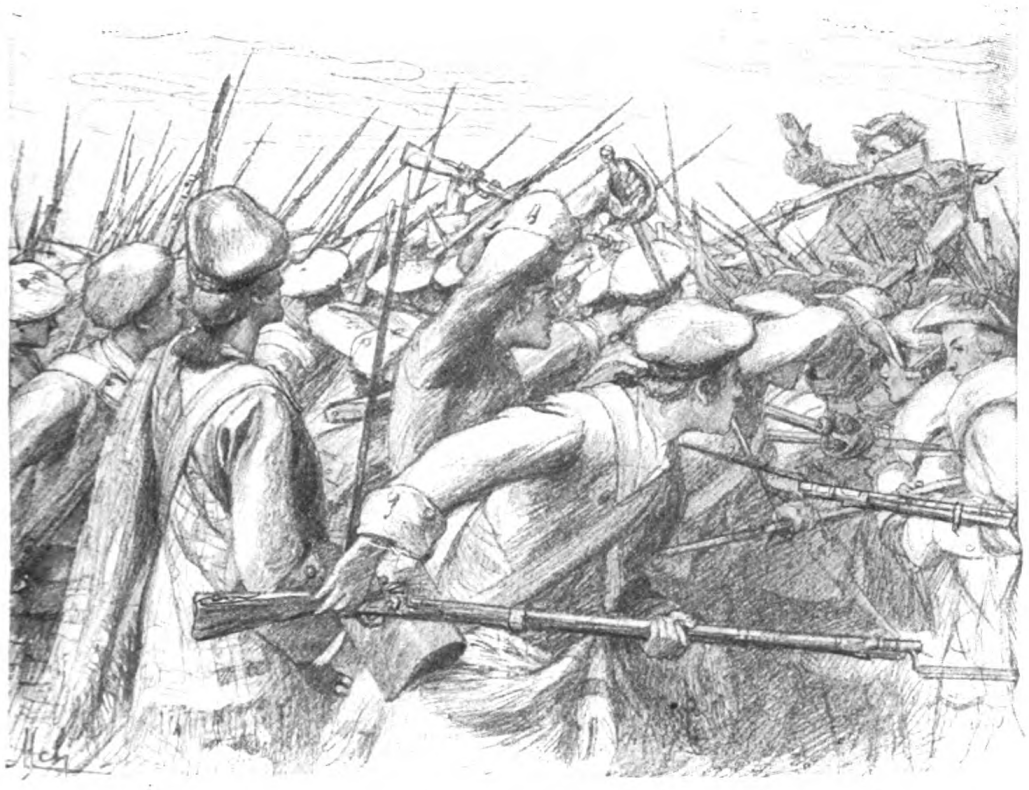
"Yes, ma sœur."

"M. Dalquier wishes to speak with you. He lies here."

I found that fine old soldier lying on a bed faint from a wound he had received at the very moment he made his decisive charge, but which had not prevented him holding his place for some time later. He smiled bravely as he held out his hand to me.

"These confounded surgeons will not allow me to speak in person, but I wish you, Chevalier, to thank the General for me. Did you hear about it? No? Then listen. Just after our charge was made, and we had formed again, he rode up. 'Here is the devil to pay,' I said to myself, and was framing my defence in short order, when, 'M. Dalquier,' he said, so that

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"CALL OFF YOUR MEN! CAPTAIN NAIRN."

all about could hear, 'the King owes you his thanks for not making that half-turn. Hold your position for five minutes, and I will answer for the battle!' Did you ever hear anything like it? Think of a general making such an acknowledgment, and before my men, too! Mort Dieu, Chevalier! Tell him I would rather have this to remember than wear the Cross of St. Louis. Go!" And he turned away his face, to hide the tears that spoke of his overwhelming satisfaction.

"I will see him as soon as I can find a moment," said M. de Lévis, when I repeated my message, almost as moved as the old soldier. "Now, Chevalier, as soon as it falls dark, do you go over the ground alone, and as close to the town as possible, to see what dispositions we are to make for our trenches. Mark what Murray has attempted in the way of defences or outworks. Let me, or M. de Pontleroy, hear from you to-night, no matter how late the hour. But get some refreshment before you set out," he added, thoughtful as ever of the wants of others.

I sat down for a few moments' rest, and ate something the good nuns provided, and then borrowing a cloak to serve as a protection against the drizzling rain which had again set in, I sallied forth.

When I reached the Heights it was puzzlingly dark, though the hour was early, and I had the utmost difficulty in finding my way. Corpses of men and horses hindered me, more than once the wounded appealed to me for help, but I went on unheeding, trying to determine my exact whereabouts, in order to begin my task. I had approached near enough the town to see the lights, and could even catch sounds from the no doubt terrified population, but paid no attention to anything save my object in hand.

Suddenly a voice shouted in the darkness. "Halte là!" to which I promptly replied,

"État-major, aide de M. de Lévis."

"Damn your état-major!" was the astonishing reply. "Why don't you say 'Mistaire Maxwelle'?" in an undescriba-



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ble attempt at an English pronunciation of my name.

"Come, come, Sarennes," I said, for I recognized the tall Canadian, "have you not got over your ill-humor yet? You nearly insulted me to-day in the field."

"I intended to. Do you wish me to repeat my words, or do you not know when you are insulted, unless you are struck?"

"Are you mad, or only drunk, Sarennes? Get back to camp, man, and sleep off your fit. We cannot afford to quarrel after such a day as this."

"No! you cannot afford to fight at any time. Do you think I am a woman like her whom you deceived, to be tricked by your lying tongue?"

"Stop, sir!" I commanded. "I am on duty, but my duty must wait until I have read you a lesson, which, I regret, you will not live to profit by."

We could hardly see each other, and it was utterly impossible to follow the sword-play save by feel; it was not a duel at all; it was death, sure and swift for one, or perhaps both of us in the dark.

Sure and swift it was. I lost touch of his blade, and as he lunged desperately, I avoided his stroke by dropping on my left hand, and straightening my sword-arm *en seconde*, ran him clean through the body as he came forward, his blade passing harmlessly over me. It was a desperate chance to take, but the stakes were high.

I knelt beside the fallen man and spoke to him, but he could not answer, and in common humanity I rose and hurried off to find some help.

I had not gone fifty yards before I almost ran up against a man cautiously making his way over the field. To my astonishment, I saw he was an officer of Fraser's Highlanders, and commanding him to halt, I advanced, pistol in hand, and recognized Nairn.

"You are my prisoner, sir," I declared, covering him as I spoke, and then the drollery of the situation coming over me, I dropped my arm and said, "It seems I am in for settling accounts to-night, Captain Nairn. You were good enough to remind me of some indebtedness on the field to-day, though what it was I am at a loss to determine. Perhaps it was my refusal of your handsome offer to me in Louisbourg that I should turn traitor. No? 'Pon my soul, you are strangely quiet in private for a gentleman who was so insistent in company!

"Come, draw the sword which you flourished to so little purpose to-day, and you will find I can pay in the only coin a soldier should demand or take.

"What! Not ready yet? Would you have me produce my commission as an officer, or establish my right to arms, before you can cross swords with me? By God, sir! I will stand no more of your precious fooling. Do you think you are going to roar out at me like some scurvy shopkeeper, and then stand like a stockfish when I do you the honor to ask your pleasure? Draw, sir, draw, before I am forced to strike you like a coward!"

To my amazement, instead of answering my words as they deserved, he threw up his hands with a weak cry and covered his face.

Supposing him to be wounded, I melted in a moment, and stepping forward, held out my hand to him.

"Come, sir, come! You are unnerved. Tell me, are you hit?"

As I spoke I still advanced to support him, and was surprised beyond measure when the supposed officer retreated before me, and cried, in a voice of intense womanish entreaty, "No, no; do not touch me!"

I burst out laughing. "'Pon my soul, madam! you came near being somewhat late with your embargo, and you have betrayed me into an exhibition of the vilest humor, for which I most humbly apologize."

She seemed somewhat uncertain how to take my drolling, whereupon I changed my tone, and asked, with every appearance of curiosity, "May I enquire how I can be of service to you?"

"Am I within the French lines?"

"No; you are on what may still be considered debatable ground. But I cannot give information to a lady whose masquerade is at least suspicious."

"I only ask, sir, to be taken within your lines. Will you do this for me?"

"I doubt it, madam, unless you can show me you have good right to be there. You are not a French woman."

"No, I am not, but I carry important information for your General."

"Pardon me, madam, but the General is fully occupied," I said, in my most repelling manner.

"Sir, I have come thus far at great risk to myself, and my news is of the utmost

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"HE THREW UP HIS HANDS WITH A WEAK CRY AND COVERED HIS FACE."

importance. Let me go on alone, if you will not take me in yourself."

"Madam, I have not the honor to be known to you, but, believe me, my advice is of the best when I tell you that your way is open to the town again. Take it, madam, and think nothing more of this escapade, but that you were fortunate to have fallen in with one who could advise so soundly."

"This is no escapade, sir; it has been a matter of life or death to me, and it is almost as much to your General," she said, with such earnestness that I could not doubt her intentions.

"Then, madam, if you are determined, I will take you. You cannot possibly go on alone; there are too many Indians engaged in their usual pastime of looking after white scalps. But first I must seek for help for a wounded officer, and then must complete my work. Follow me closely, but give me your word you will not attempt any tricks," I said; for I have never been prepossessed in favor of adventurous damsels, and I misdoubted the value of her alleged information.

"That will not answer. I must go on at once! I cannot wait."

"It seems to me you are hardly in a position to choose, madam," I replied, amused at her decision.

She hesitated a moment, and then said, desperately:

"Do you not know who I am, Hugh Maxwell? I am Margaret Nairn!"

Had the solid ground opened beneath my feet I could not have been more confounded.

"Margaret?" I cried, when I could find

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my voice. "Margaret—here? I cannot understand. Speak to me again!"

"Yes, Hugh, I am Margaret—Margaret Nairn. I am Mme. de St. Just."

"You have been here all along and never let me know? I cannot understand."

"Do not try to understand now. Hugh! I beseech you to take me on trust and help me to go on."

But as she spoke I caught sight of a moving light. "Do not speak another word. Some one is coming. Crouch down here until I see who it is."

Advancing cautiously, I discovered the light came from a lanthorn, by the aid of which a priest was examining the bodies, hoping, no doubt, to discover some unfortunate who needed his ministrations. He would serve me for Sarennes.

"Mon père," I said, advancing, "may I beg your assistance for a wounded officer?"

"Willingly. Lead me to him. Who is he?"

"M. de Sarennes."

"Ah, I know him well."

I directed him to where Sarennes lay, and then returned to Margaret.

"I must wait until I see if anything can be done here before we go. Come with me for a moment."

The priest took no notice of us as we knelt beside the dying man, and Margaret, exclaiming with pity as she saw him, lifted his head and supported it in her lap.

Sarennes opened his eyes and looked up into her face. He tried to speak, but no sound came from his moving lips.

> "Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine,
> Et lux perpetua luceat ei,"

prayed the priest, and even as we responded the unhappy spirit took its flight. Margaret bowed her head, and her tears fell on the dead face in her lap.

Most of us have been in circumstances where the killing of a man was a necessity, and have suffered no qualms of conscience thereat. I certainly had no compunctions on the outcome of my meeting with M. de Sarennes, and yet at the sight of Margaret's tears the natural feelings triumphed over the intellectual, and I joined fervently in the prayers of the priest.

He now appeared to notice Margaret for the first time, and raising his lanthorn, he held it so that the light shone full upon her; as she raised her head in surprise, I could see he recognized her.

"Marguerite!" he cried, in a voice of reproach.

"Why do you speak to me thus, mon père? Why do you speak thus?" she repeated, with alarm in her accents.

"Marguerite, is it possible you do not know me?"

"Know you? Why do you ask? Why do you call me by my name? You are le père Jean."

"I am le père Jean,—but I was Gaston de Trincardel!"

"What!" she cried, almost with terror, as she sprang to her feet.

"I am Gaston de Trincardel," he repeated, unmoved.

"Oh, why do you tell me this? At such a time...." she moaned, and I stepped to her side, for her cry went to my heart.

"I tell you this because I must try to bring you to your senses. Why are you here in disguise? A shameful disguise," he repeated, scornfully. "Whose hand slew this man before us?"

"Mine!" I interrupted, for I could not stand by and see her meet his attack alone.

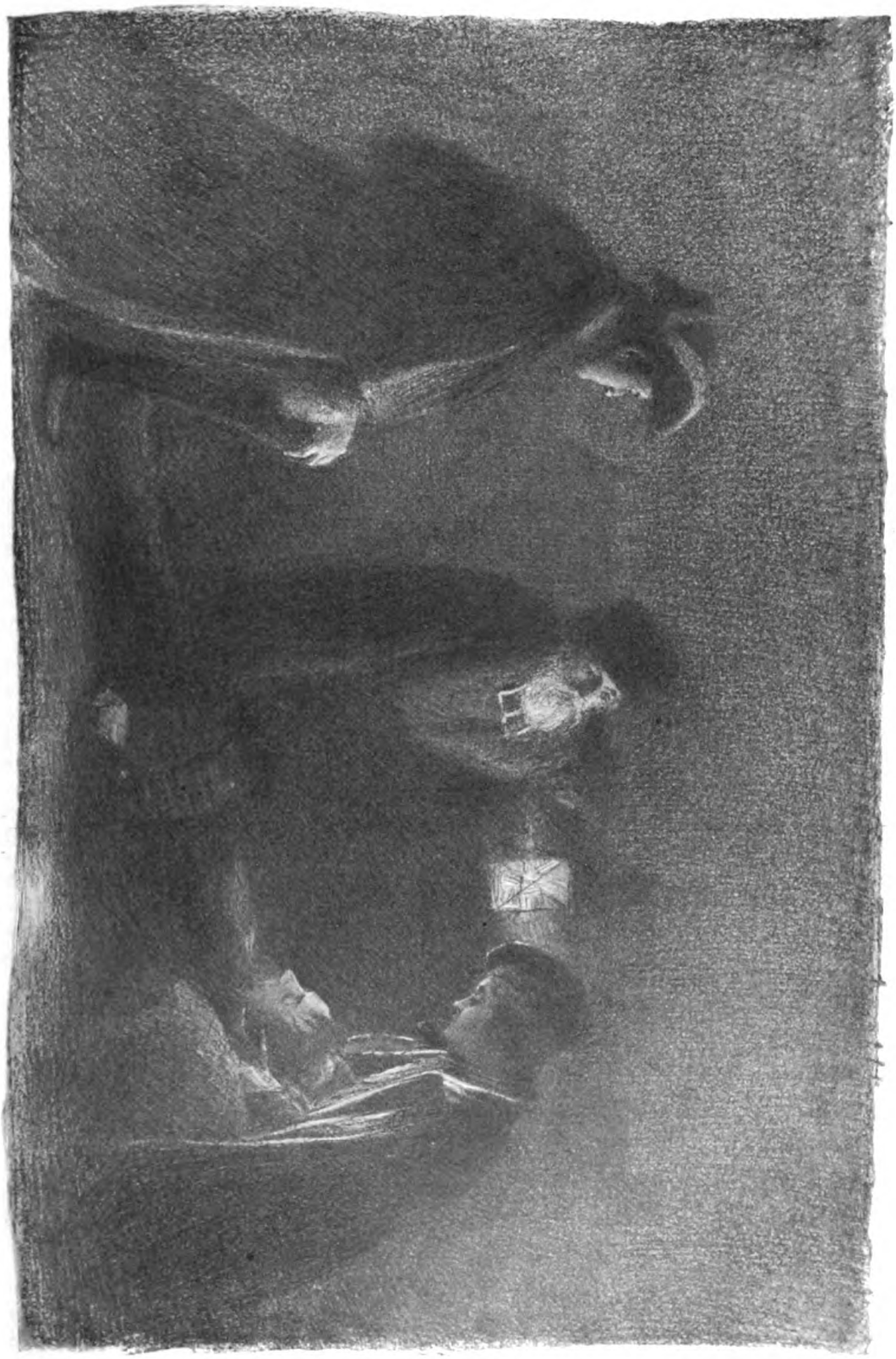
"Why are you here beside one who may be little better than a murderer?" he continued to her, without heeding me in the least.

"Sir! you are free to put any construction on my act you choose, as I cannot make you answer for your words."

"One from whom I have striven with all my power as a priest to keep you?" he went on, still ignoring me. "Since that has failed, I must try and appeal to your gratitude towards her who was your protector when you were but a girl. In some sense I stand as her representative, and I charge you by her memory to renounce this last folly which has led you here."

"Stop, Gaston!" she cried. "Every word you say would be an insult did it come from another. But I have too high a reverence for you, the remembrance of your unfailing charity is too strong, to answer except by an explanation. Never mind appearances! I am here in this disguise because it afforded the only possible escape from the town, and my object is to carry word to M. de Lévis that everything within the walls is in the most complete disorder, the garrison is mad with drink, and he has but to march on the town at once to effect its capture."

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"RAISING HIS LANTHORN, HE HELD IT SO THAT THE LIGHT SHONE FULL UPON HER."

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"Are you dreaming?—the town helpless?"

"Yes; it is his, if he can but advance without delay."

"Then, forgive me! I was wrong; a hundred times wrong!"

"Just one moment. My meeting with M. de Maxwell is as much by chance as your meeting with me," she added, with a decision which I thought perhaps unnecessary.

"Forgive me, Marguerite," he repeated, in his usual tone; "and you too, Chevalier. I wronged you both. Now to make amends. Will you lead us to the General?" he said, turning to me.

"Come," I said, and we each held out a hand to Margaret.

"Stand!" thundered a voice in English at two paces from us. "You are all covered!"

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### I FIND A KEY TO MY DILEMMA.

"WE are your prisoners!" I answered, instantly, for the slightest hesitation on such occasions may lead to the most serious results. Explanations can be made subsequently, but a bullet from an overzealous musket can never be recalled.

In an instant they were beside us, a sergeant and six men, all Highlanders. I was about to speak again, but before I could do so Margaret stepped up to the sergeant, and taking him by the sleeve whispered a few words in his ear. He thereupon gave some instructions in Gaelic to his men, and moving off a few paces with her, they spoke earnestly together for a little. What she said I do not know, but in a moment he faced about, and picking up the priest's lanthorn, examined me in turn.

"Your name and rank, sir!" he said to me.

"Hugh Maxwell, captain."

"God bless me, sir! But this is not the first time I have heard your name, or seen you, if you'll excuse my saying it," he said, most earnestly.

"Like enough. What is your name?"

"Neil Murray, sir."

"And a very good name it is; but I cannot say I recall it."

"But you will remember the march to Derby, sir, and Lord George?" he asked, eagerly.

"I am never likely to forget it. Were you there?"

"Where else would I be when my grandfather was own cousin to his?"

"Then I suppose there's no treason now in shaking hands over so old a story, Neil?" I said, extending my hand, which he grasped heartily, and relations were established between us.

He then turned to the priest. "Your name, your reverence?"

"Le père Jean, missionary."

"Well, gentlemen, it cannot be helped. You must both follow us into the town."

He gave his orders briefly, and blowing out the lanthorn, took Margaret by the arm, supporting her as one might a wounded man, and so we set off. It was evident the quick-witted sergeant possessed the invaluable qualification of the successful soldier, the readiness to carry out as well as to devise a plan; for in handling the lanthorn he had never once allowed the light to fall on Margaret, and by his happy pretence of her being wounded, he avoided the awkward necessity of handing over the command to her as his superior. That he would do his best to shelter her from any scrutiny or questioning was evident, and I was too thankful for the result to puzzle over the probable means by which it was attained. As like as not, by the very simple expedient of telling the truth—wonderfully efficacious at times, when you know your man.

A quick, hard scramble brought us down to the level of the Lower Town: we passed the Intendance, black and deserted, and so on towards the foot of the Palace Hill. When we reached the gate the sergeant halted us; the sign and countersign were given, whereupon the wicket was opened.

Passing his arm about Margaret, who leaned upon him heavily, the sergeant skilfully interposed himself between her and the officer in charge, and gave his report: "Neil Murray, sergeant, 78th, six men, two prisoners, and one of our own, wounded," and on we marched up the slippery hill without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As soon as we were beyond sight of the gate our pace was slackened, and, now that all immediate danger of discovery for Margaret was at an end, I fell to wondering at the extraordinary chance which again brought me face to face with her who had proved the turning-point in my life. Little by little I pieced out the puzzle, and the more I brought it together,

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the more I wondered, but in a vague, disjointed fashion, that led to no solution. My confused thoughts were interrupted by our party halting in front of the Convent of the Ursulines, where, to my relief, I saw the sergeant lead Margaret round towards the side entrance.

"May I ask where you are taking us?" I said, when we again began our march, putting the question more to set my mind working again than out of curiosity.

"Where else would we be going but to the General?"

"And where has he found quarters in this stone heap? You have made a fine mess of things with your battering," I said, for the evidence of their fire on the town was surprising.

"Have we not!" he exclaimed, with true soldierly pride. "But there will be a corner or two here and there that was out of our reach. It was a God's mercy for ourselves that we didn't have our will of the whole town, or there's many a poor fellow would have made a bad winter of it."

"I dare say you found it bad enough as it was, eh, Neil?"

"You may say that, sir! There's been a deal to put up with for both high and low. But here we will be at the General's."

As he spoke we drew up before a house in St. Louis Street, and were ushered into an anteroom, where we were left under guard, while our conductor departed to make his report.

I was not permitted to speak with my fellow-prisoner, and so went back to my wonderings. It was Margaret — that is, Mme. de St. Just — who had befriended Lucy on shipboard, and protected her since. What a marvellous happening, that these two women, of all others in the world, should have thus been thrown together! That she now knew of my relation towards Lucy I could not doubt; and though I had preferred it might come about otherwise, I bitterly reflected that an estimate of my character was no longer of supreme importance to her, now she was a married woman. Though I had been doing my utmost all these years of exile to school myself to a frame of mind in which I might look upon her as unapproachable for me, now that I found an insurmountable barrier existed, not of my own raising, with the inconsistence of mankind, I straight rebelled against it. What a climax to every irony of fate! To find myself free, and she, whom I had so hopelessly loved, another's. Yet what did the priest mean when he said he had been trying to keep me from her? I looked across the room at his impassive face, and felt I would give much for five minutes alone with him. Then an explanation would be forth-coming in some shape.

From this coil I was aroused by the entrance of an officer to summon us into the presence of the General, and for the first time I considered my personal situation. Not that I had anything to fear, for, in those days, war was a profession, and an officer was treated as a gentleman by his opponent once active hostilities ceased, or were even suspended; but the consequence of my capture would certainly mean for me the loss of any advantage I might otherwise have gained from our success. Now my name would figure in no despatches, unless as "missing," a bitter disappointment, when I had so slowly and painfully gained something of a position. But I had no time to reason it out before we had crossed the threshold of the General's room.

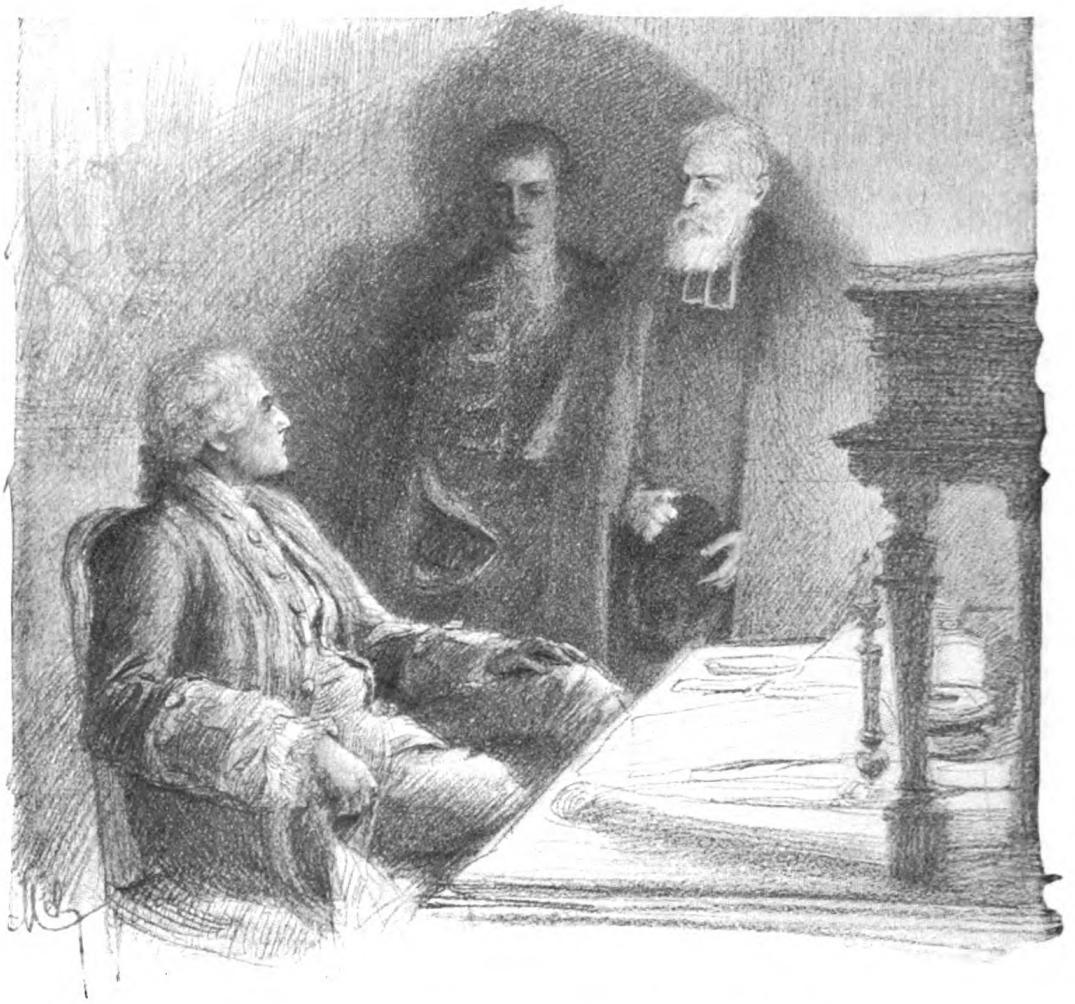
He was a clear-featured, bright-eyed man of thirty-five or forty, visibly harassed with the hard fortune of the day, but he did not allow his preoccupation to affect his bearing towards us.

"Reverend sir," he said, addressing the priest, "I take it for granted you are a non-combatant, but as it has fallen to your lot to be brought within our lines, you must perforce remain a prisoner. If you will satisfy me as to your name and position, I shall judge if I can grant you the less galling restrictions of parole."

The priest smiled. "I appreciate the reasonableness of the condition, your Excellency. My full name is Jean Marie Gaston de Caldeguès, Vicomte de Trincardel, but for years I have borne none other than 'le père Jean, missionary to the Indians.'"

"That is perfectly satisfactory, sir. I shall be pleased to allow you parole within the walls, only restricting you from approaching those parts of the town where our defences are now placed. I shall give you an order for quarters at the Ursulines, though doubtless the good ladies would readily receive you even without my introduction." As he spoke he accompanied the priest to the door, where

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"I TAKE IT FOR GRANTED YOU ARE A NON-COMBATANT."

he gave his instructions to an aide in waiting.

He then turned to me and extended his hand. "Chevalier, we have already had the pleasure of some slight correspondence."

"I have to thank your Excellency for as great a courtesy as one man can show towards another. When I wrote, I ventured to mention my acquaintance with your Excellency's brother, Lord Elibank, not that I relied on anything else than your Excellency's natural sensibility for the acceptance of my request, but that I might in that manner help to establish my identity."

"Believe me, Chevalier," he returned, with emphasis, "that was totally unnecessary. I was quite aware that you were in Canada. A man does not easily slip out of sight so long as he remains among his own class."

"Your Excellency overwhelms me; such a recognition goes far to make up for the years of disappointment I have endured."

"Then let us speak plainly, without further compliments on either side," he said, smiling gravely.

"Nothing could please me better, your Excellency."

"It will not even be necessary to keep up 'the Excellency.' I shall call you Kirkconnel, after the good homely Scots' fashion, if you have not forgotten."

"Forgotten! That is one of the curses of my Scotch blood. I cannot forget!"

"Then there is hope for you yet, Kirkconnel! For you have something behind you worth remembering."

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"I cannot say it oppresses me with any great sense of obligation, for I would find some difficulty in naming it at the moment."

"Tut, tut, man!" he exclaimed, heartily. "Don't tell me that a man who played his part as well as you in '45 need mourn over it."

"We're getting out towards the thin ice now, are we not, General?"

"Not for me; though I dare say some members of my house might have to guard their steps more carefully. But to go on: you followed what you and your forebears held to be The Cause, and to which you held your honor pledged, and you saw it through to the bitter end. Then, instead of mixing yourself up in a miserable farrago of pothouse plots and chamber mysteries which have only served to turn some honest men into rogues, you have acted like a soldier, and done only a soldier's work. And, best of all, you have succeeded. You have much that is worth remembering, Kirkconnel!"

"Your Excellency is most kind."

"I prefer to be plain. Why not drop this whole business?"

"How can I? You would not urge me to come over because I happen to be a prisoner to-day? I may be exchanged to-morrow."

"That you shall not, I'll answer for it! I have no intention to give M. de Lévis the assistance of even one more artillery officer, if I can help it. No, no! I shall keep you fast while I can, but 'tis only in the event of my holding the winning cards in this affair that I would urge you to send in your submission and take your place beside us, your natural comrades, where you belong. What chance of promotion, or even of recognition, will you run, if M. de Lévis has to leave Canada in our hands?"

"None whatever. I have never deceived myself for a moment on that point."

"Then be sensible, and, like a sensible man, make a sensible move when the time comes!" he exclaimed, with the greatest good feeling.

"I am afraid I am too old a fool to be sensible at any time on such a subject. But I thank your Excellency from the bottom of my heart," I returned, as warmly.

"Nonsense, man! I would not have spoken had I not been taken with you. But there! I am not a recruiting officer," he said, with a laugh. "Think well over what I have said; I am not pressing for an answer." Thereupon he turned the subject, and we fell into a conversation over the events of the past summer and winter. I answered such questions as I could in regard to our present position, for there was no advantage to be gained by undue concealment, and his consideration spared me any embarrassment.

When our interview ended he thanked me very handsomely, and regretted he could not offer me the hospitality of his own roof, but provided for me in the Ursulines, granting me the same parole as the priest.

"You will find amongst your countrymen an odd rebel here and there, Kirkconnel, but I rely on you to stir up no fresh treason with 'White Cockades,' or 'Bonnie Charlies,' or any other of the old shibboleths."

"Have no anxieties on that score, your Excellency; I have had too rude an awakening ever to fall a-dreaming again. 'The burnt child!'" And I bowed, and left in company with the officer told off to see to my reception.

The General's unlooked-for sympathy had gone far to restore me to my natural bearing for the moment. It is flattering to any man to be received by his military superior as a social equal, and Heaven forbid that I should pretend to a susceptibility less than the ordinary. I was greatly pleased, therefore, by his recognition, and to my admiration of his soldierly qualities was now added a warm appreciation of his interest in me and my fortunes. But no personal gratification could long blind me to the misery of my real position. Chance, inclination, and I think I may honestly add principle, had kept my affections disengaged and my heart whole, without any reasonable expectation of ever realizing my life's desire, and now I had stumbled upon it, only to find it inexorably withheld from me, and every avenue to its attainment closed. Could I have gone on to the end without actually meeting with Margaret, I could have borne it with the silent endurance which had supported me so far, and had in large measure become a habit; but now every regret, every passionate longing, every haunting memory which time had lulled into seem-



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ing slumber, awoke to wring my heart at the very moment when I believed the bitterness to have passed forever.

The first to welcome me at the convent was my son Kit. Heavens! how tall and well-looking the boy had grown, and with what feeling did I take him in my arms! He returned my embrace with equal affection, and when we settled down, spoke of his mother's death with much natural feeling.

Poor Lucy! She had had a narrow life of it, with the exception of the year we had lived together. What a light-hearted, merry little soul she then was! She had no education in the general sense, but was possessed of so lively a sympathy that she entered into all that appealed to me with an enjoyment and an appreciation that no mere learning could have supplied. She may have lacked the bearing and carriage of a great lady, but what stateliness of manner can rival the pretty softnesses of a gentle girl wholly in love? She was not strictly beautiful, but she had the charm of constant liveliness, and her unfailing content and merriment more than made up for any irregularity in feature. This was the woman I had left, and I have already told what she was when I returned. It was not so much her nature that was at fault, poor thing! as the atrophy of soul resulting from an ungenerous form of religion.

I cannot but think it safer for both man and woman to continue in those religions which have received the sanction of authority, than take up with any new ventures, no matter what superior offers of salvation they may hold out. And the first step towards this dangerous ground I believe to be the pernicious habit of idle speculation on subjects too sacred for open discussion, which might well be left to their ordained guardians, and not to the curious guessings of simple and unsophisticated minds.

Kit had much information to give touching others in whom I was interested. Of Mme. de St. Just he spoke, as I would have expected, with the warmest admiration and gratitude; but after he had informed me that she was an inmate of the same convent in which we were, I turned the conversation towards her brother, who, I learned, was wounded sufficiently to be under the surgeon's care, and was pleased to gather that Master Kit had made a respectable showing for himself in the rescue of his captain. That Mademoiselle de Sarennes was much concerned in Nairn's condition I was glad to hear, as such an interest could not fail to be of service when she should learn of her brother's fate, of which I took care to make no mention, as I had no desire to figure as the bearer of what must, to her, prove painful tidings.

"Your captain is fortunate to engage the sympathies of so fair an enemy," was my only remark.

"Why, father, we do not look on them as enemies at all!" he returned, with the ingenuousness of his years.

"Look you here, Master Kit, I cannot have you calling me 'father'; it has altogether too responsible a sound, and I do not wish to begin and bring you to book for matters which may, later on, call for a parent's judgment. Call me 'Chevalier,' if you like, it is more companionable, and it is as comrades you and I must live, unless you wish to have me interfering with you in a manner you might naturally enough resent later on. I love you heartily, my boy, and it is love, not authority, I wish to be the bond between us. What do you say yourself?"

"It can never be anything less than that, sir. You know how I was drawn to you that very first morning, when I entered your room in Wych Street. You were the finest gentleman I had ever seen."

"Well, you have seen better since, Kit."

"None better to me, sir." And he added, hurriedly, as if to cover his emotion, "Will you come over to us, now that we are victorious?"

"Oh, Kit, Kit, you are a true Englishman! Victorious! Why, great Heavens! We beat you fifty times over, only to-day! Not that it will make any great matter in the long-run, perhaps, for it is no question of a single battle for either Lévis or Murray,—it is the arrival of the first ships which will decide this affair. Wait until they come up, and then it will be time enough to talk of victory."

The lad's face fell. "I mean for ourselves," he said, wistfully; "this can't go on with us on different sides."

"That is a serious matter for the principals, no doubt, Kit; but we need not worry over it, for I am not likely to be exchanged, the way things now are."

"But when it is decided?"

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"Your way, Kit?"

"I mean *if* it is decided our way," he corrected. "You will come back?"

"Come back to what? You forget I am still a proscribed rebel with a price on my head."

"But that is long past."

"So Dr. Archie Cameron thought, but they hanged him like a dog not so many years ago, and I do not know that he was deeper in the affair than I. That I am not a very ardent rebel, I will confess; but I have grown too old in rebellion to readily shift my character. Besides, I fancy I am more of a Frenchman than an Englishman, or even a Scotchman; and the worst of such a transmogrification is that one grows used to it, and change becomes wellnigh impossible. But you have chosen wisely, my boy. I wouldn't have you different for the world!"

"It is not for myself I speak. I am thinking of you, sir."

"God bless you, Kit! I would rather have those words from you than a free pardon. And now good-night, or rather, good-day. You have your duties before you, and I must get some sleep;" and I embraced the generous boy with a full heart.

The next afternoon I set out to look over the town and mark the effect of the English fire during the bombardment, and could not but admire how destructive it had been, nor withhold my approval of the efforts the garrison had put forth during the past winter to repair the results of their own handiwork.

As I wandered round the Cape I caught sight of le père Jean leaning against the parapet of la Batterie du Clergé, gloomily surveying the dismal prospect of a river full of drifting ice, and a desolate and half-frozen country beyond.

He turned as I approached, and greeted me with a return of the manner that was once habitual to him. "I was glad to hear you found friends last night, Chevalier."

"Thank you, yes. I found friends both new and old," I answered, glancing at him curiously. But he had turned towards the river again, and waving his hand outwards, "This is all emblematic of our fortunes, I fear—dissolution," he said, wearily.

"One might descant on the promise of spring and the renewal of hope, but in reality I gather as little from the prospect as do you," I returned. And side by side we leaned over the parapet, and continued to indulge our cheerless speculations in silence.

"Chevalier," said the priest, suddenly, but in his usual tone, and without changing his position, "perhaps I owe you a more formal apology than was possible last night; but when I found that Mademoiselle Nairn—"

"Mme. de St. Just," I corrected.

"It is scarce worth while to keep up that fiction between us," he said, as if waiving the most ordinary form in the world, and in some manner I checked the cry of astonishment that was on my lips, and remained silent while he continued, "When I found Mademoiselle Nairn in your company, I too hastily assumed that it was by design on your part."

I was so bewildered by this unconscious revelation that I could make no reply; but fortunately he did not mark my agitation, and went on as though speaking to himself: "Right or wrong, I have been the means of keeping her from you thus far; and if I have sinned in so doing, I must bear the consequence."

As he spoke he turned and faced me, but by this I had recovered command of myself, and saw that his thin face was flushed and drawn with suffering. "Let me go on," he said, with decision. "I owe an explanation to myself as well as to you."

Just what he said I cannot clearly recall. The revelation he made was so astounding, so completely changed the whole complexion of my outlook, that my brain could scarce apprehend the import of his words. I only realized that Margaret was no longer beyond my reach. The rest mattered not one whit.

When he ceased speaking I briefly exposed what had been my position throughout without reserve or argument, leaving it to him to draw his own conclusion.

"Chevalier," cried the priest, heartily, as I ended, "I feel that any apology would be frivolous in the face of what you have told me, but I can assure you no man was ever more satisfied to find himself in the wrong than I."

"I take that as more than any apology," I returned, as sincerely. "But to return to Sarennes. What use did he make of my letter?"

"He attempted such a use that the out-

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come of your meeting with him is fully justified."

"It was justified as it was!" I objected. "I do not fight on trifles. Do you mean, he tried to persuade Margaret that it referred to her?"

"He did. And though I was enabled to save her from personal danger, I could do nothing to relieve the distress he had wrought by these means."

"The hound! It would have been a satisfaction to know this when I met him."

"Remember, though, it is entirely owing to the loyalty of his mother and sister that her position here has been possible."

"That is true; but I see, as clearly, that her reception by them was only possible through your answering for her. I owe you everything."

"You owe me much," he said, quietly, as if to himself. And at the simple words of self-abnegation my heart ached at the thought of the pain I had involuntarily caused.

"I am sorry for any family that holds so black a sheep as Sarennes," I said, to break the awkward pause that followed.

"His family need know nothing, beyond that he died on the field of battle—a much more desirable fate than he was likely to meet with in France, had he lived; for, believe me, information has gone forward that will insure the trial, and I trust the punishment, of every peculator who has helped to ruin this miserable colony, no matter which way the present crisis may turn."

"Now that we have confidence in each other, may I ask why you never let me know of your presence in Canada?"

"To be frank, I had no desire to awaken old associations. So far as I knew, the past was a book that had been read and done with. Nothing could be gained by reopening it under the same conditions, and I had no reason to suppose they could be altered. Remember it is only now my eyes have been opened, and I see the error of my warped and ignorant judgment. We have travelled a long road, Chevalier, to meet in friendship, and I am glad we can so meet at last. I always regret when my feeling towards an honorable man cannot go beyond mere liking."

"Gaston," I cried, "I never received so handsome a compliment in all my life!"

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

### I MAKE A FALSE MOVE.

I CAN make no pretence to marshal the train of thought that swept through my brain when the priest took his way and left me to myself. Engrossed as I was with my own affairs, I could not but speculate on the curious chance that had driven him into a life of renunciation and me to one of exile at the same time and for the same cause, and that now brought us together before the woman we both loved. I use the word advisedly and without any reflection on his integrity, but it would be an insult to my intelligence could I look on his face, worn with suffering and emotion, and mark the tone of his voice, and, most confirmatory of all, the jealous care with which he avoided any mention of her name, and not acknowledge the presence there of the gentlest passion that ever refined the soul of man. He had found abundant opportunity for self-denial and sacrifice in the career he had chosen, but I doubted if he had found either peace or entire resignation. During the interview with General Murray, and his familiar talk with me, I had caught a dozen reflections of his old bearing and manner, and I could not believe he had laid aside all human longings and emotions, however he might refuse to recognize them, when he doffed the outward habit of his class for the soutane and shovel-hat of the Jesuit. It were childish to think so.

Thus occupied I sat heedless of the hours that went by, until chilled by the change of the day to evening. As I moved slowly towards my quarters, the only result of the hours of solitary thought that remained by me was that Margaret was unmarried, and that she had come out to meet with me, and for this alone.

That same evening I paid my respects to the Superior, la mère de la Nativité, a well-bred woman, who should have graced the world rather than a convent, and to her I proffered my request that I might be allowed to wait on Mme. de St. Just.

"Most certainly, monsieur, if it be her desire. She is a guest to whom we owe much. If you will permit, I will send and inquire."

In a few moments the sister sent returned with word that Mme. de St. Just would

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see the Chevalier de Maxwell at eleven the next morning.

"Very well, monsieur, you may then meet her here in the parlor," added the Superior, pleasantly, and I bowed my thanks and withdrew.

I spent the night in great unrest, inventing imaginary difficulties when I overthrew those that really existed, picturing the expected interview in a thousand forms, framing and reframing every appeal I should make, and so wore out the night in a fever of consuming anticipation.

I was thankful I had been captured while on staff duty, for I had ever made it a practice to dress myself with the most scrupulous attention when going into action, so that death himself might not find me unprepared—and, thanks to this, I was now enabled to make a fitting appearance.

The feeling that I was outwardly prepared went far to reassure me, and when the time came for our meeting I had banished my uneasy apprehensions of the night, and recovered my habitual confidence. My sole anxiety was, lest I should fail in conveying an adequate impression of my appreciation of her sacrifice and undertaking for my sake, but when I saw her every doubting fled.

I do not know how she was dressed, beyond that it served but to heighten her queenly beauty. Rare as I had thought it in her as a young girl, it had grown and developed beyond all my faint conceptions. Her amber hair had deepened into the richest auburn, its color was undisguised by powder, and its abundance undistorted by the act of the hairdresser. Her eyes were steady, and clear, and truthful; every line of her face had rounded out the promise of her youth, and her shape and carriage were divine. She moved like a goddess.

"Margaret," I said, as I advanced towards her, forgetting all the openings I had so carefully rehearsed, "I can scarce believe I am awake. It seems incredible I should speak face to face with you here."

"It is indeed a strange meeting," she returned. The words were nothing, but they were spoken in a tone of perfect quiet and control, without any trace of the emotion that broke my voice and dissipated my self-possession.

"It is a meeting for which I have dreamed, but tried not to hope," I said, with much feeling.

"And I have lived for nothing else," she returned, with unfaltering voice and the same absence of emotion.

"Then, Margaret, it has come at last!" I cried, joyously, the temporary cloud passing as she spoke.

"No, it has not!" she said, with the coldest decision, and, with that incongruity of thought which springs upon us at the most inopportune moments, I wondered if every woman for whom I cared was to change her whole nature the moment I left her side. I remembered Lucy, and now here was Margaret, whom I had known as the embodiment of impulsive affection, fencing with a coolness that enforced my admiration. I saw she had fully prepared herself, and instantly I resolved to change my ground.

"Margaret," I said, falling back on the most unstudied tones at my command, "it was only yesterday I learned from Gaston the true reason of your presence here. We have both suffered too cruelly from the accidents of the past to risk any misunderstanding now for the want of perfect openness between us."

"That is what I desire above all things in the world," she answered.

"Then let us begin at the beginning. Why was it you never let me know of your plan?"

"I do not hold that any explanation is due on my part," she replied, still in the same tone of self-possession. "Remember I did not seek this interview, and I do not see that you have any right to question me on matters which concern only myself."

"Great heavens, Margaret! Have you forgotten all the past?"

"Alas! no; I have cause to remember it only too well."

"How can you speak thus coldly?" I cried, shocked at her incredible calm. "If there is anything I can do or say, for Heaven's sake, demand it. You cannot know what torture it is for me to see you like this. I have dreamed of you, longed for you, despaired of you through all these years, and I have a right to a different treatment. Is it on account of Lucy?"

"Partly," she answered, somewhat moved. "Why did you never tell me of her?"

"How could I? Even if I had been free, you were a lady."

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"There was nothing dishonorable about it."

"A thing does not need to be dishonorable to be ruinous. The dishonor would have been in my speaking when I was pledged to silence."

"Was it more honorable, think you, to allow a young girl to live in a world of mock affection, and to expose her to what I have gone through?"

"But did I ever by word or sign make the slightest move to engage your affections, after I discovered the truth?"

"Pardon me if I say that question could only serve to embarrass a child. I will answer it by another. Does a man need to speak to declare his love?"

"No, by heavens, he does not, Margaret!" I cried, throwing all defence to the winds. "It speaks in every tone of his voice, in every glance of his eye, and I would be a hypocrite beneath contempt did I pretend I did not always love you. I loved you from the moment I first saw you, a girl, before Temple Bar, and I will love you, God help me, till I die!"

"If this be the case, then had I not a higher claim on you than any woman living? Were you not bound to protect me against my ignorance of such a barrier?"

"Absence and forgetfulness, I had hoped, would prove your best protection," I replied, with happy inspiration.

"The implication is skilful," she said, quietly, without a trace of the emotion I expected from my allusion, "but no mistake on my part can serve to lessen your want of good faith towards me. Do you think a woman would have considered any point of personal honor where the life of one dearest to her hung on her sacrifice?"

"It is quite beyond my poor powers to judge of what a woman might do," I replied, with a sudden rash indiscretion. "I find I have but little knowledge of women, or the motives which sway them."

"Then there is but little to be gained by continuing this conversation," she returned, with a stately bow. She swept out of the room, leaving me to curse the folly that had betrayed me into so false a move. And with this bitter morsel for reflection I sought my solitary room.

Nothing in the world, short of actual dishonor, can cause a man of sensibility keener suffering than the knowledge that he has made a fool of himself. And this I had done to the top of my bent. Why had I not apprehended the effective point of attack from the outset, and, instead of attempting any defence, thrown myself on her compassion and generosity? Why had I not . . . ? But it were futile to reiterate the charges I brought against my own folly.

What was the support on which she relied? If her brother, then I regretted from the bottom of my heart I had missed the occasion of squaring that account of which he had spoken. If a man at all, it was he; for the woman who had so discomfited me was heart-whole I could swear; a defiant modesty rang in every note of her voice. Possibly the convent, that fallacious sanctuary for disappointment. But if I knew anything of her sex, she was the last to whom such a retreat could bring satisfaction. Heavens! It was a coil involved enough to drive a man wellnigh distracted.

Dinner, and the intercourse it entailed, did much to restore me to my ordinary bearing, and when Kit sought me in the afternoon with a polite message from his captain that I would wait upon him when at leisure, I had quite recovered. Nothing could fall out more to my liking; I was anxious to discover his cause of quarrel with me, and, if possible, to arrive at some solution of Margaret's attitude. So I followed Kit to his room at once.

Nairn I found a trifle pale, with a well-bandaged head, but his welcome was open and unconstrained, and his greeting met me at the threshold. As I advanced to return it, I caught the flutter of a dress out of the opposite door, which informed me that his sufferings were not without certain consolations.

I took the hand extended to me with the same heartiness it was offered.

"Will you accept a broken man's apology for a whole man's insult, Chevalier? I have promised my sister that I would make you this reparation, and I am heartily glad we can return to our old footing of Louisbourg."

"Readily, Nairn. I have seen your sister this morning, and I cannot blame your action. I might have done the same myself. Let us say no more about it."

"With all my heart! Well, Chevalier, the fortune of war has reversed our personal positions from Louisbourg, but

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I do not see that the end is much more certain now than then."

"Much the same," I answered; "the result altogether depends on the first ships."

"And I suppose you abide by it as before?"

"I must, Nairn. We need not reopen that subject."

"I only mention it because I am anxious about the future of your boy, Christopher. I congratulate you on finding such a son. Will you understand me if I say I trust you have not thought of influencing him to leave the service, though I could not blame your wishing him beside you."

"Nairn, I owe you my thanks for having broached the subject. I have been too dependent on my own exertions all my life to make me a good beggar, even for my son. When in Louisbourg you expressed yourself as under some obligation towards me. Will you discharge it by using your best endeavors for his advancement? He is too good metal to waste as a common soldier."

"He is that! And if you allow him to remain, I pledge my word he shall not continue as such. It may sound presumptuous in a mere captain to promise so confidently, but if we come out of this successfully, promotions will follow. He has been most favorably marked by the General, and also by our colonel."

"Let me see; he is a son of old Lovat, is he not?"

"That he is, and in more ways than one."

"If he be like his sainted father, he will have a longer memory for his own interests than those of his friends."

"This is rank treason, Chevalier. I won't listen to another word of it," said Nairn, laughing. "But I am depending on the General; he never forgets any one. I can tell you, too," he added, eagerly, "he is a stickler for birth, and he will appreciate the fact of Christopher being your son."

"That is a rare advantage!" I said, banteringly.

"Of course it is! Would you not value a good horse the more if you knew his pedigree?" he answered, without the ghost of a smile.

"Oh, come, come, Nairn! You must not attempt flattery, it has too overwhelming an effect. But, tell me,—in what manner did you meet with your sister again?" I ventured, boldly, knowing there was nothing to be gained by a subtler policy with him.

"Simple enough. She was in the General Hospital when I was placed in command there, and very pleased I was to find her," he answered, as though the meeting were the most ordinary affair in the world, his tone clearly indicating that he had concluded the matter and did not intend to reopen it.

"I should apologize for having frightened her away as I came in," I continued, feeling for another opening; but he feigned ignorance of my move, and explained in the most natural manner: "Oh, that was not my sister, but a very good friend of hers, to whom we are both indebted for many kindnesses."

"Ah, that is much. I trust she appreciates your gratitude in allowing her to nurse you?"

"Not at all; I do not think she looks upon it in that way. I believe there are some women who love the bother of looking after you. I try to give her as little trouble as I can," he ended, with a catch in his voice.

"Nairn, you are a gentleman! Forgive my humbugging."

"I didn't know you were, or I shouldn't have been so simple as to answer you. Do you know, I've often wished I could tell when a man is in earnest. I'm no good at guessing what his intent may be unless he has a sword in his hand; and as for a woman, I can never tell at all."

"You're no worse off than the best of us in that respect, Nairn. Some day I trust some good woman will engage you in dead earnest, and then the quicker you surrender at discretion the better. And for your sake, I hope the day will come soon."

"I don't know, I'm sure," he answered, in so woe-begone a tone that I left him, convinced his enemy had already been making serious advances, and that his defence was likely to be as feeble as his most ardent well-wisher could desire.

I discovered my ex-Jacobite sergeant to be as matter-of-fact as his captain. He would discuss military matters freely enough, but on the subject of our night's adventure I could not get him to advance a word. *Exempli gratia:*

"Neil, how is the officer you assisted on the field the other night?"

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"Indeed, captain, you must go away in and ask for yourself."

"You are not uneasy as to his hurt proving dangerous?"

"Not half as dangerous as undigested catechising, sir, saving your presence, and meaning no offence."

And in the face of so diplomatic a rebuke I would abandon the subject and fall back on the safer ground of mines and countermines, carcasses and granadoes.

I made no attempt to see Margaret, for I felt it would be foolish to risk another rebuff, which might be final, and that my best play was a waiting game. My reflections had been bitter; possibly hers would be generous.

The garrison was fully occupied, for M. de Lévis had made such advances to invest the town as to call for constant watchfulness. His fire throughout had necessarily been light, as he was wretchedly supplied with artillery, but he succeeded in blowing up one of the magazines the very first night, and there was the usual number of casualties. General Murray, on his part, attempted one sortie, but as it was unsuccessful, and the officer in command captured, he thereafter held himself strictly on the defensive. No general attack was attempted on our side, and wisely, too, for even the capture of the town would avail nothing, if the first re-enforcements by sea were not ours.

I passed my time making further acquaintance with Kit, whose eager affection went far to relieve my melancholy, in a few visits of courtesy to various officers, and in renewing my friendship with Gaston and with Nairn.

Each day, as I visited the latter towards eleven o'clock, I was treated to the same disappearing flutter of what I did not doubt was the same petticoat, until at length I became piqued.

"Nairn," I declared, "I must either give up visiting you, or you must persuade that timid lady-in-waiting that I am not to be run away from with impunity. Either she must remain in her place tomorrow, or I cease disturbing her."

"Indeed that is what I have been doing my best to persuade her, but she is somewhat shy until a little matter of difference between us is settled."

"What, Nairn! Is it possible you have already met the fair one strong in fight, of whom I prophesied?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, with a happy laugh. "I may as well tell you. She is Mademoiselle de Sarennes. The only thing that troubles me is that she wishes to leave the matter to chance."

"I congratulate you on the lady, first of all, sir. And now what are the chances?"

He moved uneasily. "Just a woman's fancy, I suppose; but she wishes it to depend on the arrival of the ships."

"What! Are those fateful ships to carry the decisions of Cupid as well as Mars? What part are they to play in your affairs?"

"Part enough. If a French ship arrives first, she marries me; if an English, then I marry her."

"Good heavens, Nairn! What an anxiety to have hanging over you! Have you provided against the possible appearance of a Spaniard?"

"None of your nonsense, Chevalier!" he exclaimed, hotly. "This is no jesting matter for me. Cannot you take anything seriously? I conceive it to make all the difference in the world, whether the man take the woman, or the woman the man. I hate turning things upside down, and if I marry at all, I must do so in a decent, orderly way, like my fathers before me."

"That is all very well, but shouldn't you allow the lady some choice, especially if you should turn out to be a prisoner, as will certainly be the case should a French ship appear first?"

"But why not let me exercise the choice? I have my feelings as well as a woman," he returned, stubbornly.

"That is conceivable, or you would never have advanced as far as your present difficulty. But I think this is a matter which can be arranged with a little diplomacy."

"Then there's little hope for it if the diplomacy rests with me, for I've no more of it about me than a brass carronade."

"Never mind. You can safely depend for that upon the lady. In the mean time, pray present her with my compliments and congratulations on so ingenious a shifting of responsibility, and remind her that I expect to pay her my respects on the morrow."

But on the morrow I did not keep my appointment. About ten o'clock that morning, as I was with General Murray, chatting over the fire in his quarters in

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St. Louis Street, we were interrupted by an aide, who entered in great excitement.

"Your Excellency, a ship is in sight from the lookout!"

"Good heavens, Kirkconnel! This decides it!" exclaimed the General, rising, and generously extending to me his hand. "God bless you, whichever it be!" he added, heartily, and we parted.

In all haste I made my way to the Château, and gained such point of vantage as was possible. I eagerly scanned every foot of the river, but there was nothing I could make out, though from the excitement of the little knot at the signalling-point above it was evident they could sight her.

In an incredibly short time every available foothold was occupied. Men, women, and children, soldiers and sailors, sick and sound, flocked to the ramparts to strain their eyes for the reported sail.

Suddenly a cheer arose from the crowd, and all hearts leaped in response. No—it was but a sailor climbing the flag-staff on the Cape to bend new cordage for the colors, and presently they were unrolled and spead out on the sharp May wind. With every moment the crowd increased; the wounded even left their beds at the news, and painfully crawled to have the sooner tidings.

At length her topsails shone white over the bare trees of St. Joseph. Inch by inch they grew, until the vessel swam clear of the point. A frigate! A man-of-war! And, at the sight, the crowd, French and English alike, set up a shout, though as yet neither knew the message she would soon send flying from her halyards.

On she came, and, the first burst of excitement stilled, we hung on her every movement in a silence that was almost painful. At length a gasp ran through the crowd. Against her white sails a black spot could be distinctly seen running swiftly up to the mast-head. No sooner did it touch it than it broke, and the white field barred by the red cross of St. George streamed forth to our waiting eyes.

A perfect scream of shouts and cheers answered the declaration. Men swore and blasphemed in their joy, some shrieked and laughed in hysterical excitement, while others broke down and wept like children at the sight of their deliverance.

Before long the frigate's sides were swathed in smoke, and her guns thundered their proud salute against the swarming cliff, while frantic groups ran through the town shouting the news, until, from the line of defences opposite the Heights, the artillery boomed forth in one long, continuous roar its message of exultation and defiance to the gallant Lévis and his men, to whom it meant irretrievable failure and despair.

I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turned to meet the pale face of Gaston.

"This is the end!" he said, with tears in his eyes.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

### I PUT MY FORTUNE TO THE TOUCH.

ON that 9th of May which saw the *Lowestaffe* anchor at Quebec to practically settle the fortunes of France and England in the New World, I walked back along St. Louis Street arm in arm with Gaston, neither of us speaking a word, even when we separated for our different quarters in the Ursulines.

As we walked in silent companionship, I determined that now the time had come to put my fortune to the touch; and as soon as possible I sent word to Margaret, praying I might be granted an interview, and in a state of anxiety not far removed from panic, I awaited her answer.

She would see me at once, and I repaired to the parlor, where to me she entered, pale and dignified, the nobility of her soul showing forth in every movement of her body, and its beauty in every line of her face.

"Margaret," I cried, "forgive me if I have forced myself upon you, but I have no courage to endure longer. You have heard that all hope for the French arms is now virtually at an end, and I must now know what lies before me."

"That must rest with you," she answered, in the same calm tone which had so upset me in our last meeting.

"Then, Margaret, I am here to plead my own cause," I answered, firmly, determined not to be swayed by any passing mood, "and I plead in formâ pauperis, for I have no one to rely on save myself, and no hope save in you."

"You must not count upon me," she returned, calmly. "I cannot acknowledge that you have any claim upon me."

"I have the claim which comes from your own affection, Margaret. You loved me once, and in the strength of that love



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I stand to-day. In the name of that love I ask you to hear me."

"That is a thing of the past. You have no right to presume upon it now."

"Is it presumption for one who has lived in such loneliness as I, to hold to the one bright day of his life? There is no past for the heart."

"I will not argue the point," she answered, coldly; "but there is a past I have shut out of mine."

"You may try to persuade yourself you have, Margaret, but it will come back when you think it most banished. I know of what I speak, for when I thought I had buried a past that was torture to me to recall, it has awakened me at nights to hours of hopeless regrets and empty longings; it has stood beside me, unsummoned, when most alone, and has started into life at some chance word or token, when in company. The more you try to live it down, the more you create a haunting memory to fill your hours with bitterness."

"Then I will meet it with other strength than my own. I have resolved to enter the Community."

"So I feared. What do you hope to gain by so doing?"

"I will gain work, and rest — and peace."

"No, Margaret, you will not gain peace. Listen to me. I know you better than you know yourself! You will find work, you may find rest, of a kind, but what peace will come to you even though you are shut in safe from the chance evils of life, when you think of one who has loved as faithfully, but without the same hope as yourself, wandering a broken man, because you refused him admittance to the happiness you alone could offer."

"Do you think it fair to try me by such an appeal? You know I can never be indifferent to your fate. You know I have thought for you even above myself," she said, with a tremor in her voice she could not entirely suppress.

I saw my advantage, and seized it eagerly. "Then, Margaret, listen! Listen while I plead for myself. What have I to look forward to, if I lose you? Behind me are the best years of my life, wasted in this wilderness because I had hoped to secure your happiness by my exile. To-day I have seen every hope of my advancement vanish. That I can take as one of the chances of war. But what have I left if I lose you now? You are the whole world to me, and all it can offer is nothing, if it does not include you. Margaret, my love! call back the day when, if I could have spoken, love waited in your heart to answer. Give me a single hour of that past now! a moment of the old love to hear me when I plead for your life as well as my own."

Her color came and went as I spoke; she had visibly lost that control which had so far baffled me, and when she answered, it was with the familiar name she had not uttered save when she had been surprised into it on our first meeting.

"Oh, Hugh, do not try me. You know not what I have gone through, and now I am near to God."

"Margaret, my darling, you will be nearer to God when you are beside the man to whom He would confide you. You know I love you with all my soul! How can you look for happiness apart from him whom you have loved so long, and whom you love even now!" I ended, determined to risk the utmost. "Come to me, Margaret! Come to me! We will face life together, and together there will be no room for further doubtings, for further mistakes! I cannot shape my love into words. It is all my life, all my being, and yet it is a poor thing to offer you."

"Oh, Hugh, I know not which way to turn."

"Turn to me, Margaret! Turn to me! If ever a man needed a good woman's love, I need yours now. Everything is falling about me. I may have no right to ask, but I cannot help it. My need is greater than my strength. Am I to go forth into exile again without you, Margaret?"

"Hugh, my only love!" she cried, in a voice vibrant with tenderness; and with the words she extended to me her trembling, upturned hands. In my eyes it seemed as though they held all the priceless treasure of her enduring love.

For a few days longer the cannon continued to grumble backward and forward between wall and trench, until the arrival of the *Vanguard*, *Diana*, and *Lawrence* placed matters beyond a peradventure. Thereupon M. de Lévis promptly disbanded his Canadians, and during the night of the sixteenth, under a searching fire from the ramparts, he withdrew from

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his lines, and fell back upon Deschambault.

The siege was at an end. Within the town officers and men rejoiced in their escape from incessant duty, and welcomed the plenty which succeeded the semi-starvation of the winter; the towns-people, as is always the case, were ready to accept any rule which would guarantee to them security and peace, while the surrounding parishes were gladdened by the return of their volunteers, seeing therein a promise of the renewal of the quiet for which they longed. The gates were thrown open, and once more the country folk thronged within the walls to offer their scanty provisions, and to bargain with the "kilties" and "red-coats" with a confidence that spoke well for the humanizing influences of war. General Murray received M. Malartic, who had been left in charge of the wounded in the General Hospital, and other of our officers at his table in friendly hospitality, and ordinary life took up its interrupted course.

But with much rejoicing on the one hand came sadness on the other. The news of the death of Sarennes was now received in due course by his mother and sister, but was borne with surprising spirit, especially by the former, who comforted herself with the thought that the last of his house had found death in a profession in which his fathers had distinguished their name, while his sister had both youth and love to support her.

Kit was jubilant over his promotion as ensign, which had happened even sooner than his captain had foretold; he was received by his superiors and equals with flattering congratulations, and the men looked without jealousy on his advancement. To me it was gratifying to find he valued it not so much for the position, as for the recognition of his proper standing as a gentleman's son.

Nairn was happy in his escape from the humiliation of being asked in marriage, and impatiently counted the days of mourning until he could make his demand on Mademoiselle de Sarennes "selon tous les règles de la bienséance." That he was in love, even to the point of blindness, was amply proved by his astonishment that there were others in the like case as himself.

"Captain Nairn," I said to him in Margaret's presence, the day before his departure for Montreal with the troops, "as you are the head of your family, I have the honor to demand of you the hand of your sister in marriage."

"God bless my soul, Peggy!" he exclaimed, with the utmost honesty. "I had never thought of you as marrying. I had planned that you would always live with me."

"Suppose, Nairn, that Mme. de Sarennes had said the same of Angélique?"

"But that is different. You see, Peggy is...." But here he fell into a sudden confusion, and then correcting himself, cried with much vehemence: "No, she isn't! Peggy, you are the dearest girl in the whole world! You deserve all the world can give you. You take her, Chevalier, with the best wishes of a brother whose greatest misfortune has been not to have known her better."

And so matters were settled. Nairn marched with the troops to take his share in what I have always looked upon as the most admirable of Murray's achievements, a campaign politic rather than military; at once to overawe and reassure the inhabitants; and this accomplished, to converge on Montreal with Amherst and Haviland.

The situation in which Lévis found himself was impossible, and it only remained for Vaudreuil to accept the terms of capitulation which were offered. From his point of view they were no doubt honorable, but, in his anxiety to save the goods and chattels of a parcel of shopkeepers, he saw fit to sacrifice the honor of those troops who, for six arduous campaigns, had stood between him and his fate. Thus, on the 8th of September, 1760, Canada passed forever into the hands of the English,—who thus held America from Florida to Hudson Bay, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. But these events will no doubt be more fully related by "the gentleman at his desk"—and I will return.

Soon after the arrival of the victorious troops with their prisoners from Montreal, a double marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Ursulines, General Murray standing for Margaret, while M. de Lévis rendered the same courtesy to Angélique, and the officiating priest was le père Jean.

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At two we sat down to dinner in the General's quarters, surrounded by friends old and new, for those who had withstood each other so stoutly in the field now vied only in expressions of personal admiration and esteem. Poulariez, Malartic, and le petit Joannès sat side by side with Fraser, Burton, and Rollo, while the two Generals shared the honors of the feast with Margaret and Angélique.

M. de Lévis did me the honor to request that I would supplement his encomium on our hosts by a few words in English, which I did with poor enough effect; but on being called upon on all sides for a song, I retrieved my halting prose with the following, which I had set to the old air of "Dalmeny":

Though unrelenting fate hath cast
In camps opposed our lot,
Though we have faced each other oft,
And Scot hath drawn on Scot,
I cannot hold that chance, or time,
Or waste of sundering sea,
Can part the banished hearts that meet
At one in their Ain Countrie.

We've sprung from every mile that lies
'Twixt Tweed-side and Ardshiel,
To wake the corners of the world
With clash of Scottish steel.
We've kept our faith to King and Prince,
And held it ample fee
If life or death might keep our name
Alive in our Ain Countrie.

We've ridden far for name and fame,
We've never stooped for gold,
We've led the flying columns back
With victory in our hold.
We've won undying name and fame!
Yet all o' it I'd gie
To see the red sun set at hame,
At hame, in my Ain Countrie.

The enthusiasm of our generous hosts over my effort formed a fitting close to the festivity, and the refrain of "Our Ain Countrie" was carried forth from the room to pass from lip to lip until the whole garrison was wild over it, and many a homesick fellow found sad consolation in my poor effusion of an idle hour. Such a gratification is the highest which a man of taste can receive, and it is to be regretted that more men of genius do not direct their efforts to such pleasing ends.

With our friends Poulariez, Joannès, and others in command of the Royal Rouissillon, we were provided for in the *Duke*, Captain Renwick, where Kit, Angélique with her husband, and a score of English officers assembled to bid us farewell, so that our leaving resembled more a party of pleasure than the embarkment of a defeated army.

But as we dropped down the stream and stood watching the great rock of Quebec, with its fringe of batteries, and the English flag flying where ours had so proudly held its place for many a day, a sadness fell upon us all.

Margaret and I stood somewhat apart from the others.

"Hugh, dear, cannot you find some cause for thankfulness?" she said, softly.

"Oh yes; like Bougainville I can at least quote the Psalmist: 'In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro—'"

"Oh, Hugh, do not say that! It has been a blessed land to us. Listen, dear, to what has been my comfort all these years," and with her beauteous face filled with the exaltation of her love she repeated:

"The span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
Nor deep eneugh the sea,
Nor braid eneugh this weary warld,
To part my Love frae me."

## EPILOGUE.

The desolate point known as Tadousac, at the mouth of the river Saguenay, in Canada, is the place of exile of a few officials who guard the interests of the fur trade.

Their quarters, a few storehouses, and the little church with its modest presbytère form an outpost to the civilized world. During the summer season the wandering Indians flock down in their canoes, build their temporary huts, and a constant bustle of trade and barter sets in. Furs are examined, valued, and exchanged for guns, ammunition, clothing, and other luxuries of a savage existence. The arrival of the few ships necessary to this primitive commerce makes the only other break in the monotonous existence of the little colony. At the approach of winter the Indians scatter, and the officials and the solitary priest are prisoners until the spring once more opens for them the doors of the outside world.

Here it was, on the evening of the 11th of April, 1782, that the priest sat with his companions in the house of the principal official.

At nine o'clock he rose and said goodnight to his hosts in his usual manner, but suddenly his whole appearance

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"THE SPAN O' LIFE'S NAE LANG ENEUGH,
NOR DEEP ENEUGH THE SEA,
NOR BRAID ENEUGH THIS WEARY WARLD
TO PART MY LOVE FRAE ME."

changed. Drawing back from them, he raised his hand, and said, in tones of deepest earnestness:

"My friends, it is not only 'good-night,' it is 'good-by.' Good-by for all time, for you will never see me again alive. To-night at twelve I shall be called hence."

The little company were shocked beyond expression. The priest stood before them tall, commanding, his figure full of life and vigor, his eye bright and unfaltering, but his face lighted with a mysterious solemnity that forbade questioning.

"At midnight the bell of the chapel will sound. You may come then, but do not touch my body. To-morrow you will seek M. Compain, the curé of the Isle aux Coudres, and he will prepare my body for burial."

He withdrew, leaving the company in affrighted silence; ten, eleven struck, and at midnight the bell of the chapel began to toll. They arose, awe-stricken, and took their way to the little church.

By the dim light before the sanctuary they caught sight of the robe of the priest. He was lying on the ground motionless, his face covered by his hands as if in prayer on the first steps of the altar.

That same night the bells of all the churches along the river, at Mal Baie, at Les Eboulemens, at the Isle aux Coudres, at Baie St. Paul, and up through every parish to Quebec, rang without the touch of mortal hands, and soon the wondering faithful knew that the passing soul for which they rang was that of le père Jean, the missionary to the Indians, once known as Jean Marie Gaston de Caldeguès, Vicomte de Trincardel.

"Happy the people who still believe these sweet and holy legends."

THE END.



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# THE RENTED HOUSE.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

PANSY GREEN was a pretty girl who sold gloves and cravats at Carter's department store. The store being in a university town, there were always plenty of college boys to admire Miss Pansy's long lashes and violet eyes. She had lived twenty-five years, but she looked eighteen. And she fluttered about and giggled at bold compliments, and forgot to tidy up her stock in trade in leisure moments, quite like eighteen.

"I suppose she does draw the college trade," grumbled young Carter to old Carter, "but I declare I'm so out of patience with her carelessness that I'd like to send her off this minute. She let Mrs. Ogden wait ten minutes yesterday while she was fooling with one of the boys, who had bought a fifty-cent tie."

"She draws the boys, though," the older man urged, mildly. "You're expecting too much of these young things. There's no harm in the girl. Sometimes she does well."

"More times she doesn't. Take Kitty Foy, and give her the place, and you'll see we'll sell more gloves, although Kitty's face would break the camera any day. Look at her now! What's that chain she's got on?"

Unconscious of the critic's eye, Pansy, at this speaking, was balancing her light shape on the edge of the counter, the chain extended for two other clerks to admire.

"And there are the Martins with no one to wait on them," snapped young Carter. "I tell you she's no more of a clerk than the cat is."

"The Martins got me to take Miss Green, so I guess they can't complain," said his father.

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Pansy laughed—a shrill, cackling little laugh that affronted her pretty face; and at the laugh one of the other girls glanced up with a start and a cry—"Gracious! there's Mr. Sam looking!"

She hastily began to arrange her stock, while the other girl darted at the Martins; but Pansy merely showed her little white teeth and laughed again.

"Let him look," sneered she, jocosely; "I don't care; he ain't my beau."

"Well, Pansy Green, if you ain't a case!" the other breathed between admiration and panic. "Well, he's going the other way."

"Go any way he pleases. I'm going out of his old store, and he'll be precious glad to have me come into it again. See if he won't."

"Where are you going? You act awful funny this morning."

"Most folks act funny when they are going to be married."

"Pansy Green, you're fooling!"

Pansy tossed her shining bronze head and fiddled with the chain. It was a slender gold chain, set at intervals with small rubies, sapphires, opals, emeralds, amethysts, and diamonds.

"Say, did he give you that chain? Is it Tommy Lawrence?"

"Yes, he gave me that chain. And it isn't Tommy Lawrence, nor any of the students."

"Well, I'm sorry for Tommy."

"He'd no business to think I'd have him."

"Well, you know you let him kiss you."

"I never *did!*"

"Not last Wednesday night on the porch at your aunt's?"

"Shoo! that was only taking a dare. I never thought of Tommy seriously. He ain't but a babe in arms. Guess again."

"Nobody in the university?"

"I didn't say that, smarty. He is in the university. I'm going to marry Professor Kenneth Barton."

The shock forced an exclamation out of the listener—"You ain't!"

"Ain't I? I'll show you," cried Pansy. "Look out of the window. There he comes down the street. I'll make him come in and give me that rose in his button-hole. See!"

She left her counter, and the other girl saw her flutter to the door before the very eyes of Mr. Sam. For a second she halted in front of him. His frown dwindled into surprise, the surprise broadened into a smile; actually he shook hands with her in his most gracious manner. Pansy went on, her eyes shining and the color dabbling her cheeks. A second later she was joined by a young man in a golf suit who had just entered. By this time the clerk whom Pansy had left was confiding the situation to another girl; and both gazed with excitement. "That's the professor," cried the first girl; "he's come in; he's—given her the rose."

"How cross he looks!" said the other. "Well, I don't wonder; it wasn't a nice thing in Pansy to do."

The young man had a splendid figure, and if his dark features were irregular, there was refinement in them, and power. He certainly did not wear the air of a happy lover; his shaven lips were set in a straight line, and his black brows met over steady, ungentle eyes. Having given the rose, he walked down the aisle with no more than a nod and forced smile for the Martins. Mrs. Martin was his cousin.

"Dick," she exclaimed, "did you see that? Pansy beckoned to him out of the window."

"And he came," said Martin.

"I must speak to Pansy," Mrs. Martin went on, with a worried look on her pretty face. She had gone to school with Pansy, and her people had befriended Pansy's mother through a long widowhood; and Martin, who was a lawyer and the rich man of the town, had taken care of the tiny estate which Mrs. Green left to her daughter, making no charges. To do something for nothing—if the generosity be long enough continued—always makes the doer more or less responsible for the beneficiary.

"Pansy 'll get herself talked about!" sighed Mrs. Martin.

"Not as you expect. He means to marry her."

Mrs. Martin's fine eyes positively rolled in her head with the shock of her dismay.

Martin laughed. "I'll tell you all about it outside," said he.

Mrs. Martin forgot all her errands; she let him steer her out of the store and into the smart stanhope waiting outside at a friendly hitching-post. She was so dazed that she did not open her lips.

"Well," said her husband, "explode, Susy; it's safe; we're out of hearing. I know you want to."

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EVELYN.

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"Ken!" murmured Mrs. Martin, in a soft, plaintive tone. "Ken! It's incredible! You like to tell me that I am fussy about family, but I'm a raving democrat compared to Ken. And Pansy Green! Why, Dick, she's—she's *impossible!*"

"And a blooming fool to the bargain; but he's going to marry her, all right," said Martin, gloomily.

"I'm afraid it's our fault. He met her at our house. Dick, it's dreadful! Of course it's—Evelyn."

"Oh, he doesn't deny that. He hardly conceals that he despises Pansy, polite as he is."

"He thinks he can control Pansy, I suppose, Evelyn and he together," Mrs. Martin mused; "he hasn't gauged the power of a weak creature's obstinacy. What a sacrifice! What madness! Oh, poor Ken! Can't you do anything, Dick?"

Martin shook his head. "He said to me that Miss Green seemed a simple, amiable girl, easily influenced, with no deep feeling one way or the other. He was sure she preferred fine clothes and a fine house, her own carriage, and gayety, and all that kind of thing, to what she called love. 'I would have no right to marry her,' said he, with his serious air, 'if she were different. And I recognize, too, that she has a good many little superficial habits that—that'—here he stuck a little and had to pick his way—'that wouldn't exactly suit my mother or sister, if I had one; but I have no mother or sister to object. Cousin Susy's really my nearest womankind, and she will understand. I hope the trifles to which I object will disappear; and—in fact,' said he, 'I don't dare tell you quite all I hope, but you can guess.' I'm hanged if I can, Susy; but maybe you can."

Mrs. Martin caught her breath between her teeth. "Good heavens!" she gasped, softly, "what an incredible situation! I do think Evelyn ought to have prevented this. But she has encouraged him. What fools we were to let him ever see her! We knew how fascinating she was; but we thought he was a scientist first, if not last. And he fell madly in love—"

"With Evelyn?"

"Do you suppose he would love *Pansy?*" demanded Mrs. Martin, with irony. "Now I'm as conscious as any one can be of Evelyn's charm, which is even more than her beauty; and I love her dearly; but I do say she has done wrong to permit this sacrifice—"

"He doesn't consider it a sacrifice."

"Oh, *he?*" interrupted Mrs. Martin, impatiently. "He isn't in my mind at all. I'm thinking of poor weak commonplace Pansy."

Martin jerked the horse to a halt in his surprise. "Pansy!" he repeated, weakly. "I thought it was Ken."

"I'm sorry for Ken too, of course. But if I understand this right, Dick, Ken proposes to Pansy to be his wife only in name, simply, avowedly, that he may thus see more of another woman. That's all it is. She is so feeble, so shallow, so fond of luxury and display, that she is satisfied with the bargain; but, after all, she's a woman, and she may find that pretty things and gowns bought in Chicago and a place in the university set will not take the place of husband and children. And Ken may find— No, I can't make it right. I'm going to talk to Evelyn myself."

Whatever Mrs. Martin's action, it did not prevent the marriage, which took place within the month at the house of Pansy's aunt, the widow Green, and was a prostrating blow to the entire faculty of the university, while language is too weak to describe its effect on the faculty wives.

The wedding was simple; and to it, on Kenneth's part, were bidden only his old friend and his father's friend, the president, Mrs. Ogden, the president's wife, and the Martins.

Mrs. Martin wore a new triumph from her dressmaker and an undoubted Paris bonnet; nevertheless she told her husband, on the way, that she felt as if she should burst into tears. "It's exactly as if something were pulling at my nerves," said she, "worse than the dentist on one's front teeth!" They were in the carriage rattling over the streets.

It was an afternoon in early June. The air was sweet with honeysuckle, and the breath of roses in the yards. Some students in the college campus were singing the Eton boat-song, and the refrain floated to them:

> "And nothing on earth can sever
> The chain that's about us now!"

"I wish they'd stop," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, peevishly; "it gets on my nerves.



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Dick, I am sure they are going to be unhappy!"

"The boys?"

"Don't be flippant! Dick, Evelyn told me she was going to come."

"*Not*—"

"Yes. Was there ever such a situation?"

"It *is* rather funny. But we've got to see Ken through."

"I can't help being sorry for her."

"Pansy? She's lively as a cricket. I saw her about some business, and she was in high feather over Ken's pearl necklace."

"Oh, Dick, you're so dense! Not Pansy; poor Evelyn!"

"It was Pansy yesterday; before it was Ken. I can't keep up with you."

"Well, I'm sorry for them all, I suppose."

At which Dick grunted, and returned to his own thoughts until the carriage stopped.

Mrs. Eliza Green kept a students' boarding-house, warmly praised in the circulars of those great associations which Mrs. Martin was wont to name, frivolously, "Young Men Christians" and "Young Women Christians." All the students who could not afford more than two clean collars a week sought Mrs. Green, because her prices were so modest and her heart was so kind. The Green mansion had been built in the dark ages of village architecture. It was a rectangle, with a pointed roof and an ornate piazza. The walls were of wood, but divided into blocks and sanded to imitate brownstone. Time and weather had rubbed the fraud bare, and Mrs. Green never could make up her mind, she said, to sand again; and she never had enough money to replace the weather-boarding anew.

To-day the house wore an air of fête; for the neighbors had stripped their gardens, and the shabbiness within was masked by all the lovely tints of June. The neighbors also had sent silver and china and stores of embroidered linen to grace the day; and there were "tidies" on the worn backs of the rocking-chairs, and the furniture had been rubbed with kerosene, adding its pungent presence to the warm blend of coffee and frying of grease which defied the roses. The company were assembled. Mrs. Ogden, the president's wife, drew a sigh of relief as Susy shimmered up to her.

"Do you dare speak aloud?" she whispered. "I don't. I never attended a wedding so much like a funeral."

Indeed, the misshapen floral bell which swayed precariously under the arch of the bay-window gave the sole intimation of festivity, since a dumb and pensive attention was the general attitude. Three comrades from Carter's were upstairs with the bride. Mr. Sam Carter prodded his brains in vain to find something to say to four dismal young boarders ranged against the wall. Tommy Lawrence, who was not a boarder, displayed a long new frock-coat and a cynical smile at the doorway through which the bride must pass. He was alone. He rather thought that he should be alone all the days of his life; and he was sure that he should always despise women. Three of the most generous neighbors occupied the sofa, exchanging nothing more cheerful than furtive glances. Their husbands stood near, and when they spoke, dropped their voices: as Mrs. Ogden had said, it was very much like a funeral. But the two little Greens, both on one chair, very clean and shining, "being good," looked happy, although awed. Mrs. Green herself received the guests, but with her mind on the wedding-feast. She was a thin woman, with kind eyes, and worry carved into her brow beneath her scant graying hair. Even for this great moment she had been obliged to dress in a hurry, and her stay belt was dragging.

Suddenly the hush was shivered by a light laugh in the room above—Pansy's laugh. Mrs. Ogden murmured something to the president, who chuckled, and every one looked at him disapprovingly. But they looked away directly; for there came a swish and crackle of skirts, and the three comrades fluttered their dazzling hats and sheer white gowns and joyous youth into the solemn room. In their wake appeared the rector of the Episcopal church, who took his station behind the tottering bell. And then the bride came, walking alone. There was a little catching of breath, an audible sigh that wavered through the company. They were not looking at poor light commonplace Pansy Green, but at the most touching figure in the world, a young girl advancing to the deepest mystery of life, with all that her soul can feel of happiness or pain

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awaiting her in the shadow. Nor was there anything in the bride now to chill the tender interest of the hour. Every one knew that Pansy was pretty, but this fair young creature in her shimmer of satin and softest fall of lace was beautiful. Her face was pale as a white rose, her eyes shone like violet fire. Kenneth met her. He had been obliged (owing to the limited free space in the house) to remain shut up in the dining-room, with the forerunners of the nuptial banquet, until summoned; and the dogged resignation of the average bridegroom was painted on his face. But as the bride met him she lifted her eyes for one second to his, and in her face was a flashing, lovely tenderness, swiftly quenched by the faintest blush as her eyelids fell. It lighted a look of absolute rapture on the bride-set features, which did not leave them during the ceremony. Both man and woman uttered the responses reverently and clearly. To Mrs. Ogden's amazement, she found her eyes filling with sympathetic tears. As they passed her, man and wife, she murmured to Susy: "How lovely she is! I don't wonder at Professor Barton—*now!*"

Mrs. Martin was watching the radiant shape that for an instant brightened the hall. "Oh, I do hope they will be happy!" she sighed. "Excuse me; I promised to see her a moment before she went," and she followed the bride. The chamber which had served as a dressing-room was full of the litter of packing, in the midst of which Kenneth's wife stood — tall, beautiful, and gravely sweet — alone.

She extended her arms, and Susan Martin, who was not a sentimental or effusive person, crept into them with a sob. The bride did not speak; she held Susy close, and gently kissed her hair.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! I hope you will be happy," cried Susy.

"But you are afraid that I won't," said the other, smiling. "Oh, I recognize that all that you said is true; it *is* a risk, it may be wrong, but—I love him! Now kiss me, darling, for I must go." Even as she spoke she shivered and slipped through Susy's arms to the floor. Susy did not call for help; rapidly, with trembling fingers, she unloosened the shining gown; she ran to the water-jug and spattered water on the beautiful still face, but cautiously, with a woman's unforgettable regard for such a toilette. By the time Mrs. Green had climbed the stairs, Pansy was lying on the lounge, pale, but quite conscious, and in an utter change of mood, demanding petulantly what had happened to her.

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Martin, gently; "hush; don't talk; people will wonder."

"Did I faint? Was — was any one here? Where's Professor Barton? I must get up and be married."

"My dear, you *are* married," said Mrs. Martin, more gently still, yet at the same instant her eyes sought and held the other's wild and troubled gaze with an imperious restraint; her hand tightened on the girl's wrist. "You were married, and came up here, and you were talking to me when you fainted. Don't speak; don't try to exert yourself."

A change passed over Pansy's features; they seemed to harden indefinably in every line. The three girls, who entered after Mrs. Green, ran up to the lounge with incoherent cries and cooings of sympathy and a girlish din of congratulation. Pansy looked from one to the other, and suddenly burst into tears.

"It's no wonder, poor child!" cried Mrs. Green; "such a strain! There, you girls go away, and leave Mrs. Martin and me, that have been married and know just how it feels, to take care of her. There, there, dearie, *we* know. Don't be scared. He's a good man, and loves you dearly; and you're going to have lots of nice things and be very happy. Yes, you are. Now wipe your eyes, honey lamb; there he is at the door, your husband!"

"My husband!" No one had ever heard such a note in Pansy's voice, or seen such a look as dulled and widened her eyes before she hid them on Mrs. Green's breast. Considering that the widow had not received more than an occasional peck on the cheek from Pansy by way of caress since she was a child, she rose to the demand of the moment wonderfully. But for all the sordid wear and tear of her life, Eliza Green had a feeling heart, and there were tears on her own cheeks, remembering that the child had no mother.

In a second, however, Pansy's mood altered; she tossed her head and said, loudly: "The girls were telling me brides never eat their own cake. I told 'em there

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was *one* bride would— Oh, is that you? I'm ready."

She rose; she turned her changed and tear-stained face towards the silent man who stood before her, smiling a wintry smile. He tendered his arm.

"You 'ain't kissed your wife yet!" said she. His lips tightened.

"The poor child's so scared she flies back in a kind of bravado," Mrs. Green apologized to Susy, while Kenneth brushed the proffered cheek with the lightest of kisses.

To cover the young couple's presumed embarrassment she was inspired to an effort of humor. "I suppose *you* think she's pretty's a rose, but I think she bet-ter wash her face. And since the kissing's begun—come back, girls!"

Thanks to the girls, the descent down stairs was made amid a cheerful bustle; and the wedding supper passed off with fair credit. The president told a really funny story, and other men told stories which could pass as funny. Mr. Sam Carter turned several neat compliments, so heartening the boarders that they proffered a few shy speeches to the girls; and the girls began to enjoy themselves, and stole white ribbon for the boys, that they might deck the bridal carriage, which departed under a shower of rice and a fire of raillery and giggles, as a bridal coach should go.

"It's over," sighed Richard Martin, settling himself comfortably in his own carriage, going home. "Thank Heaven, it's over!"

"No," answered Susan, his wife; "it's just begun."

"Not original, but true," said Dick.

The Bartons were gone until term-time; Susy Martin, her husband, and children spent the summer away; and Susy herself did not return until October. During this time only one letter came to her from Kenneth, who was a notorious hater of letter-writing. It was briefer even than was the wont of that concise correspondent. It ran: "Your warnings have all been justified. Nevertheless, I am scared at my own happiness."

"I hate people to write telegrams and call them letters," was Susy's peevish comment. "Evelyn writes often enough, but it's the same story, only she's full of Ken's work, and what a great man he's going to be." Then she read her husband's last letter over again, knitting her pretty brows hard over one passage: "I have seen E—— only twice. Pansy's kicking; objects to E——'s visits. I'm afraid there is trouble ahead. It's a queer outlook. Pansy herself is getting talked about. She flirts with the boys worse than ever."

Waspish rumors began to buzz through Susy's letters from home. Thick and thicker they grew; so that she was not surprised at the story Mrs. Ogden had ready for her when she returned. She was thankful that the teller should be the president's wife, a woman of parts and wit, who had enough knowledge of human nature to expect little, and enough heart to forgive much. There was nothing surprising in the story of Pansy's daring folly, although it had stirred the society of the staid little town to wild excitement.

"Tom Lawrence is the worst," said Mrs. Ogden; "he danced six times with her at the frat. ball, and the foolish young things went outside—to get ice-cream. And the talk—you can fancy the talk. And her manner to Professor Barton, who is courteous always—although I *cannot* say he is devoted, as one would expect—her manner is very bad. She seems to take a perverse pleasure in defying him in public. I never respected him so much as I have seeing him keep his temper under the provocation that she gives him."

But if the story were not surprising, there was surprise in quantity for Susy in Mrs. Ogden's attitude; her next words showed it. "Do you know," she said, "there is something about Mrs. Barton that is very—bewildering."

"Bewildering?" repeated Susy, innocently, but her color turned.

"I don't know any other word for it. You remember how impressed I was with her beauty and her grace at the wedding. It wasn't only that I admired her; I felt my heart warm to her; I couldn't help it. Well, I met her immediately on her return, and, my dear, she didn't seem like the same person. I was wofully disenchanted. She seemed positively—tawdry, if you will excuse me."

"Pansy *is* tawdry, I'm afraid," said Susy.

"She seemed, if I may say so, eager to shine, but with nothing real about her that was shining. She monopolized the talk, in *such* a loud voice; she called her

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husband across the room; called him 'Ken'—in short, she was offensively at ease. I believe truly she was embarrassed, but she didn't show anything except complacency. And the other times that I saw her in public she seemed much the same until our glee club reception last week; then I found her bewildering. She was so gentle, so quiet, so dignified, her voice had the most exquisite little cadences and intonations. I stared at her, almost ready to faint. And when she talked (although she talked very little) she was charming, actually charming. Positively it was not like the same person. And she snubbed Tom Lawrence."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. He told Eddy Dunn that there never was anything about Mrs. Barton except her beauty, and a fellow got tired of that after a while. Besides, I saw him coming out of the library, where he had managed to get her alone, and he was red in the face, he was so angry. But what do you make of her being so different? It can't be religion; that only changes the heart, not the grammar; but she was changed in every respect—she was positively another person."

"I know what you mean," said Susy, gravely, "but—did she keep changed?"

Mrs. Ogden shook her head. "No; that's the marvel. She came to my luncheon, and she was lovely, perfectly lovely. I met her at the theatre that night, and I could hear her laughing and joking with half a dozen boys who filled the box. She always has Professor Barton take a box; and that's a little, just a little showy, don't you think?"

"Very showy," said Susy.

"She talked very loudly, and laughed a great deal. I can't puzzle it out."

Susy was at a loss to answer, not because she shared Mrs. Ogden's bewilderment, but because she could have removed it in a way, had she ventured. It was a relief to have Kenneth himself come into the room, with Dick.

He remained after Dick's departure to attend Mrs. Ogden home, and Susy dashed into her subject at once: "Ken, how is Pansy? Why didn't she come with you?"

"Pansy's having one of her tantrums," he returned, carelessly.

Susy looked at him. He had thrown himself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness; suddenly he lifted his head and spoke with passion: "Susy, you know just how it was. There was no concealment. It was a perfectly fair, frank bargain. She knew I didn't care a rap for her. No more she cared for me. She married me for my money and position. I married her to have Evelyn. Marry *her?* Why, you know how it really was. I thought she was an amiable little fool who would keep to her side of the road. She—she isn't. She fights against Evelyn in every way. As for accepting our advice about behavior, we've ceased to offer it. I'm mortified and irritated and humiliated every day of my life; I know half my friends consider me a sodden idiot, and the other half pity me; yet—Susy, I would do it all over again, knowing Pansy to be the little devil she is! For—my God, I can't tell you how happy I am! Susy, you don't dream what she is; she satisfies every aspiration of my soul, every dream of my heart. Don't think me raving crazy. I've simply *got* to tell somebody!"

Susy shook her head. "How is it all going to end?"

Kenneth did not reply, because a maid entered to announce "Mrs. Barton."

They both looked up as the dainty figure glided into the room. On both faces was a kind of excited anticipation, succeeded on Kenneth's part by delight. He caught her in his arms. "My darling, is it you?" he cried, heedless of Susy. But with a smile Mrs. Barton slipped away to kiss his cousin on both cheeks, and then to laugh. It was not Pansy's laugh, but the laugh of a gentlewoman—sweet and fresh and low, a lovely laugh. It was Pansy, and yet it was not Pansy. There was Pansy's slim figure moving with a novel grace, Pansy's pretty face with another soul transforming it. She sank down in the chair which Susy pushed towards her, and sighed a deep contented sigh. "Oh, but I had a time with that girl!" she said. "I thought I never should get her off!"

"Didn't she want you to come, Evey?" said Kenneth.

"She *never* wants me to come. Susy, you dear child, how lovely it is to see you!"

"It's lovely to see *you*," said Susy. "Tell me, have you been bad while I was gone? I mean, how have you treated poor Pansy?"

"Oh, well, it's a duel, you know, be-

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tween Pansy and me now—a duel to the death. There, don't look so solemn; I'm sure it's not my fault. Pansy rather liked it when I first came. Do you remember when she first spoke to you of me?"

Susy nodded, sadly. "She called you her 'spook,' and said she didn't really know what you did; but that it was very convenient, when she wanted to sleep mornings, to have you take her place. And she would wake up a couple of hours later in the store, with her stock all in shape, and everybody always pleased with her. What happened she didn't know. She was ashamed of it, and afraid any one should find out; but she said her spook wanted her to tell *us*."

"I did, too. It's hard getting at Pansy to talk to her. But I was bound to know you, Susy; and I liked Dick. You've been just like a kind brother and sister to me. Do you know, Pansy would say sometimes, when she felt I was trying to come, 'We'll go over to the Martins if you'll go away before supper.' I always agreed. She isn't so obliging now."

"I remember the first time Ken came," said Susy. "He maintained you were only a state, a subconsciousness, not Pansy or another, but only a kind of an 'it.'"

Kenneth laughed. "Yes, I remember my fine theories, and how you told me all my character and my past. And I made a bluff of thought-transferrence."

"But it wasn't thought-transferrence when I hunted up that quotation from Rousseau for your paper for you, and I'm sure neither Susy nor you have enough music about you to transfer any to *me*."

Susy laughed and pointed to the piano. "Go and play now; play Schubert's serenade."

While Evelyn played and her husband hung over her, Susy reviewed the whole uncanny experience. She seemed to hear again Pansy's first awkward confessions. "I'm sure I don't want to be a medium," she complained; "I hate it. I ain't, either; but I know there's something, *somebody*, gets at me. I feel it coming. If I resist and fight it, sometimes it won't come; but more times I just can't help myself, and I go off into a kind of faint. When I wake up I'm all right. I only feel kind of cool and holler in my head, and my heart is beating a little quick, and I'm tired; but that's all."

The story struck Susy as incredible. Neither Dick nor she suspected Pansy of trickery. Susy said that she had no motive, and Dick said that she was too stupid. But neither of them believed any more in Pansy's "spook," as they called her, than in Pansy's trickery. "It's a queer delusion," they both said; "queer enough to investigate." Thereupon they began to investigate. Pansy under the control of this alien influence, whether some subconscious phase of herself or something else, was an utterly different being. Susy had said once, "It is like another soul in Pansy's body."

The other soul, which asked them to call her "Evelyn," was, in the first place, visibly a gentlewoman, which poor Pansy could never be. She had every little trick and turn of manner, every well-bred inflection of voice, every habit of thought, of a delicate-minded woman. Perhaps her subtlest charm was that she was at once so gentle and so gay. Pansy was gay, but she was no more gentle than a sparrow. Furthermore, Evelyn had divers accomplishments—she sketched in an old-fashioned, painstaking way, she sang delightfully, and she had a pretty touch at the piano. Pansy's only effort in art was the trimming of her hats, and she could not so much as turn a tune. Evelyn was well educated. She had a good general acquaintance with literature, and a curiously intimate knowledge of the French writers and artists and dramatists of the end of the eighteenth century. However, it was rather the undazzled intimacy of a contemporary on the stage than a student. She talked rather as a patron, a lady of quality, to whom such beings were merely more or less amusing people for a salon. Such, indeed, she claimed to have been—the wife of a French marquis (of whom there was no good to be said except that he died well, for they went to the guillotine together), but born an English woman.

She spoke French with purity and fluency, yet not precisely like a native. She did not pretend that her life had been happy; in fact, she was extremely reticent about it, and even more reticent regarding her condition previous to her present experience.

Pansy (to return to the contrast) had idled away the meagre advantages of a grammar-school, and knew no tongue save her own. To Susan and to Dick such points of variance were trivial com-

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pared to the difference between the two women's souls.

"It's no use," she exclaimed; "Evelyn is *not* Pansy; she's a thousand times nicer!"

"Doesn't trot in the same class," agreed Dick. "Evelyn's thoroughbred, and Pansy's a harmless little two spot, that's all."

They contrived a hundred tests for her, in no one of which she failed. It was strange how soon they grew callous to her uncanny gift of reading their thoughts; how confident they were in her unfailing delicacy.

"*Can* you read my thoughts?" Susy asked once.

"No; only feel them," she answered, gayly. "But—you wouldn't listen at a key-hole, would you? Neither would I. It's only when I am sure you won't mind that I let myself feel."

Next came Kenneth, Susy's cousin, a keen young psychologist, who was on fire with interest and eager curiosity over a beautiful puzzle when he heard of Pansy's strange possession. Kenneth cared nothing for women; in fact, he despised them under his fine mask of courtesy. Susy thought of no danger. And then the strangest of romances played itself under her eyes. Kenneth was interested, piqued, pleased, enchanted, enthralled. At last the brilliant young man of the world, the cool student, was as recklessly in love as a college boy.

Susy, thinking it all over, sighed gently to herself. Long ago she had flung away her tattered theories, rent anew at every fresh strain of experiment; the creature in the room to-night was her friend Evelyn, who charmed her infinitely, whom she deeply and truly loved; not poor shallow Pansy. At that instant she thought how exquisite was the poise of Evelyn's head on her shoulders; how beautiful and full of spirit her carriage and her every movement; how lovely was the face, suddenly turned on her, informed now with light and fire.

"I could almost say it was not only another soul, but another body," thought she.

Evelyn smiled at her. "Susy, were you amused this afternoon when Mrs. Ogden told you about Tommy Lawrence and me? That was rather clever what she said about being sure I snubbed him, he was so lofty and critical. 'The only thing about Mrs. Barton was her beauty!' Horrid little animal! I *did* snub him. Susy, Ken's willing, and I wish you'd tell Mrs. Ogden the truth. I like her, and I want her to like me—*me*, not Pansy."

Susy expressed no surprise that she should know of Mrs. Ogden's visit, nor did she feel any. She merely shook her head over Evelyn's last sentence, and murmured: "How you do hate that poor child! You didn't use to!"

"No; I rather liked her," admitted Evelyn; "she was a good-natured little fool; but now she's more of a fool, and she has a nasty temper. And—Susy, would *you* like a woman who could be most of the time with your husband, trying to make him like her? And she so pretty and—and looking so much like *you!* But I am nicer-looking than Pansy—don't you think, Susy? Don't you really think?" she wheedled, twining an arm about Susy's neck. "My dearests! Oh, if I could only be with you two all I wanted; be a real, live woman!" Her radiant glance bathed both of them in turn like a flood of light.

"But you are so wise, Evelyn"—Susy caught at the first palliation of the situation which presented itself; she was a woman too, and it seemed to her no better—"you have all space in which to roam, you know; and you see—" The words faltered off her lips before the eyes that were turned to hers—eyes full of a strange and solemn comprehension.

"I am frightened at what I know," said Evelyn, slowly; "more frightened at what I—must know. Do you suppose that the other world is so infinitely different? Oh no! there are the details—them of course we find different; but behind all we have, there is the same mystery, the same need of faith, and surely the same need of—love. Perhaps I should not want to live if I had had my share of life. I know a beautiful soul; he lived a long life here; he knew the calm of age, the content, the wisdom of it all. But me, I was cut off, never having known. I knew marriage only as a nightmare; and love—I never loved until I saw Ken." Her husband gently lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it. "We are all so, we that have met violent, untimely deaths. It is a law. See, if the river flows into the lake, it flows as the sun shines, so quietly; but if you cut it off with a great dam, it must rush out of its channel and seek a new

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one. You will know about these things some time."

"But," Susy urged, rather diffidently, "that doesn't make it any less hard on Pansy, you know."

"*Why* is it hard? He isn't her husband—he married *me;* I am his wife, not she. She doesn't care for him—at least she didn't care for him, and she has no right to care for him, to try to make him care for her; but sometimes I am almost sorry for Pansy. If only she would not fight, fight, fight! Ah, I can't stay any more. Good-by! Well, come if you like." She threw herself into a chair, resting her head on the back and closing her eyes. All the delicate animation faded out of her face, which became but the mask of a face, inanimate, blank in a vague and sinister fashion, emptied of all life. The beholders, however, were too used to the change to find any longer a grewsome thrill in its progress. The man sighed, and the woman echoed his sigh.

"How is it all going to end, Ken?" said she again.

"I don't try to guess," said he; "but I trust her. She will be stronger than Pansy."

Pansy slowly awoke; her eyes ran from one face to the other, and thence round the pretty room to the open piano, while she sat up stiffly and shook herself. The eyes were sullen. The mouth drooped in a petulant curve.

"I wish Evelyn would let me know when she's coming, and not jump in on a body," she exclaimed; "she hasn't got any more politeness than a pig, but I suppose you think she's a perfect lady."

"I do, most certainly," said Susy. Kenneth folded his arms.

"Oh, you do, do you?" sneered Pansy. "Well, maybe you'd think differently if you knew as much about her as I do!"

"This can't be interesting to Mrs. Martin." Kenneth took the words off her lips. "Pansy, are you ready to come home?"

"Home!" shrilled Pansy; "much home I've got! 'Bout as much home as husband. Oh, it ain't fair—it *ain't!* I haven't got anything, not even my own self!"

Some throb of real pain in the peevish, sharp tones went to Susy's heart. Light and selfish as the creature was, it was a tragedy. Kenneth only frowned. "You took it easily enough before you were married. You were willing enough," said he. "You have everything I promised. I have kept my word never to make any claim on you or to annoy—"

Pansy's laugh was venomous; it drowned his low voice in a strident peal. "Oh, you! You're perfect. You're never a minute with me you can help, if that's what you mean. I only wish *she* was as particular. Nasty, sly thing! Sneaking in and not letting me have my own wedding! And when, just in fun and because I—I was frightened, I asked you to kiss me, you told me, *told* me afterwards that you only did it because you had to, and I needn't expect—*expect!* Oh, good heavens! do you think there's a girl in the world would forgive a man's saying such a thing? Mrs. Martin, I *hate* him—and I hate *her!*"

With that she flung herself back into the chair and burst into a tempest of loud sobs.

"You see," said Kenneth.

To his amazement, Susy answered, indignantly: "I see you are too dense for anything, Ken. Any woman on earth would resent such a speech, as if she were throwing herself at your head! Pansy, he *is* stupid; it was horrid, but he didn't mean anything. Pansy, you are rumpling that sweet chiffon waist in a heart-rending way. Do sit up! You didn't mean anything, Ken?"

"Certainly not," said Ken, meekly, but looking rather dazed. "Pansy, I am very sorry if I hurt your feelings. I—I always want to treat you with respect, and—and kindness."

Pansy sat up, and began mechanically to smooth the front of her waist. She looked at Kenneth almost wistfully. "I know I'm hateful," she murmured, "but we'd get along well enough if she'd let us alone! Ken, will you take me to the concert?"

"Yes, Pansy," said Kenneth, wearily; and Susy remembered that she had heard of some dispute between the Bartons regarding this same concert. That may have made Kenneth's assent seem a triumph to Pansy, whose eyes flashed. She went away without further ado.

Susy found a shade of relief in sharing her anxieties with Mrs. Ogden. She gave her the whole situation. Mrs. Ogden was as interested as she could wish. Indeed, she was profoundly stirred; but she had

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not Susy's conviction of the reality of Evelyn. "I never heard anything so strange in my life," she began; "but are you sure Evelyn is not Pansy, different, superior, but, say, the ultimate development of Pansy—"

But Susy interrupted her impatiently: "No, she isn't. She is not the best kind of a Pansy, or any kind at all. She is utterly different."

"You know the theories of double consciousness—"

"Yes, indeed; we went through all that with Ken. I heard of one, two, three Lenores; and Louis Somebody, who was such a good, cheerful, sober fellow in one state, and a morose drunkard in another; and I understand that our personality is bound up in our memory, and our memory depends on our nerve centres, and if our nerve centres get divided we may think we are two people. But all these people, however they divided their nerve centres and their personalities, and however different their morals, weren't different in other ways than their temperaments. Louis one wasn't a mechanic, and Louis two a professor of Hebrew. Lenore wasn't a great lady one time, and a French peasant the other; but Evelyn can do all sorts of things that Pansy can't, like talking French and playing Bach's fugues."

"Yes, those supernormal attributes of the second personality do confuse one."

"Supernormal? That's what Ken called it. Yet to me the most marvellous is the other difference. Evelyn is a lady. Instincts, manner—every way. While poor Pansy—"

"Poor Pansy!" said Mrs. Ogden.

"Well, you understand. They are not to be compared. Pansy is *not* Evelyn."

"I don't know. Isn't it possible that there are more individualities than one in us? Haven't you felt that you were more than one person? I'm not a theosophist, yet I wonder if their theory of the transmigration of souls hasn't some foundation? Suppose some soul were trying to be Pansy; I mean, suppose the real Pansy is Evelyn, but she is confused by another personality, which she cannot at once control—"

"You make my head swim! I think it is easier to suppose there is an Evelyn and there is a Pansy, and Evelyn is simply trying to get hold of Pansy's body."

"It would prove that there was such a thing as the soul, wouldn't it?" said Mrs. Ogden. "Anyhow, I am glad you told me, for it justifies the irrepressible, strong attraction which I can't help feeling for Mrs. Barton at times, while at other times I am only sorry for her. By the way, I expect to invite the Bartons to dinner Thursday. Which do you think will come?"

Pansy came. A trifle flushed was Pansy; a trifle ill at ease in spite of a beautiful toilet. She said almost nothing, and kept a vigilant eye on the company's forks and spoons. On the whole, if she did not confirm the favorable impression made at the luncheon, neither did she greatly disturb it.

The day after the dinner Mrs. Green had a visit from her niece. The worthy woman was in her kitchen, just happily arrived at the conclusion of an autumn rite of the housekeeper; she was ladling chile sauce into glass jars; and, as it happened, her mind was on Pansy as she worked. "It was real kind of her, sending me all these nice tomaytoes and peppers. If they do grow in her yard, she had to think of it"— thus ran her grateful thoughts. "I will say Pansy's improved since her marriage. Land of Goshen! If there she ain't this minnit, gitting out of the surrey!"

Mrs. Green could not look at the Barton carriage without a glow of pride. The shining paint, the coachman's livery, the monogram on the panels—when they passed her, she sighed with delight. "Pansy's one of 'em, sure!" she exulted. "Three carriages counting the new buggy. But I don't think much of her man's manners, never gitting off to help her out. Will you look at the lazy coot, this minnit, never moving! My! Pansy—Mrs. Barton! The girl's out. Walk right into the parlor."

But Pansy, declining the parlor and "lemonade in a minnit," went directly to the kitchen. It was not like the old Pansy to reject service, and less like her to proffer help; but Pansy was recklessly pulling off her white gloves with that intent.

"Well, I *guess*," expostulated Mrs. Green, "I ain't going to let you, with two girls at home, work over my chile sauce."

"But they are home, and not here," said Pansy; "so they can't help, and you'll have to let me."



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"You said that jest like the old Pansy."

Pansy's bitter smile sent a chill into the kindly soul that heard her, as she answered, "I guess there ain't much of the old Pansy left in me now."

"Most like the young things have had a quarrel," thought Mrs. Green; "first year of marriage is pretty trying all round;" and she searched for tactful consolation, offering: "Well, you've changed some, Pansy; but it's all for the better, I can tell you. I wish you could hear the nice things I heard about how you looked and acted at Mrs. Ogden's—"

"At her dinner?" cried Pansy, flushing.

"No; I guess it was the lunch."

"I don't care what they said; I don't care what they think," Pansy hurled at her, dropping her elbows recklessly on the smeary table and her chin into her hands, to stare at Mrs. Green with smouldering eyes. "I hate the whole kit and boodle of the university set. Snipping and sneering, and talking about folks in books as if they was real, and laughing at you behind your back if you don't understand. And Ken gets mad at me if I talk above a whisper, or carry on a bit, like I used to; and it seems to me any kind of fun ain't good form. Mamie Schultz says she'd sass him back. But he don't get mad that way—just looks at me. Maybe he says, 'Pansy, I hope you won't feel offended if I ask—' Oh, I'm so sick of it all sometimes I wish myself back to the store! And that was a dog's life, too!"

"No you don't, my dear," soothed the elder woman; "you used to get dretful worked up at the store when Mr. Sam was cross. You didn't have no beautiful house then, nor two girls, and a carriage to drive, and no nice husband that loves you—"

"He don't!" cried Pansy, vehemently. "He don't love me one bit, and I don't love him. I *hate* him!"

The counsellor felt her light craft of wisdom laboring in heavy seas. She stared wofully at the girl's shoulders, heaving now with unchecked sobs. How pretty and how frail the child looked! "God forgive me!" thought Mrs. Green. "I never believed 'twas in her to feel anything *hard;* and she's really fond of him, after all. Well!" She stole to the sink on tiptoe (an unconscious tribute to the situation), and carefully washed her hands before she laid them quietly on Pansy's shoulder.

"My dear," said she, "you listen to an old married woman. Make up with your husband, and try to fall into his ways. They're proper ways for a professor's lady, and that's what you are. I ain't scolding you, dearie dear; but married ladies can't act so friendly with the boys as young girls. I know you 'ain't thought a wrong thought; but you mustn't be hard on your husband if he's cross. It's natural; and Tommy Lawrence ought to be switched!"

The eyes Pansy lifted were dull with weeping, and her voice was dull, like her eyes. "You're awful sorry for Ken, but what do you think of him making love to another woman when I'm away?"

Mrs. Green gasped, but she kept a grip on her courage.

"I'd say, if he did it when you were away, how do you know?" said she.

The reply was unexpected. "Because he's owned up to it, for one reason. Oh, I know it sure enough."

"Oh, land! oh, land!" gurgled Mrs. Green.

Listlessly Pansy let her arms slide into her lap and looked at her aunt—looked at the tears in her aunt's dim eyes.

"Are you crying for *me*, Aunt Lize?" said she. "I can tell you I ain't worth it. I never was anything but a bother to you all the while I was here; I was a nasty, ungrateful pig. I can see that now. I never washed the dishes Sundays when you'd want to go to church in the evening; and you had to get dinner in the morning, so you couldn't go then; but I'd go to church in the evenings with the boys and leave you over the stove—"

"You were young and careless, like all young girls," said Mrs. Green, kissing the edge of her cheek affectionately but with care. "I don't dast go near that beauty dress of yours in my apron. Don't you think of such things. And, Pansy, you forgive your husband. I know he's a good young man; he's got good eyes. You go back home and try to please him. Don't reproach him. And, Pansy, you 'ain't told none of the girls? That's right; *don't you.* So long's the quarrel's jest between man and wife there's hope to settle, like putting out a fire that's kept inside a room; but once open the door, there's no telling where 'twill stop."

Pansy drew a long breath. "I'll tell *you*, Aunt Lize—"

"No, my dear, not me even—not yet. See if you can't make up first."

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"I can't ever make up," said Pansy, "but I'm willing to try."

Perhaps, according to her lights, she was trying when she proposed to Susy Martin to strike a bargain with her husband.

"You tell Ken," she said, carelessly, "that if he'll make Evelyn only come twice a week for an hour at a time, I'll agree to do everything he wants about the boys. I won't see one of 'em when they call. I'll be just barely polite to them on the street and at parties. He needn't be afraid! I know how to take care of myself. And I'll try to behave every way like he wants. Honest. I mean it. Will you ask him?"

Susy was dismayed. Secretly she thought: "Good heavens! the girl *does* love him. She has a heart, after all!" Outwardly, being a woman, she dodged with a question, "How often *does* Evelyn come?"

"Oh, every day; sometimes two or three times a day."

"Do you try to prevent her?"

"I didn't ask her to come, did I? What business has she in my house? My body's my house, ain't—isn't it?"

"But your bargain with Kenneth—"

"I'm making a new bargain now. You tell him I can prevent her coming, fast enough, if I *try*."

"*Haven't* you tried?"

Pansy's face was scarlet; her lips quivered. She answered furiously: "No, I haven't, not half tried! She better not make me try!"




"I HATE THE WHOLE KIT AND BOODLE OF THE UNIVERSITY SET."

"I'll tell him," said Susy, affecting not to notice the accent of passion. She shrank from intermeddling with these strange and grotesque conditions. But with increasing force it was borne in on her that they were all in the wind of a tragedy. She felt that Kenneth would disdain poor Pansy's puerile bribery. She was sure that he would be blind to a groping desire to find favor in his sight, and that Pansy would seem more vulgar and shallow to him than ever. At the same time she recoiled from the slight to the girl's forlorn pride which any open

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sympathy might give; and her last compromise was to invite Pansy to luncheon —not entirely a happy thought, since Evelyn came in Pansy's place. She was very sweet, very dainty, but with a glint of malice in her eye.

"Don't look so shocked," she cried, at her first free moment with Susy. "Pansy was willing. I promised to let her have Ken all the evening to herself when he was expecting me. Don't you think he'll be grateful?"

"I hope he will be civil, at least," said Susy, gravely. "Evelyn, you aren't a cruel woman, but you are cruel to that poor child. She may be shallow, but she can suffer."

Evelyn shrugged her shoulders. "Do you expect me to be cruel to Ken to oblige *her*?" said she—"after her proposal, too!"

"Ken hardly said anything, except that he would talk to her," said Susy; "but of course I knew." She sighed unconsciously, and her eyes strayed to the window. Her other guests had taken their leave; she could see them climbing into the modest university equipages, or strolling away on foot between the hydrangeas and chrysanthemums, down the long walk to the street. They were talking with animation; as well as if at their elbows, Susy knew that they discussed Evelyn, and wondered how she could be so charming at times, and again so—"queer."

Directly Evelyn's soft arms stole round her, Evelyn's perfumed draperies brushed her cheek, Evelyn's haunting voice pleaded with her wistful eyes. "Don't be angry, darling. Ken belongs to *me!*"

"I *can't* be angry with you, and you know it," said Susy, rather sadly, and Evelyn stepped back, with a little rapid gesture with her hands and elbows—a gesture she often used. It was full of grace. Not for the first time Susy marvelled at her beauty. Her soul enchanted Pansy's lovely coloring and form. With the flush faintly covering her exquisite cheeks, with her haughty shining head and luminous eyes, and the adorable half-smile on her mouth, she was enchanting, a creature of fire and dew. When she spoke, her voice had the poignant thrill of violin chords. Susy shivered, and the tears came to her eyes.

"He loves me," said Evelyn; "he loves me every kind of a way—so passionately he feels my presence before I come into the room; so tenderly, so unselfishly, that were it better for me, he could give up ever seeing me again! And I—I understand him. Now, after such a little, little acquaintance, we know each other as if we had been together years and years. We have that assured, peaceful, lovely feeling that you said only came with time and with life together; we have it, *now*. And he loves me, *me myself*, if I do have to live in a rented house! At first—ah, it was hideous to have to put another woman's arms about his neck, to kiss him with another woman's lips! But now what does it matter? We understand. Think how I must trust you and love you, Susy, to tell you this; but you know it is I, not she, too."

Susy collected all her force to run in here. "Of course. But, Evelyn, you live, as you say, in a rented house. What if the owner refuse to let you have it?"

Evelyn sank into the chair beside her, lifting her arms above her head, and resting the back of her neck on her interlaced hands; her eyes flashed a large, serene triumph. "Let her try," said she; "if she fights me and loses, it will be my house then. She will be the tenant-at-will then. Oh yes; I hope she will try!"

"Do you know, Evelyn, I think she loves Ken too. And she suffers."

"It is such a trivial soul, her vanity suffers, not her heart."

"Maybe, but I think there is heart in it too; and, anyhow, it is awful to have your poor little harmless vanity torn all to shreds and tatters, as hers is, so you don't have any comfort in thinking of yourself at all."

"How good you are, Susy!" said Evelyn. And that was all she would say, and presently she slipped away.

The soft Indian summer of the West hardened into the chill of November. Mrs. Martin had much to fill her time. There were the three children and herself to be clothed for the winter. There were the necessary festivities of a small and friendly university town to be attended and returned. The Book Club elected her president, and she must needs drain parliamentary law to the dregs. In the midst of it all, little Richard took the measles. Of necessity, Susy could not go often to her cousin's. But Evelyn, even at the risk of missing Kenneth, came over to the Martins' almost daily.

A certain timidity (she did not pride

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herself on moral courage) held Susy from questions. Without questions, she knew that the struggle between the two women was on. Evelyn showed no evidence of strain. She appeared happy, even gay. She played with the children, whom she loved with a clinging tenderness. "I oughtn't to love them so much; yet," she said, "Pansy hardly notices them when she comes, and that hurts them. Only yesterday Dicky waited on the corner, seeing the carriage, for her to take him in, the longest time. There he stood with his eager little face calling after her, and she wouldn't so much as look at him. And I couldn't get to her in time. Upon my word, if I've taken the measles I'm going to let Pansy have them all to herself."

"Pansy has had the measles," said Susy, a little dryly. "Do you think I would have let you come, else?"

"She told Ken she hadn't had them. What a horrid little liar it is!"

"But, Evelyn, didn't you know? Couldn't you read her thoughts?"

"No, Susy." Evelyn spoke with a gravity rare in her manner. "I am able to enter Pansy's house, but never Pansy. I am outside her soul, more outside than I am of any soul. Perhaps it is as well: I might be tempted to be mean. But let us talk of something pleasanter. Ken has a splendid new lecture which I am sure will capture the boys. I heard one of them say that Professor Barton made psychology fascinating. They are nice boys in his classes, don't you think?—so intelligent!"

Susy saw less of Kenneth than of Evelyn, and much less of Pansy than of either of the two. Professor Barton was working very hard. The Bartons declined many invitations; and the university gossips found the Bartons' relations a godsend at many a dull gathering. They gave a few dinners, admirable dinners, admirably appointed, at which Pansy, not Evelyn, appeared. Pansy looked (to Susy, whom she kept at arm's-length) ill and jaded, and her vivacity had moments of flagging.

"That girl suffers," said Mrs. Ogden.

"I know she does," said Susy. "I'm frightened, somehow. She is a weak creature, but, after all, it is the weak creatures do the dreadful things."

A near day justified her fears. It was in the early morning, before breakfast, and Susy was picking a few survivors of the frost in her garden. She perceived Mrs. Green hurrying down the street. Before Mrs. Green reached the gate, she was sure that the errand was to her, and that it was painful. Mrs. Green's bonnet was set awry on her brow. She wore a kitchen apron of gingham under her best shawl. She walked, and at intervals her walk would break into a little run, subsiding again into the more decorous pace. Plainly she was in a desperate haste. She gripped the fence with quivering hands. Her breath was gone with her haste, but she made a pitiful effort at decorum. She just came for a minute, just to ask Mrs. Martin's advice, if she would excuse the liberty. She hoped the little boy was quite well of the measles.

"Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Green," said Susy. "What was the advice?"

"It's about Pansy, Mrs. Martin. That girl is 'most distracted. In fact"—Mrs. Green threw a hurried glance about the sunny garden and the sidewalk to right and left, to make sure that speech was safe—"in fact, her mind ain't right. I've been worried about her for two months. She ain't the same girl, Mrs. Martin; I never saw a human being so changed. She used to be happy as the day is long, always laughing and carrying on. Oh, of course she had her down times, when things wouldn't go right at the store, or she'd have little spats with her beaus; but they didn't amount to anything. Now, she's crying half the time, and I know she's unhappy the way she's so affectionate to me. Half a dozen times she's started to tell me something, and I've shunted her off—not thinking it wise, if she'd had any difference with her husband, for me to hear it; but yesterday I fairly hadn't the heart not to let her. Mrs. Martin, she says *you* know. She thinks she's a—a kind of medium; and there's a foreign lady that's her control—"

"Yes, I know," said Susy, quickly. "Evelyn—"

"Well, she ain't like any medium *I* ever saw; and Mr. Green was kinder inclined to spiritualism too; and I've been to seances; and I lived next door to a lady used to get a dollar a seance, and have all sorts of slate-writing. She wasn't a bad neighbor either, though I never could believe much in her spirits. She took them easy as an old shoe. But Pansy's fairly wild with anger and jea-



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lousy of this creature—if creature it can be. I don't believe any such thing. I don't believe she'd be *let!* It's more like Professor Barton not being so fond of her as she wants—for, Mrs. Martin, I truly am afraid he ain't—and everything in her way of living so different, and she being mortified all the time, when she was so used to be admired and take the lead—why, I think she's got kinder distracted. I don't believe she's well, either. And she's always brooding over this notion. It's dreadful. But that ain't all, Mrs. Martin: she's made up with Tommy Lawrence."

"Oh, I hope not," said Susy.

"She has, though. Last week. And—Mrs. Martin, he asked her, that wicked boy asked her, to go to Europe with him. You know he jest had fifty thousand dollars left him, and he thinks there ain't no end to it."

"Did she tell you that?"

"Yes, ma'am. She said she laughed at him. 'But it would be a way to git rid of Evelyn, wouldn't it?' says she, and laughed again. I made the best kind of talk I could to her, and she took it very kindly. But all night I was awake worrying about her, and this morning while I was dishing up the breakfast she walked in. She said she was out for a walk before breakfast; but it seemed queer to me when she was up so late to the party. She asked me to pick her some marigolds, and then I went out into the garden with her—dropped everything, for I saw she was so full she had to talk. She didn't seem worked up, though. She was jest as quiet. And she says, 'That woman came last night, and I couldn't prevent her.' 'What a shame!' says I, for I never let on I think it's a delusion. 'I've tried my best,' says she, 'and it's no use. I can't help it, nor I can't bear it any longer.' She didn't cry nor sob; but if ever I saw heartbreak in a woman's face, I saw it in hers. I took her in my arms, the poor pretty thing, and cuddled her and tried to comfort her, but I'm 'fraid it was pretty poor comfort. And then Sally, my girl, called me about breakfast, and she *would* go. But first she took out this box." Mrs. Green fumbled in the small bag at her waist and brought out a small box carefully wrapped. "She always did do up packages beautifully," sighed Mrs. Green, "and she told me it was for my birthday to-morrow, and she made me promise not to open it before. But after she was gone I got scared, putting this and that together. Maybe I've no cause. Mr. Green always said I was a great hand to worry, but I've got so fond of her, worrying 'bout her so much. So I jest come to you. Of course it ain't right for *me* to open that parcel, but, under the circumstances, wouldn't *you?*"

Susy was looking down the quiet street, with its carpet of dusty leaves. An hour ago she had thought idly how muffled were Tommy Lawrence's buggy wheels as he drove by so swiftly. "Yes," said she, sharply, taking the package out of Mrs. Green's hands. The wrappings removed, the two women saw some jewelry boxes and an envelope endorsed in Pansy's cramped childish hand, "*Not to be opened until your birthday.*" Susy tore the envelope across and pulled out the letter. "You read it, too," said she. And they read together:

"DEAR AUNTIE,—Its no use my trying I cant please Ken and I cant stand living this way anny longer. I am going away to somebody that loves me wildly madly and pasionately. Its all her fault Ken wouldnt be mean except for her. Dear Auntie I did try to folow your advise but its no use and now I'm going away from my home and my freinds and everything only to get away from her. The pin is for Lolo and the ring for Benny and the watch for you with a kiss if you will take it and dont forget PANSY."

That was all — a foolish, ill-spelled, reckless letter; yet a pity that hurt her stung Susy as she read.

"Oh land! oh land!" gurgled Mrs. Green.

Then Susy felt something besides pity. "Wait!" she cried. "You haven't time to cry. Wait!"

She was off, leaving Mrs. Green gasping. Directly the widow heard her calling the man in the stables; and it did not seem two minutes before the Martins' fast bay horse and the stanhope were at the door, while simultaneously Mrs. Martin came out, pushing her arms into her jacket, her hat already on her head. "Get in, quick!" she commanded, but with no note of excitement in her voice.

Mechanically Pansy's aunt did get into the vehicle—naturally on the whip side.

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"Other side," said Susy, climbing in. "Let her go, James."

The horse was spirited, and they went off at a gait which made James shake his head.

"I never have driven this horse before," remarked Susy, in a placid way. "He likes to run away. But I think he will stop by the time we get to Blair."

"Are we going to Blair?" asked Mrs. Green, meekly.

"Yes; that's the crossing station five miles out where all the trains stop. I figure that they were going there because no one will know them. There are two trains they can take. The second train has the Pullman; the first is the fast mail. If they take the first, they're gone; but if they wait for the second, we shall catch them."

"Will they stop for us, think?"

"I think so," said Susy, shutting her lips tight.

The little city looked very peaceful and still in the fresh morning; the smoke was curling from the chimneys, but the fronts of the pretty yards and houses were just lifting their window-shades and awakening to the day. The college campus, where the grass showed green under the autumn leaves, was almost deserted. Downtown, a clerk was dressing Carter's window. Mrs. Green strangled a sob in her throat and turned away her head.

Susy sat with her eyes on the horse's head. At this moment, unconsciously, she looked like her cousin. The Bartons had been a determined race, and Susy's delicate mouth and chin had the Barton lines. She was not thinking of Pansy now, nor even of Pansy's wretched husband, over whom hung this thunder-bolt of shame. No; she was repeating over to herself: "How will Evelyn get to us if Pansy goes? Oh, Evelyn, help us! don't leave us!" They were past the streets, they were out in the fields, the gleaming shorn fields of stubble covered with stacks of corn. The flying hoofs pounded on the "dirt road." The great fans of the windmills flashed at them and were gone; the sleek cattle grazing in the pastures, the red barns, the farm-houses, the farmer's lad driving a stalk-cutter with a kicking mule—all went by them like the landscape out of a car window, so fast were they driving. Susy did not try to check the horse; she gave all her mind to guiding him out of the ruts and safely over the hummocks. Mrs. Green, with a sense of relief, resigned herself to the stronger spirit. She only spoke once:

"I suppose you didn't telephone anything to the professor?"

"He left on the early morning train for Chicago," said Susy, "my husband and he, to be gone until to-morrow." Half an hour later she pointed to some sheds and a huge red water-tank. "That's Blair," she said.

"They don't seem nowhere round," said Mrs. Green. She sat in the buggy, holding the reins, and forgetting a life-long terror of horses in the crueler panic, while Mrs. Martin walked into the office. She had her plausible fiction ready. She wanted to see some friends off, and found she had mistaken the train. One train *had* gone? Were they on it—a young gentleman and lady?

"Young man wear a checked brown suit? Rather short young man with black hair, kinder stout?" asked the agent. "Pretty young lady with—well, not exactly red hair, but sorter started that way—"

"Yes. Have they gone?"

"Yes, lady. Went on No. 30—fast mail."

"Thank you," said Susy. She walked quite steadily, but she leaned against a post on the platform a second before she went to Mrs. Green. She did not tell her tale; her lips had not opened before Mrs. Green wildly pointed down the road, crying:

"For God's sake, look, Mrs. Martin! You got eyes. Ain't *that* Pansy on her wheel?"

"Yes, it's—Mrs. Barton," said Susy. And she drew a long breath. Down the road rapidly and smoothly the wheels twinkled. Presently not only the supple figure in the smart gray bicycle suit that they knew could be seen, but a lovely, flushed, smiling, innocent face.

"She ain't responsible; nobody could look at her and say she was!" moaned Mrs. Green. "Oh, good gracious, *what* am I going to say to her 'bout being here!"

"I'll attend to that," said Susy. She walked up to the wheel-woman; they turned their backs on the buggy, and then Susy caught Evelyn's wrists in hers, almost sobbing: "I thought I was too late! Oh, Evelyn!"

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Evelyn shook her head. "I didn't know but I was, too. Actually they were on the train. I *just* did get there. Well, I don't think we shall have any trouble with Mr. Thomas Lawrence. I took the house. I can't keep it *all* the time, but Pansy, and not I, is the tenant in use from this day. I can come when I please, almost as often as I please. Oh, that little cad! But it was great fun. He was so scared when Pansy fell over on the seat —he thought she had fainted! And when *I* lifted my head!—my dear, it was lovely! He was the most utterly dazed man at my new attitude. Truly I think he believes I was crazy, and he has had a tremendous escape. He was so scared that he let me out at the next station, and I took the down train on the other road to town, and at once chased after you. Oh, Susy dear, I feel so happy! I'll take Pansy home and give her a settling. Oh, I'll be kind, don't fear. I can afford to be kind, now; I've conquered. Then I want to leave her to go and see how Ken is getting on. Come over to luncheon, won't you, after you have pacified poor Aunt Green?"

Mrs. Green made no difficulties. Pansy's calm front she attributed not to bravado, but to her diseased mind. "I dare say she thinks she's Evelyn, *now*"—thus she daunted Susy. "If she does, you humor her, Mrs. Martin, and git her home. I'll run in after dinner, if you could jest keep an eye on her till then."

Susy perceived another complication in the future; but for the present the way was clear. So they followed the bicycle until it turned down the drive of the Bartons' house.

Kenneth had built the house himself before he married. He was a rich man and a man of taste. The pretty house, with its colonial lines, its beautiful shadows, and its air of ample rooms and high ceilings, retired like a gentleman behind the old elms. Susy, halting for a minute at the gate, saw Evelyn wheel to the piazza steps and enter the house. At the door she paused, she looked back. How lovely she was! how dear! Susy's heart dilated with an inexpressible, grateful tenderness. She forgot Pansy.

"I guess I best git out and walk back home," said Pansy's aunt; "then you could go right in. Someway I hate to think of her being alone, poor child. I wisht she could have a nurse who'd watch her without letting her know. She *ain't* responsible, Mrs. Martin."

"I'll come back as soon as I've left you, Mrs. Green," said Susy; "though I'm not sure she will care to see me."

She left Mrs. Green at her gate, grateful but still apprehensive, her last words being a reminiscence that Mr. Green once said she could do more worrying to the square inch than any woman he knew; and Mrs. Martin wasn't to mind her, but wouldn't she hurry back to Pansy?

Not at all sure of her reception, and a little disposed now to be irritated with Pansy—the horse really was in a lather —Susy drove back. Midway, to her surprise, she saw Kenneth with his gladstone in hand, walking briskly. Hailed and placed beside her, he explained that the man whom he went to see was to be away, and a telegram to that effect had reached him on the train, so he had stopped at a way station, and luckily caught a return train.

"Glad I was, too," he added, "for things are in a mess at home. I mean between Pansy and Evelyn."

"Evelyn has won, Ken," said Susy. "I saw her this morning."

"That's good news," said Ken. "Really, finally—won what she was trying to get?"

Susy never knew exactly his meaning, but she assured him that Evelyn was happy and triumphant.

"Well she may be, and I too," cried Ken. "Oh, Susy, it's been such a pull! Thank God!"

He was not a religious man, and she glanced at him curiously. He did not seem to see her, and she had never dreamed of seeing such a look of humility and thankfulness on her cousin's cool, keen face as it wore then. Silently they drove the remainder of the way. Susy did not proffer any tale of the morning's events. Her imagination had veered around to Pansy's point of view, and she felt an immense reluctance to expose the full measure of a weak, tormented creature's folly. They turned down the avenue between the elms. Kenneth made some trivial remark about the canna beds on the lawn; it was smitten from his lips half spoken. Out of the doorway (where Evelyn had smiled in her victory a little while ago) a maid came to stop them, and her pallid face and trembling hands made Kenneth fly out of the buggy, demanding.

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"What is the matter?"

The girl looked piteously at Susy. "If you'd let me tell Mrs. Martin, she'd tell you. Oh, *don't* go in till you know. It was by mistake, and the doctor's telephoned what to do, and he's coming. And we got Mrs. Ogden, and she's in there. She thought it was medicine."

Kenneth and Susy broke away from her and ran into the house, into the library, where Pansy lay on the lounge, with two or three women bending over her.

Susy's first glance showed her that their efforts would be in vain. Pansy's eyes were closed, her lips set in a smile. They could not arouse her or induce her to swallow. Kenneth knelt beside her, his arm under her neck. Suddenly, without warning, she opened her eyes, her every feature distorted with terror. Mrs. Ogden hastily thrust a sponge exhaling an acrid odor at her nostrils.

"It will keep off the spasms," she explained. "Here, dear, this will help."

With all her weak strength Pansy repulsed her. "Keep off!" she moaned. "Let me die in peace. I'm not—afraid."

Mrs. Ogden's eyes flashed a terrified intelligence into Susy's, and Susy's answered it with a sombre assent. They both knew that it was not to any one visible that the dying woman spoke. But almost in the passing of that glance a change came. Evelyn's eyes looked at them, and Evelyn's lips tried to speak. They framed one sentence: "It was while I was gone." Then she looked at Kenneth. "My dear husband," she said, with a supreme effort, "only a little while." Then, being past more speech, she smiled feebly, and the smile remained.

A few minutes later Kenneth lifted his ghastly face, and looked at Susy and Mrs. Ogden weeping beside him. They were the only ones in the room, but little did he care for that.

"You know," said he, "it was Evelyn came back, but it was Pansy did this. And now where is Evelyn? How shall I find her?"

"Oh, you will find her," sobbed the women.

But in the two years that have passed no hint of her presence has come to him.

So far Pansy's revenge is complete.

# THE MASSACRE OF FORT DEARBORN AT CHICAGO.

## GATHERED FROM THE TRADITIONS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES ENGAGED IN THE MASSACRE, AND FROM THE PUBLISHED ACCOUNTS.

BY SIMON POKAGON,

CHIEF OF THE POKAGON BAND OF POTTAWATOMIE INDIANS.



My father, Chief Leopold Pokagon, [illegible] at the massacre of Fort Dearb[illegible] and I have received the trad[illegible]e massacre from our old men. [illegible] my youth I have associated with people of the white race, and sympathize with them as well as with my own people. I am in a position to deal justly with both. Whatever I may say against the dealings of white men with the Indians, I trust no reader for a moment will think that Pokagon does not know, or does not appreciate, what is now being done for the remnant of his race. He certainly does, and with an overflowing heart of gratitude and pride he reviews the lives of those noble men and women who in the face of stubborn prejudice have boldly advocated the rights of his race in the ears of politicians and government officials. In order to present the facts as nearly as possible, I shall rely on the written history; but the earliest detailed account I have been able to find was written by a woman, who claimed the story was told her by an eye-witness twenty years after occurrence, and she did not publish it until twenty-two years later. Thus the account was traditional when first published.

In considering the real causes we must bear in mind that during the settlement of this country, up to the time of the Chicago massacre, the great Algonquin tribe, with others, were slowly but surely being pushed before the tidal wave of civilization towards the setting sun. Our rights were not respected; we saw no sympathy

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being shown for us, for our love of home; no respect paid to the graves of our fathers. At the close of the eighteenth century numerous tribes, numbering many thousand people, found themselves crowded into what is now known as western Ohio, northern Indiana, northern Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Our tribe, the Pottawatomies,* occupied western Wisconsin, the country around Chicago, and the valley of the river St. Joseph in Michigan and Indiana. While we were being pushed westward another tidal wave of pale-faced humanity came moving against us from the south, driving before it the red man, like buffaloes before the prairie on fire. Our fathers saw it, and trembled at their fate. Anxiously they inquired of each other, If we stand still with folded arms until the two advancing columns meet, where will our country and the red man be? In our ignorance we did not comprehend the mighty ocean of humanity that lay back of the advance-waves of pioneer settlement. But being fired by as noble patriotism as ever burned in the hearts of mortals, we tried to beat back the reckless white men who dared to settle within our borders—and vast armies were sent out to punish us. We fought most heroically against overpowering numbers for home and native land; sometimes victory was ours, as when, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, after having had many warriors killed, and our villages burned to the ground, our fathers arose in their might, putting to flight the alien armies of Generals Harmar and St. Clair, hurling them in disorder from the wilderness across our borders into their own ill-gotten domain. But only four years after, while yet we were rejoicing over our success, the white man, under General Wayne, with "wasplike venom," swept our land. During 1803 our jealousy was aroused almost to the war pitch by the building of Fort Dearborn, strongly garrisoned and equipped, in the very heart of our territory. We looked upon it as a dangerous enemy within our camp.

About this time Tecumseh, a great orator and hero in war, visited the different tribes, unfolding to them his plan to unite them as one nation and make a desperate effort to regain and hold their ancient lands. He sent out runners before him to announce the time he would meet each tribe at their council fires and make known his plans. He and two other chiefs went from tribe to tribe, riding spirited black ponies finely equipped, and themselves gayly dressed. When he arose in the council-house his bearing was so noble that cheer on cheer would be given before he would open his mouth to speak. My father and many others who listened to the speeches of Tecumseh many times repeated to me his words when I was a boy, but it was impossible to give an idea of their spirit and power. He generally spoke as follows:

"Before me stands the rightful owners of kwaw-notchi-we au-kee [this beautiful land]. The Great Spirit in His wisdom gave it to you and your children to defend, and placed you here. But, ä-te-wä! [alas!] the incoming race, like a huge serpent, is coiling closer and closer about you. And not content with hemming you in on every side, they have built at She-gog-ong [Chicago*], in the very centre of our country, a military fort, garrisoned with soldiers, ready and equipped for battle. As sure as waw-kwen-og [the heavens] are above you they are determined to destroy you and your children and occupy this goodly land themselves.

"Then they will destroy these forests, whose branches wave in the winds above the graves of your fathers, chanting their praises. If you doubt it, come, go with me eastward or southward a few days' journey along your ancient mi-kan-og [trails], and I will show you [illegible] you once occupied made deso[illegible]e the forests of untold yea[illegible]hewn down and cast into[illegible]. There be-sheck-kee and wa[illegible]sh-ka-she [the buffalo and deer], pe-nay-shen and ke-gon [the fowl and fish], are all gone. There the woodland birds, whose sweet songs once pleased your ears, have forsaken the land, never to return; and waw-bi-gon-ag [the wild flowers], which your maidens once loved to wear, have all withered and died.

"You must bear in mind these stran-

* There are now a few Pottawatomies in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Michigan, and the Indian Territory, but a majority of the tribe are on a reservation ten miles square in Jackson County, Kansas, where the United States sustains an Indian school.

* Chicago is derived from She-gog-ong, the locative of the Indian word she-gog, meaning skunk. Example.—Locative case: She-gog-ong ne-de-zhaw (I am going to Chicago.) Objective case: She-gog ne-ne-saw (I killed the skunk).

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gers are not as you are—they are devoid of natural affection, loving gold or gain better than one another, or ki-tchi-tchag [their own souls]. Some of them follow on your track as quietly as maw-in-gawn [the wolf] pursues the deer, to shoot you down, as *you* hunt and kill mé-she-bé-zhe [the panther]. But a few years since I saw with mine own eyes a young white man near the O-hi-o River who was held by our people as a prisoner of war. He won the hearts of his captors with his apparent friendship and good-will, while murder was in his heart. They trusted him as they trusted one another. But he most treacherously betrayed their confidence, and secretly killed not less than nech-to-naw [twenty] before his crimes were detected, and then he had fled. After this, when Chief Harmar [a United States general] invited some of our head men to meet him at Fort Harmar to try and settle our war spirits, that same young man lay in wait, and secretly shot down me-no au-nish-naw-by [a good Indian man] just as he reached the treaty grounds; and yet for that outrageous crime he went unpunished, and to-day is being *petted* by wau-be au-nene-eg [white men] as you pet him who kills mé-she-bé-zhe [the panther].* I speak of this case—and there are many of them within my own personal knowledge—that you may know our enemies are cunning, crafty, and cruel, without honor, without natural affection.

"When we were many and strong, and they were few and weak, they reached out their hands for wido-kaw-ké-win [help], and we filled them with wie-aus and maw-daw-min [meat and corn]; we lived wa-nau-kiwen [in peace] together; but now they are many and strong, and we are getting few and weak, they waw nendam [have forgotten] the deep debt of mawmo-i-wendam [gratitude] they owe us, and are now scheming to drive us towards ke-so [the setting sun], into desert places far from ke-win [home] and da-na ki aukee [our native land]. Eh [yes], they come to us with lips smoother than bi-me-da [oil], and words sweeter than amose-póma [honey], but beware of them! The venomous amo [wasp] is in their odaw [heart]! and their dealing with us, when we have not tamely submitted, has ever been maw-kaw-te and ashki-koman [powder and lead]; against such mau-tchi au-nene [wicked men] our only pagos-seni-ma [hope], our only inin-ijim [safety], is in joining all our tribes, and then, and not until then, will we be able to drive the soulless invaders back! Fail in this, and awak-ani-win [slavery] and ne-baw [death] are ours!

"And lastly, do not forget that what peace you have enjoyed the past fifty years in your homes and on your hunting-grounds you entirely owe to the brave Pontiac, who, at the risk of his own life, destroyed the forts of your enemies around the Great Lakes, driving the white invaders back."

Not one tribe refused to unite in the great Algonquin confederacy. While Tecumseh was at work night and day preparing for the inevitable struggle between the two races, General Harrison, quiet as the wolf, invaded our territory with a vast army, defeating Elks-wa-ta-wa, an Indian prophet and twin brother of Tecumseh, at Tippecanoe, Indiana. He slew many warriors, women, and children, burned our villages and supplies, leaving us and our little ones naked and destitute. This was the fourth time, in a few years, our country was invaded in autumn-time, near cold weather, and all our supplies for winter's use burned or destroyed, which created a feeling of revenge in the hearts of our people.

These outrages portrayed by the eloquence of Tecumseh, who was holding daily councils with the different tribes, fanned the slumbering embers of the war spirit into a blaze that could not well be quenched.

In June, 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain. One year before, and during that summer, British emissaries came among our fathers, enlisted sympathy, and stirred up their prejudices against the United States by telling them it was the intention of the government to destroy them and take their lands for their own children. They said that their King, who ruled beyond the ocean and the Great Lakes, would defend them and fight for them from generation to generation. They said that his warriors outnumbered the stars in the hea-

* This young man referred to in Tecumseh's speeches must have been Lewis Wetsel, whose father was killed by the Indians in the Ohio Valley in about 1780. It appears that about that time sons of the Bradys and Wetsels, because their fathers had been killed by the Indians, swore vengeance on the race, taking their lives wherever found, in war or peace.

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vens, and that when the sun rose and set red, it was but to remind them of the King's warriors. Our young men confided in these emissaries, and calling to mind the long death-roll of the warriors killed at Tippecanoe the previous autumn, many of them began to talk of driving the white men out of the Indian territory.

On August 1st of that year a white man who had formerly been a fur-buyer, and could speak our language well, came among us from northern Michigan. He appeared much excited, saying that he was a messenger sent by the British chief to inform the Pottawatomies * that he had joined his forces with their brave Tecumseh to help save their native land. He also informed us that Mackinaw Island, the fort of Mackinaw and its garrison, had surrendered to the British and Indians the day before he left; that in all probability Detroit and the United States fort there had shared the same fate; and that it was necessary, in order to secure our ancient lands and liberty, Fort Dearborn, the only stronghold remaining in the Northwest, should be taken at once. He admonished us, furthermore, that if we had one spark of sa-ka-i (love) for our homes and hunting-grounds, we should consider it a duty we owed ourselves, our wives, and children to sound at once the war-whoop and besiege the fort.

A few days after this, Captain Heald, commander at Fort Dearborn, called the head men of our people together to meet him in council. To their surprise, he told them he intended to evacuate the fort the next day, August 15, 1812; that he would distribute the fire-arms, ammunition, provisions, whiskey, etc., among them; and that if they would send a band of Pottawatomies to escort them safely to Fort Wayne, he would there pay them a large sum of money. To this the Indians agreed, apparently well satisfied. Some goods were given them, but the fire-arms and ammunition were secretly destroyed, and, worst of all for some, the whiskey too, which was poured into the river. Some of the Indians, finding the whiskey was being poured into the river, rushed in, drank the water freely, declaring it was more groggy than fire-water itself. Under the influence of the strange mixture a war-dance was gotten up by the young men and some of the reckless older ones.

The day before the massacre a white man came to the fort with twenty Miami Indians to escort the garrison to Fort Wayne. This aroused the jealousy of the Pottawatomies, who took it for granted their services would not be appreciated. Furthermore, the white man was a Captain Wells,* who, having been brought up with the Indians, and having fought with them several years against the white man, afterwards joined his own race and fought against the Indians most desperately: many of the Pottawatomies knew him, and regarded him as a base traitor.

I have heard it said that when the fort was evacuated the Pottawatomies pretended to be acting as escorts for the soldiers, when, in fact, they were luring them to their death. This I regard as untrue. I have many times heard old warriors say that they were led by this Captain Wells and his Miami Indians, some in front and some in the rear. This seems probable, in view of the fact that on the day before the evacuation they gave Captain Heald to understand they were dissatisfied because the whiskey, fire-arms, and ammunition were destroyed, and in view of the fact that Captain Heald was informed the night before that there was serious trouble ahead, under which circumstances Captain He[redacted]ould not have dared to trust them.

On August 15, 1812, the fort was evacuated, and the line of march commenced

* The Pottawatomies must have learned of the surrender of Fort Mackinaw to the British and Indians at least a week before Captain Heald received the news from Detroit, by way of General Hull, commander-in-chief of the Northwest Territory. Detroit was surrendered to the British and Indians the day after the evacuation of Fort Dearborn of Chicago, and Fort Meigs the day after, which points to the fact that there must have been an understanding between the British and Indians to take all the forts of the Northwest as near the same time as possible.

* Captain Wells was kidnapped by the Indians when a boy, and adopted by Chief Me-che-kau-nak-qud (Little Turtle)—so called by the whites—whose name should be Great Turtle. He married the old chief's daughter, and fought for the Indians against General Harmar and General St. Clair in 1790 and 1791; afterwards, being identified by his relations, he was persuaded to join [his own people. He was a captain in General Wayne's army, who defeated the Indians in 1794. Captain Heald's wife was his niece. It appears he went to Fort Dearborn on his own account, through fear of trouble there. He was well known by many of the Pottawatomie Indians at the fort, and known as a desperate fighter.

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southward along the shore of Lake Michigan. The Indian warriors stationed themselves about two miles south of the the fort, and on the right of the line, placing it between themselves and the lake. When they were discovered, a halt was made, and an order given by Captain Wells to charge them on the right of the line of march. Then, more like a herd of buffaloes at bay than trained soldiers, headlong they plunged through the Indian line on the right, which was broken. They fought most desperately, on right and left, what old warriors called a rough-and-tumble fight, until hemmed in on every side by overpowering numbers. They finally surrendered, with the proviso that their lives should be spared.

Captain Wells was forsaken by his Miamis, who fled at the sound of the first war-whoop; but he fought one hundred or more single-handed, on horseback, shooting them down on right and left, in front and rear, until his horse fell under him and he was killed. I have many times heard old warriors say that during the battle a rush was made to secure the baggage in the rear. This was guarded by several white warriors, who shot down many of the attacking Indians, and having no time to reload, used their guns as clubs until they were all killed. I have further heard that a young Indian, infuriated by drink and the death of so many of his comrades, killed several children with his tomahawk, for which he was hated by the tribe ever after. Out of nearly one hundred of the garrison, two-thirds at least were killed or badly wounded, while the Indian loss must have been twice as great.

Turning from the slaughter, where the Angel of Mercy seems to have been asleep, let us recall individual efforts made, showing that pity and mercy yet lived in some of our race. The night before the massacre, Chief Maw-kaw-be-penay (Black Partridge) came into the fort, and in tears said to Captain Heald: "Great Chief, I have come here to give you this medal that I wear. It was given me by your people, as a token of good-will between us. I am sorry, but our young men declare they will shed the blood of your people. I cannot restrain them. And I will not wear this medal as a friend while I am forced to act as an enemy." As the captain reluctantly received the medal in silence and surprise, the old chief said: "As you march away from here, be on your guard. Linden-birds have been warbling whispers in my ears to-day." Captains Wells and Heald both personally knew the old chief as an honest, truthful man, and it would seem such timely and pathetic warning as that, from such a reliable source as that, couched in such heart-eloquence as that, should not have gone unheeded by any reasonable, sober men. During the fighting around the wagons, the young Indian who murdered the children, being upbraided by Mrs. Helm,* the young wife of the lieutenant of the fort, he struck at her with his tomahawk. She grabbed him about his neck, and tried to take his knife from his belt; in the struggle an old Indian grasped her in his arms, ran to the lake, and plunged her in. She soon saw it was the same old chief, in war-paint, that gave the warning of danger the night before to Captain Heald, and that instead of trying to drown her, he was trying to save her life. The old chief must have realized he was liable to be shot down by those he sought to save, as an enemy, or by his own people as a traitor. But he saved the woman's life, and she was restored to her friends.

My father, Leopold Pokagon,† chief of the Pottawatomie Pokagon band, was not informed of the war spirit existing among his tribe around Fort Dearborn until within twenty-four hours of its evacuation. He had a great reputation among the tribe as a wise counsellor, and his influence over mi-gas ag-i-ma (the war chief) Sa-naw-waw-ne at other times had been accepted; and he felt in his heart if he could reach Chicago in time, he could prevent the conflict which he knew could only result in evil to his people. But he was then at his summer home in Michigan,

* "The Massacre," in bronze, presented to Chicago by George M. Pullman in 1893, shows, in statuary, Black Partridge saving the life of Mrs. Helm. It is supposed to stand where the tragical affair took place. The address given by E. G. Mason, president of Chicago Historical Society, at the unveiling of the memorial monument, is a masterpiece of eloquence, setting forth the tragical affair.

† My father, Pokagon, at this time had been chief twelve years, and so continued until his death in 1840. He visited Washington before the days of railroads, made many important treaties with government, and sold millions of acres, including the site of Chicago, in 1833, for about three cents per acre, all of which has not yet been paid for.



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one hundred miles away. He at once informed my mother's father, Saw-awk, and Chief To-pa-na-bee, an uncle of mine. The three started in great haste on horseback around the head of Lake Michigan, and by riding all night reached Chicago the next morning, just before the battle began, but too late for counsel or advice.

At the close of the fight, my father and the two chiefs who were with him from Michigan were counselled regarding the terms of surrender. The lives of the survivors were all to be spared except the officer of the fort. With regard to him, Sa-naw-waw-ne, the war chief, and his warriors, most of whom were from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and many of whom were Winnebagoes, declared "that if he did not die of his wounds before a-bit a-tib-i-kad [midnight], his life should be taken." The war chief revengefully charged the officer with breaking his pledge in not turning over the provisions, fire-arms, and whiskey in the fort, which he maliciously destroyed. He protested emphatically that it had not been their intention, or even desire, to take the lives of any of the garrison, but only to take them as prisoners of war, that they might control Fort Dearborn, and Chicago as well, believing that, against such overpowering numbers, the garrison would surrender without fight, as did that at Fort Mackinaw a few days before. Others charged the wounded man with having acted on the advice of the arch-traitor Captain Wells, who rushed headlong through their lines before a bow was bent or gun was fired, shooting their warriors, who fell like leaves before the autumn blast. It was therefore through his fault that so many Indian warriors were lying dead on wad-ge (the mound) about him. My father tried in vain to persuade the war chief to spare the life of the wounded officer.

While the victorious braves were holding a powwow, my father and his two friends, under cover of darkness, quietly stole away the wounded officer, carried him down the terrace to the shore of Lake Michigan, where he and his relatives, with some other friendly Indians, put him into a boat, where they had secured some more of the unfortunates, and rowed them across Lake Michigan to St. Joseph, thence up the St. Joseph River to the old Pokagon village, near the present site of the city of Niles, to my father's wigwam, where they were kindly cared for until their wounds were nearly healed.*

A few days after their arrival, an Indian came across the lake and reported that the Winnebago warriors were coming to the Pokagon village to retake the prisoners, whereupon they were taken down the lake in a boat to Mackinaw Island, three hundred miles away, and delivered over to the British as prisoners of war. This was done by the advice of the wounded officer, who told the friendly Indians that was the safest course. All the prisoners promised before their God that they would reward us richly for our kindness, but they were never heard from after.

I have read several times in history that the Indians treacherously killed several men after the terms of surrender were consummated, and in after-years my father was charged by white men with having done this. He declared to the day of his death that the accusation was false; and that the only charitable excuse he could surmise for the whole story was that the survivors of the battle who reported it thought the terms of surrender were agreed upon before they were, or else that some Indian warriors, having no knowledge of the surrender, may have pressed the fight at some point of the battle-field. This was the case of the last great battle fought between the English and Americans, at New Orleans, which was fought weeks after the two powers had signed a treaty of peace.

Nearly all the rest of the prisoners were taken north to Green Bay, Wisconsin. In order not to shield my own people from blame, I give the following account of their usage and final disposal. We must fancy ourselves at the Pottawatomie village on Green Bay, Wisconsin, two hundred miles from Chicago. Ten days have passed since the battle. There comes along the winding trails from the south a long line of dusky warriors on their return home. They have in guard several white prisoners. Among them is a fair young pale-faced mother,† carrying an infant

* It is supposed the wounded officer and others taken care of by the elder Pokagon and his friends were Captain Heald, commander of the fort, his wife and another woman, and three or four men whose names they did not know. The wounded officer was called by the band Bim-waw-gan-wi Waw-be-o-gi-maw (the White Wounded Chief).

† The young mother referred to was Susan M. Simons, wife of John Simons, who was on duty at the fort as a soldier. They came from Miami County,

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child about five months old. The inhabitants of the village have been informed they are coming, and are swarming out to meet them. They learn from them that many of their friends have been killed on the war-path. Hark! hear their wailing and cursing; and see—they now seek revenge by pulling the prisoners' hair and cuffing them. The women and children of the village come marching out of the camp with sticks and clubs. They are forming in two long single lines, facing each other a few feet apart. They have ordered the prisoners to run the gauntlet. One by one they rush down between the two lines of the women and children, while savage blows are rained down upon them thick and fast, amid laughing, yelling, and cursing. There stands near the head of the lines, apparently unmoved, the young mother with her child. Is it possible they will compel her to run the gauntlet too? Yes, see, they are ordering her forward now! She looks down between the long lines of uplifted sticks and clubs, folds her blanket close around her child, and breathes a silent prayer. There she goes, running between the lines while the blows fall thick upon her head and shoulders. The race is run; she passes the goal bruised and bleeding, but the child, thank Heaven! remains untouched. There she stands, without a sigh, without a tear, expecting no pity and asking no mercy. But look once more! An elderly Indian woman goes running towards her, puts her arms about her, and whispers in her ear, "Come, go with me." They two go into a wigwam; the Indian feeds her, binds up her wounds, kindly cares for her, and saves her life.

During the fall and winter that young mother, carrying her child, accompanied by several other prisoners and the Indian warriors, set out from the village on Green Bay with the promise of being delivered over to the Americans under the regulations of war. They went south around Lake Michigan, then north through the wilderness of Michigan to Mackinaw Island, which she found in the hands of the English and Indians. From there she was taken through deep snows, half starved and less than half clothed, still carrying her child, to Detroit. To her disappointment, that place was found in the hands of the English, the race to whom she belonged. Instead of receiving and taking care of her, they allowed her to go away with the Indians to Fort Meigs, where General Harrison was in command of the United States troops. She was delivered to him, and was finally sent home to her parents in Ohio. This young mother and the other prisoners travelled over nine hundred miles on foot, carrying her child through a wilderness of deep snows and fierce blizzards. No reasonable excuse has ever been given by the English at Mackinaw for forcing her to be dragged three hundred miles through the woods; and again, no reasonable excuse has been given by those at Detroit for suffering her to be dragged to Fort Meigs. She was held as a prisoner of war by the allies of the English, and should have been rescued and taken care of at the first English military station. It does not seem possible that any woman could live through what that mother endured.

They who call themselves civilized cry out against the treachery and cruelty of savages, yet the English generals formed a league with Tecumseh and his warriors, at the beginning of the war of 1812, with a full understanding that they were to take the forts around the Great Lakes, regardless of consequences. The massacre of the Fort Dearborn garrison was but one link in the chain of civilized warfare, deliberately planned and executed. Disguise the fact as the pride of the white man may, when he joins hands with untutored savages in warfare he is a worse savage than they.

In a book published at Chicago in 1893, entitled *The Chicago Massacre of 1812*, I find this statement: "Here was the native savage (not ignorant of wiser ways, for he had the thrifty white man under his eyes for four generations) still showing himself in sense a child, in strength a man, and in cruelty a fiend incarnate." The author certainly must have been ignorant of the fact that those white men with whom our fathers had to deal were

Ohio, about two years before. He and their two-year-old son were killed, while she with her infant daughter escaped, as above stated. To the honor of Indian men, Mrs. Simons testified that while a prisoner among them no insult was ever offered her. In speaking of the Indian woman who befriended her, she always called her "my Indian mother." Her daughter, whose life she preserved through such great perils, is now Susan Winans, of southern California, being the first white child born in the first Chicago. I am informed she is the mother of a large, respectable family, and is still living.

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generally of the basest class. All our traditions and the accounts published by the dominant race show conclusively that the white man's dealing with our fathers was of such a character that they were made much worse, instead of better; and Pokagon calls on Heaven to witness that in many battles before and after the Chicago massacre there was far less mercy and justice shown our race than our fathers exhibited towards the garrison of Fort Dearborn.

I find it recorded in history that the year after the Fort Dearborn battle, the Este-mus-ko-kee (the Creek Indians) in the State of Alabama, feeling themselves aggrieved by the white race, who were swarming into the country the government had assigned to the Indians, destroying with their superior weapons the buffalo, deer, and fur animals, arose in arms against the invaders, as they supposed they had a right to do. General Coffee was sent out by the United States with nine hundred warriors, and, like mousing cats, they sprang upon the Indian village Tal-lu-shat-che, and burned the town, leaving not a man, woman, or child alive. Then, by forced marches, surprised the Indian villages Tal-la-de-ga and Au-tos-seea, and they met a similar fate. In March following, General Jackson with a large force stormed the breastworks of their last retreat, driving the half-starved savages into a river, where, huddled together, one thousand warriors, with their women and children, were put to death. The historian adds: "These battles completely conquered and subdued the Indians—almost exterminated them." The Fort Dearborn battle has been denounced by the dominant race as a brutal massacre, regardless of its many individual acts of mercy and kindness. In this wholesale slaughter not one white man stretched out a hand to save a single soul.

Your own historians, true to their trust, have recorded the cruelty of their own race, that unborn millions might read it as a testimony against them. In the name of all that is sacred and dear to mankind, tell Pokagon, if you can, why less love, pity, or sympathy should be required of civilized and enlightened people than of untutored savages.

My father always declared, to the day of his death, if there never had been ash-con-ta-nebesh (fire-water), there never would have been a Fort Dearborn massacre. And I believe it. There was no sober, intelligent excuse for evacuating the fort under the circumstances; it was criminal recklessness. If the garrison had remained there, they could have held out against all the poorly armed Indians that could gather at such a point. Father frequently said that when shipments were received at the fort, ish-kot-e-wabo (the whiskey) was far in excess of all other goods, and traders would frequently boast that whiskey is legal tender for the red men. He often said, with a sigh, "I have seen du-zhawsk [musk-rat] hides sold for a swallow of it; waw-goosh [fox] skin for a gill of it; du-mick [beaver] skin for a pint of it." Not long since I examined the old account-books of the American Fur Company, kept for inspection as relics at the old Astor House on Mackinaw Island, Michigan—the invoice of goods received, in books dated 1816 and 1817, and so on. I found the entries of whiskey to nearly correspond with what my father said about it at Fort Dearborn. I do wish that all who visit the island would examine those books for themselves. They were well kept. I think the writing the plainest I ever saw. While examining them the Great Spirit whispered in my ear: "Pokagon, you can rest assured, if these books are required in evidence against the white man in the supreme court of the world beyond, no expert will be called for to read them."

## VIOLET.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

'TIS not a flower to wear,—and fade and show;—
Nor signify as bolder blossoms do,
Meeting and parting,—love or faith,—ah no!
'Tis but a tear that rose at thought of you.

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# THE DRAWER

## THE CURING OF THE JUDGE.

BY L. MORGAN SILL.

THE Judge decided to send for Dr. Elderberry. Every day at precisely the same hour—to wit, at twelve o'clock—a cool shiver started at the base of the Judge's spine and ran with a tantalizing breeziness up to his neck, after which the Judge was convinced that he felt hot and uncomfortable. Thus he had actually been driven to refuse the daily mint julep which old Syphax had brought him at noontime for the past fifteen years. The Judge, seeing that he could no longer enjoy a mint julep, was profoundly discouraged.

"It ain't as if it was only a toddy," he said, shaking his head gloomily.

"Syphax, you hitch up and go over to Dr. Elderberry's," he said, "and you tell Dr. Elderberry that every day at twelve o'clock sharp I have a chill, and I can't understand it, for there's no malaria in this county, and, as far as my recollection serves, there never has been any."

Syphax listened respectfully, with his aged black face and gray head deferentially bent, in the manner of the old school. He then hobbled away with the rejected julep, which, as soon as he turned the corner of the porch, he disposed of with a keen relish and a smack of his broad lips.

The Judge sat alone in his oak chair, looking abstractedly over his garden, lost in remembrances of the past. He and Dr. Elderberry had once been rivals for the same girl's favor, and the Doctor had won her. That was long, long ago; and she had died so soon after accepting the successful wooer that it seemed to the Judge as if she had never really belonged to either of them. They had both remained bachelors, and very good friends, despite the fact that the Judge considered the Doctor an obstinate old crank, while the Doctor regarded the Judge as a lazy, visionary old fellow who showed his age remarkably, and who, having nothing else to care for, nursed his own ailments out of all proportion to their merits.

Despite the Judge's indolence, however, to which his farm was sacrificed, his flower-garden was generally acknowledged to be the finest one in the county. He gave all the time he could spare from his own conditions and notions to overseeing the care of his flowers. It was the garden his grandmother had tended before him, and its walks had been trod by young gallants who had become the chief men of their State. The garden was almost sacred to the Judge. It was his family altar.

How different were his emotions from those of his nearest neighbors, the Merrymans, who, though of lineage equal to that of the Judge, took their afternoon tea every day over the now level and solitary graves of their great-great-grandparents, who had unfortunately chanced to be buried exactly in the shadiest and most desirable spot for out-of-door entertainment. The Merrymans respected their ancestry too, but they were younger than the Judge.

When Syphax returned he was preceded on the road by another buggy, in which sat and drove the Doctor. He wore a linen duster, and his gray beard was smoothly brushed. He alighted from his vehicle with the brisk totter of a man who knows that he may look old, but feels that he is not.

"Good-evening, Judge. What seems to be wrong?" he said, ascending the porch steps, and holding out his browned and wrinkled hand to his friend, who rose slightly in his chair to take it, and then fell back with the air of one who is in a bad way. He was soon launched into a description of his present trouble.

"Every day at twelve o'clock the chill comes," he said. "I've been taking quinine and—and whiskey" (the Doctor frowned: there was a standing discussion between them as to the value of this remedy), "but it don't seem to do any good. Every day at twelve o'clock—yes, suh, just as that clock strikes noon" (the Judge pointed at the old timepiece that stood beside the door)—"that chill comes. I can't understand it, because there's no malaria in this county."

"Humph!"

For fifty years the Judge had reiterated that statement regarding malaria, so that he believed it himself. But though Dr. Elderberry knew that there was some malaria in the neighborhood, he had no faith in the Judge's punctual affliction, which he mentally diagnosed as a case of misdirected imagination. However, he gave his patient some medicine, after which he drove home meditatively.

"It's a queer thing what an unoccupied mind and an unexercised body will do to a man who's old enough to know better," he said, as he passed the flowering corn and tobacco fields of his own thrifty farm.

Three days later the Judge again sent for him, and made the same statement with the same interested enjoyment.

"Yes, every day at twelve o'clock sharp that chill comes."



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After a brief chat the Doctor, instead of driving away as usual, slipped around to the servants' quarters, and softly called Syphax.

The old man came out of the hot kitchen, where he was gloriously simmering in the ham-flavored heat, and bobbed his head smilingly to his master's friend and physician.

The Doctor never wasted words. He came to the point.

"Syphax, do you want the Judge to get well?"

Syphax looked puzzled.

"'Deed I does, suh; 'deed I does; de Lawd knows I does."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "if you and Minta will do just what I tell you, he will get well. Call Minta."

Syphax called in his wavering tones, and a comfortable-looking, middle-aged negro woman came from the pump-house, set down her pail of water, and stepped briskly, with broad smiles, to the Doctor.

The old gentleman then gave his directions. At twenty minutes before twelve o'clock the following day Syphax was to let the pigs into the flower-garden.

"Into de gyahden, Doctah!" stammered the old man, thunderstruck.

"Into the garden," repeated the Doctor. "The Judge will see them, and he will call for you. But *don't go, and don't answer.*"

Syphax's kinky gray hair seemed to rise on his head.

"Doan' ansah de Jedge?" he said, dazed.

"Don't go, and don't answer," said the Doctor, severely. "If you do, your master will be ill, and he may die. And you, Minta," said the Doctor, turning to her, "you slip to the porch when the Judge goes down into the garden" (here the Doctor chuckled in spite of himself), "and turn the hands of the clock forward so as to make it an hour too fast; do you understand?"

Minta had to stop smiling and apply her best mental abilities to this. Finally all was arranged to the Doctor's satisfaction.

The next day the Judge sat reading on the porch, glancing now and again at the clock to watch for the hour of the chill, which he scarcely permitted to leave his thoughts. At this moment he was startled by a peculiar noise, and looking up, he beheld a sight which stirred his blood as a red rag stirs a bull. The garden gate stood open, and the entire population of the piggery, big and little, poured through it with as lively manifestations of delight as their sluggish and unemotional natures permitted them to feel or express. What they thought at being allowed entrance into the sacred precincts, from which they had been driven and stoned all the course of their natural lives, can only be surmised.

The Judge rose involuntarily, and called loudly, urgently,

"Syphax!"

There was no answer.

"Syphax!" roared the Judge, "you —— scoundrel! The pigs are *in the garden!*"

But there was no sound save the echoes, and the grunting and sniffing of the enthusiastic pigs.

"——!" fumed the Judge, "there go my hollyhocks! You Syphax, you —— nigger! Syphax! Syphax!"

The Judge had left his chair, and was standing at the edge of the porch steps, leaning on his stout cane. His face was growing more and more red, and his book and spectacles had fallen to the floor.

The pigs were now nosing amongst the Judge's loveliest verbenas. Even as he looked a round eager snout was run into the soft loam, and the fairest scion of the verbena family pathetically fell to earth, lowering his proud colors before the enemy's fierce onslaught. The Judge could endure this no longer. He raised his cane threateningly and stamped down the steps; and the surprised Syphax, who was trembling behind the garden paling, beheld his sick master flying after the pigs with all the sprightliness of mere youth and anger. Down the west walk went the Judge, his linen coat tails floating, his cane uplifted wrathfully, and his face florid with excitement; while down the east walk tumbled some of the pigs, and over the beautiful bed of phlox scurried others, leaving devastation and ruin as they fled. The smaller pigs ran between the Judge's very feet, almost tripping him up, and calling forth various expressions not intended for polite ears.

"There go my petunias!" yelled the Judge, as a company of pig infantry wheeled and rushed maddeningly over the tender blossoms. The stout cane rose and fell, and hit only the air and the gravel walk. Perspiration poured from the Judge's now rubicund countenance. His joints became limber and flexible, and the more successfully the demoniac pigs eluded him, the faster went the Judge and the redder grew his face.

Down went the sweet-williams and the four-o'clocks. The candy-tuft became a mere crushed memory of its former glory. In fact, the hoofs of the ruthless pigs laid low the beauty of the garden and the pride of the helpless Judge, who threw gravel and sticks and swore at the destroyers in vain. At a moment when the chase was at its height, and the Judge was beginning to feel a warm physical fatigue long foreign to his muscles, Syphax felt that he could bear it no longer, and rushing in with his hickory stick and a few hastily gathered stones, he very soon drove out the intruders and closed the garden gate.

As soon as Syphax appeared on the scene the Judge had walked up to his chair on the porch, and leaned back, easefully mopping his wet forehead. And then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he glanced at the timepiece. It was one o'clock! The fatal hour of the chill had come and gone, and that faithful

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"DOWN THE WEST WALK WENT THE JUDGE"

disorder had not materialized. On the contrary, a warm, delightful glow permeated the Judge's veins, and he felt ten years younger. Everything seemed bright and fair and pleasant. The Judge stretched his legs with evident pride in their prowess, and raised his arm, bending it several times to note how fluently it moved. He was entirely absorbed in his delicious youthfulness, and not even the deplorable state of his garden could wean him now from his unwonted physical exhilaration.

And following in its wake came, zestfully and keenly, the old-time thirst in all its pristine glory.

"Syphax," said the Judge, comfortably expanding in his chair, "bring me a mint julep."

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A "CRACKER" COURTSHIP.

THEY were sitting at the log fire, at opposite ends of the hearth, motives of bashfulness prompting him to seat himself at such a distance as to commend to her his modest demeanor. After the exchange of many of the usual commonplaces, the thought uppermost in his mind brought on a state of silence, which threatened to defer again the critical moment, but which was finally broken by the following dialogue:

*She* (*with a voice and manner of displeasure*). Quit techin' me!

*He* (*with an injured air*). I ain't a-techin' ye.

*She* (*diplomatically*). Well, ain't ye gwine to?

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### UNCLE BENTLEY'S EXPERIENCE WITH BLACK-ART.

UNCLE BENTLEY was the most officious man in Hawleyburg. If you left your front gate ajar so that the dog could come in, Uncle Bentley was sure to come doddering along and latch it. If you went down town with your old umbrella—the one the unknown scoundrel left who took yours—and were carrying it under your arm and hoping it wouldn't rain, Uncle Bentley was certain to come up with his "He, he, my boy; new umbrell', hey?" and take it away from you and open it, and display its holes in the sight of all. When the President passed through town, and stepped out on the station platform to shake hands with the leading citizens, Uncle Bentley was in the forefront, grinning like a Chinaman, and got hold of the Executive's hand, and pumped it up and down, and inquired after his folks, and told him about the crops, till the train started. There were some rather unchristian things said about Uncle Bentley on this occasion, but he was around the next day more chipper than ever, getting in the way, and doing that which he should have left undone.

One day Ponsoni, the celebrated prestidigitator, came to town, in fulfilment of the promises of both large and small bills, to give a grand exhibition of conjuring and revelation of the black-art. The performance was in the "opera-house." Everybody went, but the earliest comers found Uncle Bentley occupying a front seat. It was generally thought that he had staid after the appearance of some home talent the night before, and was locked in all day, subsisting on bottled cold coffee and pocketed sandwiches. The curtain didn't go up on time, and at the end of twenty minutes of waiting, Signor Ponsoni came out in great agitation. His assistant had been taken suddenly ill. Would some one kindly volunteer to— Uncle Bentley shot up like a man coming out of a volcano. They disappeared together.

In five minutes they came on the stage. Uncle Bentley was looking very queer. He had on a funny pink satin coat and high yellow silk hat, and his features seemed strange and unnatural, as if he was trying to suppress some mighty secret. The signor seated him in a chair facing the audience, and then advanced and said:

"Ladies and gentlemens,—Wiz your kind piermission, and ze assistanz of Meester Bunkley, I vill now perform my celebrated egg treeck, to be followed by ze rabbeet treeck, ze—" He had been looking out into the wings nervously, and broke off with, "Pardong one minute," and vanished, leaving Uncle Bentley sitting like an Egyptian image struggling with that within.

One minute, two minutes elapsed, but the signor did not come back. Uncle Bentley remained fixed, rigid, gazing straight ahead, with round, glassy eyes. Five minutes passed, Uncle Bentley frozen in position, goggling straight ahead. Ten minutes—no disciple of the black-art; Uncle Bentley still tableauing as the Everlasting Hills. The audience began to get impatient. "Never mind the Eyetalian—go ahead, uncle," shouted somebody. "Give your part of ze celebrated egg treeck," called another. "Wade in, old man!" shouted a third.

At this instant the skirt of Uncle Bentley's queer coat was observed to be in a state of agitation, and a white rabbit jumped out and went hopping across the stage. Uncle Bentley was seen to revolve one eyeball the merest trifle as he watched the rabbit. The little creature stopped, and a cat which had been lurking in the wings darted for it. This was too much for Uncle Bentley; he jumped up and went for the cat. He got her by the tail as she was actually in the air descending on the rabbit. She turned with a startling yowl and struck at his hand. He sat back solidly on the floor. There was a strange scrunching sound. Rabbits began to boil up out of the old gentleman everywhere. The cat jumped over the foot-lights, lit on the snare-drum, and went up the centre aisle, waving a tail like the broom of a street-sweeping machine. There seemed to be no end of those rabbits; they came out of every pocket, and he appeared to be mostly pockets. Then a white dove struggled up from the back of his neck, and knocked off his high hat, and five or six bushels of red paper flowers foamed out of it, and buried Uncle Bentley, leaving only his head visible. On this the dove finally roosted, while the rabbits sat around with their ears high, half scared to death over the cat. Still Uncle Bentley spoke not a word. But now his lips were seen to be open, and a glimpse of white was detected. "He's got an egg in his mouth!" cried somebody. "Go ahead—ze egg treeck! ze egg treeck!" yelled another. "Um, yum," said Uncle Bentley, prying at the egg with his fingers gingerly. "Take it out!" "Swallow it!" "Palm it!" "Change it into a silver dollar!" was some of the advice of friends in the audience. Uncle Bentley worked at it cautiously, only remarking, "Um, yum." Suddenly his jaw closed fiercely, regardless of everything, and he leaped up with a smothered groan, throwing flowers and rabbits like spray, tore open his bright satin vest, and hauled out a dripping flat glass vessel, while a displaced rubber cover and a dozen goldfish slid to the floor. The audience shouted, and several friends rushed on the stage. One kind-hearted woman remembered the rabbit which Uncle Bentley had seemingly sat down upon in his coat-tail pocket. It proved to have been two dozen eggs, however.

A moment later the signor returned. It had been the sheriff attaching the box-office receipts at the instance of his unpaid assistant, "suddenly ill," which had taken him away.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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### SCRIBE VS. THE MUSE.

#### BILL OF COMPLAINT.

I SAT me down to write a comic song,
But when 'twas done, the Muse had done me wrong.
For when I read it o'er, 'twas plain to see
The thing was solemn as a thing could be.

Next day, alas! she tricked me even worse.
I tried a bit of necrologic verse;
And when I read it to my better half,
She tried to weep, but really had to laugh.

Hence in the Court of Poesie I sue,
O wicked Muse, for a divorce from you.
I'll not endure the critic's vile assaults
Because it is your whim to play me false.

CARLYLE SMITH.

### TWIN CHANGES.

REV. DR. W——, for fifty years the rector of a Baltimore church, was what is denominated "an old-fashioned High-Churchman," his views, when he took charge of the work, being much in advance of those about him. By degrees, however, new ideas began to creep in, and a young clergyman, thoroughly imbued with these, was called to be the good Doctor's assistant.

This young divine, who was very fond of arguing with the good old rector, whenever the opportunity presented itself, exclaimed, in a tone of some impatience:

"Doctor, I have always been led to suppose that you were a High-Churchman, but I must confess I don't think you are a High-Churchman at all."

The Doctor regarded his young mentor for a moment in silence, and then said, with a genial smile: "Mr. Smith, when I first took up my residence in Baltimore I lived 'way *up* town. Now I live 'way *down* town, and yet I have been living in exactly the same house all the time."

GILBERTA. S WHITTLE.

### THE LITTLE BOY WHO ASKS QUESTIONS.

HE wanted to know, one day, "Who made God?" "Or did He just find Himself made?" "And when He made the Catskills, why didn't He mash down the ground at Onteora?" "And when He made *me*, did He start in head first or feet first?" "If He started in head first, wouldn't I have seen how the rest of me was done, after He got to my eyes?" "And why didn't I feel it when He cut the slit for my mouth?" "And where—?"

And then his family gave it up.




A NASAL SUCCESS.

MABEL. "What made him such a success as Cyrano?"
ETHEL. "A bicycle accident, I believe."

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

V.

"WHAT makes you late, Arthur?" asks Ethel, as Benton strides into the dining-room after all the clocks have had their say about the time o' day. "Collar-button?"

"No," solemnly; "although I suppose that misfortune will come in due time—or go, rather. I've been decorating my room."

"Decorating your room? At this time of the evening? Is that why you wanted the step-ladder?"

"Yes; I've been hanging a warning to the ghost."

Ethel looks up in mild surprise, and then suddenly suspecting that her liege lord is laying a trap for her, she says,



DOROTHY.

"What do you want me to say, dear?"

"Say nothing," returns Benton, "unless you can suggest some way of laying the ghost."

"I suppose you have some private joke about a ghost, and you want me to ask, 'What ghost?'"

"No, indeed," he asserts, seriously. "There is nothing private about this ghost, or *to* this ghost. He has no respect for private property. I know from experience."

"Do you know what you are talking about?" asks Ethel.

"I do. I am talking about the ghost in my room."

"So you have been seeing ghosts?"

"No; I have never seen this ghost in the essence. I merely know him by the deeds he has done."

"Indeed. He must be an interesting ghost. What does he do?"

"Well, he has done a number of things. But he is not so interesting as he is expensive. He is responsible for much profanity, too. For instance, his last feat has been to take my shears—you know those nice long shears of mine?"

"The ones Mr. Sanders gave you?"

"Exactly; I have had them five years now, and until last week they were as good as new. But now the point of one blade is snapped off a quarter of an inch from the end, and the other point is twisted so that the blades won't close."

"How did that happen?" asks Ethel, straightening up, for she knows how sacred Benton holds all things on his desk.

"Don't ask *me*. The ghost alone knows. I think he is partial to silver polish. He is probably a silver-lined ghost. Perhaps ghosts, like clouds, have a silver lining."

"Oh, Arthur, do be serious," exclaims Ethel, nervously.

"I never was more serious in my life."

"Well, then, say what you mean. Are your scissors broken?"

"They are—not only broken, but ruined; they are of no further use, and, according to the veracious and credible statements of the truth-telling women of our household, not one of them had a hand in the destruction of the article, and none knows how or when the deed was done. So I have hung them up on the wall."

"Did you ask Mary about them?"

"I asked them all. I don't suppose *you* have been using my shears to pry open tin cans or windows, have you?"

"Of course not," in an injured tone. "I never touch anything on your desk."

"Very well, then," resignedly, "it was the ghost—and he likes silver polish."

"What do you mean by 'he likes silver polish?'"

"Well, after questioning all the servants, threatening them with the broken scissors the while, and after receiving absolute and categorical denials from all three that they knew anything about how the points were injured, I started in on a little investigation of my own. This was yesterday afternoon, Sunday; they were all out. I went at it in the regular Sherlock Holmes style. It was evident that the point of that blade was snapped off by some one (of course it was the ghost, for no one else did it) in attempting to pry open something. What would any one attempt to pry open? A box or a bottle. We have corkscrews in this establishment, but I never saw a woman yet who did not prefer to pry out an obstinate cork with a pair of scissors rather than to use a corkscrew. So I decided to examine all the corks in the house. At last I found a bottle of silver polish in the butler's pantry, and it was easy to see that the cork had been attacked with some sharp instrument gouged in along its sides. Therefore it is probable that the ghost, being thirsty, got the cork out of the silver-polish bottle with my scissors. He must be an effeminate sort of a ghost, to prefer scissors to a corkscrew, and he is no doubt silver lined. He wanted to polish off his insides, I guess."

"When did you discover the broken scissors?" asks Ethel, quickly.

"Sunday morning."

"Mary cleans the silver in your room and in the bedrooms Saturday afternoon."

"That looks suspicious for Mary. But, my dear, there is nothing to be done about it now. We can't call her a liar. All we can do is to

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lay it to the ghost. I have delivered a lecture on corkscrews to each and every one of your servants, and if the ghost ever uses scissors on corks again in this house it will be a sign for the massacre of your handmaids. That is all. My spleen is spent. Let us leave the ghost to his next adventure. But woe betide him if he touches my razors or the carving-knives! Now, what do you know that is new?"

"Nothing much," answers Ethel, "except that Dorothy was here this morning."

"Indeed," says Benton. "What did she have to say?"

"She says Mr. Leroy has come over from Philadelphia to remain a week."

"Oh!" says Benton. "I suppose the town will be full of country people for the next few weeks. Leroy must have come in to get his spring clothes. He's that chap who was so attentive to Dorothy last summer, isn't he?"



LEROY IS HERE.

"Yes," says Ethel, enthusiastically. "I think, from what Dorothy says, that she is very fond of him too. She is going to bring him to call."

"I suppose we shall have to have them to dinner, then?"

"Why, of course," exclaims Ethel. "I should think you would be glad to give them a chance!"

"I *am* glad to give them a chance—all the chances they want. But, my dear, we can't run a matrimonial agency here, you know. There's a clause in the lease against conducting any business on the premises."

This last remark because Ethel had once expressed a desire to see Dorothy happily wedded.

Dorothy had been Ethel's maid of honor when she was married to Benton, not many months before, and of course that gave her privileges. Dorothy is the kind of girl that likes privileges, too; perhaps for that reason Ethel had made up her mind that she must marry her off—so that some other girl might have privileges from Dorothy.

"Don't you wish we had had somebody to invite us out to dinner when we were engaged?" pursues Ethel, disdaining to notice the matrimonial-agency reference.

"But Dorothy is not engaged, is she?" asks Benton.

"I don't know whether she is or not. She hasn't told me."

"I don't see why we should precipitate matters," continues Benton.

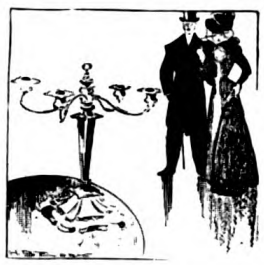
"Why not? Aren't you happily married?"

"Of course, my dear; but you can't measure the affairs of others in your own little bowl of happiness."

Ethel makes no reply, and Benton advances another argument against aiding and abetting the young couple.

"It will mean an expensive wedding-present."

"What will?" asks Ethel.



A WEDDING-PRESENT.

"Dorothy's marriage."

"Well," she exclaims, straightening up, and giving her husband a look of reproach that is withering. "Well—if you are going to let that sort of thing enter into the question of making other people happy, you needn't discuss these matters any further with *me!* The idea of your growling about a wedding-present for Dorothy!"

"I am doing nothing of the kind," laughs Benton, somewhat sheepishly. "If Dorothy gets married she shall have as fine a present from us as from any one—only I think the longer she waits the finer it will be. Why don't you embroider something for her?"

"*I!*—embroider something!" gasps Ethel. "Do you think I have nothing else to do? That's just like a man! Who do you suppose takes care of this house? I'd like to see it at the end of three days if I sat around making embroidery!"

Then Benton listens to a long explanation of the woes of the young housekeeper; and when Ethel has talked until she thinks he is properly impressed, she says, "There, now; you don't give me credit for anything!" And although she says it firmly and impressively, Benton knows she does not even believe it herself.

And so he steers the conversation back to Dorothy and Leroy, and when they arise from the table, a few minutes later, Ethel goes directly to her desk in the sitting-room and writes to Dorothy, asking her to come to dinner, and to bring the young man with her, and as a sort of postprandial punishment for his lack of interest in the maid of honor's affairs, she makes Benton put on his top-coat and go out to the corner to mail the letter.



BENTON'S ATONEMENT.

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I.

She arrives, and is presented.



II.

A thirty-six-hole match.



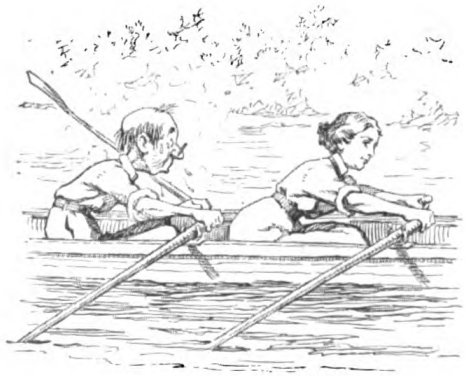
III.

A dash across the country.



IV.

A bout at tennis.



V.

A practice spin on the lake.



VI.

At the end of the week.

THE AMERICAN ATHLETIC GIRL.

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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ONE of the dread consequences of war is the literature which invariably follows the signing of a treaty of peace. Just as truly great men should cultivate longevity in order to put off the evil biographical hour which immediately follows dissolution, so should nations avoid war in order to escape the immediate literary consequences thereof. In venturing into the field of battle to try conclusions with Spain the American people took few chances. Every result, save the Philippine complication, was clearly foreseen by those gifted with foresight. We knew the end would be glorious for ourselves and inglorious for the Spaniard, for the simple reason that we are about a hundred times larger than our late adversary. There was very little boot-quaking in the United States, and one travelling about the land when the fight was at its zenith could not but be impressed by the calm demeanor of the American people. After one passed into the interior and away from the coast, one found very little interest in warfare as a condition to be feared. The citizens of Cincinnati, and Chicago, and Kansas City, and St. Louis snapped their fingers at the Spanish fleet, with its torpedo-destroyers and battle-ships and cruisers, wondering meanwhile at the occasional misgivings of their peace-loving fellow-citizens with large interests in the seaboard towns. As usual, New York and Boston were conservative, but the interior sentiment ultimately prevailed and war became a fact; the fact has passed into history, and we are now "reaping our reward." The Cuban is free, the Puerto-Rican is one of us, and the Filipino is showing us every day that he is inspired with the ideas of our forefathers—not having any specified forefathers of his own to fall back on. And how this all came about our historians are telling us prolifically, with varying degrees of success. Mr. Richard Harding Davis has written about it from a reporter's standpoint, and as usual his work has been vivid, picturesque, and youthful. Colonel Watterson has written about it eloquently, as though he were dictating his history to an audience of a thousand appreciative stenographers. One feels, when reading, as if the distinguished editor were speaking, and if one succumbs to the illusion, one will instinctively rise up at times from the easy-chair and cheer over certain well-rounded periods. Mr. Marrion Wilcox, according to the habit of a conservative and thoughtful temperament, has given us what is practically a diary of the war, uncolored by opinion, and extremely valuable as a record—as the real historian, who writes of this thing when time has softened our passions and cooled our enthusiasms, one may confidently hope, will admit. Mr. Hobson has given us in some twenty thousand words the account of his exploit in sinking the only American ship sunk in the conflict, and the esteemed colonel of the Rough Riders, whose days must be forty-eight hours long to enable him to do all that he does, has told us how, and why, and when, and where he and his followers did the deeds which have placed their names on the pages of history.

War Literature.

But all of these things are not history. They are testimony — the testimony of those who looked on while the fight was in progress; the testimony of those who staid at home and noted not alone what was going on at the front, but what was thought at home; and what is thought at home is not, in the end, to be despised; and the testimony of those in the thick of the fight, who saw matters in their immediate and not in their far-reaching relation. Admiral Dewey might, if he had had the time, have written a splendid and most acceptable article on the battle of Manila Bay the day after he did his deed; but his article would not have solved or even helped to solve the Philippine question, and would have belonged to the literature of impressions. Therefore we do not as yet know, historically, the history of the Spanish-American war, nor shall we, definitely, for a long time to come, and those who, writing of it to-day, dignify their output with the title of history err.

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NEVERTHELESS the impressions of the eye-witness are of value. A man who cannot write a play can often criticise a play, and to the playwright's advantage. Wherefore there is nothing to be said against Mr. Davis's remarks about General Shafter and his naughty stories, which have nothing to do with General Shafter's generalship; nor against Colonel Watterson's eloquence, which is unavoidable when Colonel Watterson speaks; nor against the verbosity of Lieutenant Hobson, who tells in twenty thousand words of a deed which can be described by one. Nor can anything be said against any of these bits of testimony as long as they do not presume to be history, for as side-lights on history they have inestimable value.

A "Pictorial History of the War."

Of these side-lights possibly the most comprehensive is the *Pictorial History of the War with Spain*, issuing from the presses of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, in thirty-two parts. Every phase of the conflict is covered, both in picture and in story, by eye-witnesses of, or participants in, the various battles and manœuvres of the war. Their periodical requirements



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compelled the publishers, at the outset, to provide themselves with a staff of correspondents, photographers, and artists in such numbers as should guarantee a complete record of all that went on, and it is from the work of these tried and trained forces that the Pictorial History has been compiled. From beginning to end the story of the conflict is set forth in its every detail, and the illustrations are directly reproduced either from photographs or from sketches made by artists on the spot. The whole is introduced by a brief article from the pen of General Miles, which adds not a little interest to a remarkably interesting compilation.

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"The Open Question." By C. E. Raimond.

It does not require a vast degree of courage to say that *The Open Question* is a remarkable book, and like a great many of the remarkable books of recent years, it is by a woman. It is an open secret that the name on the title-page, "C. E. Raimond," is but the pseudonym behind which is hid an identity which has hitherto been known as that of an interpreter of literature rather than a producer of it. Miss Elizabeth Robins has been identified in the minds of the appreciative few as a most successful expositor of the subtleties of Ibsen on the stage, and some of her readers will remember how a brief while ago she produced certain of Ibsen's plays on this side of the Atlantic with a considerable degree of artistic success. She now appears—though not for the first time—as an author. There is already credited to her pen a novel entitled "George Mandeville's Husband," which is not at this moment recalled, but, whatever its merits, it could hardly have been of more vital interest than the "Tale of Two Temperaments," as Miss Robins in her secondary title terms "The Open Question." In reading one cannot but feel that the influence of her Norwegian ideal in authorship has strongly dominated in the conception of the story, if not in the author's treatment of it. To speak frankly, the problem discussed is as painful as it is important, but Miss Robins has handled it after the manner of one who, having positive convictions, yet understands not the limitations of the reader, but his preferences. In other words, unlike certain purveyors of gloom, we find Miss Robins giving us in "The Open Question" an artistic presentation of a depressing situation in that she has appreciated the need of relief in the tension of the reader's mind. The story is as relentless as any by Hall Caine, but it is written with some regard for the public nerve, and a grateful amount of the sunshine of humor is allowed to relieve the shadow of the tragedy.

One must think the early picture of slave life true, it is drawn with such positiveness and so vividly; and from this point to the sailing out into the depths by the unfortunate lovers there is no shirking of the situation, but with all there is intermixed a mitigation of its unhappiness through the happy medium of a delicate and always appropriate humor.

Should Miss Robins ever weary of the stage she can unquestionably fall back upon letters with confidence in a successful issue.

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"Sundown Leflare." By Frederic Remington.

In *Sundown Leflare*, Mr. Frederic Remington makes another very graceful and appealing bow to those who like him for the pictures he has made and the stories he has penned. Mr. Remington does not tell us of the family affairs of Sundown Leflare, and one is therefore compelled to guess somewhat at that droll person's extraction. The readers of William McClennan, and of Dr. William Henry Drummond's quaint volume of poems, "The Habitant," will, however, feel, in meeting Leflare, that they are encountering either an old friend or a cousin of an old friend not far removed. It is a French-Canadian dialect, diluted somewhat by association with Indians, that Mr. Remington chooses this time as the line upon which to hang his pictures, and the line is, as usual, a good one. If painters could always select their own lines, who can doubt the goodness thereof! As has hitherto been the case, Mr. Remington finds in himself a sympathetic illustrator. As an artist he understands his own subtleties as an author, and as an author he finds little difficulty, apparently, in giving his illustrator an opportunity.

The collection is a slight one. There are but five stories in it, and none of them is long, but they are all characteristic of their author. A sort of mixture of modernness and savagery; a strength which at times suggests Kipling; an indication here and there of truly poetic feeling, strong enough to appeal, but not dominant enough to enervate; a semblance of actuality—these are qualities of "Sundown Leflare," upon which the collection bases its appeal for favor.

The eleven illustrations to the book are full of the Remington spirit, which means that they have plenty of action, plenty of reality, and, best of all, no little poetry in them.

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"Short Rations." By Williston Fish.

It will be a long time before the lovers of the short story will forget the wonderful charm of a little collection, put forth some ten years ago, by the late Henry C. Bunner, under the title of "Short Sixes." They came more closely to a realization in English of certain French ideals as to what a short story should be than any collection of tales in our language published before or since, and the standard of excellence set by them made it somewhat difficult for the editors of the weekly journal in which they originally appeared to follow them up in later issues with equally good material. But the idea of printing good stories to be read, as the poet-author of "Short Sixes" put it, "while the cau-



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dle burns," remained dominant in the editorial mind, and subsequent collections were accepted or rejected exactly in so far as they stood or failed to stand this test. Among the accepted were the fifteen tales of West Point and garrison life, by Williston Fish, now published under the suggestive title of *Short Rations*. Mr. Fish gives evidence throughout that he knows his army world intimately—as a retired lieutenant should who has not retired too early. He has seen its sunny and its seamy side, and from these he has constructed his "quaint and charming sketches," as Mr. Bunner called them, and in reading them one sees very easily how they have managed to stand the test set by the editor who had "Short Sixes" to live up to. They are not so varied, not so good, not so easy in their manner, as was the work of the master of style who set the standard, but in their vigorous humor and appealing realism and convincing picturesqueness they are decidedly worth while.

Not the least interesting features of the volume are the sympathetic introduction to his friend's work by Mr. Bunner, and the very charming illustrations of Mr. Charles J. Taylor, who, in the refinement of his touch and comprehension of his author's subtleties frequently suggests the work of Abbey.

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"Espiritu Santo." By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

In pleasing contrast to the large number of stories of adventure and action run riot that have latterly been added to the stores of bookish folk is Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner's novel, *Espiritu Santo*. While certain distinguished followers of the literary craft have been studying the horrors of war, real or imaginary, Mrs. Skinner has chosen to consider the comedy and the tragedy of the paths of peace, and she has chosen France for the environment of those who pace her pages, the stage whereon the great master of the Human Comedy, Balzac, once played the whole gamut of human emotions. It is possibly this choice of her environment that induces one to think of Balzac when reading Mrs. Skinner's novel, for the author's treatment of the problems with which she deals lacks the incisiveness and convincingness of Balzac; lacks also the impersonal quality of the Frenchman, who, seemingly, regarded it as his mission in life to present certain hard—or soft—facts of existence; to range in proper sequence exhibits in evidence, without presuming to become an advocate of one side or of another in a matter under controversy. It is evident throughout the story of "Espiritu Santo" that its author has sympathies, not to say positive convictions, which one may think the author of the "Comédie Humane" rarely, if ever, betrayed in the stories he put forth. Yet Mrs. Skinner's sympathies are not insisted upon, and appear chiefly between the lines, not in them.

Apart from all this, however, there is an added interest to Mrs. Skinner's story of "Espiritu Santo" and the Darettis, in that her work may be classed among the musical novels of the day. Music is not the theme of the story, but an attractively musical interest runs throughout. The accepted hero is a boy tenor at first, and he develops, as a boy tenor may, if he wishes—provided, of course, that he does not begin as a boy soprano—into a real tenor; the secondary hero is a barytone, and, like the barytone of the opera, he has a difficult time of it in retaining his respectability. He is the nearest approach to the villain in the plot of all the various characters therein, but of exactly what kind of viciousness his villany consists is nowhere made apparent, and a sympathetic reader is apt to part with him with a sense of regret that so outwardly virtuous a person should be possessed of so troubled a conscience. Adrian Daretti is by all means the most vital and most vividly drawn of all the personages in Mrs. Skinner's story.

The heroine, Espiritu Santo, is very elusive—as a heroine should be, particularly when gifted with a name of such import. But she impresses herself properly upon the reader as a dominant feature of the story—to such a degree, indeed, that the choice of her name for the baptism of the book arouses no spirit of cavil.

Taken as a sincere effort to present certain interesting phases of life in a pleasing way, with an undercurrent perceived, if not exactly read, of deeply religious feeling, Mrs. Skinner's story is distinctly commendable, and even a judicious reviewer of books can feel no hesitation in saying that, in reading, his mind instinctively reverts to the work of Honoré de Balzac, not, as has been suggested, because it is in any degree comparable to the work of Balzac, but because of its atmosphere, which has something of the flavor of the master, just as a balsam pillow has something of the flavor of the pine forests.

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"The Virginians." By W. M. Thackeray. With Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

The seventh volume in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray is published, and contains *The Virginians*, originally issued in monthly parts in 1858 and 1859. To Americans the story has always had a peculiar interest entirely apart from its literary value, and in its present form that interest is considerably augmented by Mrs. Ritchie's introduction, which contains a number of letters from the author during his sojourn in this country. From them one gains a confirmation of the impression made by the author's published work that Thackeray was fully alive to the good points of the American people, and not, like some others, watching only for the grotesque in our life as it was then. It is pleasant to read the daughter's testimony that her father felt almost as much at home in Broadway as on the



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Brompton pavement. It is pleasing also to note throughout the correspondence convincing evidence that Thackeray was made to feel, while here, that he was a welcome guest.

In view of the lamentations of certain latter-day critics over certain peculiarities of the American people in their haste to get on in the world—their worry over their affairs and their so-called life of unrest—it is not without interest that one reads in a letter written by Thackeray in November, 1855, the following paragraph: "In both visits to America," he says, "I have found the effects of the air the same; I have a difficulty in forming the letters as I write them down on the page, in answering questions, in finding the most simple words to form the answers. A gentleman asked me how long I had been in New York. I hesitated, and then said a week. I had arrived the day before.... I hardly know what is said; am thinking of something else, nothing definite, with an irrepressible longing to be in motion. I sleep three hours less than in England, making up, however, with a heavy, long sleep every fourth night or so. Talking yesterday with a very clever man, T. Appleton, of Boston, he says the effect upon him on his return from Europe is the same. There is some electric influence in the air and sun here which we don't experience on our side of the globe. People can't sit still; people can't ruminate over their dinners, dawdle in their studies; they must keep moving. I want to dash into the street now. At home after breakfast I want to read my paper leisurely, and then get to my books and work. Yesterday, as some rain began to fall, I felt a leaden cap taken off my brain-pan, and began to speak calmly and reasonably, and not to wish to quit my place."

Further along in the introduction we have a charming glimpse of Washington Irving in his home at Sunnyside, a chance reference to Longfellow, whose guest Thackeray was at Cambridge; and then, as his lecture tour progresses, really fascinating little sketches of Savannah, New Orleans, and other Southern cities, all couched in the sincerest and kindliest of words.

Nothing more charming has yet been given us in biographical letters than these glimpses of the brilliant author in his private life, showing him always the genial friend, the appreciative guest, the affectionate father, and the strong, and at times troubled man. It is difficult to recall any volume quite so intimately pleasing and confidential as these papers since the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Commonplace Book," in which the reader was made to feel that the great Waverly was his friend and confidant, and in a measure leaned upon the reader's shoulder to help him over the hard places in life. Those who think of Thackeray as of a cynic should read at least this one chapter of introduction by his daughter. If he is an American and has any cockles in his heart, he must find them warming as he reads; and when he puts the book away from him at the end of the chapter, if he does not feel tenderly disposed toward that great soul of whom he has been reading, it will not be because of the shortcomings of the great soul, but because he is himself fit only for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

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Thackeray as an Illustrator.

It is a matter of record that Thackeray once applied for the post of illustrator to Dickens. Fortunately his aspirations were nipped in the bud by the failure of his great contemporary to appreciate his superiority in art over Seymour, "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), Leech, and Cruikshank. Many of Thackeray's readers have been willing to accept as true to life and nature the



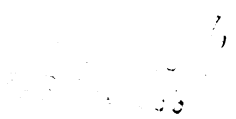
THACKERAY'S HOTEL WAITER.

somewhat extraordinary figures which his pencil has placed before them, because many of them have passed their days without the opportunity for foreign travel, and have been unable to say whether or not the artist has faithfully reproduced the lineaments of his fellow men and women. But we have all gazed upon the genial countenance of the negro hotel waiter, and here is reproduced the unnamed immortal of color who in January, 1856, waited upon Thackeray at his hotel in Philadelphia. It is easy, one may think, to find herein justification for Dickens, and surely the reading world owes a debt of gratitude to "Boz" in that the author of "Pickwick," by discouraging the "artist," gave an incentive to the man who subsequently forced him to share with him his laurels as a novelist.



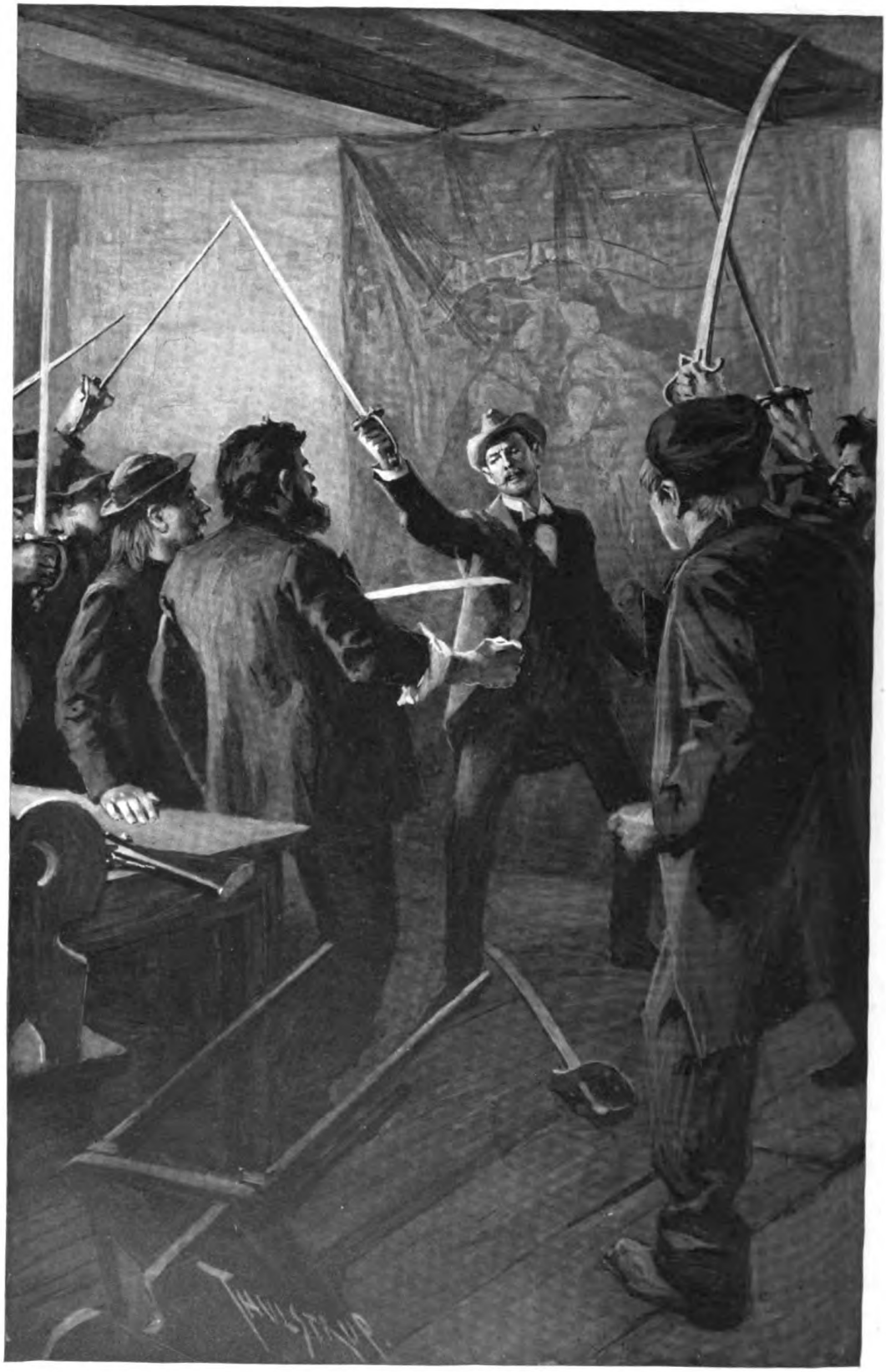
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See "The Princess Xenia," by H. B. Marriott Watson, p. 691.

"CHRISTOPHER THRUST HIS WEAPON OUT BEFORE HIM."

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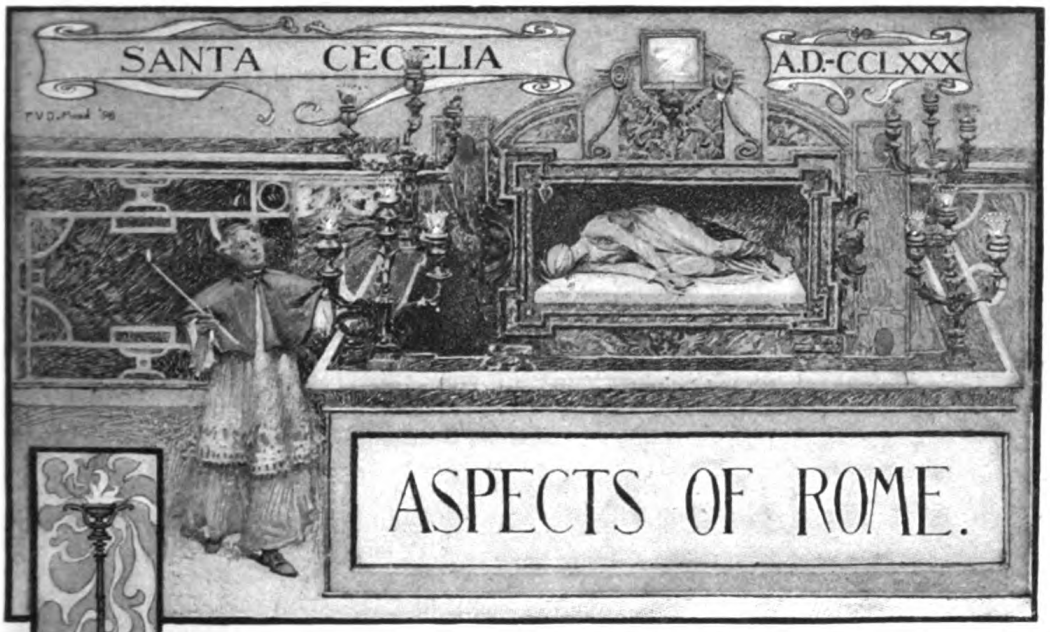
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MAR 24 1899


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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# ASPECTS OF ROME.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

I.

WE love cities for their gracious weather, as we love persons for their amiable dispositions; and Rome, even in winter, shows frequently a marvellous equanimity of temper. I have had, in December and January, weeks of uninterrupted sunshine, in which every day's promenade ended naturally, as it should, with sunset. And that perilous shiver of cold which comes over city and Campagna in the hour after sunset gives just that astringent touch which is needed for the completion of all merely pleasant beauty. But happiness in Rome, certainly, comes and goes with the wind and the sunshine. Withdraw the sun, and Rome is like a face from which the smile has faded; change the wind, and one's own disposition changes with it. Driving one day in the Campagna, outside the Porta Furba, I *saw* the sirocco. The hills above Frascati were a little dimmed with clouds; gradually a vast, white, rolling mist came violently up out of the sky beyond the hills; soft, stealthy, pendulous, undulating, irresistible, it came coiling rapidly onward, as if a poisonous life had taken shape and came serpentlike upon Rome. Under a chill rain these narrow streets, with their wrinkled stones in which the rain gathers, become desolate in an instant; and indoors, in these houses without fires, without chimneys, life becomes intolerable. Living, as one is apt to do here, on one's sensations, how can any happiness be possible in the absence of just what makes the happiness of the sensations—gracious weather, the mere liberty to feel without discomfort? By one's fireside in London a storm of winter rain matters little enough. But what does everything else in the world matter here in a downpour of rain in winter?

And these people, one feels, are made for happiness, for the easy acceptance of things as they come. There is a terrible poverty in Rome, of which the beggars who await you at every street corner are but too genuine a sign. The first gesture learnt by the children of poor people in

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Rome is to hold out their hand for alms; they begin when they are so young that they can only totter, and they are still holding out their hand for alms when



WAITING FOR THE KING.

they can only totter because they are so old. Yet another sign of it I find in the 3000 cabmen of Rome, sitting hungrily on their boxes, in their worm-eaten fur coats, too lazy to do anything but sit there holding out their whips to solicit every passer, and unable to make a decent living even in a place so frequented by strangers and a place where every one drives. But even here, in these beggars and cabmen, is there not a certain participation, at all events, in that open-air life which is the felicity of Rome? "Abbiamo pazienza," say the poor people, and sit in the sun.

To poor and rich alike, the whole of every part of the open air of Rome is a personal property. People stand in the streets as if they were their own drawing-rooms; and in the Corso, especially at that hour of the afternoon when the thickest flow of carriages has passed, they stretch from side to side, forming into groups outside the Caffè Aragno and on both sides of the Piazza Colonna. But, if they can, they drive: Italians hate walking. This gives them a respect for anything on wheels, so that Rome is represented by its carriages, as Venice is represented by its gondolas. They have even saintly warrant for it; for S. Filippo Neri, one of their patron saints, and himself a typical Roman, set it down among his instructions to the faithful that, as a concession to the weakness of the flesh, it was permitted to keep a carriage. And the Romans have taken him so precisely at his word that they will live on macaroni and five soldi's worth of wine in order to keep a *carrozza*. Cardinals, again, are not allowed to walk in the streets; they must drive in a closed carriage. So it is that Rome, more than any other city in which driving is a luxury rather than a necessity, is the city where one drives. The constant passing of carriages, in streets where two can scarcely pass abreast and where there is no foot-path, procures one, indeed, one of the few disagreeable sensations of Rome: the sensation, whenever one walks, of a wheel about to descend on one's heel.

In the long, narrow, thronged Corso the press of carriages, as they go to and return from the Pincio, is so great that walking becomes difficult. But, all the same, I find that conventional drive along the Corso, through the Piazza del Popolo, up the winding terraces of the Pincio, the equivalent—and how much more than the equivalent!—of Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, one of the most tolerable of all conventional drives. What I find specially charming is its universality, its equality. You will see the Queen in her carriage with the red livery; the nobility, the rich bourgeois, the shopkeepers, all with their families; nurse-maids, women without hats, young clerks and young princes, passing and repassing, side by side, all seeming to be entirely contented with themselves, the fine air, the music, the marvellous view over Rome, in which the colors begin to group towards sunset. On those picturesque heights, high over the city; under those evergreen oaks by which the Romans delude themselves into thinking it is never winter; in sight of St. Peter's in the sky, and all Rome, its roofs and domes, below; without thought, but idly satisfied with the sunlight, with the band that plays to them their positive,

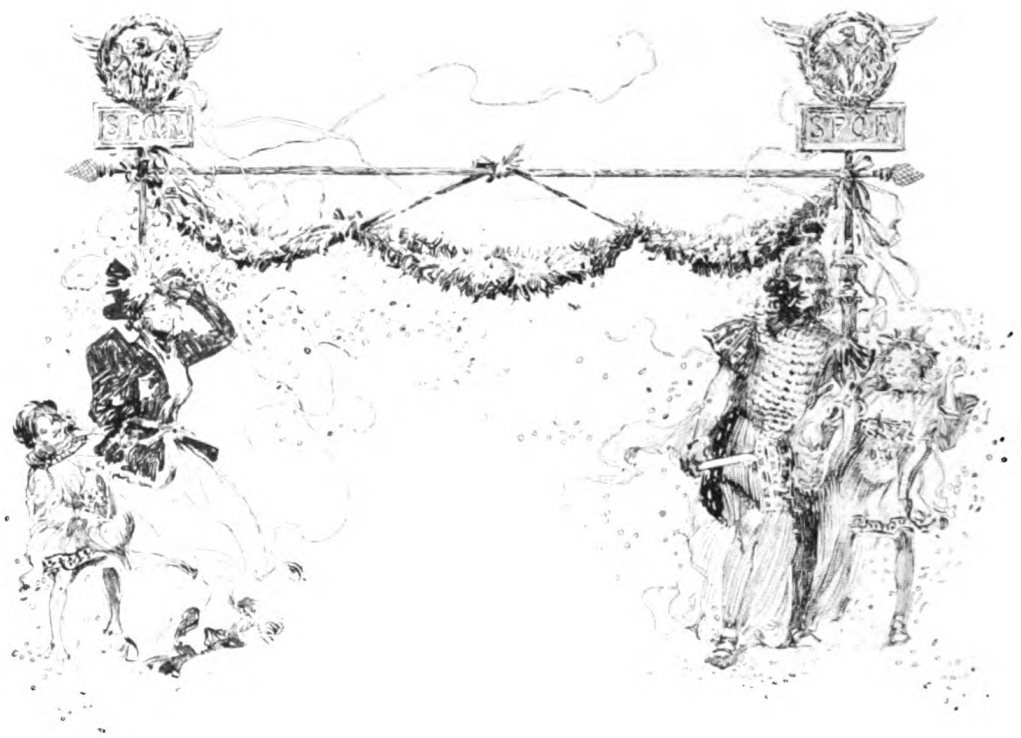
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THE PROMENADE

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THE CARNIVAL CONFETTI.

unshaded, soulless Italian music, Verdi or Mascagni, they pass and repass, proud of being Romans, even if they do not take the trouble to so much as glance at the daily miracle of Rome.

II.

The carnival, which this year, for perhaps the first time in ten years, was really a carnival, is simply the personification of Roman idleness, and a gayety which is a sort of tradition. I begin to see now the meaning of those idle people, dinnerless, and with shining boots and many rings, who stand in the Corso in front of the Caffè Aragno. To wear colored dresses, to put on masks, to run in the streets all day and to dance all night, to chatter irresponsibly, to throw jokes and confetti about the air, and to forget that one is poor, that life has its to-morrow and has had its yesterday: this is happiness to the Romans, and their abandonment to it is contagious. It is very long since anything has given me so inspiriting and reckless a sense of the joy of life as the sight of these ardent smiling faces, in which mirth is never vulgar, but as natural as speech; and I find the mask, making all men humorously akin, the only form in which the idea of democracy is not intolerable. What a colored whirl, in which all Rome seemed to become a kaleidoscope! Everywhere a flight of white frilled things, Pierrots, Pulcinellas, darting, alighting, along a flowery way, like white birds; flowers by day and lights by night; the cars, the *moccoletti;* with, at night, the pathos of streets strewn with flowers and confetti, the smell of trodden flowers, the feast ended. On the afternoon of Mercoledi Grasso I began to make my way along the Corso at three, and I did not reach the Piazza del Popolo until half past four. And that difficult way along the street, its windows all aflower with faces, a soft rain of colored paper raindrops, the sharp hail of confetti falling all the way, flowers flying above one's head, settling on one's hat, tapping against one's cheek, was a lesson in the Italian temperament, its

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THE CARNIVAL PIERROTS.

Southern capacity for simple enjoyment, for the true folly, that abandonment to the moment's whim in which there is none of the Northern brutality. Civilization has sunk deeper into these people, in whom civility is a tradition; it has penetrated to the roots; and in this character, so positive, so unshaded, from which the energy has dwindled away, but not the simplicity, the charming and graceful naturalness, there is the same superficial, yet in its way sufficient, quality as in the fine finish of these faces, equally finished in the peasant and in the noble.

III.

Northern beauty, however fine may be the line of its contour, is never, for good or evil, a mere beauty of the body, a thing beginning with itself and ending in itself: it contains always a suggestion; it is haunted by a soul; it leaves for its completion something to the imagination. But in the beauty of Roman women there is no trace of spiritual beauty, none of the softness of charm; it is the calm, assured, unquestioning beauty of the flesh. There are faces which should be seen always in pure outline, for they are without melting curves, delicate and variable shades, or any of that suggestion which comes from anything but their own definite qualities, as they are in themselves. The faces of Roman women of the upper classes are cold, hard, finished, and impenetrable as cameos. In a face which is at all beautiful you will not find a line which is not perfect, and this elegance and sureness of line goes with that complexion which is the finest of all complexions, pure ivory, and which carries with it the promise of a temperament in which there is all the subtlety of fire. The distinction between the properly aristocratic and the strictly plebeian face is, I think, less marked in Rome than in any city. Almost all Roman women have regular faces, the profile clearly cut and in a straight line; black hair, often with deep tones of blue in it, and sometimes curling crisply; dark eyes, often of a fine uniform brown, large, steady, profound,

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AT THE CARNIVAL.

with that unmeaning profundity which means race, and which one sees in the Jewess, the gypsy. They have a truly Roman dignity, and beneath that the true fire, without which dignity is but the comely shroud of a corpse; and though there is not a trace in them of the soft, smiling, catlike air of the women of Venice, and not much of the vivid, hardy, uncaring provocativeness of the women of Naples, they are content to let you see in them that reasonable nearness to the animal which no Italian woman is ashamed to acknowledge. They have often a certain massiveness of build, which makes a child look like a young woman, and a young woman like a matron; but, for Italians, they are tall, and though one sees none of the trim Neapolitan waists, it is but rarely that one sees, even among the market-women bringing in their baskets on their heads, those square and lumpish figures which roll so comfortably through Venice.

The day on which to see the Roman populace most easily, most significantly, is the day of S. Stefano, at that popular saint's church on the Cælian. The circular walls are covered with fifteenth-century paintings of martyrdoms, naïve saints, bold in color and distressing in attitude, suffering all the tortures of pagan ingenuity. From early morning till late in the afternoon an incessant stream of people, mostly young people, out of all the alleys of Rome and from all the hills of the Campagna, surges in and out of the narrow doorway, where one is almost carried off one's feet in the difficult passage. Outside, where there are lines of booths covered with sweets and toys, fruits and cakes, the lane has the aspect of a fair. Inside, there is a service going on in the choir, but few pay much heed to it; they have come to see the show, and they make the round of all the martyrdoms. The women, almost all bareheaded, stop at the door, in the very press of the crowd, to pull out the folded handkerchief and throw it over their heads, catching the ends between their teeth. And face after face, as I watched them pass me, was absolutely beautiful—now a Raphael Madonna, now a Roman goddess—adorable young people in whom beauty was a tradition. Some of them had complexions like wax, others were as brown as mahogany; all alike had that finished regularity of feature to which the ardency or mildness of the eyes was but one detail the more in a perfectly harmonious picture. And these beautiful creatures, at once placid and vivid, were unconscious of their beauty, with the unconsciousness of animals; and they swarmed there like animals, with a heartless and innocent delight in the brutal details of those painted



MARKET-WOMEN.

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THE MATTEI GARDEN.

scenes of torture, in which they saw their ancestors torturing their ancestors. As they nudged one another, their eyes glistening, and pointed to the saint who was being boiled in a caldron, the saint whose flesh was being flayed off in long rolls, the female saint whose breasts were being cut off with a long knife, I seemed to see the true Roman mob as it had been of old, as it will always be. It was just such people as these, with their strong nerves, their indifference in the matter of human life, who used to fill the Colosseum, as simply as these filled the martyrs' church of S. Stefano Rotondo, when the martyrs themselves were being thrown to the lions.

IV.

In a city laid out for the delight of the eyes it is natural that much of the most intimate charm of the city should linger in its villas and gardens, and there is nothing which gives so much the sensation of that mournful, yet not too mournful, atmosphere of partly faded splendor which is the atmosphere of Rome as the gardens of the Villa Mattei. Around are broken walls rising brown and jagged against the sky, the walls of the Baths of Caracalla; a desolate strip of country on the edge of the city; and beyond, seen from the terraces lined with the dead bluish-green of cactus, the Alban Hills. All the garden walks, where not even the cypresses are funereal nor the sunlight itself gay, breathe an exquisite melancholy, the most delicate and seductive breath of decay. There are wandering terraces, slim vistas, an entanglement of green and wayward life, winding in and out of brown defaced walls fringed with ivy, and about white and broken statues shining from under this green cloak of leaves; everywhere surprising turns of ways among the trees, curving out here and there, as if instinctively, into a circle about a fountain, where broad leaves shadow the heads of gods or emperors in stone. And everywhere there is the cool sound of water, which rises in the fountains, and drips under water-plants in a grotto; and everywhere, as one follows the winding paths, a white hand stretches out from among the darkness of ivy, at some turn of the way, and one seems to catch the escaping flutter of white drapery among the leaves. You will often see the quaint trotting figure of an old cardinal taking his walk there; and if you follow him, you will come upon a broad alley of ilexes, lined with broken statues, broken friezes, and arched over by fantas-

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SANTA MARIA.

tically twisted branches, brown and interlaced, on which the blue-gray leaves hang delicately like lace—an alley leading to what must once have been a sarcophagus, covered, on the side by which you approach it, with white carved figures. On the other side you find yourself in a little trellised circle, from which, as through a window suddenly opened, you see the Alban Hills; there is a rustic wooden seat against the stone of the sarcophagus, on which, roughly carved, two lions meet and seem to shake hands; and above is written, "Qui S. Filippo Neri discorreva coi suoi discepoli delle cose di Dio."

Just as I love the gardens of the Villa Mattei, so, for much the same reason, I love certain old churches and cloisters, which, hidden away in quiet corners, exhale, like a faint perfume, a sense of peace and of desolation in so singular a union. I am never tired of the Pace, the Church of Peace, which nestles against the Anima, the Church of the Soul, in a poor, central part of the city. And it is not for the Sibyls of Raphael, admirable in grace of invention as they are, that I go to it, but partly for the frescoes of Baldassare Peruzzi, on the opposite wall, their strength, their gracious severity, their profound purity, and partly for something in the narrow compass, the dim colors, of the church itself, which seems to make it, not in name only, the Church of Peace. And in the midst of the Trastevere, with its high mouldering walls, its desolate open spaces, its yellow tortuous alleys, and half-fallen houses laid open against the road, one comes upon certain churches, each of which has its own appeal. There is S. Crisogono, Madame Gervaisais' church, big, rectangular, railed off from the world, with its vast dim emptiness, very restful as I have seen it at vespers, mostly in shadow, a broad band of light showing, at one end, the white-robed priests, the dark shawls of old women, the children running to and fro over the floor, while one hears the pathetic little organ now before and now behind the voices which sing quavering responses. There is the basilica of S. Maria in Trastevere, too fantastic without, but with its precious mosaics within, standing aside from the yellow

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emptiness of the square. There is the church which had been the house of S. Cecilia, in which you see the white plaintive marble figure of the martyr lying under the altar, in a delicate attitude, as if in sleep, with that ineffectual gash along the slim neck; the monastery with its little upper room in which S. Francis of Assisi had lived, and where the old, half-blind, simple-minded monk shows you the famous portrait and the fragments of the saint's clothing. There is the monastery of S. Cosimato, now an almshouse for old people, with its adorable unknown Pinturicchio, its august carved tombs underfoot, its mouldering cloister, in which precious marbles lie about like refuse; its ragged garden, which has grown green over one knows not what wealth of buried treasures; linen hanging to dry, old men and women moving slowly with bent backs: all this pathetic casual mingling of ruined magnificence and the decrepit old age of people living on charity, how expressive of Rome it is, and how curiously it completes one's sense of that desolation which is, as Shelley found it, "a delicate thing"!

And in all these rich churches in the midst of very poor people, all with at least their bit of precious marble, their fresco, their one fine picture, there is something which appeals to yet another sentiment; for, opening as they desire the gates of heaven to the poor, do they not certainly open the gates of that heaven on earth which is art? When I go into one of these churches and see how poor or humble or distressed people have come into them for the relief of rest, and when, as I sit there, certainly with no devout thoughts, I feel the gradual descent all around me of an atmosphere of repose, which seems to shut one off, as with invisible wings, from the agitations of the world, the busy trivialities of one's own mind, all the little, active hinderances to one's own possession of one's self, I realize how well the Catholic Church has understood the needs of that humanity to which she has set herself to minister, and how medicinal a place she must always have in the world's course, if no longer as a tonic, still as the most soothing, the most necessary of narcotics.

V.

There are certain hours, there is something in the aspect of certain places, churches, or gardens, in which it seems to me that Bernini has interpreted more of the soul of Rome than we are apt or anxious to suppose. All that is florid, not quite sincere, unfairly spectacular, in the aspect of the city is summed up for me in the four Doctors of the Church, in black and white marble, who lean around the chair of Peter in St. Peter's, and in the ten loose-limbed angels (done after Bernini's designs) who balance themselves against an unfelt wind on the balustrades of the Ponte S. Angelo. What is more subtle in this same not quite sincere aiming after effect comes out in the languid S. Sebastian, in the church of that name on the way to the Catacombs, his white marble flesh pierced by gilt arrows, lying elegantly in his violent death; about which, indeed, the modern custodians of the church have set a whole array of painted card-board dolls, a very rag-fair. But subtler still, more intimately expressive of that part of the religious sentiment which must inevitably, in so ecclesiastical a city, come to complete, on the world's side, whatever is profane, sensuous, artificial, in the idea of devotion to the immaculate Virgin, is the S. Teresa in the Church of S. Maria della Vittoria. The saint, who has the fine hands of a patrician lady, lies in an attitude of sharp, luxurious, almost active abandonment, the most sensual attitude I have ever seen in stone; her eyes are upturned, under their heavy lids, to where a stream of golden rays falls upon her, a new Danaë, while a young and smiling angel stands above her, about to pierce her heart with the arrow of divine love.

But if there are certain moods in which Bernini and his Rome seem to one the true Rome, there are others in which a deeper simplicity seems to indicate what is, after all, deeper in the heart of the city, as in some charming piece of unconscious poetry (superstition, if you like to call it so), such as the baptism and benediction of horses on the day of S. Antonio Thaumaturgo. I love all superstitions, for I have never yet found one which did not come out of something which was once pure poetry. They are the people's heritage of poetry, and to believe them is to have, at all events, something of the mood, the mental attitude, to which alone poetry can appeal. I spent some time on the steps of the Church of S. Eusebio on that day of the benediction of horses, and



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I remember one very rough and wild-looking countryman and his son, who drove up in a little homely cart, a foal trotting by the side of the mare. The man got down and waited, looking up anxiously, his cap in his hand, until the priest came out with his card of printed Latin and his gilt sprinkler, and blessed the horses in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; then the countryman put on his cap with satisfaction, got into his cart, and drove off, not knowing that he had been unconsciously living a piece of poetry.

On another day, about Christmas, I saw the Presepe in that church of the Aracœli (its altar indeed near heaven) which has throned itself higher even than the Capitol, which it looks down upon from above its ladderlike steps, on which, if you see them from below, people seem to be gliding down a celestial staircase without moving their feet as they pass from stair to stair. The lighted manger, as I entered the dim church, was shown suddenly as the sliding-doors were drawn back; and a priest, going up into the midst of the painted dolls, took the Bambino, a chubby red infant made of coarsely daubed wood, his robes all golden and bejewelled, out of his mother's arms, and carried him through the church to the vestry, where he was held in front of the altar to have his foot kissed. Women and children crowded about him, smiling and pleased, seeing what was droll, and at the same time the poetry of the symbol. There I saw another side of the religious element in Rome, the Christ of simple women, of little children, as that sprinkling of the horses had been the religion, centred in his beasts, of the peasant, and the Bernini saint, in her ecstasy of abandonment to the divine love, the patroness of Roman boudoirs.

VI.

In a toy-shop in the Via Nazionale there is on one side a life-sized waxen clown dressed in red, who winks his eyes, and taps with his hand on the window; on the other side is a little waxen clown, seated, dressed in green, who holds on his lap a pig with a serviette round its neck. He holds a piece of meat in his hand, and the pig looks at it and puts out its tongue. Then the clown shrugs his shoulders, taps on the ground with one foot, and again holds out the piece of meat to the pig, who licks it with his tongue, when the clown again draws back the piece of meat, shrugs his shoulders, and taps his foot again. There never was anything more ingenious of its kind, and every one who passes the window stops in front of the two clowns and the pig. It seems to me that in this puerile mechanical ingenuity I see modern Rome as the Romans would like to make it, as they have made it whenever they have had the chance. That Rome should be a living city rather than a museum of antiquities is one of its special charms; and thus it is that Rome, in which all the ages are at home and jostle one another, is, more than any other city, a world in miniature. But Rome adapts itself less than most cities to all the unsightly economies and hurried facilities of modern progress. The Italian of to-day, the Italian in whose hands is the civic power, has resolved that his capital, which he knows to be the most historically interesting capital in the world, shall compete with all the young, pushing, commercial capitals on their own lines, which fortunately it can never do. He has set electric trams running past Trajan's Forum, and through narrow and crowded streets where they are an absolute danger. A little while ago he planned to surround the Colosseum with a gilt railing, but he had not the money to do it. He has put a hideous iron bridge across the Tiber close to the Ponte S. Angelo. He has built a gas-manufactory in the very midst of ancient Rome, and poisoned the air all round. He has cut down the secular cypresses of the Villa Ludovisi, and, indeed, all the trees he could lay his axe upon. But he has propped up every falling stone, and every stone is falling, of the house of the Anguillaras in the Trastevere, because Count Anguillara was the enemy of a Pope.

Modern Roman feeling, which, since the events of 1870, has been somewhat assertively patriotic, has certainly little sympathy for the Church. Has it, or has it not, left the hearts of the people, remaining but as a tradition, a bowing of the head before the passing of God, a lifting of the hat before the passing of death? Are the priests, after all, making the laws of a city which is in the hands of the enemy? At all events, the Church is still able very impressively to disregard what may be only a temporary alienation. Walking one day from the Via Sistina

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towards the Villa Medici, along that gracious height which overlooks all Rome, and thinking of the very temporal grandeur of what lay there before me, I saw a young priest walking rapidly to and fro on the flat roof of a house, his eyes fixed on his breviary, never raising them to consider the splendor of the city. He seemed to me to typify the serene, unthinking, and, because immaterial, invincible power of the Church, throned there over what she does not always even trouble to understand, so certain is she that a power founded on faith is the master of material things, and must always remain, even in secret, even unacknowledged, even against men's will, their master.

VII.

What is subtlest in Rome must always reveal itself to strangers, and not to the Romans; for the modern Roman is given over to the desire and admiration of material things, and what is subtlest in Rome appeals to the soul, perhaps I should say, rather, to the mind. Since I have lived in Rome I have come to find both London and Paris, in themselves, a little provincial; for I find them occupied with less eternal things, or with less of the immediate message of eternal things speaking in them, than this liberating Rome. Rome, properly apprehended (and to apprehend it properly it needs only that you are not without a certain intelligence, and that you remain passive to your impressions), seems to shut one in, as with its own walls, upon the greatest moments that have been in the world; upon the greatest moments of art, of history, of religion, of humanity. It is not merely that they are there; you cannot escape them. Every road does not lead to Rome, but every road in Rome leads to eternity. It is quietly prodigal of itself, like the air about one, which is part of one's breath. In this large Rome one has room for one's self; within these walls one is shut in from others, and from what in one's self is the reflection of their image; one's energies are not torn into little ineffectual pieces, as they are in the rapid drawing this way and that of the daily life of all other great cities. One has time to discover that while there are many interesting and even intoxicating things in the world, there are very few things of primary importance. It is like the opening of a great door. This opening of a door, in front of which one has passed constantly without even seeing that it was shut, is the moment for which every other moment in life was but an unconscious waiting; every moment which follows will remember it. For the most part this door is but opened and then shut suddenly, before our eyes have become well accustomed to the unfamiliar light in which we discern, it may be, familiar objects. It is not often that the door is held steadily open as long as we choose to look through it. But that is what happens in Rome.

In London I am too close to a multitude of interesting trifles, of attractive people, of opportunities for the satisfaction of every desire. To will and to receive are, in London, simultaneous. Daily life is too importunate in thrusting upon me whatever for an idle or perverse or estimable moment I have hankered after. There are too many people, too many books, too many museums, too many theatres; the spectacle of this feverish, unslackening life is too absorbing. I cannot escape the newspapers; for even if I do not read them, there is always some one to tell me what they have been saying of my own or my friend's last book. I cannot help sometimes asking myself what will be the immediate urban effect of something which I have written; and it is a little humiliating to find one's self in so trivial a mental attitude, which in front of the Pantheon or of the Colosseum simply cannot be preserved. And, above all, I have not time to live. Life scatters into waves all over the rocks, falling back broken and dispersed into the seething trouble of the ocean. Yesterday is to-day, and to-day to-morrow, before I have been alone with myself for an hour. That canopy of smoke which London has set up between itself and the sky imprisons me, day by day, with the débris of each day. I forget that anything else exists.

In Paris, frankly, I am too much at home, too happy; I require too little; life is too easy, and answers too readily to the demands of the senses. And Paris, which frees me from one conventionality, imposes upon me another. Because the flesh is an honorable part of the human constitution, and liberty an honorable prerogative of the citizen, it does not follow that a permissible exemption should become a precept, a very prejudice. And

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that is just the provinciality of that bright, youthful, inspiriting, and seductive Paris which I love so much, and in which I find it, after all, more nearly possible to be myself than in London; for Paris is not merely the city of the senses, but the city of ideas, the ideas of pure reason.

But Rome has freed me from both these tyrannies, the tyranny of the senses and of the ideas of pure reason. It neither absorbs me too much in material things nor forces me into too rapid mental conclusions. So much of the world's history lies about here, in these stones, like a part of nature, and with so far more significant a meaning than in the mere picturesque heaping of natural forces. Empires have lived and died here; the great spiritual empire of the Western world still has its seat upon the seven hills; here are all the kingdoms of art; and is it possible to find anywhere a more intimate message than in these voices, in this eloquent Roman silence?

# THE PRINCESS XENIA.

## A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE situation of the little "Hotel of the Lions" in the town of Dreiburg is one of the most pleasing in the world. The house wears this pretentious title with unaffected dignity, trusting, no doubt, to a great lineage and some sounding traditions to excuse its seeming arrogance. It sits, with its ancient swinging sign, high on the brow of a tiny hill which upon the southern side marks the limit of the old city of Dreiburg. The streets hereabouts are looser and less populously filled with houses. It is below and beneath the elbow of the hill that the heart of the town beats loudest. Upon these low-lying portions, with the important and venerable buildings of the capital, the eyes of the "Hotel of the Lions" look down, saluting first the great Council House in the Platz near by the Leopold-strasse. Beyond the vista of the city the river curves northward and westward, gently embracing the battlements upon those two sides, while farther still, and upon the other shores of the water, begins the great forest of Erwald, stretching into that dim and distant haze which marks somewhere Arnholz, the capital city of that neighboring principality. At the time of this story an observer with this fine prospect in his eye would have, in addition, upon his right, the spacious and smiling Hofgarten, or public park, situate in the very heart of the throbbing streets; and backing that once more the great sloping gardens of the palace and the crumbling castle of the Grand-Dukes of Weser-Dreiburg.

Upon this scene, yet with some demonstrations of impatience, Mr. James Oliver looked forth from the upper windows of the inn. He was a tall, thin gentleman, no longer very young, and his appearance witnessed to the stains and disorder of recent travel. He had indeed arrived from London not an hour back that same March afternoon, and he was in need of food and rest. He rang fretfully at the bell, but upon the entrance of the maid he showed no irritation in his manner, which was that of one excellently schooled to bear the vicissitudes of fortune. He addressed the woman with punctilious deliberation.

"Is it likely," said he, "that Mr. Lambert will be returning shortly? Have you no idea where he is, or how long he may be?"

This grave rain of questions, so coldly delivered, might well have sounded for a reflection upon the inn, but the tone was suave, precise, and businesslike, and even if it had been intended for a reproach or a rebuke, the chamber-maid would certainly have missed the point. She made answer in very execrable English.

The gentleman had been out since midday. It was a custom he had. *She* never knew his movements. But he would be

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in. Oh, my God, yes! he always came in. But it might be late, very late.

Mr. Oliver moistened his lips very carefully, as if by this trivial act alone he could dissuade them from an improper exclamation of annoyance. His eyes reclaimed for the tenth time the careless squalor of the room, and thence fell, and winced, upon the dust and disorder of his own dress.

"I am sorry," he said, with his studious politeness—"I am sorry that I can wait no longer. I will return later, if you will please inform Mr. Lambert when he comes in."

The maid took him to the door, and as he passed out, placing his hat in the act on his silvered hair, watched him with rude respect. Most of her country people wore excellent manners, were polite, and smiled in company, brandishing a fine formality in the public face. This old gentleman was as civil as the devil, but his arrogance was that of Lucifer. His abominable indifference shone like frost in his mask of a face. Lisa was a stupid girl, but she could detect that. He turned a passionless eye upon her in his very act of courtesy, and it hung as cold and steady as a star; it froze her warm and comfortable bosom. She banged to the door and put out her tongue. "Oh, you beast!" she said. "Go back to your castle, you!"

Mr. Oliver descended the steep street at five o'clock on that March afternoon. In point of fact, he had no castle to which to return, merely a spacious villa in a southern suburb of London, and the well-known but dismal and dingy offices of Oliver and Prescott in Chancery Lane. To neither of these familiar haunts had he any intention of retiring at present. He had come to Dreiburg on business, and although he had hoped to complete his mission and get away from the insignificant little German town by the night mail, he had no thought in the world of leaving until his business was done. It remained, therefore, to find a suitable hotel wherein to rest, order his toilet, eat, and be patient for the time. He discovered his hostelry in the Leopoldstrasse, where the Hotel Kaiserin faces the pretty Hofgarten. This is, or used to be, an admirable house, where the sheets were usually decently aired, the waiters spoke English of a kind, and you could always get chops and steaks and tea, and even not too rank Scotch whiskey—a house, in fine, that made quite a respectable mimicry of a substantial English hotel. Compared with the dingy foreign airs of the pretty "Hotel of the Lions," this reputable mansion assumed an unnatural dignity, and towered to imposing heights in Mr. Oliver's mind. He entered with solid grace, and secured the obsequious offices of the waiters by his habitual appearance of authority.

Nevertheless, it was with no outward relaxation that he retraced his way, some three hours later, to the inn upon the hill, comfortably fed, immaculately ordered and combed, punctiliously appointed, and with the warm fumes of his bottle creeping into serene possession of his body. Mr. Oliver re-entered the doors and inquired for Mr. Lambert once more. This time it was the fat landlord who met him, regarding him up and down with equable content and not the faintest curiosity. He regretted, however, in English as vile as Lisa's, that Herr Lambert was not in; and, questioned further by a still impassive voice, ventured to doubt quite civilly if Herr Lambert would be in for many hours. It was not Herr Lambert's way. At the same time he knew nothing. Would the "Herr gentleman" wait?

The prospect of that melancholy room, with its miscellanies of torn books, oil-rags, and bloody weapons, jumped in its ugliness before Mr. Oliver's eyes. He stared coldly, wrapped in thought, at the fat little landlord, who, through the haze of his own smoke, stared back on his interrogator without emotion.

"Umph!" said Mr. Oliver, promptly; and as though the spell of that fine silence were broken, the little landlord's gaze also shifted, and pulling the pipe from his mouth, he echoed the ejaculation with an "Ach!"

"Thank you, I will call again, perhaps to-morrow," said the old gentleman, and was turning away from before the inn door.

The environing night lay stark black upon the city, and little cold wandering flaws of March snapped about the streets. At the instant of his first step from the warmth and light of the inn, Mr. Oliver walked into the tall figure of a lusty man, whose strong legs were carrying him past at an express speed.

"Damn you," said the stranger, with an unnecessarily hasty assumption that

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the fault lay with Mr. Oliver; and then seeming to reconsider his phrase and his judgment, he recovered from his recoil, and approaching the old gentleman, resumed in a milder way, and in German.

"I trust you are not hurt," said he. "This street is so dark. May I—"

He offered an arm, but Mr. Oliver, waving it aside, and still blowing like a grampus, stammered from the pit of a windless stomach:

"I rejoice to hear that you said 'damn,' sir. I presume you are English. Possibly I am fortunate enough to be in conversation with Mr. Christopher Lambert?"

"You are, if it is fortunate," replied the stranger, ironically.

Mr. Oliver's attitude through the darkness expressed a note of satisfaction.

"I have been seeking you for the last five hours, Mr. Lambert," he said, his breath coming better now. "I arrived at 3.30 from London. My name is Oliver."

"Indeed!" said the young man, politely but blankly. "Well, let us get inside. These are my rooms."

He ushered the old gentleman through the doorway with some of the ceremony of the country in which he was living, and the two proceeded up the stairs. Once in the ugly room, Mr. Oliver set down his hat and gloves and regarded his host with some gravity.

"I am Oliver of Oliver and Prescott," he explained.

"Ah!" replied Lambert, vaguely. "Ah, yes—of course."

"I may be perhaps allowed once more the privilege," continued Mr. Oliver, formally, "of congratulating you, this time personally."

"Congratulating me!" said Lambert, stupidly.

"Why—of course—" began the old gentleman; and then, suddenly discovering the bewilderment that clouded the other's face: "My letter explained everything. You got my letter?"

"I suppose I did," answered the young man, with a confused glance about the room.

His eyes paused upon a packet under the lamp-light, upon a table strewn with a dirty collection of pipes and sundries. The old gentleman's gaze followed his, and rested likewise upon the package.

"I am somewhat careless," explained Lambert, with a little awkwardness in his voice. "I must have mislaid it. No doubt Lisa—"

Mr. Oliver took up the letters. "They are both mine," he observed; "or rather, I should say the first was written by the firm officially, and has, I see, travelled from Munich. The other followed a week later — from myself — no answer to the former communication having been received."

The young man laughed, though the old gentleman's tone, civil and level as it was, would seem to imply a rebuke.

"I read few communications," said he, "and answer fewer, Mr. Oliver. But pray sit down. And now that you are here, perhaps it will not be necessary to read even these."

He drew a chair courteously to the blackened table, and turned up the lamp, reseating himself opposite his guest, and crossing his legs. He was a tall, lean-fleshed man of fine muscles, and of a vivacious cast of feature. He wore a reddish mustache, and a sandy stubble grew upon his chin. "You will not mind my smoking?" he inquired. "I thank you;" and sat waiting, alert, patient, dominant as it were, and in the act to spring.

Mr. Oliver looked at him. "Perhaps I may open my own letter?" he suggested; and bowing to his host's consent, tore open the envelope carefully, put on his glasses, inspected the light, and deliberately studied the first page.

"Under date the twenty-second of February," said he, slowly, "my firm has written to you at an address communicated by the British consul at Stuttgart, which letter you have apparently received and not opened."

Mr. Christopher Lambert's face no longer betrayed any confusion, and he bowed gravely. "That is so," said he.

"The next communication," resumed the old gentleman, formally, "was by myself, as I have said, and was sent direct to this address, again owing to the kindly offices of our consular service, this time at Munich."

"I left Munich ten days ago," explained Lambert.

"Failing an answer to my letter, my firm," went on Mr. Oliver, still with his eyes upon the letter, "thought in the circumstances that it would be desirable and advisable for me to take the journey, with the object of securing a personal interview."

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"I am sure, sir," said the young man, very politely, but with a trace of irony showing in his voice, "that I am charmed to see you. It has been what I may call a pleasant surprise, though I fear the personal interview to which you refer began with unnecessary violence on my part."

"Not at all," declared Mr. Oliver, waving the apology from him with austere grace. "We have been, Mr. Lambert, as you are no doubt aware, for the past ten years the agents and solicitors to your late uncle, Mr. Alfred Lambert."

"I was not aware, sir, either of that fact, or that he could be spoken of as late," interjected the young man during Mr. Oliver's pause. "His death I deplore. I never saw him; indeed, you recall him to me through mists of memory. But death is inexorable; it attacks all and sundry. Pray do not let me interrupt you."

"The late Mr. Alfred James Wilkinson Lambert," proceeded the lawyer, "died in Brazil, intestate. He had, so far as we are able to gather, led a roving life, mainly in the American continent. His decease intestate leaves you his heir."

"Regrettable though his death is," interposed Lambert, "I am sincerely glad to hear it."

"The sum, I may say, Mr. Lambert," went on the lawyer, gently removing his glasses for the purpose of regarding his host more comfortably, and lowering his letter—"the sum is large—something like—so near as we can make out— But perhaps I should go more particularly into details."

Mr. Christopher Lambert's face flushed with a sudden addition of color, but he sat simply, pulling at his pipe. "Pray take your time, sir," said he. "I have always considered haste indecent. It has always astonished me the precipitation with which business is reached. At your leisure, sir."

Mr. Oliver regarded him with some coldness, but resumed presently, as if he had been unaware of the sarcastic cast of Mr. Lambert's interruption:

"As nearly as we can determine it, the sum amounts to four millions and a half sterling."

Lambert's face was suddenly torn with a convulsive start; his eyelids quivered; and then mechanically reseating himself, he put the pipe once more between his teeth.

"I see," he said, speaking slowly, and as though he were picking over his words; "you mean that you have come over here, Mr. Oliver, to tell me this. Uncle James—is it, or Alfred?" he laughed—"is deceased. Upon my soul, I might have been surprised at £10. That's a large sum to my eyes. And why—why has he left it?"

"An intestate—" began the lawyer, solemnly.

"Oh yes, of course, you have told me that." Lambert rose from his seat and dropped his pipe, his gaze fastened in abstraction upon his companion. "How much," he said—"six millions was it, or—"

"Four millions and a half sterling," repeated the old gentleman.

"Is it all safe?" asked Lambert, suddenly, and in a sharper voice. "I presume that you have charge of it. You know the investments. Are they all sound?"

"So far as we are aware, yes, sir," responded Mr. Oliver. "But naturally the whole of the late Mr. Lambert's affairs have not passed through our hands."

Lambert looked out of the window on the scattered lights of the street pricking with yellow points that bluff and gusty darkness. "Four millions and a half," he murmured.

Mr. Oliver seemed to respect his silence.

"This, sir," said Lambert, quickly turning about, and in a voice of fire—"this is no hoax, sir?"

He thundered on the words, his color flaming to his forehead. Hurriedly the lawyer pulled back his chair from the vicinity of this volcano. "I have had the honor to be your uncle's adviser in London for some ten years, sir," said he, stiffly. "If you are in any doubt as to my identity a telegram to Messrs. Stewart Hill and Co., bankers, Pall Mall, will serve to instruct you."

"No; I beg your pardon," exclaimed Lambert abruptly, and whirled away again to stare once more into the night. Presently he turned, with a cheerful laugh. "Come, my dear Mr. Oliver," said he. "I think this news is worth a bottle," and rang loudly at the bell.

"If I might venture, Mr. Lambert," said the lawyer, with more precipitation than usual in his manner, "I should take it as a favor if I might have a glass of port."

"Why, certainly," said Lambert, gayly;

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and then, appearing to remember, "Port!" he repeated, dubiously. "Ah, well. We are not in England, sir:" but immediately upon that, "But why, yes—I had forgotten—anything you will."

Lisa had entered the room as he turned his head. "My girl," he exclaimed, sweetly, and with the deliberation of one who enjoys his order and would scarce discharge himself of it—"my maid, I desire you to set on your pretty bonnet, tuck up your petticoats, and run for God's mercy to the Hotel Kaiserin. Obtain a bottle of the best port, and one of the best champagne."

"The gentleman is not aware that we have these good wines in the cellars?" inquired Lisa.

"My girl, these are my orders," said Lambert, suavely.

She hesitated. "I must have money," she exclaimed, shrugging her comely shoulders.

Lambert started. He looked towards the lawyer and coughed. Mr. Oliver withdrew a purse with a leisurely movement, and counting five sovereigns upon the table, handed them to the young man.

"Begone," said Lambert to the maid, "and here is a fine piece of English gold for thy pains."

He shut the door upon her astonished face, and fell a-laughing heartily.

"My dear sir," began the lawyer, pleasantly, "you will excuse my saying so; but a tip like that—you don't mind my animadverting on it?"

There dwelt in his voice a slight trace of patronage. It was as if he had endowed this young man with so much money.

"My very good Mr. Oliver," said Lambert, still laughing. "What is a sovereign? I'll warrant that girl has never seen so much money in her life. And, moreover, consider it in this light: A few minutes ago I would have sent her forth with one penny for herself. Very well. That was one-seventieth of my daily income. What now do I that you are lecturing me? Why, I present her with one-hundredth of the same; and being so much less generous, I earn the reputation of a prince. That is what I call business."

Mr. Oliver allowed himself a superior smile. "Very well, sir," said he, much as though he trusted to the discipline of time to eradicate these wilding heresies, and passed immediately to another topic. "You find this little town, I dare say, somewhat dull, Mr. Lambert, after London or Paris," he observed. "You will be glad to get back?"

But at that moment Lisa made an entrance with the wine, with which the young man at once served his guest. He pulled the cork from his champagne, and it foamed in the glass, and overran upon the dingy table.

"I toast your health, sir," said Mr. Oliver, politely, raising his port, "and I drink long life to you."

Lambert bowed, and tossed off his own wine with a gesture of abandonment. "Life," said he, thoughtfully, "a long life. Yes, sir, that is now the one thing I could do with. You asked me just now if I had found Dreiburg dull. I suppose it is dull. Every place is dull when you have no money—damned dull. How do I spend my days? Why, I drink a little, smoke a good deal, and I sleep heartily. I am fond of chess; I play dominoes: these are my books about the room, very dirty, but wondrously well worn. I suppose I am a philosopher in my way. Also, I fence a great deal. A harmless life, Mr. Oliver, but dull you will say—yes, dull, I admit you."

"And now you have a very wide sphere of influence, and great opportunities, if I may say so," said the lawyer, rolling the sententious phrases off his tongue with unction. "You will no doubt be returning shortly to London."

Lambert eyed him reflectingly. "No," he replied, and shook his head softly, considering to himself. "No, I shall not be returning."

Mr. Oliver drew himself up in protest. "But—" he began in amazement.

"My dear sir," broke in Lambert, "I believe you to be a very honest man, and I have great hopes that you are a capable. My affairs could be in no better hands, I am sure. At least I should waste time considering them. A millionaire—that is what you would call me—can only enjoy life so long as he spends. If his mind is taken up with gathering in, he is a lost soul. Lose me ten thousand a year, and save me for myself, and you will earn my liveliest gratitude. Nay, I will stand meekly to be robbed, and will not chide you, provided you do not occupy my time."

Mr. Oliver's back stiffened into marmoreal dignity, and his gaze grew glassy.

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"I think, sir," he remarked, in his coldest tones, "that you will, upon reflection, see the inappropriateness of the terms you have used with regard to your business relations with my firm."

"To be sure, to be sure!" exclaimed Lambert, hastily. "They bear no relation in the world to you. I spoke a general proposition. Pray accept my apologies. But see here, Mr. Oliver. You would have me return to London. Why? Primarily, no doubt, that I might put my affairs in order. A fig for my affairs! I have, you tell me, four millions and a half sterling. I am no lightning calculator, but that figures out to me at something like £130,000 a year. Set my affairs in order! I tell you I will neither glean nor garner. Collect for me. Protect for me. I still shall go whistling as in the old days when I had nothing in my pocket but a hole. If I change my fortune I shall not change my manners. That man only is rich who keeps his poor tastes with a full purse. I have no luxurious habits. I have been schooled by hard masters, fostered on brickbats, and brought up on empty bottles. I have had one hundred pounds per annum to my credit, and my poverty has not troubled me. Now that I have over one hundred thousand, neither shall my riches trouble me. I warn you that my pockets still have holes. They leak, and it is you that must supply them."

He drank another glass of champagne, and Mr. Oliver set down his port upon the table. "But," he ventured to interject in the current of his astonishment and disapprobation, "a man of your wealth, sir, has a position to—to fill—has, if you will allow me to put it that way, responsibilities to support."

Lambert threw himself back in his chair and laughed loudly, for the wine was affecting his spirits. "Oh, my dear sir," he cried, lolling in his seat, "what the devil, may I ask you, do I care for position and responsibilities? Mark you, I will design my own position and construct my own responsibilities. In God's name, why should I allow others to do that for me? Have I not a mind, and have I not wits, a sense of morals, and two good hands? Pshaw! I will be indebted to none for a notion of my position. I can bear myself very well for myself."

"I am far from saying," remarked the scandalized lawyer, "that you are unable to judge how you should dispose of your money, Mr. Lambert. You misinterpret my criticism, which was intended mainly to indicate that vastly greater privileges would accrue to your new condition in your own country."

"I have no doubt," cried Lambert, mockingly, "I can buy what I will. Is it not so? I have the privilege of my purse, like any respectable Englishman. Oh yes; do not think I do not quite understand and appreciate that. Money, my dear sir, I need hardly tell you, is so much power, frozen, congealed, sealed up, potentialized, represented in this round spot of gold. Throw a stone into the air, and let it lodge upon the roof—there remains immutably inherent in it the definite power of falling. One hundred men have worked one hour somewhere, some time, and the customs of our world have petrified their labor in this gold. Sir, I have but to melt it into the general circulation and, presto! out jump the hammers of those hundred men, and hammer for an hour. Money, my dear sir, money is the most divine and wonderful of all things. It is the issue of our ancestors' travail; the sweat and labor of two thousand years is embodied in this little coin. There is nothing so permanent as money save only death, and money itself shall cease only when Death has finished his work."

"I fear," explained Mr. Oliver, coughing, and somewhat coldly in spite of the wine, "that I cannot follow you in these foreign socialistic ideas."

"You are right," went on Lambert, without seeming to notice this interruption. "Money carries with it a privilege. But I ask you to judge between these two opportunities. I am a millionaire, new fledged—my mind bites with a sharp tooth. I am a philosopher, a theorist, an informal fool, if you like. But that is my hobby, to fit and shape the plastic matter of the world about me. If I drink a little of wine in the day, and that at five marks, it will content me. You perceive I smoke a pipe, and it is very bad government tobacco. I noticed you sniff. Very well, my good sir. My wants are not excessive, nay, very economical rather, though I will not promise you to keep a level keel always. No, there is blood and there is youth to reckon with. But what am I, then, with these dædalian tastes, if I am in London or Paris? One merely

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among a hundred. Millionaires can be pointed at with all ten fingers down Piccadilly or in the shade of the boulevards. A bootless vagabond is rarer in those opulent and miserable cities. London would open her mouth and swallow me, digesting the morsel with a gusto, but there would be no more Christopher Lambert, millionaire; I should pass into the currents of her blood, become part of her microcosm, the rheum in her eyes, or the sweat she wipes off her brow. I am elbow-grease to her—that is all; that is where I fail. Walk into Madame Tussaud's and see me stark, stiff, and stuffed out, with my label on my back, in a row of brother Midases, wearing, you may well guess, long ass's ears—by God, a scarecrow chamber of terrors! No, sir, I have no fancy to digest in London's belly. I am new to the game, but I think I know a trick worth more than that."

Mr. Oliver sat bolt-upright in his chair, as civilly indifferent as he might appear. "I gather, then," he observed in the pause, "that you will *not* return to London."

Lambert drank more champagne—the wine and the event excited his blood. "I have spoken of my trick," he said, musingly. "Do not think I don't know what I mean. What do you suppose? I ask you to look about on this little snippet of territory. Would you believe, sir, that it is an independent state? Is it credible? How many square miles do you imagine this respectable old Grand-Duke, whose palace you may see from the corner of my window yonder, holds under his beneficent sway? Four hundred! It is farce! Over how many souls is he exact tyrant, modified by an amiable and futile council? I have not my Baedeker, but I am assured that Weser-Dreiburg is composed of no less than 70,000 souls all told. Is it not marvellous? Here are we in a little interjected piece of land, lying under the sovereign charm of heaven, and between the great buffers of two large and hostile powers. I ask you what, sir, do you think my position here would be, what would be my privileges, what my powers, what my responsibilities in this lilliput of a grand-duchy?" Lambert paused, and waited, his eyes sparkling with a fine fire, his body drawn up in a posture of tense feeling. But the lawyer offered no reply. "Why," resumed the young man, leaping to his feet in his excitement, and laughing among his words—"why, I am Providence here. I am God to the extent of my four millions and a half. I command the lives and deaths of people. I control a nation. It is I, and I alone that may direct its destinies."

Mr. Oliver directed a sour glance at the empty champagne-bottle. He took out his watch. "Naturally, naturally," he observed; "and now, Mr. Lambert, as I see it is late, I must with regret leave you. I am somewhat tired by my journey. I dare say that sleep will be—er—the best thing for both of us," and his eyes rested for a second once more in silent condemnation upon the empty bottle.

When he had gone, Lambert leaned out of the window and stared into the night. After some time he rose and reached for his hat.

"I will have a walk," said he.

The dawn was breaking red in the eastern skies and the cocks were saluting the sun when he returned, crept into his bed, and fell asleep.

### CHAPTER II.

THE beams of the sun pouring in a warm flood upon his face awoke Christopher betimes. He was dressed and about very shortly, and sat on that bright March morning in the little court-yard of the inn to drink his coffee. The trees were showing buds of green, and the lilac-bushes were already sprouting. The noise of birds sounded abroad, and the soft warm air blew over the tops of the houses and streamed upon him. It might have been mid-day after that roaring night. The incidents of his interview with Mr. Oliver passed in a chain before Christopher's eyes. He saw himself suddenly sumptuous with importance, and smiled pleasantly at the vistas in his imagination. There was not only excitement in his flowing thoughts, but an amiable strain of cynicism also. His absorbing vitality woke under the stimulus of his reflections, and hurriedly leaving the inn, he made down the Leopoldstrasse for the Hotel Kaiserin.

He found the lawyer sitting down to breakfast—an English breakfast of eggs and ham and a reputable imitation of tea. Mr. Oliver greeted him with some surprise, and begged the pleasure of his company.

"I hardly expected to see you so early," he explained, "but I am glad you are accessible, for I should like to catch the mid-

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day train, and we have certain business before us."

"As to that," said Christopher, quickly, "I am content to be in your hands." Mr. Oliver acknowledged the compliment. "But there is one thing I would ask," pursued the young man. "You can arrange for my credit here?"

"In view of your strong expressions of opinion last night, Mr. Lambert," said the lawyer, formally, "I had intended to mention the matter myself. I had better open your account with Messrs. Feberwolz and Seligmann, who, I see, have a branch here, as well as at Munich."

Christopher reflected. "I presume they are also at Paris?" he said.

"That is their headquarters," assented the old gentleman.

"Make it Paris," said Christopher, abruptly; "but I should also like a small account here."

Mr. Oliver bowed on receiving the order, and went on with his breakfast. When the meal was over, pen and ink were fetched, and the lawyer unfolded his documents in the coffee-room. Christopher signed his name where he was invited to do so, and, the technical business of the interview discharged, rose to go. The lawyer rose too.

"And now, Mr. Lambert," said he, with a change of voice and a greater ease of manner—"and now allow me once more to offer my congratulations. Your position, sir, if I may say so, is unique—unique in this continent, at any rate."

He addressed the young man even with some slight warmth, and it was impossible to avoid the inference that his client had assumed in his eyes a different complexion, now that he was definitely and assuredly the possessor of so much money. On the previous morning Mr. Oliver had played the rôle almost of a benefactor; at least he could hardly escape an air of patronage. To-day, with those signed papers in his hands, he was changed into a somewhat priggish but deferential adviser. Whatever disapprobation he might henceforward nourish in his heart, he could not be expected to visit openly upon his client. It was an insensible turn in his demeanor, by no means incongruous in a man of honor, even creditable to one of business, and certainly natural to human frailty.

"I thank you very heartily," said Christopher, with a smile, "and I am sure that I hope I shall earn your good opinion by my use of that unique position. And now, my dear Mr. Oliver, can I do anything for you?" he inquired, politely. "You leave at twelve. It is still early. Can I show you the town?"

The lawyer excused himself very genially. He had some matters that required his attention, he said, and it was plain that he saw nothing in the town to be shown.

"A dull old dog," was Christopher's reflection as he strode off.

"There goes a madman," said the lawyer to himself as he watched the tall figure speed down the street. "I foresee he will involve himself in trouble. Wise men make money, and fools spend it;" and with the inner consciousness that he had, with a short hour's work, added hugely to the fortunes of his firm, he went cheerfully to his packing.

Each man thus left joyously to the digestion of his own thoughts, it followed that when Christopher appeared later in the morning to perform the last offices to his visitor and escort him to the station, the two met with cordiality. Mr. Oliver even ventured to refer to the topic of their conversation on the last evening.

"I shall not be surprised if I find you yet change your mind, Mr. Lambert," he said, pleasantly. "You will get tired of this quiet life."

"My dear sir," said Christopher, smiling, "you do not know what you have done for me. You have rescued me into a life of magnificent activity. I shall have my hands full."

"Why," said Mr. Oliver, looking about the streets, "you must choose another theatre, then."

Christopher came to a pause in his walk, and cast his eyes about him, as if asking for a parable. "See there," said he, pointing at a girl who, wrapped in a fine mantle of furs, was passing along the other side of the road. "I am Providence, did I not say, to the sum of £130,000 a year. There goes a human life with independent desires and individual qualities. I dare say she has a lover. But if in my design of Weser-Dreiburg it should be needful"—he snapped his fingers—"she shall marry whom I please. I put myself about to become destiny to her." He spoke in deep earnest.

Mr. Oliver glanced at him queerly. "Ah, you are young," he answered, dryly. "You will get tired of experiments. You are not so powerful as you think. Be-

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sides, my dear sir, consider to what a dreadful pitch these theories of yours would carry you."

"Possibly," said Christopher, simply. "But I see your train is waiting. Can I be of no further service to you?"

"I thank you, none," replied the lawyer, and stepped into his carriage. He put his head out of the window. "I have attended to Messrs. Feberwolz and Seligmann," he said, and, as the train moved off, "I shall hope to see you in London shortly, sir," he added, significantly.

Christopher nodded with a smile, and having watched the train draw out of the station, turned on his heel and walked off. He moved with a sprightly air, throwing his stick jauntily before him, and marching with his head well back, a complacent smile babbling on his face. Presently he stopped and entered a bookshop. Here he made several purchases—a fat history of the German principalities by Doctor Obermann, the Almanach de Gotha, several plans and maps of Weser-Dreiburg, together with some treatises on German law, and the *Chronicles of Count Heimlich*, a volume favorably known for its amusing and scandalous records of the petty German courts. With these books under his arm he sought his unpretentious inn, and for the rest of the afternoon sat before his window, subject to the fine spring air, and read. The substance of his study may here be presented.

The grand-duchy of Weser-Dreiburg is bounded upon the north and west by the principality of Erwald; upon the south and east by the little margraviate of Salzhausen. It lies lower than its neighbors and enjoys a more equable climate, as well as more romantic scenery. The country is of superior richness, and is well filled with a sturdy population that grows fat upon the woods and fields and meadows through which lies the tortuous course of the river Weser. Smaller than either Erwald or Salzhausen in respect of both area and population, Weser-Dreiburg at the time of this tale had yet a greater name in the world. Its reputation did not penetrate to the obscure corners of the world, nor were its praises cried in the marts of Europe, but for all that the grand-duchy had the tradition of prosperity, and was known to the traveller as a pleasant spot in which to drink beer, hunt hares, or study early Gothic architecture. Its ruler at this time was the Grand-Duke Leopold XII., a man well advanced in years, something of a student, said gossip, at least a recluse, upon whose shoulders the weight of government sat very lightly. Beyond one daughter, the Princess Xenia, he had no children, and upon his death the immediate heir was H. S. H. Prince Maximilian, who, according to the whisper of Count Heimlich, was to be looked for, if wanted, in a private sanitarium, lying not so very far from Baden-Baden. Prince Karl of Erwald was yet a young man, and it was reported, a young man of mettle; while the Margrave of Salzhausen was best known as a patron of music, and the composer of several valses once popular in the ball-rooms of Europe.

These three contiguous states lay jumbled together, buffers, as it were, between the two greater powers of central Europe. They had an independent history, and kept their free customs, having managed, at the cost of great pains and infinite diplomacy, to avoid absorption upon either side. No doubt the warring and impatient jealousies of their neighbors had aided them in their life-long struggle. Weser-Dreiburg, at least, by reason of its more safe and central position, had secured itself so far against any ruptures, and the bounds of its brief territory still remained where they had been set by the great Duke Leopold three hundred and fifty years before.

Time passed while Christopher was accumulating these simple facts, which he marshalled from many hundred pages of print. That duty accomplished, he took a sheet of paper and a pencil, and sat squarely down to his problem. Here were the materials, then, awaiting his manipulations. It was with these truths and these figures, and above all with the human elements behind these, that he—Providence—must deal. There was need of bright wit to fashion a suitable scheme for that better world, but Christopher Lambert was not dismayed.

"I must take my time," he said, to comfort himself; "but, above all, I must plan a scheme. I play whist, and I am a fair hand at chess. Come, there is no need to despair. But, anyhow, I shall worry it out gently;" and with that he rose, took his hat, and strolled out upon the street. The night was riding down the sky, and he remembered all at once that he had eaten nothing since déjeuner.

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Consequently he turned into the Hotel Kaiserin and ordered some dinner. When he had finished three or four courses, together with an excellent bottle of wine, Christopher began to take encouragement for his hopes. He could see himself already, in his mind's eye, moving the pieces upon the board, silent, unseen, inscrutable, and omnipotent. His fingers itched to begin, and yet it would be folly to start at random. He must prepare a formula; and the warmth of wine and dinner suffused him with comfort. The waiter's eye challenged him respectfully, and he called for his bill. Out in the streets the night had dropped thick with blackness, and a thin small rain was falling on the pavements. Christopher walked leisurely under the still fine mist, revolving many considerations in his mind. He had shaken off his earlier mood with the determination of youth, and as he now strode down the roads he was consumed with quite another passion. He stood up suddenly now, the possessor of four millions and a half. He was a theorist, actively enrolling himself among the powers of this world; and yet here he moved, now with a quickened step, the magnet and centre of a thousand dreams of romance. He did not notice the drifting rain nor the slippery pavements. His soul was aloft, crying among the stars. Voices were calling, calling in his ears, inviting him to strange new regions. The exiguous confines of that narrow town seemed paltry in the light of this new discovery. He was potent, he was formidable, with no scruples save those of his own conscience. The private secrets of that insignificant capital opened out to him avenues of access. He was master of them, and there flashed the will-o'-the-wisp before him.

He paused. He had reached the nether parts of the town towards the river; the lights in the windows had faded; and only the lamp-light shone upon the pathway. Before him a man was marching with a vague military tread away into the darkness beyond. Christopher's romantic thoughts blew into flame. He was jockey to the night, and the world was his race-course. Behind him at the inn lay his quiet bed and the humdrum repose of sleep. This was not the road he sought, now that he was invested with new powers. He pursued the stranger at an even distance.

The man moved smartly forward, as if to an assured goal, his face and his other actions betraying a certain excitement. Christopher followed behind, threading with his innocent companion the maze of little alleys that here compose the river-frontage. At one point the stranger stopped and looked about him, but Christopher, with the alert decision of his character, passed steadily on. Casting one glance upon him where the lamp-light gleamed upon the pavement, the man turned into a sideway, and opening a door, disappeared. Without a minute's hesitation Christopher followed, pushed open the door, and stepping over the threshold, found himself in a long passage, illuminated very faintly by a gas-jet streaming within a broken and discolored globe. The walls upon either hand were damp to the fingers and smelled musty, breaking into ugly livid patches where the dirty and discolored paper had left bare the plaster below. Far ahead the dim light shone upon the vista of the passage until it ran into the obscurer shadows. The sound of feet passing into the darkness struck regularly upon the listener's ear. For a moment he paused, considering these impressions of the sense, and then a quick fear of his audacity leaped in him. "Oh, well," he laughed to himself, "I dare say I can buy civility, and redeem my impudence at a price;" and with a sudden thrill plucking at his nerves he strode quietly forward. The passage twisted at right angles some way below the gas-light, and presently a farther turn brought him to a small door, just visible in the half-light, and hung with green baize. Opening this cautiously, he peeped through, and his eyes fell immediately upon the man whom he had been following. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with a great crown of dark hair, and a smooth face, carrying himself like some actor or public singer. As he stood before a farther door in the little room upon which Christopher was peeping, it opened suddenly, and a tall man, heavily built, with a short red beard, was disclosed.

"Leopold," said the short man, saluting in a military fashion, and passing the custodian, disappeared. The door shut to softly, and the small chamber was once more under the rule of silence. The scene he had witnessed quickened Christopher's heart, and his determination

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also. He entered the room, rapped at the outer door, and waited. Presently the janitor put out his head, regarding him fixedly and with an expectant air.

"Leopold," whispered Christopher, and—

"Pass," said the man, mechanically solemn; and pushing back the door, the young man entered.

He found himself at once in a lofty and somewhat spacious room, very barely furnished, save for a long table in the centre, some chairs, and the stove upon the fourth side. Round the table sat a number of men—a dozen or more—who looked up at his entrance, furtively, and with some suspicion. But Christopher made boldly for the table, and as he did so, the short thick-set man with the long hair rose hastily and beckoned to him.

"Sit here," he whispered. "I thought you were one of us outside. We have just begun."

Christopher took the chair that was indicated, and sat down in a strange whirl of excitement. Before him on the table lay a brace of fire-arms. A voice was sounding monotonously through the room. Seeing him, as they supposed, recognized by their comrade, the rest of the company had turned their faces towards the head of the table, which was occupied by the speaker—a man of middle height, with a face of triangular shape and sleek hair, reeking with oil. His measured accents, gutturally stentorious, fell upon Christopher's ear with an effect of peace, soothing him, as it were, into a more comfortable possession of himself. He almost began to fancy that he was present in a debating society which was discussing some worn and rounded problem of the ages in the new light of its young eyes. The influence of that attentive assembly told upon him; the unnatural silence of the other members, the air of an excitement straining at its cords, and the august solemnity of the speaker arrested and drew his interest. He found himself hanging upon the words of the chairman with a ridiculous zeal.

"It is certainly a question which we must approach and settle at once," said the man with the triangular face, "this matter of campaign. It is well that Karl Kohler has introduced the point at this early period. And there is yet another problem of importance that meets us upon the threshold, which has been occupying my attention for some time past. I refer to the question of one chamber against two chambers. Recently, in England, the popular feeling has swung round to a disbelief in the efficiency of a second chamber. And certainly the experience of the United States is not calculated to inspire us with confidence in the advantages of a senate. On the other hand, as will doubtless have occurred to you, there are dangers in the abolition of safeguards and—"

But at this juncture in the speech an interruption came from the man immediately opposite Christopher, who had for some little time been fidgeting upon his chair, and frowning and muttering to himself.

"Julius Kreiss," he cried, in a hoarse voice, rudely shaken with emotion, "you are wrong! you are all wrong! There should be no distrust of the people. I protest against such a calumnious libel on the people. In the name of freedom, I protest, I protest!"

"Rudolph Bremner, I bid you be silent," said the chairman, raising his voice in command. "You forget that you are a delegate in an orderly and deliberate council."

"I protest as a delegate; as the delegate of the people—of four thousand free and burdened workers—I protest," shouted Bremner, excitedly.

"Very well, sir," responded the president of this odd assembly, "I will make a note of your protest. It shall be entered on the minutes. And now, gentlemen, as this is hardly in accordance with the best precedents of representative bodies, with your permission I will call the roll, and we can get to work."

Christopher lay back in his chair and smiled. It seemed a very ludicrous business, this mimicry of government, and he was tickled with the serious pretentiousness around him.

"You must be from Uberalitz?" whispered his short neighbor to him under cover of the bustle that ensued upon the chairman's announcement. "As every one else is here."

Christopher nodded. He was really enjoying himself, and he lay back lazily and surveyed the scene. He had not yet definitely made up his mind what this absurd parody meant. He heard the president's voice proclaim a string of uncouth German names; and presently the

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voice paused. "Johann Schmidt," it called again.

Christopher's neighbor looked at him significantly. "Johann Schmidt," said the president, impatiently. A sense of understanding awoke in Christopher.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, politely. "Here!" A book was passed round the table and came to him. The signatures of the company, newly blotted, were more or less legible, and he wrote, as seemed to be expected of him,

"Johann Schmidt, Uberalitz."

Fortune had favored his impertinence. He began to be troubled vaguely about the character of this meeting. The chairman rose to his feet. In the glib language of that queer travesty of parliaments the orders of the day were taken.

"I declare," said the president, magniloquently, "that the first session of the Convention of the Republic of Weser-Dreiburg is now open."

The cat was out of the bag, and Christopher drew himself up with an alert movement of his muscles. He stared about the company, scrutinizing each member of this fraternity with a hilarious curiosity. It seemed to savor of farce that these people should conduct themselves so earnestly, while without the military policemen stalked the streets in sword and uniform, and the great guns were frowning formidably from the ramparts of the Grand-Duke's castle. Yet it was possible, he reflected, that these insignificant students and nameless artisans might be capable of making history, even of subverting a throne. He lent his ear to the proceedings with a gusto, and before very long he discovered that he had fallen into a veritable nest of revolutionaries. They had their organization, and their watchwords, their systems of election, and their propaganda. The only point lacking seemed to be a plan of campaign, as to which the several members were hotly at odds. One party stood for bold strokes and bloody deeds, chief of which was the turbulent Bremner, a man of great size, carrying huge misshapen fists. The president himself, the coolest head among them all, as Christopher conceived, advocated more diplomatic courses, and was followed by the majority.

"Comrades," said he in his level manner, "we must be wary. We must open an eye to the future. We do not want the blinkers of Europe upon us. Germany has her paw out, and we are in the very lap of Austria. The slightest imprudence—"

"Imprudence," burst forth Bremner. "The greatest deeds of emancipation have been wrought by imprudence. We swelter under the yoke, and you bid us walk warily. Our children will be dropping into their graves by the time this opportunity of yours is arrived. Let us strike, and now. Comrades, what say you? Here are the two courses. Will you give your votes to be trampled still in mud? No! a thousand times no! We the people's representatives will see to it."

A mild uproar ensued, in which, the meeting being by this time raised to the fury of active partisanship, most of the delegates got upon their feet. In the middle of it all Christopher rose, and his resonant sharp voice pierced through the clamor and arrested the attention of the gathering.

"Name, name," they shouted, settling into their seats.

"Er—er—Schmidt," said Christopher, in a little confusion. "Johann Schmidt —of Uberalitz," he added, to give firmer persuasion to his reply.

"Comrades," said Christopher, with the eyes of the assembly upon him, "I have listened with interest to the arguments of the president, and I may say that I have listened with equal interest to the arguments of the gentleman—comrade, that is —who has just sat down." He addressed himself almost unconsciously as to a debating society framed upon the model of the House of Commons. "I am constrained," he proceeded, "to rise in order to indicate what appears to me to be at once a point which has been overlooked by the speakers, and also one which may make a possible compromise. This grand-duchy of ours is situate between the principality of Erwald and the margraviate of Salzhausen. These three states have so far survived out of the wreck of societies equal with themselves, and keep and guard their independence. The grand-duchy of Weser-Dreiburg contains 70,000 inhabitants—a petty community, indeed, of itself. Add to them the population of the neighboring states, and you would have a republic—as we trust—not only of considerable area, but containing within its borders the sum total of 300,000 souls. Gentlemen—comrades—is not this worthy of our consideration?"

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The rhetorical pause in Christopher's speech brought to his feet an angry, menacing figure lower down the table.

"Weser-Dreiburg can never unite with Salzhausen," he gesticulated. "They are hereditary enemies, and, moreover, rivals in trade."

"I protest," cried Bremner, helping himself to his legs by placing his huge paws upon the table, "Johann Schmidt is right. The boundaries of republics are not set. We are democrats, and we reach forth the right hand of fellowship. Brotherhood, brotherhood—that's my word;" and he sat down, repeating the word.

Christopher waited till the small storm which his sentiments had evoked was settling, and then he resumed.

"If you agree with me that it is desirable to combine in an unassailable commonwealth the three states, it will be obvious to you that any question of force must be postponed until we are all in line."

Up jumped the choleric Bremner. "I see what you are aiming at, comrade," he cried, brandishing his fist in the air. "You would put off the *coup d'état* till kingdom come. I say war; I say war;" and saying war, he was dragged into his seat by his friends.

"I think," said Christopher, smiling, and now alive with the excitement of the debate, "that I shall be able shortly to convince my friend opposite. Let me point out the following cogent reasons for postponing the resort to arms—"

But the cogent reasons were unfortunately destined never to be demonstrated to his audience, for at that moment an interruption occurred in the sudden entrance of a stranger through the baize-covered door. The whole assembly started, and fifteen pairs of eyes shot at the new-comer. He advanced very confidently, saluting the president in a military fashion, and approached the table.

"I regret, comrades," said he, "that owing to the delay of my train I have arrived so late."

"Who are you," asked the president, in his steady voice, "that makes thus free with our company, and has pierced into the heart of our privacy?"

"I am Johann Schmidt, of Uberalitz," replied the stranger, looking at his questioner in some surprise.

Christopher Lambert had been comfortably settling into his speech, warmed now to a pleasant glow, and catching shy glimpses in his course of dim, formless ideals that danced about his brain. He had forgotten by this time his earlier thought, that here was a pack of foolish prigs or fanatics, exercising their rusty wits upon ancient academic problems. A new sentiment thrilled in him like wine, and although he had dropped into the manner of the debating society, he was rising far above it in feeling. In the thick flow of his ideas the eyes of all went towards the stranger; and his gaze, too, followed theirs. He had forgotten himself, had lost sense of all but his theme; and of a sudden the revelation burst upon him.

Here was the real Johann Schmidt, whose name and designation he had stolen. In a moment the blood welled unpleasantly to his face, but the next instant resumed its current smoothly. In place of the quick convert to that enthusiasm which always lay breeding in his soul, there stood the cynic, agreeably aware of the innumerable small humors of life, and cool to all occasions of mischance. Once more it was a dialectic society in which he was surrounded.

At the words of the delegate from Uberalitz a low murmur of amazement broke from the company. Their eyes turned on Christopher, who stood impassive, bearing their glances without a vestige of emotion. There was a slight pause, and then an outcry rose in the room, and the thread of delegates shook, twisted, and broke; hands grasped pistols from the table, and a clatter of swords saluted Christopher's ear.

"Traitor!" "Spy!" were words that rang above the uproar. The president tinkled his bell, and put out his hand for silence.

"Is this true what this man says?" he asked of Christopher. "Who are you?"

The whim tickled Christopher's fancy to play with these scholastic revolutionaries. It would develop a fine piece of farce that he should still claim to be Johann Schmidt. Here was a pretty dilemma upon which to thrust the assembly suddenly. But the notion passed; he would have to explain himself at some time, and he chose that it should be now.

"What he says is true," he replied, simply; "I am a philosophical observer."

His answer was received with a storm of shouts. "Spy! Traitor! Assassin!"

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the terms floated about his ears; and immediately upon that there was a deep silence—tense, alive with emotion. At a signal the baize door was barred. The president whispered with his neighbors. Christopher caught the words,

"The river afterwards."

He looked round the broken group of angry and expectant faces, and all at once the debating society had vanished, and in its place was a meeting of stern and resolute men. They held their tongues and looked at him, directing glances on the president, who was busily scribbling upon some scraps of paper. Christopher moved slightly under the impression of this new discovery. He spoke on the silence.

"I owe you, sirs," said he, "an apology and an explanation. I am here by an accident—by what I regard as a fortunate accident. A fancy seized me. For this I stoutly apologize. You have my humble excuses. Nay, further, I have assumed the identity of a worthy gentleman," said he, turning to Johann Schmidt, "and I hereby acknowledge my fault, and am prepared to give him any satisfaction he may hereafter think fit to demand. But for the rest, what began in a jest came to grow serious. I have been hugely interested in your discussions, and I believe you are in the right. I am one who thinks the world wags too slowly, and I have a faith in gunpowder. Can I say more? Gentlemen, comrades, your secrets are safe with me."

This deliverance was received without a sound. Christopher's voice rose and died away upon the profound silence. He bit his lip. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have had the honor to address you."

Still there was no response to his pleading, but he observed that the slips of paper were being rapidly passed from hand to hand. The voicelessness of that band, heretofore noisy with the arguments and excitement of debate, struck solemnly on Christopher's ear; it awed him somewhat. Mechanically clapping his hat on his head, he took up a sword which lay upon the table and waited upon events, the sense of security fast fading from his mind. The slips travelled back to the president, who examined them dispassionately. He rose in his seat.

"The sentence of the convention," said he, quietly, "is death."

Involuntarily Christopher took a step away from the table. He set his back towards the wall, sword in hand.

"This is something of a farce, sir," said he, hotly addressing himself to the chair. "It is time we ended it. I have offered my apologies and terms of satisfaction. I invite your answer."

"The answer has been given, sir," replied the president, gravely. "It is death."

Several of the delegates made a movement towards him. "There must be no fire-arms," said the president, hurriedly. Christopher thrust his weapon out before him, stark and glittering in the gas-light. "Sir," he cried, making one more appeal to the chief of that sinister company, "I have explained to you that I am in sympathy with your aims. I too am a revolutionary. I dare say we differ only upon details. Is this not enough? Nay, I will go further. You shall bind me by what ties you will. You would suppose me a spy. Very well, sir. You yourselves shall control my actions. Henceforth I am subject to your supervision and to your superintendence until you are convinced of my good faith. What have you to say to that?"

The president took the eyes of his convention. "Death!" said a dozen voices. "You have the answer," said he, solemnly.

Christopher cast a quick glance about the room. The particulars of that disastrous scene imprinted themselves upon his mind, from the stalwart janitor at the door to the long table and the group of threatening faces. He even noticed that a featureless sort of fellow was writing in a note-book some way down. There was no chance of escape. His heart went faster under his coat.

"Is this your justice?" he asked in a high voice. "If this be your justice, sirs, I see no chance for the new era. But God will not suffer you. He will not intrust the cause of freedom to such base and cruel instruments."

"We are the instruments of death," said the president, calmly.

"See here," said Christopher, as the throng showed signals of impatience and pressed upon him, "this shall be my witness for me. I will subsidize this society—I will subsidize it in this room, and now. There is the proof of my sincerity. I will endow the convention so as to enable it to carry out its glorious aims. See, sirs—"



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But at that the huge delegate, Bremner, with a howl of rage, breaking through the others, flung himself upon him. "That proves it," he yelled. "The spy! The dirty police spy! He would subsidize us," and he fell upon Christopher with his weapon. Christopher had shot his last bolt.

"Be damned to you, then," he said, shortly, and with his back towards the wall he plied his point. He was an excellent swordsman, and in a little Bremner's sword was clattering on the floor, and the delegate himself fell back into the arms of a friend, bluff and muttering.

"This is not a court of duello," cried one, "but a court of justice."

The sentiment was welcomed with acclamation by the angry members, and with savage cries two or three made for Christopher. He found himself pressed very hardly, and retreated, backing into the wall. A point struck and rattled on his breastbone. He uttered an angry cry of pain, and slashed passionately with the blade of his sword. His shoulder brushed against the arras on the wall; he dodged to avoid another thrust, and slipping, fell with the whole discharge of his weight into the arras. A crash followed, the wall rocked and opened, and his body disappeared beneath the tangled confusion of the curtain.

### CHAPTER III.

CHRISTOPHER scrambled to his feet upon the further side of the arras, and groped in the darkness. Somewhere, far off, a speck of light twinkled, and he made towards it, running at the highest speed possible in that environment of night. He was in a narrow passage. At the end he found a tiny gas-jet twittering in the gusty alley, and by the faint illumination discovered a flight of stairs that mounted upward. These he took at a bound, hearing noises behind him, and the clatter of heavy feet sounding along the passage. The stairway gave upon an empty chamber, into which the full moon, floating in some clear piece of sky, struck with a silver glow. He shut the door behind him, and latched it. Pausing to breathe, he cast about him for an exit. Upon one side of the room gaped a great chasm of blackness, into which he stepped, feeling his way with care. A little room beyond opened upon a second passage, down which he walked stealthily, treading diligently through the darkness. At the bottom he stumbled upon another flight of steps, and mounting to the top, found himself in a small antechamber, comfortably furnished and pleasantly lighted. Here once more he paused and listened. The building was full of sounds, but none seemed near at hand. He congratulated himself, and was turning away, when a small door before him opened softly, and the president confronted him.

Christopher had dropped his sword, but instantly whipped out his knife, and bared a long blade.

"I regret," he observed, "that you force the use of this upon me. It is not a weapon I like."

"That, sir," said the president, coolly, "is merely a sentiment. But come, you need fear nothing from me. I am, as you perceive, without weapons."

Christopher regarded him. "What is it you want?" he inquired. "I confess I fail to understand you."

"My dear sir," replied the president, in the same voice, and speaking for the first time in English, "I am, like yourself, an academic revolutionary." Christopher dropped the point of his weapon. "Come," continued the president, with more animation, "I noted you from the first. You were not what I expected. I have been four years at Heidelberg, and I know the difference of breed. You are an Englishman. I have studied the laws and customs of your country. They are, as a rule, admirable. I believe in you."

"Yet you pronounced my sentence of death," remarked Christopher.

"It is our necessary habit," explained the president. "The rules of the convention are, I may say, of my own manufacture. They are modelled upon the English House of Commons. You may have observed that."

Christopher smiled.

"You will see," went on the president, "that I had no option but to pronounce formally the sentence prescribed by law and voted upon by my comrades. I may add that I myself offered a vote in your favor. It was the only one."

"I suppose," said Christopher, dryly, "that I cannot well ask you now to explain me to your comrades."

"I will do better," said the president, promptly. "I will show you how to escape. My voice could avail nothing now." He listened, and taking Christopher's arm,

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hurried him through the door. "They are close upon us," he said, "but the darkness is hindering the pursuit. Your life is not worth a rush-light if they take you. The river rolls at the end of this house." He conducted Christopher through a series of chambers and down a steep flight of stairs, at the bottom of which was a door. This he opened. "You are safe so far," he said. "The gardens run down to the river here. You must trust to your wits to carry you farther in the event of pursuit. And now, sir, I must have your name," he said, peremptorily.

Christopher told him. "I am living," he said, "at the Hotel of the Lions."

"I knew you would be frank with me," exclaimed the president, with a bow. "I am Julius Kreiss. You have convinced me by what you said to-night that we may look to you for assistance. You spoke like a statesman. I had had my doubts till then. I had marked you out for death. But I have studied England; I believe in you. Go!"

He pushed Christopher from him with a gesture of alarm, and above the noises of the rolling river came the sound of heavy feet upon the stairs. The young man leaped forward with a will into the darkness, which swallowed him up and surged round him like deep waters. Yet he soon discovered that the president had spoken truly when he intrusted him to his wits, for the danger was by no means past. And first he toppled over an invisible wall, and came sprawling to the ground. Shouts broke through the door behind him, and the noise of his fall was followed by a confluence of pursuers to the spot. But ere they had reached him Christopher was upon his legs again, and dashing across what appeared to be a flower-garden, clambered over a second wall. He dropped into some shrubbery, and on a sudden thought nestled securely in the heart of the bushes. He felt that the sounds of his flight might prove more hazardous than this insecure and temporary refuge. Presently he heard voices above him and the noise of an altercation. The delegates were evidently differing upon the course they should pursue.

"We can do nothing without a lantern," said one, in whose voice Christopher thought he could determine the harsh accents of Bremner.

"You fool!" said a second, "you would bring the police upon us! Do you know where we are? We stand a very good chance of arrest as it is!"

"Lower your voices," enjoined a third, and they must have taken the hint, for Christopher heard no more; merely the murmur of a conversation; and at last that too ceased, and there was silence.

After some time he put his head quietly above the bushes and looked about. A drift of rain flying across the gardens stung him smartly upon the face. The river filled the air with sound. Presently the full March moon rode out upon the sky, white and glistering like frost. Miraculously, at a stroke, the gardens sprang into light, and Christopher perceived himself to be in a little orchard. The trees were still bare, and the wind rustled among the twigs, scattering abroad a pitiful sighing sound. The trees rattled and shook; a broken branch creaked upon the apple-tree near by; the grass was gray-green, and cold to look upon. Through the tangle of spare sticks overhead Christopher saw the shining moon fly upon her course, and then slowly embosom herself in clouds. Night fell again, black and palpable night, the river muttered at the foot of the orchard, and the wind screamed among the branches.

This access of impenetrable darkness left Christopher very much at a loss. His ears told him upon which side lay the Weser, but what other directions he must not take he had no notion. However, it was high time that he adventured something, and so he began to pick his way through the wet grass and among the trees. Soon the orchard gave place to a formal garden set with shrubs and borders, and traversed by a narrow gravel path. At the farther end of this he came face to face with a tall gate, which was bolted and locked with a padlock. A little to the right a tiny spark of light shone from a window, and he fancied that he had arrived at the house of this domain. Whilst he stood hesitating upon his course, and wondering if he had better mount the farther wall and try for other and less austere exits, he caught the sound of footsteps advancing upon the gravel to his rear. He conceived that they must be those of the bloodthirsty delegates of that convention, still bent upon his assassination. Further flight was barred by the solid masonry of the house itself. In an instant his resolution was taken; and stepping forward, he rapped

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softly upon the window in which the small light was visible. After a calculable pause, he heard the noise of a bolt shot back, and a long French window opened flush with the lawn on which he stood. He stepped forward over the threshold, and pushing himself free of the curtain, stood face to face with a young woman.

"Madam," said he, speaking quickly, but with every particular of apology, "you must forgive the exigencies which have thrust me upon you as an unwelcome visitor. Pray let me close the window." He put the door gently to as he spoke, and turning, found the girl sunk into a chair and regarding him with glances of amazed terror.

"I am here," said he, gently, "to beg your protection, and not to do you any harm. I have the misfortune to be pursued; my life is at stake. Believe me, I would not disconcert you so much upon a lesser provocation."

The girl made no answer, but stared at him now, however, with surprise rather than with fear.

"I see that you were reading," remarked Christopher, with a nod towards the book that lay upon the table. "Pray do not let me interrupt you. I am but making your house my passage, if you will pardon the liberty."

"You are not a criminal?" said she at last.

"That I am not," returned Christopher, with a smile, "but rather I am escaping from criminals."

She looked at him, her lips parted in some excitement, and a fleck of color rising in her cheeks. "I do not understand," said she. "You are—"

"It is very simple," explained Christopher; "I am pursued by a gang of conspirators. I happened to come into some knowledge of their secrets, and they are aiming at my life. They would not stick at murder."

"Then you are a detective?" said the girl, breathlessly.

Christopher shook his head. "My dear madam," said he, "pray forgive me for reminding you that it does not very much matter what I am, so long as I have the privilege of thoroughfare. At least you shall find that I am not an ingrate."

Suddenly she rose to her feet, exhibiting a confusion of manner. "Yes, yes, you must go," she said, quickly; "I had forgotten. It is nearly time," and was for pushing him with her own hands to the door, but as suddenly stopped, her fingers upon the latch, her face lowered to the key-hole in an attitude of attention. "No, no, you cannot. You must wait," she whispered, anxiously. "They are not yet abed, and (Heavens!) what would they think? I should be thrust forth to-night. They are very honest people—oh, so honest! I could die of their honesty. But—"

She hesitated, her face taut with attention. "I am sure—" began Christopher, civilly, and with an air of apology; but she broke in: "Hush, there he is! God! what shall I do? He is outside. You must go. No, stay—they are in the passage. They will hear you."

She stood, riven by two terrors, mute, pallid, a bewildered spectre of alarms, with her eyes upon the curtained doorway through which Christopher had entered, and her ears still straining towards the interior of the house. Christopher, himself amazed at this sudden and incomprehensible display of consternation, stood near her, equally silent, and obeying instinctively the significance of her attitude. Upon the gravel path without he heard the sound of feet cautiously advancing.

"They are those I spoke of," he whispered, reassuringly. "I will go out and meet them. I am deeply chagrined to have put you about."

"No, no!" she cried, and would have clung to him, to hold him back; and upon that came a faint tapping on the glass, and the curtain moved slowly forward into the room. Christopher remembered that he had left the door ajar. But he was still quite unable to understand the agitation of his companion, who by this time was beyond the act of speech, and upon the very borders of hysteria. It was clear that she wanted to be rid of him; and so, being a man of prompt action and given to impulses, he slipped back into the corner of the room and stooped behind a tall piano. As he did so the door closed softly, and a man's voice sounded on the silence of the chamber.

"I am late, my Katarina. Those accursed fools! Pouf! how they keep a man shut up within four walls! But come, I must have a sound greeting for my pains."

Upon the first words the position was

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revealed to Christopher in his hiding-place, and he sank still lower, in his shame to have brought this embarrassment upon the girl. From where he crouched, in a most uncomfortable position, he could see the shadow of a woman upon the wall, erect, motionless, and then an arm went forth as if in a gesture of repulsion.

"Hush, Fritz! You must not. I will not have it," she said, and her voice betrayed the emotion that was still pulsing through her body. The man uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"What!" said he. "Will the puss scratch to-night? What in the name of Heaven has happened? You are as white as a sheet. See here: two seats together," and he laughed. "You shall do penance and tell me all about it."

There was no answer to his invitation, which was delivered in a voice of jocose tenderness; and Christopher, spying from his corner, saw the girl come suddenly into view, retreating backwards, and two arms following after, in an attempt to seize her. "Oh, my pretty little Katchen!" murmured a lovesick voice.

"No, Fritz, you shall not!" she whispered, fiercely. "Have I not said no? Fool, leave me alone!"

"What is this?" said the man, in a sharper tone.

"Fritz, you must go," said she, hurriedly. "I cannot have you here. There has been an accident. Frau Wagner—she suspects. I shall be found out. I—You must go. Ach Himmel!"

There was the sound as if a man had sat down heavily, and then came Fritz's voice in a colder, sterner accent.

"I will find out what this means, Katarina," said he, "but indeed I think it is clear enough. Perfidious Katarina! I see. You would cast me off. You have found another lover."

"Oh, I swear to you—" she began, and then ended with a short sharp cry.

Christopher heard a heavy tread upon the floor, and next a hand, reaching from the invisible portion of the room, rested upon the little table near the piano, and took up his hat.

Christopher bit his lips, and wished himself even in the arms of the convention. There was a momentary silence, and then Fritz, turning, held the tacit witness in the air. "What does this mean?" he asked, solemnly.

There came a sound of sobbing, and nothing more. Christopher got slowly to his feet, mechanically dusting his knees, and his head rose over the piano.

"That is mine, sir," said he.

The sturdy, trim-set German wheeled swiftly round, and stared at him with his mouth agape; then he laughed unpleasantly, and the crimson flooded his face to his forehead.

"So I have fetched you out, my fine bird," said he, with a sneer. "And as for this accursed light-o'-love—"

"Stay, sir," said Christopher, putting up a hand with the air of authority, "ere you go further I claim the right to speak. You must first hear this lady," and turning to the poor girl, who had fallen weeping into a chair, he continued, in his quietest manner, "Madam, will you explain to this gentleman how I came to be here; or shall I relieve you of the task?"

"I swear to Heaven," cried she—"I swear to Heaven it was an accident! But he will not listen; no, he will not listen," and plunging her face in her hands, she sobbed again.

"Allow me to explain," said Christopher himself, seeing that this incoherence on the part of Katarina was increasing the suspicions of her lover.

"I will have no explanations save at the sword's point from you, sir," said the young man, scowling. "She is faithless."

"One word more, sir," said Christopher, striding forward, "and you go through that window into the night. Come, pull your wits together. The fault of this misunderstanding is entirely mine. I intruded on the lady uninvited, in the press of need. She was startled. I begged her assistance. She hurriedly consented. But upon that instant your signal sounded on the glass, and the uncommon character of the situation naturally involved her in confusion. She could not explain, and thinking it was my pursuers, venturing even to this private refuge, I secreted myself. There, sir, you have it; and if I am any judge of behavior, it is with admiration and sympathy that you should regard this brave and unfortunate lady."

Fritz stared insolently from the speaker to the girl, and then broke out laughing. "A pretty tale," says he.

Katarina rose, extending her arms: she stalked with a certain tragic movement towards him. "Fritz! Fritz!" she cried.

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"Oh, the devil!" said he, in a surly fashion.

Katarina fell helplessly into her chair again and hid her face; but Christopher stepped forward.

"I see you have your hat, sir," said he. "You know the way out, and you should have wit enough to see the necessity of your leaving. You must go."

"I will go," said the other, furiously, "but I swear you shall come with me."

"On the contrary," said Christopher, politely, "I shall make it my business to stay here and try to correct the result of your unmannerliness. As for any call you may wish to make upon me, I shall be happy to see you to-morrow, or when you will, at the Hotel of the Lions."

The young man hesitated—a controversy raged upon his good-looking face. "Come, sir," said Christopher, with asperity. Fritz took a step forward. "By God!" he cried, brandishing a fist and showing his white teeth.

"I think you will go," said Christopher, quietly, and regarding the fist with unwinking eyes.

"Yes, you have the right," said the other, suddenly, and with a rapid change of tone. "I will await you outside." He glided through the door, and the noise of his feet died away upon the gravel. The girl still sobbed, with her face in her hands. She cried in a quiet undertone, very disturbing to hear, like a child who has been admonished to stop her tears. Christopher frowned in his embarrassment. It would have been wiser, no doubt, had *he* crept forth and left the couple to come to terms and an understanding for themselves. But he was newly Providence in that territory of Weser-Dreiburg, and moreover the natural vehemence of his mind persuaded him to take the affair in hand. If he could not manage this trivial problem, he thought, why, he was unfit to attempt a larger.

"I have apologized once, madam," said he, with due ceremony; "this time I am abject. If you can think of me as one whom you have befriended at a great cost to yourself, perchance you may think of me kindly?"

"Oh, go, go! pray go!" cried she.

But this was not at all the career that Christopher, in his obstinate mind, was contemplating. He intended to put matters straight. "I will not go," said he, firmly, "until I see you mistress of yourself, and until I have remedied the mischief I have (God knows unwillingly) effected. That I will do, I can promise you."

She raised her head and looked at him. "I should have thought you had shamed me enough," said she.

"Now I protest that you are regarding this from a wrong corner," answered Christopher, smiling. "I have been a blundering fool. See, I admit it frankly. But I could not have dreamed to bring this trouble on you. What can an honorable man do more than make amends?"

"You can do no good," she replied, tearfully. "I know Fritz."

"I hope to make his acquaintance myself," said Christopher, gallantly, quite forgetting his appointment outside. "But I assure you that the harm is none so irremediable. I placed you in an impossible position. But, my dear young lady, why did you not carry it off? If you had met him in the usual way, offering him the customary returns of affection, we should have had him out, and I should have stolen forth and troubled you no longer."

At that Katarina's eyes flashed angrily and her face grew warm. "How dare you?" she cried. "Do you not see that I could not, with you—with you—"

She seemed on the point of tears once more, and Christopher hastened to repair his error. "Of course, naturally. I see my mistake. Forgive me. But we must not cry over spilt milk. Now let me see. This gentleman—"

"Herr Polnitz—he studies the law," answered Katarina, in a little sullenness.

"The law!" said Christopher. "I will make a note of that. And, if I do not seem impertinent, yourself—you—"

"I was right," she broke out. "I see you are a detective."

"Pardon me, madam," said he, somewhat gravely. "I have explained to you that I am endeavoring to make amends for my clumsiness."

"I am Katarina Reinart. I am of Saxony, of a good family, but here I am merely governess to Frau Wagner's children. Herr Wagner is a grocer," she added, bitterly.

Christopher nodded. "And yet I should not have said," he remarked, "that you were quite German."

She cast a faint smile towards him. "How did you guess?" she asked. "My mother was Italian."

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Christopher moved towards a chair. "May I sit down?" he inquired. "Come, I think we are getting on." The spirit of Providence stirred in him strangely. "Are Herr Polnitz's intentions honorable?" he inquired; and then, seeing that she was about to flame forth on him: "You will forgive me. But the time of night—the—the circumstances. He seemed a wild young man."

A sly smile played about Katarina's mouth. "You forget, sir, that I am in bondage here."

"To be sure," assented Christopher, reflectively. And then: "You see, he had no right to doubt you," he said. "You had given your word. For me, my mistress's action (if I had one) would need no interpretation. I should not ever ask assurances."

"Yes, yes," cried Katarina, speaking for the first time with animation. "He was a coward to disbelieve me." And her eyes watched Christopher with greater interest. It was as if the imperturbability of his manner in solemn cross-examination was impressing her. He caught her eyes, and something oddly familiar about her recurred to him for the second time. Previously he had been given no leisure to follow home the clew, but now he suddenly remembered. This was the woman whom he had pointed out to the lawyer as they were walking to the station. The identification woke a fresh thought in his brain. He recalled her connection with the conversation that morning.

"I begin to think," said Christopher, slowly, and gazing on her, "that he is not worthy of you."

The girl said nothing, but dropped her eyes with a slight access of color. He had used her in her furs to point the moral of his powers to Mr. Oliver. He could marry her to any one, he had protested. Should he marry her to this unmannerly Fritz?

"I will settle this for you, my dear madam," he observed, dispassionately, "just how you will. You shall have your Fritz, if you think you can forgive him. For my part, I consider that he has treated you atrociously."

"He is a brute," said she with emphasis. "There is no doubt of that. I wonder he had the heart to set a poor girl in this predicament."

"I fear," said Christopher, sententiously, "that you will find human nature none too considerate in your passage through life. It is best to be armored against all the assaults of time. I should have said that you wore a stout heart. But come, now; let me hear. We must make up our minds about Fritz. What shall it be?"

Katarina shot a glance of admiration upon him. He appeared to take this matter so firmly in his hands, to show no doubts, to feel no misgivings. If there was ever a strong man, thought she, this was he.

Christopher crossed his legs, and fixed her with his thoughtful eyes. "I cannot decide for you, naturally," he went on. "But I can, perhaps, help you to a resolution. You were contemplating marriage —a grave step. I ask you, are you ripe for it? I see that you begin to waver. Believe me that a man, and still more a woman, must examine himself or herself upon this point most scrupulously. I am not willing to put a limit upon the motives of marriage, but I would ask you to consider with what expectations you are undertaking the plunge."

"I know that it *is* a plunge," agreed Katarina with a sigh.

"Well, well," said Christopher, reassuringly. "It is not too late, you are committed to nothing. After so gross an act of conduct he may well look to have no more from you. But you have not answered my question. I must know where we stand."

"You put a very private question, sir," said she, letting her dark lashes fall. "You bewilder me. It is not usual—this —this—"

"I trespass upon your secrets, you would say," interrupted Christopher, quickly. "Pardon me; I know it. But it is with the best zeal in the world. I can assist you. Consider me your confessor, and that my lips are sealed when I leave this house." She plucked a flower to pieces with her fingers, seeming to reflect in embarrassment. "It is odd if I may seem to lecture you on marriage," went on Christopher, seeing her irresolution. "But I beg you to consider. I trust I am not dead to sentiment, but there are material considerations also. Granting that this man is acceptable to you on the ground of affection, can you tolerate so turbulent a disposition? And again, are his circumstances appropriate to matrimony?"

"Oh, sir," cried Katarina, blushing,

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"you press me too nearly! He has 5000 marks."

Christopher laughed very softly. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "5000 marks! Why, you might spend so much on dress alone to point your beauty!" Katarina's glistening eyes dropped once more, and her color rose higher. "And then," continued Christopher, "you say you are of a good family, as I should have guessed. But Herr Polnitz—"

"I know he is not my equal in lineage," said she, with some pride. "We come of an impoverished and noble family."

"Precisely," said Christopher, nodding, "and in other circumstances you would be looking for a mate in your own rank. But come, dear madam, let me have your decision."

Katarina rose and turned away. "You forget, sir," she said simply, and not without some pathos. "I am alone in the world, and I am *gouvernante* to a grocer's family."

"Ah," said Christopher. "I begin to see the cloven hoof, Fräulein. You will excuse me if I am blunt with you; but free your ground of inequalities, and you will own that your feelings would warn you another way."

"There is none other I care for," she murmured, in confusion.

"No," assented Christopher. "You would not let yourself go; you cut your coat according to your cloth—a very wise, a very proper course. But who has drawn your eyes most often in this Dreiburg?"

Katarina tossed her head. "Oh, every one looks at Captain von Ritter. He is the very pink of Dreiburg fashion, a stiff, tin soldier of a man—no doubt a mark for every mim-mouthed Gretchen in the country."

"I should like to see this *beau ideal*," observed Christopher.

The woman exhibited a little embarrassment. "I think I have his photograph," she said, as if trying to recall her memory. "Perhaps it is here."

She moved to a cabinet, and pulling open a drawer, presently returned with a photograph in her hands.

"You carry about his photograph?" remarked Christopher, dryly.

"Oh," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "it is in every window of the streets. He is common property—a professional beauty, indeed."

Christopher raised his eyes from the picture and examined her. He thought he could understand the bitterness in her tones.

"Of good family, no doubt," he said, scrutinizing the face again. It stared out on him formal, precise, stark, and military—the very model of German impeccability.

"He is Captain of the Body Guard," said Katarina.

Christopher reflected, still studying to all seeming the faultless features of the officer. He was the mainspring of this world, or so he chose to consider himself. Very deliberately he put the photograph down and got up. He set his hands on Katarina's shoulders.

"If I know anything, my dear Fräulein," said he, pleasantly, "I can fathom an emotion. This Fritz is nothing to you. You must marry Captain von Ritter."

The girl stared, laughed, and stared again at him in amazement. He nodded with a tiny smile.

"I mean what I say," he said. "He is of your rank. He would suit you. You have, I assure you, the seeds of affection for him. A little hot-bed and a passion will spring suddenly into flower."

Red as her curtains, Katarina fronted him, her lips apart. "But—but—" she stammered.

"I owe you something," continued Christopher. "I will make you a present of this. You do not believe me? Come, do you think I have talked all this time for nothing? I want your decision only. Which is it to be?"

"I—I— Of course I have never *really* what you call cared for Fritz," she said.

"Then that is settled," said Christopher, comfortably. "And now, since I have taken up your time unconscionably, I will leave you."

He took his hat, and bowing ceremoniously, made for the door. Half-way across the room he stopped, and speaking with some confusion, incongruous in so large a benefactor, "I fear," he said, "that I must ask you to show me the way out."

Katarina opened the door, still with that air of bewilderment.

"You may rely upon me," said Christopher, and pressing her hand, he passed out, and disappeared into the silence of the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# THE TRIAL OF THE OREGON

BY REAR ADMIRAL L.A.BEARDSLEE U.S.N.

EARLY in May, 1896, being then in command of the United States naval forces on the Pacific coast, I received from the Navy Department orders which constituted me the president of a Board of Officers organized to examine, inspect, and test the United States battle-ship *Oregon*. We were to report as to whether she conformed in every respect to the terms of the contract under which she was built by the Messrs. Irving M. and Henry Scott, at the Union Iron-Works, San Francisco —"this in addition to your other duties." The detail did not then please me, for I foresaw a very great "addition" to my responsibilities; but now I am proud that my name is, even to a limited extent, coupled with that of the noble ship.

How much more pleased must be the two officers, Captain Charles E. Clarke and Chief-Engineer Robert W. Milligan, who were associated with me as members of the Trial Board! It was largely through their energy and skill—Clarke as commanding officer and Milligan in charge of the engine department—that that wonderful run of 14,511 knots was made from our Pacific coast to the Atlantic without needing repair, which enabled the *Oregon* to plunge into the battle with Cervera's fleet, and contribute to its destruction. The *Oregon* left Puget Sound on March 6, 1898; on May 24 she reached Jupiter Inlet, on May 26 Key West, and on May 29 she started from there to join the fleet off Cuba. When, on July 3, she fired the 13-inch shell that forced the surrender of the *Cristóbal Colon*, she practically terminated the part our navy played in the war with Spain. It is highly probable that Captain Clarke and Chief-Engineer Milligan owed their success to the knowledge of the capabilities of the ship gained as members of the Trial Board.

The duty of a Trial Board is to see that every detail of the contract under which a war-vessel is built has been adhered to. The builder agrees to furnish within a specified time a vessel which shall conform to the contract in all respects, that she shall be constructed of first-class material, shall be strong, seaworthy, and capable of carrying all designed weights without strain, that under certain specified conditions she shall make not less than a specified speed, and that she shall be capable of maintaining this speed without injury to her engines. In many contracts there is a clause to the effect that, when speed is developed in excess of the contract speed, the builder shall be paid a certain bonus for each quarter of a knot. During the building of the vessel inspections are conducted by the government as well as by the builder. These inspections cover every stage of construction back to the forging of the steel.

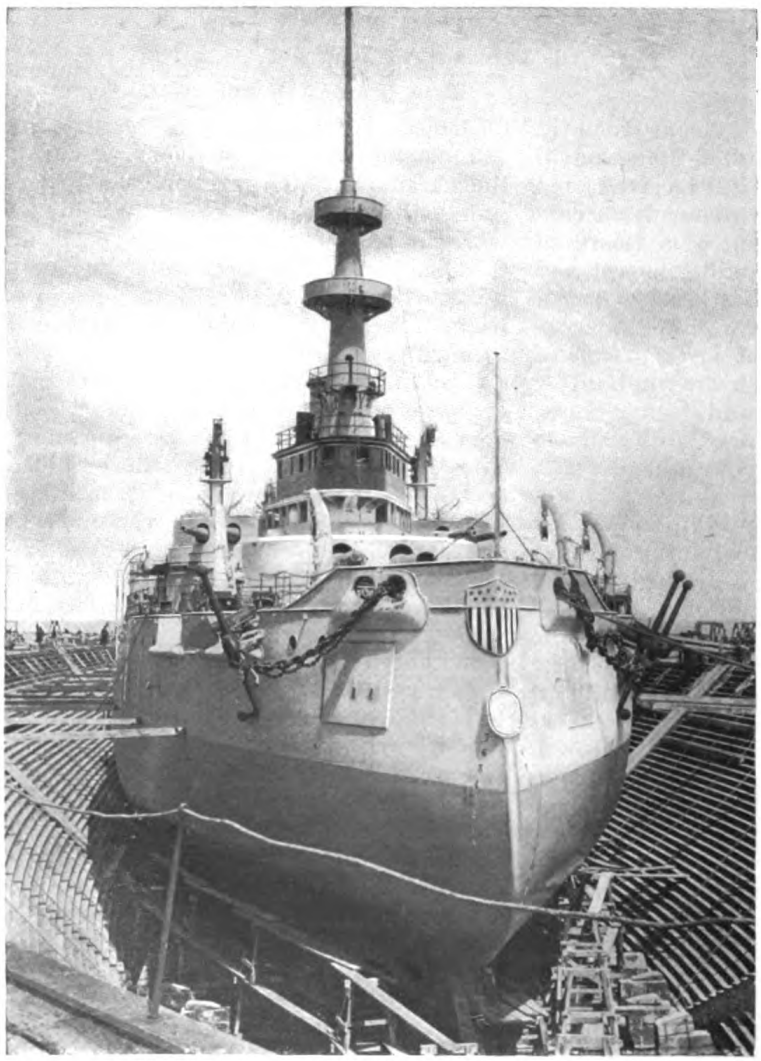
When the ship is nearly complete the builder so reports, and the government appoints a Board of Officers who in rank



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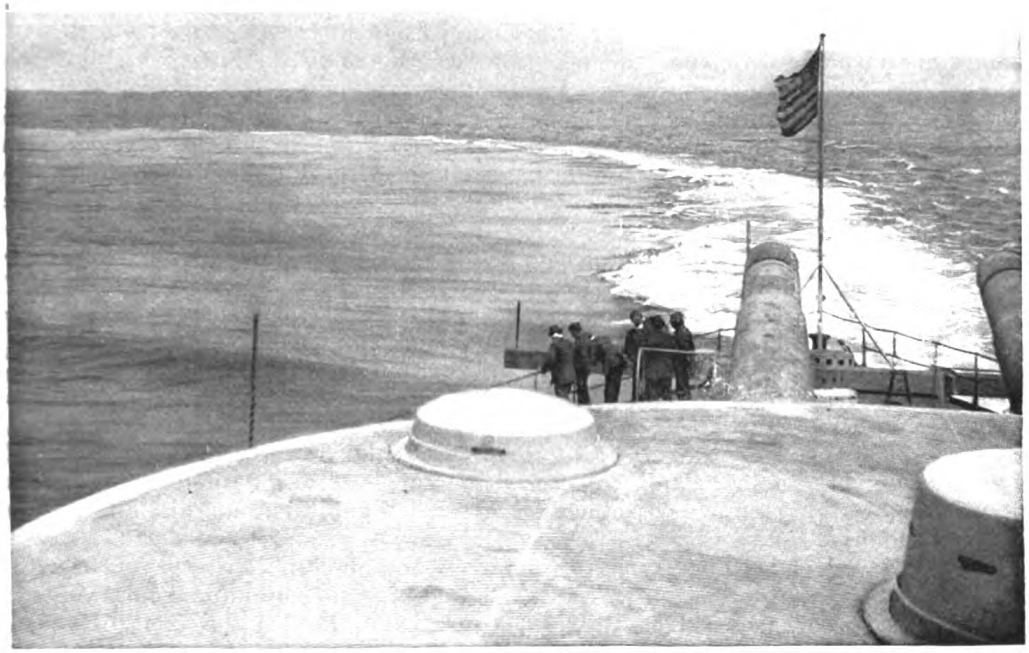
and numbers are in proportion to the size and importance of the ship. The duty of this board is to inspect the ship both in port and at sea, to witness her performance while she is still in the hands of the builder and his men, and, finally, to report whether or not she is in all respects up to the contract. Upon the verdict of the Trial Board, therefore, depends the acceptance of the ship. Holds, passages, magazines, store and shell rooms, water-tight bulkheads, and so forth, are carefully inspected, and all movable parts tested at sea and under varying conditions. The ship is run at different degrees of speed, the performance of her engines is closely watched, and the quantities of coal consumed and steam produced are accurately noted. She is steered in circles in order to find helm angles and tactical diameter, and this steering is done by the different methods of hydraulic or steam gear, and by hand. For a specific time she is run a measured course at her utmost speed, and this speed is very accurately calculated, for upon it much depends.

The selection of a course on which this trial is to be made is of great importance. It should be a straightaway course of thirty or forty miles in deep water not very far from the shore, fairly protected from the sea, and out of the track of tugs and sailing-vessels. The Santa Barbara Channel is an almost ideal course, and has been used in testing the *Olympia*, *Monterey*, *Charleston*, and other vessels. It lies between the southern coast of California and a group of four islands — Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel — which lie parallel to the coast and some twenty to twenty-five miles distant from it, thus affording partial protection from southeast to southwest. The water is deep nearly to the shore, so that between Point Conception and Santa Barbara light—thirty-seven miles along the coast — there is a straight east-and-west course of thirty-one miles, at an average distance of four miles from the beach, with a depth nowhere less than one hundred fathoms. The coast is of low foot-hills, and along it are many conspicuous and easily distinguishable marks, such as light-



THE "OREGON" IN THE DOCK AT SAN FRANCISCO.

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TURNING TO STARBOARD—THE TRIAL BOARD OBSERVING RESULTS.

houses, windmills, and wharves, the positions of which are accurately charted. Thus a navigator unprovided with special methods would be able by cross-bearings to know his position at any part of the course.

To make assurance doubly sure, the Coast Survey has planted, at intervals of about ten miles, a number of pairs of tall stakes. One stake of each pair is a few hundred yards in the rear of the other, and they are set on a line at right angles to the east-and-west course. The distances between them are accurately measured, and all measurements are verified before a trial is made. As the stakes are freshly whitewashed for each occasion, they are easily picked up, and the exact position of a ship running on the course, either east or west, can be readily determined. The officers watch the broad angle between the stakes of one pair until, when the beacons are in line, it becomes eliminated. Then they prolong this line until it intersects the course of the ship.

It was in the Santa Barbara Channel that the speed of the *Oregon* was measured. The *Oregon* is built of steel; she is 348 feet long and 69¼ feet broad; her mean normal draught is 24 feet, and her midship section at mean draught is 1534 square feet; she is of 10,250 tons displacement; and her horse-power is over 11000. She carries four 13-inch and eight 8-inch guns in turrets, and four 6-inch guns *en barbette*. In her superstructure she mounts twenty 6-pounders, eight 1-pounders, and four Gatlings. She is provided with six torpedo-tubes. She was launched in 1893, and in 1896 was accepted by the government at the contract price of $3,180,000. The contract speed was fifteen knots, and a bonus of $25,000 was stipulated for each quarter-knot excess.

As officially reported, the *Oregon* developed and maintained for four hours on her trial trip a speed of 16.791 knots, and thus earned for her builders $175,000 as bonus. On her famous run from the West to the Atlantic she averaged over 11 knots for 1300 hours.

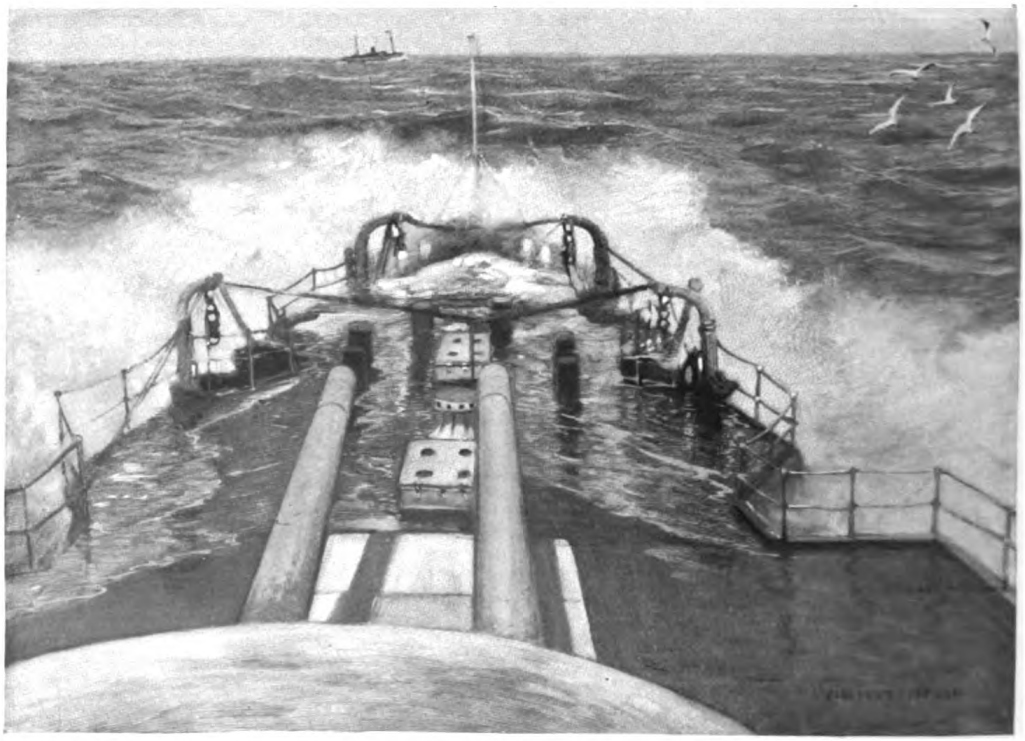
On the morning of May 7, the Board, arrayed in overcoats, for it was a foggy and cold California morning, mustered on a tug at foot of Market Street, which bore us over a very choppy sea to the

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Union Iron-Works, where the *Oregon* was at anchor. As we ran alongside of her, and gazed up with some little awe at the high steel precipice we were to scale, our first sensation was one of littleness. As fixed as a rock she lay, apparently in contempt of the nasty little sea, which kept our tug dancing to such an extent that the most expert pier-head leaper among us wished heartily that he was a better one. Our awe was not sensibly diminished when, on stepping over the side, we landed on an immense, wet, and considerably lumbered-up deck. She had just returned from a builder's trial to adjust compasses, and her deck was a confusion of enormous chains, hawsers, blocks, windlasses, guns, capstans, and pumps. For a couple of hours the Board wandered in small groups over and around the ship, lost in her immensity, and lost absolutely when we essayed the intricate passages of "down below." When we assembled to organize and lay out our work, a universal air of depression was plainly manifest; we began to realize the magnitude of the task before us. We all listened with great interest to the suggestions of those who, as official inspectors, had become on familiar terms with the monster. They were evidently not afraid of her, and we wondered if our knowledge of the ship could ever equal theirs; so we clung closely to these men, and made many mental notes of their advice.

As we buckled to our work this depression wore off. After a day spent in inspection, we met to compare notes. We were surprised to find ourselves quite capable of disputing vigorously, and proving, each to his own satisfaction, that he understood what he was talking about.

Having divided ourselves into subcommittees, we took up our task. The medical officer, who had nothing strictly professional to take his time until some one of us tumbled down a hatch or got stuck in a narrow passage, armed himself with a kodak and crawled around for views. Attired in working suits, we dived into holds, magazines, and shell-rooms, crawled through double bottoms, and climbed into military tops and turrets. Each diver, crawler, and climber was provided with a brand-new memorandum-book, in which were pages headed "Defects observed." When we reassembled to discuss and compare notes, those pages were in nearly all



UNDER FULL SPEED—AS SEEN FROM THE PILOT-HOUSE.

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IRVING M. SCOTT.
Builder of the *Oregon*.

cases blank. At the most they bore brief memoranda followed by question points, which meant "to be referred for discussion," and every time the question was proposed, "Does this conform with the contract?" the vote was unanimously "aye."

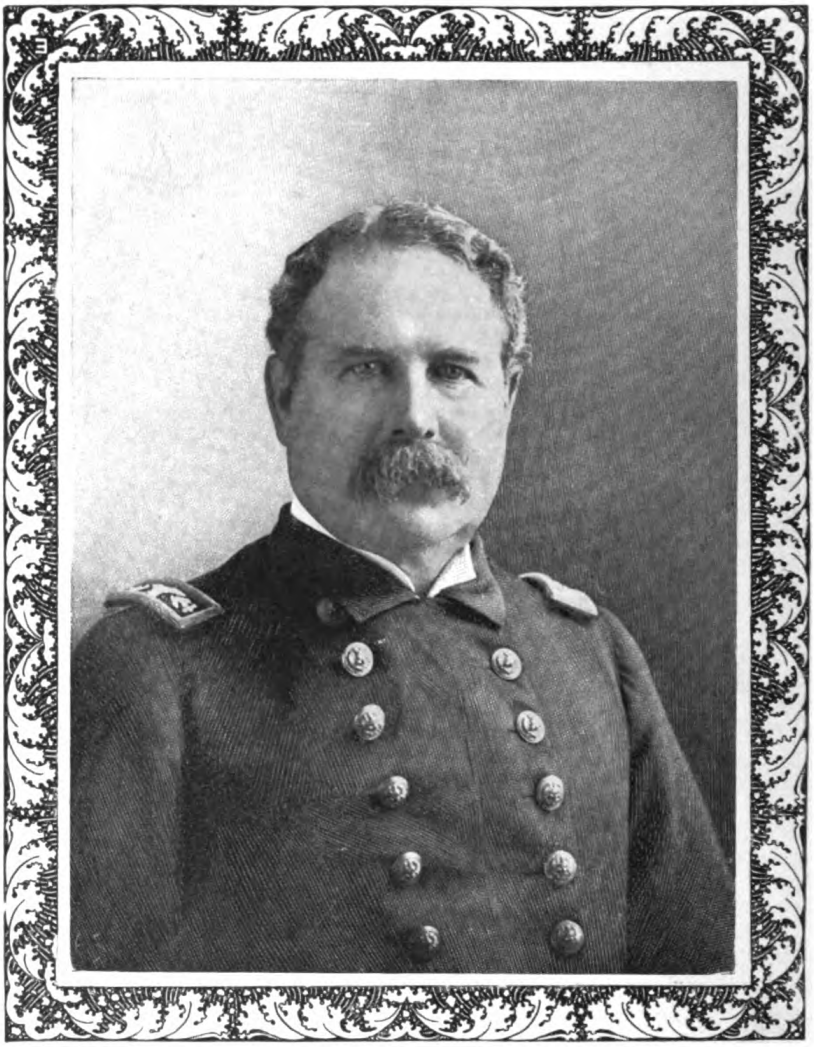
Our duty was to take nothing for granted; but we were not to assume that all was wrong until proved right. We were authorized to accept the reports of preceding inspectors; otherwise our work would have been endless, for we could not judge the tensile strength and elastic limit of the millions of pounds of steel, nor the weights and dimensions of the thousands of parts which had entered into the composition of the ship and were now covered in. We could place confidence in that part of the work which we could not see, because of our confidence in the character of the builders and the reputation they had acquired for good and honest work in building the *Olympia*, *Monterey*, and *Charleston*—three ships that are now with Dewey, and on which he places his dependence in the maintenance of our rights.

We left San Francisco early on May 9. We did not make a straight run to Santa Barbara, but devoted much time to experimental work—stopping at full speed and backing, running with one engine or both, and steering by different methods. When we did reach Santa Barbara, on the afternoon of the 10th, we had a very fair idea of her performance under quite a range of varying situations, all, however, in fair-weather conditions. We longed (officially) for a gale.

We continued our experiments until the 13th, on which day we had planned for the final speed and endurance trial, but a stiff breeze and a heavy swell from the southeast made a postponement necessary in order to secure a fair trial. So we spent that day at anchor, some writing up notes, some enjoying the hospitalities of the Country Club of Santa Barbara, some indulging in the delightful drives for which Santa Barbara is noted, and some of us worked.

Several United States vessels had been detailed to our service. We had the Coast

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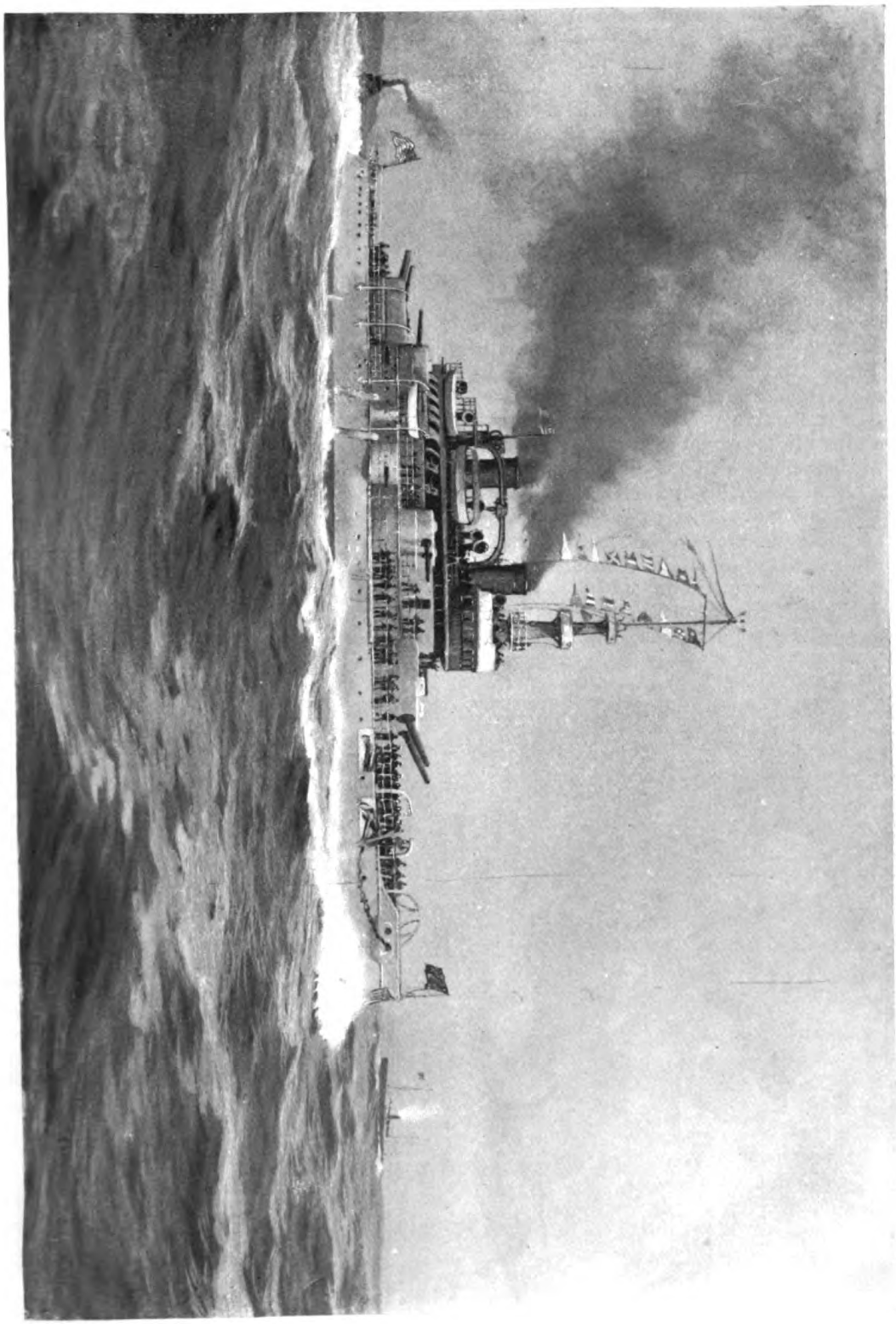
CHARLES E. CLARKE.
Member of the Trial Board and captain of the *Oregon*.

Survey steamers *Gedney* and *McArthur*, the Fish Com. str. *Albatross*, and the Mare Island tug *Unadilla*. One of them was anchored at each end of the thirty-mile course, and the others were stationed at intervals of ten miles along the channel. These vessels served a twofold purpose. In the first place, their officers observed the direction and strength of the tidal and current flow during the trial by means of specially adapted instruments, a correction for which was applied to the speed record. In the second place, they were useful steering-marks for Captain Goodall, to whose excellent handling of the helm is due a fair part of the credit of the *Oregon's* success. With the mast of an anchored vessel for a front sight, and the *Oregon's* jack-staff for a rear one, he proved himself a good marksman.

At 7 A.M. of the 14th, Chief-Engineer Robert Forsyth, of the Union Iron-Works, who superintended the engine department, reported all ready, and Mr. Scott gave the word, "*Go!*"

After a preliminary warming-up spin, at 8 A.M. we dashed across the first range line at a 17-knot gait, and passing Goleta Point, six miles beyond, she was going 17½ knots (allowing for tidal correction, 17.34). We were to run thirty sea miles to the westward, turn, and repeat to the eastward. Everything was favorable. There was a light head-swell which had no effect upon the ship, while the moderate head-wind that accompanied it gave

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THE RETURN AFTER THE TRIAL.

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our fires a good draught. It was a wonderful and exciting spectacle. Imagine the momentum and the pent-up energy of that 10,000-ton projectile with a velocity of thirty feet per second! A hundred first-class railroad engines combined could hardly deliver such a blow.

The run for the first thirty sea miles was at an average speed of over seventeen knots. As we neared Point Conception the conditions grew less favorable. The head-wind had freshened, and the head-swell increased considerably; the bow cut through instead of over, and our forward deck was afloat, which gave us chance to observe its freedom from leaks. The jack-staff washed away, depriving Captain Goodall of his rear sight; but he got there without it.

As indicative of the character of the builder, Mr. Irving Scott, and of his work, a little incident which took place at about this time is worthy of mention. The sea was pouring over the bows in green masses, and rushed aft in rivers, until, striking the foot of the forward turret, it deluged with spray every one stationed there. Mr. Scott was comfortably seated under the lee of the pilot-house, apparently as unconcerned as though he were a passenger. He detained me a moment to chat about some matter of trifling importance as I was hurriedly passing him, being up to my eyes in business. Now I am a man of nervous temperament, and I grew impatient. The constant succession of successes on every trial of the ship had strongly biassed me in her favor, and I dreaded that at this crucial test a journal might heat, or something else go wrong. I was excited, and Mr. Scott noticed it.

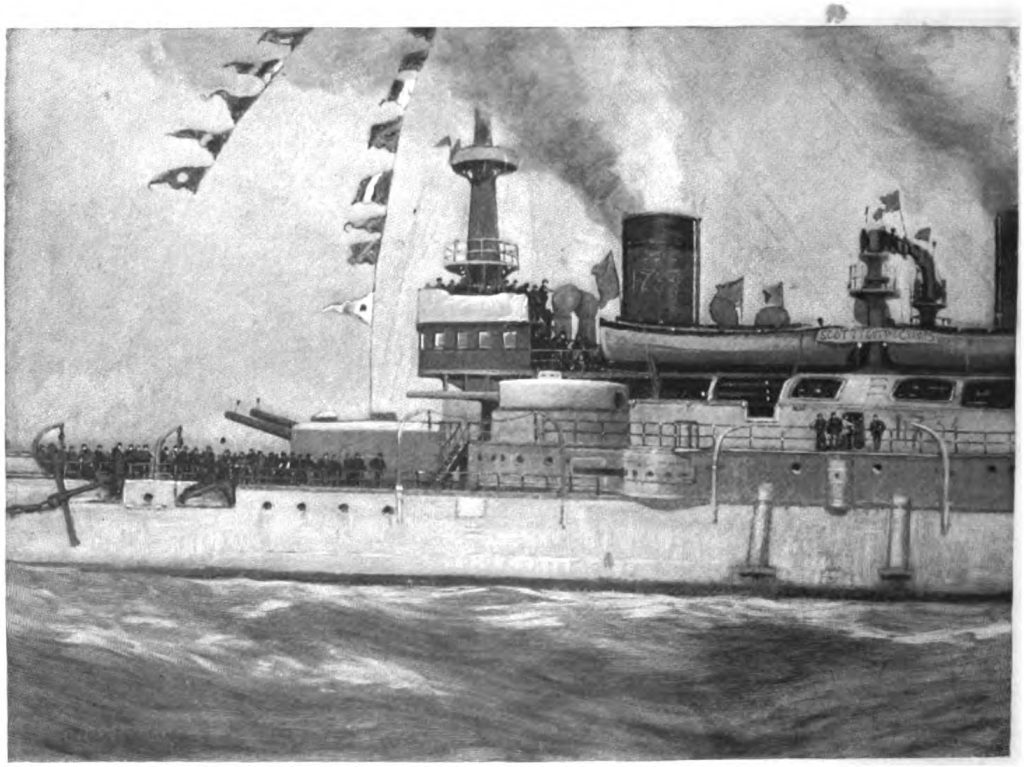
"What's your hurry, Admiral? What are you excited about?" he asked.

"Great heavens, Mr. Scott," I answered, "why are *you not* excited? The breaking of a ten-cent bolt may cost you a hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes," he answered, "I fully realize it; but *it isn't going to break. I know them all personally.*" Such sublime nerve could have been based only upon the utmost confidence in his work.

After it was all over I referred to this matter in correspondence with him, and he said, in reply, "Well, Admiral, I may have shown a smooth surface, but if you had only bored inside!"

We reached our western terminus some



ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY.

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minutes ahead of the four hours during which the contract called for continuous high speed, so before turning we ran a couple of miles farther. We finally turned to port, and as the sea had increased, we anticipated that when it got abeam we should have a heavy roll. We therefore braced ourselves and hung on for support; but she fooled us. The roll was very slight, and there was not a moment when every gun she carried could not have been fought effectively. Our return to the eastward was but a repetition, except that as running with the wind there was inferior draught, and as the firemen were not so fresh, and the fires less bright, the speed fell off a little. We made the run at an average of 16.49 knots, and the average for the entire sixty-two sea miles was 16.791 knots. This is the *Oregon's* official record for four hours.

In observing our speed we had noticed early in the trial that our two patent logs did not agree. As we passed Goleta Point they not only disagreed with each other, but with the distance by range. They were promptly hauled in and put out of commission. Three groups of officers were stationed to observe the ranges—one on the bow, one on the midship bridge, and one aft. When the beacons came into line, the bow station ordered, "Mark!" and as perfect silence otherwise was imposed, all heard and marked. The steam-whistle gave simultaneously a short sharp blast, and this was repeated at each station. Thus if the mean of the times of the first and third blast coincided with that of the second, we had good proof of correctness. They always did, for plenty of drill had made the boys accurate. For a brief period, however, there was lively work. Sixteen and three-quarter knots per hour means about twenty-eight feet per second, and as the distances between our observing stations were but a little over a hundred feet, they were traversed in only four seconds. There was no time to make mistakes.

While we had no doubt as to the accuracy of our marking, we were very glad of an additional and incontrovertible proof which was furnished us. Mr. William R. Eckart, consulting engineer of the Union Iron-Works, had contrived a very ingenious automatic device by which the steam which gave the second blast opened and immediately closed a shutter in a camera, thus furnishing an instantaneous photograph of the beacons. On every occasion they were in line.

After the speed test and the four-hour endurance trial we ran another hour, slowing down by degrees to cool off. Then we steamed to our Santa Barbara anchorage, telegraphed the glad tidings to Washington and San Francisco, and at 3 P.M., although the wind was strong from northwest, and there was an ugly sea running, we weighed anchor for home.

We thought we had completed our tests, but we were mistaken. The gale of wind we had officially longed for had arrived, and by the time we had reached Point Conception we had all we wanted, and more too; but it did not seem to make a great deal of difference to the *Oregon*. We took advantage of the new testing-machine by experiments at different speeds, stopping, backing, and so forth, and in a couple of hours had obtained the data we lacked as to her performance in a gale. The results were admirable.

We were overcome by weariness and wetness, and the zeal of the Board abated, on the part of some of the members at least. A hasty vote was taken; all agreed that they were satisfied. We gladly ran into Santa Cruz Harbor for the night. Early the next morning, the gale having abated, we started for home. As we entered the Golden Gate we were met by a tug crowded with enthusiastic Californians, the friends of the Scotts. We stopped while a few passengers came on board, caught Mr. Scott, and removed him forcibly to the tug's deck, where for a few minutes he was the most thoroughly embraced, hugged, and even kissed man in the State. San Francisco went wild that day.

During the passage from Santa Cruz the weather had been fair, and the crew had devoted themselves to cleaning ship and ornamenting her with flags. At each mast-head a broom was set, signifying, as it did in Van Tromp's day, that we had swept the seas of all competitors. Unknown to Mr. Scott, the men had stretched along the boats a wide strip of canvas on which was inscribed, "*Scotts Got the Cramps.*" The bearing of this lies in the comparative record of the sister ships *Oregon*, *Massachusetts*, and *Indiana*, the first built by the Scotts, the other two by the Cramps. It is as follows: *Indiana*, 15.61 knots; *Massachusetts*, 16.15 knots; *Oregon*, 16.79 knots.



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# THE SAD CASE OF THE PRINCESS ESMÉ.

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS.

THE first great error in the life of Esmé Hanoum—that is to say, the Lady Esmé—was that, after the manner of high-born little girls of Constantinople, she was educated in Miss Green's English school. Those who believe that the future of Turkey depends upon the emancipation of its women see in this school the first step of progress, and believe that through it the minds of the women who are to hold high positions in feminine Islam are to be regenerated. But it is, on the whole, more probable that the vogue it has in aristocratic harems is nothing but an indulged fancy of the mothers, and has little or no bearing on the question of the liberation of Turkish women. The time will come, it is to be hoped, when every man's wife will be permitted to see his friends and sit at the head of his table, and when even the daughters of the house may be seen in general company. The fact that polygamy is to-day practically a dead letter in the empire almost as much as in Utah is hopeful; but one cannot overturn the whole fabric of the Moslem law relating to women at once, and the women are in the worst possible position to accomplish it for themselves. The relaxation of present ideas must come from the man, from the patriarchal head of the family, through his contact with the outside world. The poor little girls who, like the Princess Esmé, are given so much freedom up to the veiling age, and then are expected suddenly to resign it all, are nothing short of unhappy martyrs to an experiment—a movement which begins at the wrong end. A Turkish girl who had gone to the English school until she was fourteen or fifteen, and then had to enter the harem, is wretchedly and bitterly envious of her former Christian schoolmates.

In the case of the Princess Esmé, the freedom of the English school was the beginning of a series of mistakes that made her the unhappiest of all the young women of the Turkish capital.

I met the Princess Esmé in the midst of the gay life of Therapia, a beautiful Oriental watering-place like an Eastern Newport, though little known on this side of the world. The great palaces of the embassies line the Bosporus on the water's edge, set in gardens of the richest foliage, which mount the hills behind them to display their beauty, and are all of them gay with the many amusements of the diplomatic corps. Along with these are the summer villas of the ridiculously rich Greeks and Armenians, as well as the homes of those Europeans connected with the administration of the various Turkish affairs in foreign hands.

We had come in from a warm morning game of tennis at the club grounds, and were stopping for something cool to drink at the Villa Vera, one of the pretty little residences on the quay, the popular home of an English family long resident in Constantinople. As I was sitting near the windows looking out on the water, I was first to see a three-oared caïque pulling up to the shore, rowed by caïquegists—noted as a class for their physical beauty—with gorgeous blue and gold zouave jackets over their soft white vests, and red fezzes on their handsome heads. The seats and the draperies of the boat were upholstered in blue cloth of the same color as the men's coats. In the boat were two ladies, cloaked and veiled in approved Turkish fashion, carrying over their heads elaborate lace parasols.

We could see that they were coming directly to the Villa Vera, where we were, and I, being a recent arrival, was in a state of great excitement as to what was to happen. I had never seen one of these mysterious Turkish women any nearer than a passing carriage or caïque, and then always properly veiled. It is true, high-born ladies often wear the slightest white tissue over their faces, and at the Sweet Waters of Europe or Asia your boat often rests near theirs long enough to give you a very close view. It also often gives you smiles and very expressive glances; and if the jam of boats continues long enough, perhaps a reprimand from a near-by policeman, whose duty it is to see that the sly ones be-

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have themselves in this matter of glances and smiles. It will certainly bring you a frown from the black man usually in attendance upon them. But even this had by no means satisfied my curiosity about Turkish ladies, and the prospect of two entering the drawing-room where I sat was reasonably exciting.

With the daughters of the house, the Misses Devereaux, was a young married lady of American parentage, who had just arrived, a Mrs. Fowler, long a belle of Constantinople, but since her marriage an equally popular leader in Cairo. It was she who answered my question as to the approaching veiled ladies. "They are the Hamil girls," she said, "the Princess Esmé and her sister. They are the daughters of old Hamil Pacha, who is in exile in the Arabian desert. I knew them at Miss Green's English school in Constantinople. They are doubtless coming to call on me, having seen of my visit to the Devereaux in the paper yesterday. They are now living with their uncle at Prinkipos; but that is a caïque of the Dowager Khediva, so I suppose they are visiting her for several days. They are really Egyptian princesses, you know, and often spend much time with the Khedive's mother when she occupies her summer palace here on the Bosporus. You have doubtless seen it, opposite Candili, near the Sweet Waters of Asia." I easily remembered the palace as one of the finest of the many beautiful ones that line the Bosporus for fifteen miles. I afterwards learned that the blue and gold liveries were those of the Dowager Khediva.

As they left the boat and came to the door, I could see that they wore gowns of Parisian style under the long loose black dolman, or ferigé. They also wore, as do all of the better class of Turkish ladies, a peculiar turban or toque, around the top of which the thin white veil was gracefully draped, and then brought around from the back across the lower front of the face, leaving the eyes uncovered. As there were three of us white-flannelled men lounging about the front drawing-room, I was much interested to know if we were to be presented to the visitors, and was equally surprised to hear Mrs. Fowler say, as she rose to meet them: "Perhaps so. I will ask them first."

The visitors were taken to Mrs. Fowler's boudoir upstairs, and for some time it seemed as if we were not to meet them. But when we had finally given up talking of the subject, Mrs. Fowler came down stairs and said: "The girls would like to come in, and I am going to bring them. Of course you men understand that you must not mention it, as you would get them into serious trouble. Since they live with their uncle they have to be careful, for he is very strict with them. When their father was here it was different."

When Esmé and her sister entered they had taken off ferigé and veil. Both were distinctly of the Turkish type, very pretty after an Eastern fashion, short of stature, and though evidently very young, both were more than inclined to stoutness. In fact, the elder, Esmé, was a noticeably stout young woman. We understood very well that in this she fulfilled the Turkish ideal, and that her figure was a source of pride, and a cause of much envy from her less generously formed countrywomen.

What I found most objectionable in the young girls was the abundant evidence of cosmetics and hair-dyes. Both had blond hair of the unmistakable medicinal shade, and both were very much made up as to eyebrows and cheeks. I subsequently found that, as custom goes among ladies of their class, they were really very sparing in the use of cosmetics. It is thought a great advance that Turkish ladies of the capital have ceased to paint their finger-nails and blacken their teeth, as is still done in provincial harems. Their taste in dress is also of a rather exaggerated kind. To our eyes the two girls were much more appropriately gowned for dinner than for a morning call.

The introductions began the conversation in French. Mrs. Fowler explained to us that though Esmé and her sister understood English and could speak it after a fashion, they much preferred to use French, which was their daily language, and which they spoke with an excellent accent. They were not at all shy, and entered into a very lively conversation. In our party was a very attractive young officer named Fischer, from one of the guard-ships stationed at Constantinople. He was naturally inclined to flirt with any girl who made eyes at him, and I am sure did not stop to think of the difference his conduct made to a girl like Esmé. Any young woman of

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the world early learns to doubt all men, and to pay no heed to the casual avowals which come in the slightest intercourse, and which are never expected to have serious meaning. None of us at this time suspected the unhappiness that was to follow.

We did not, of course, mention that our meeting was an infraction of the code feminine of Islam, and an eavesdropper would never have heard a word to lead to such a discovery. He might have noticed a certain sentimentality in the conversation. There was much banter back and forth as to the progress of this affair, or the unfortunate ending of that, in which the elder of the visitors took an active and interested part. I observed then, I believe, as afterwards, that the women of educated harems think of little else than flirtations and escapades; they are said to talk and dream of nothing but *beaux galant*. I learned later that this is largely due to French novels, which they read in great numbers.

The wife of a great pacha once said, in comparing her condition to that of Christian women: "Ah, but what will you? We are just as well off—I believe better—than your women with their much-boasted freedom. We have done away with polygamy. It exists no more save in the uncivilized provinces, where it is as much of a Christian as a Moslem institution. How much better is it, if one's husband has a fancy for another woman, that she should be but a slave of the household rather than a great actress or famous déclassés, with an establishment maintained at the expense of your own! I, for one, prefer the slave woman. She at least can never be my rival."

Upon inquiry, I learned that this surprising philosophy is based on a view of Western life derived from French novels, in which every head of a house is supposed to maintain separate establishments.

It was easy to see that Esmé and her sister, or, as their friends called them, the Hamil girls, were very much delighted at the chance of meeting men. They were pressed to remain for luncheon, but were afraid of the Khediva, and after about an hour with us went away, all of us making a promise to meet again soon. As they were expecting to return to Prinkipos in about a week, they said we must be sure to arrange a meeting whenever we came to the island. There, for some reason I have never understood, the police espionage over Turkish women is much less severe. It seems a general willingness on the part of the authorities to give them more liberty during their vacation in the country. One may often receive a bow and a smile in the open daylight there from a Turkish lady passing in her carriage; and after sunset, when the strict old law requires that every woman shall be in her home, I have seen them actually stop their carriages to speak to gentlemen.

On a former visit to the Princes' Islands, of which Prinkipos is the largest, I had been told of Esmé, and had seen the house where she lived with her ogrelike uncle. It was a very new frame villa in a garden likewise new, the whole thing reminding you of nothing so much as a certain order of American suburban architecture. I had also heard the sad story, like so many others you hear in Constantinople, of the fall of their father from high favor at court, and the position of one of the greatest pachas in the land, to an exiled life in the hopeless Arabian desert. Where government is purely a thing of imperial favor, it is not strange that the great of to-day are the miserable of to-morrow. Not only is favor itself an uncertain thing, but where it rules there must also be intrigue and scandal.

So old Hamil Pacha, who had held almost every office in the government, found himself one day supplanted by a younger and more clever flatterer. This soon was followed by evidence of actual disfavor, the inevitable sequence of royal intimacy. The former favorite, once disregarded, knows too much. It is better to be rid of him. Stories, manufactured for the purpose, have reached royal ears, to the effect that he is talking too much, and is growing dangerous to have about. So probably the first thing old Hamil knew about it was an irade appointing him governor of some imaginary province in the Arabian desert, "in recognition of his great services to the empire, and as evidence of His Majesty's high favor." And the worst of it is that the banished man cannot refuse the appointment. He prefers to accept the known evil, with his life, to inviting sudden death by a refusal.

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An eventful summer passed before I met Esmé and her sister again. Meantime I had had similar meetings *sub rosa* with other Turkish ladies of the more liberal type, and had come to learn that the harem is not half the secluded place I had been led to believe. Do not understand me to mean that I met generally the Turkish ladies of the capital. During my residence in Constantinople I met only four or five, or perhaps six. And some of these ladies were known to enjoy special privileges from the court in this matter of meeting men. One was a poetess, who has actually been granted, I believe, full freedom, by virtue of her accomplishments. Another, a cousin of the Hamils, has been allowed to receive foreign men as a specially employed spy of the government—or at least that is the story. One hears so much of palace spies that one comes finally to doubt the disinterestedness of any Turk, and to believe that they all keep their ears open and carry tales to the palace, in the hope of reward. And I came to know that almost any great lady, if she wishes to meet a certain man, may do so. Sometimes this is done through the husband, who is present at the interview. But if the husband is a strict "old Turk," the meeting is arranged through Christian ladies who are mutual friends.

I learned many things that summer—among others, the uncertainty of life in the Orient. One night the chargé d'affaires at the British Embassy, the Hon. Michael Herbert, and his charming American wife, gave a dance. This will always be remembered in Constantinople as a night-before-Waterloo affair. We danced until morning, and left the Embassy in the highest spirits, many of the young men to change their clothes and go straight to town on the morning boat, where they were employed in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, or some of the big "administrations." By night the bank men found themselves prisoners in the bank, surrounded by twenty-five desperate revolutionists with a car-load of dynamite, who threatened at every moment to blow the bank, their prisoners, and themselves into atoms. Those of us in diplomatic authority made the voyage up and down the Bosporus and to the palace gates in what seemed to be a vain effort to rescue them. All of the smiling women were weeping and wringing their hands in despair, and the blood of thousands of Armenians ran in the streets of the city like a flood. I speak of this to show the desperation with which a young girl like Esmé might come to look on life.

My next meeting with her took place on the Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, where the great world of Constantinople, that spends the summer on the Bosporus, spends the spring and the autumn. These islands far surpass the Bosporus in natural beauty, which is saying much, but the southern summer winds make the place too hot for comfort. We used to wish that Prinkipos could be moved from Marmora up into the Black Sea, for although the distance is only about forty miles, the temperature varies enormously. There is a wonderful winding roadway to the top of the peak which forms the island, and along it are magnificent villas and gardens, belonging to rich Greeks and Armenians, and many of the more liberal Turks, who do not wish to live in the exclusively Turkish villages of the Bosporus. In the morning the sun, newly risen, glances over the tops of the islands and touches the minarets and cupolas of Constantinople, fifteen miles away, and the sunsets seen from the hill-tops are the crowning glory of the islands. But the pleasant memories of this will always be touched with sadness, for these scenes are associated with the unhappy Esmé.

We all met frequently. Mrs. Fowler came down and opened the house of her father, one of the most beautiful and complete on the island. We would have luncheon and tea in the garden, and the happy little Turkish girls were always present. They lived only a few houses away, and were always allowed to come to see Mrs. Fowler by their unsuspecting old uncle.

Often after dinner we would have musicales, when the girls would take up a mandolin or a guitar, playing weird Turkish airs. And Mrs. Fowler, who had a beautiful voice, would sing a polyglot collection of songs. There were several young Turks who used to join us. They evidently did not condemn the Hamil girls for the great delight they found in our very simple pleasure, and the meetings were perhaps not so secret as one might suppose. I follow the habit of their companions in

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always calling them girls, and, in fact, Esmé, the elder, was not yet eighteen. Their conversation would not lead one to believe they were as old as this. They were like romantic little schoolgirls of fourteen or fifteen.

It was here that we first began to notice Esmé's preference for Fischer. She always made it a point to have him off to herself, and there was soon in progress what under ordinary conditions would have been a violent flirtation. We used to tease them both about it; and when we would not, Esmé would tease herself. We attached no importance whatever to the affair, because Fischer was openly and earnestly devoted to another young lady of our circle, and Esmé knew this as well as we. Then we never lost sight of the utter futility of expecting anything to come of such a flirtation. A Turkish woman could marry a Christian only by flying the country with him, a proceeding which is sure to bring scandal, and of which no young man with a fixed position and a future could be expected to think.

So we all laughed about the flirtation and paid no further attention to it. We had flirtations of our own.

One day late in the autumn, when Fischer had gone somewhere with his true lady-love, I began my usual raillery with Esmé about him. For the first time it seemed to pain her. She asked me to sit down by her, and we were soon in a serious controversy.

I told her that if she had begun to care about the matter she had better put a stop to it at once. This she would not listen to. "What else have I in life? I cannot hope to marry any one but some rich old dog, whom my uncle will select, and whom I shall never see until my wedding-day. Why should I not amuse myself while I am young? I hate it all—this mockery we Turkish women have to wear. We pretend we do not know anything about your world, and that we do not care. It is all a lie. We eat our lives out in envy. Do you suppose we do not know how much more your women have in life? No, I do not care how it may end, or what people will say. I intend to amuse myself."

"But," I said, "the danger lies not in what people will say. It is in what you yourself will feel. There would be enough talk to injure you forever, if it were generally known that you come here and meet us. In the eyes of the Turkish great world that would be as much as if a Christian woman ran away with another woman's husband. I do not advise you to stop seeing us for fear of the talk it might make. But I do not want you to care about any of us. As long as it only amuses you it is all right. But you must not deceive yourself about Fischer. I am sure he does not intend to deceive you. He likes you, I am sure, and it is very well for you to like him to a degree. But beyond that degree it would be madness."

"Oh, you are very wise, you old philosopher of twenty-five! You trust a woman's wit to take care of her, even if she is a woman of the harem." This with much forced laughter. "I am going to clear my head of you very fascinating men. I am going to follow in the line of Zara Hanoum, and become an advocate of greater rights for Turkish women. Oh, you need not laugh! We are making great strides. Why actually Madame Djevaad Pacha is riding the bicycle in her high-walled garden! And she wears bloomers, too. In fact, I think we Turkish women may claim that our great-grandmothers originated this famous costume, which seems to be creating as much of a stir in Paris as the new woman herself."

Soon after this we left the islands. The uncle of the Hamil girls, through some crochet, decided to spend the winter at Prinkipos, a matter of much grief to them. But they came to town very frequently, and we used often to see them on the street.

I heard nothing more of the affair between Fischer and Esmé, but I knew that it was going on, or at least that she was pursuing it, for I believe that by this time he was thoroughly frightened. He spoke to me of it once or twice. The girls had come to town, and he had taken them to luncheon in a private room in a popular restaurant. He was very much afraid some one would see them, and that there would be a great scandal. "But if they will come," he said, "I can only do my best to keep them from being seen. One cannot be rough with such a child. I heartily wish I had never gone into the thing. Esmé has thrown every care to the wind, and she drags her young sister along, who, as you know, is as wax in her hands. It is one consolation that

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they always come together. No one can say anything against the girl except that she defies all of the Turkish laws."

"You had better put a stop to it at once," I said, "for your own sake as well as hers. You would feel very badly to have the Sultan ask your government to recall you for outraging Turkish hospitality."

"I have tried," he said. "I have urged all of this on her, but none of it seems to make any impression. She says she can't and won't live without seeing me. What am I to do?"

I advised him to make her thoroughly angry with him.

"You don't know her. She hasn't enough spirit to be angry with me. She entered into the affair knowing that I was practically engaged to marry another girl. And when a woman knows that and can't be made jealous, there is little you can do."

It was the result of hundreds of years of heredity. If a Turkish woman nourished jealousy she would have a pretty hard time of it. And the strong walls about the harem account for the weakness of their natures. For generations they have had no need for the barriers of prudence and pride.

In the early spring Fischer spoke to me one night at the club.

"I have had an awful time to-day," he said. "It is the old business about Esmé, and now it is more serious than ever. She actually came to my apartments to-day alone and forced her way in. I never spent a more desperate two hours in my life than in trying to get her out. She has often threatened to pay me a visit, and I have always laughingly told her that if two Turkish ladies were seen coming to my apartments the very virtuous concierge would throw them out. The other day she came to town alone, and sent me a note from Tokatlian's begging me to come to lunch there. I went, never expecting to find her alone. That was a very embarrassing interview. I told her that if ever she came again without Adilé I could not think of lunching with her. She said that next time she would not ask me to lunch, but would come to my apartments. I talked to her very seriously about it, and tried to reason with her, or to shame her. But she is a perfect child. Surely she does not think I will elope with her, although she is always telling me about the Princess Naïmé, who ran away with a European. After her threat I at once gave notice to Frederic, my servant, that if ever she came, he was to say I was not at home. I told him what I actually believe to be the truth, that a Turkish lady had lost a portion of her mind, and was seeking to compromise herself with me. I believe she has been there once before. How she manages it is a wonder. She must bribe her coachman, her servant, and her sister. She puts off veil and ferigé in the coupé, puts on a hat, and of course comes to my house as a European, so that the police will not suspect her. To-day, unfortunately for me, Frederic was away, and the stupid old concierge's wife let her in. I at once urged her to go away, but she calmly took off her hat and sat down. I told her all of the horrible things that would happen to her, to each of which she replied that she did not care. She said her life was not worth living, and if I drove her away she would end it. I tried to laugh her out of this; but I'll swear laughing is no easy matter under such circumstances. She sat on one side of the room, I on the other. I have never kissed her, and there has never been anything like love-making between us. I grew frightened too soon to be drawn deeper into the difficulty. But Heaven knows that if it were to get out that Esmé spent two hours in my apartments, I should get credit for committing every crime in the calendar I have refrained from committing. I am not in love with her, and I don't even believe she is seriously in love with me. In the first place, she has an idea that every woman of the world must have an affair on her hands all the time. Then she has been promised to old Riza Pacha, whose wife died last year, and as soon as his proper mourning is over she is expected to marry him. She told me to-day that she preferred death to this. 'I hope I shall be compromised,' she said, 'then perhaps old Riza will refuse to marry me, and I shall remain free. Then no one will marry me, and I shall be happy.'"

I knew Fischer very intimately, and knew he was telling me the truth. It was the most ridiculously embarrassing position for a man to be in. I could only advise him to use every precaution to

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prevent their meeting. He could easily put an end to the visits by giving strict orders to allow no lady of any kind, Turk or Christian, to enter his rooms.

He must have been successful, for as the spring came on I heard no more of the matter.

I went to the war in Greece, leaving the dull routine of life in Stamboul for the more exciting scenes of Thessaly. At the front I met one of the young officers who lived in Prinkipos. He told me that he knew the Hamil girls, and that they were having a very unhappy time with their old uncle. It seems that the old man had heard how very unconventionally the girls were behaving, and had put them under special guards. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear of their running away," he said. "Of course their uncle is right. They can't keep any reputation and carry on as they do. But, on the other hand, I don't much blame the girls. I know what I am talking about. Life in a harem cannot be happy for a woman with an education. Either we must abolish the seclusion of women or restrict their education. My little girl shall not, so long as existing conditions last, learn one word of French. It will only make her unhappy. She can live best as her mother and her grandmothers did before her. Let her write her letters in her own language, and read the Koran. Instead of French, let her learn housewifery and nursing. No one knows better than I, who was educated in Paris and Berlin, that our present system of the harem cannot last. But one woman cannot break it down, nor a band of them. It is only when men with my views come into power that the emancipation can come."

I had said nothing about my knowledge of poor Esmé's struggle with her ideas of the outside world, and of her consequent discontent.

On the very day on which I returned to Constantinople I heard the news of Esmé which was being gossiped all over town. The women buying in the shops, the men sipping their coffee in the coffee-houses, even the little beggars in the streets, were telling each other how Esmé Hanoum, daughter to the famous old Hamil Pacha, had been found dead in her room, all covered with blood. They did not at first recognize that it was suicide. This is a form of mania little known in their simple life. But gradually there came into the current gossip a story of how a pistol was found by her side, which she had stolen from her uncle's room. And then they would shake their heads and wonder why. They did not know any of the details of her life. They only knew she was a great lady, and had plenty of coffee and fine clothes, and ought to have been happy.

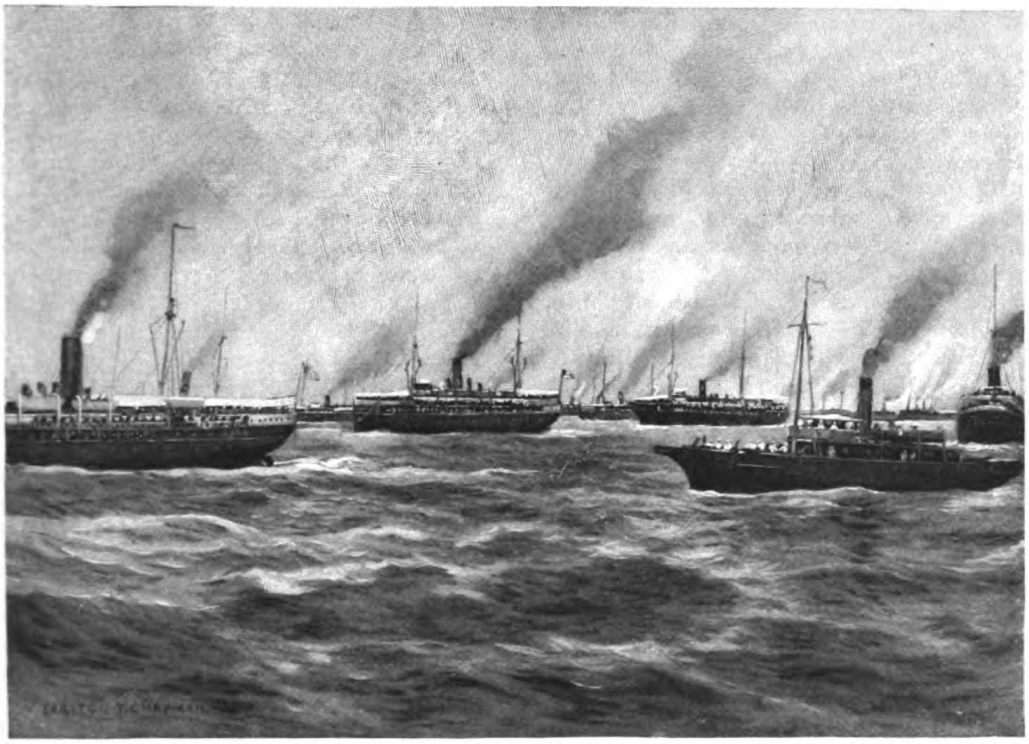
In the high world I learned the fuller story. There I found great commotion. The drawing-rooms were filled with talk, and the friends of the young girl grieved many days, for she had been very lovable. A few of us knew that she had been also very unhappy.

Meanwhile the Turkish police, prying agents of the palace, had been questioning every one. They worried Mrs. Fowler, who was back in Constantinople on an inopportune visit, into nervous prostration because it happened that she had been observed with Esmé the day before the suicide, and of course found out nothing by their investigation. Her family told that she had often threatened to take her life; but her old uncle said he had never believed it; he thought women were too great cowards. I do not think the police ever went to Fischer, or heard that he was in any way connected with the unhappy affair. They drew up a report on the case, which will be used as a threatening code of conduct in the harem world for years to come.

A letter written by Esmé before she shot herself was ample evidence of the unhappiness which comes to a daughter of the Prophet who seeks too much liberty. She was determined to die as an example to her people of how unhappy is the condition of the educated woman in a harem. Her appeal carried no sound to Turkish women. They could not understand it.

But I shall never think of the women of the East without remembering poor Esmé's letter, and the heart-breaking line which said, "I die because I cannot be free."

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The sailing of the American fleet from Tampa.

# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

## III.—THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA AND PURSUIT OF CERVERA.

TO the American fleet which through many weary weeks had been waiting for action in grim impatience at Key West the news of the resolution of Congress and of the President's order to sail brought great relief. The order came in the late afternoon of April 21, but there were still some ships to coal, some more detailed instructions to be received from Washington, and it was not until the next morning at half past six o'clock that they got under way and steamed slowly off toward Havana. The blockade proclaimed by the President covered Havana and all ports east and west between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, as well as Cienfuegos on the south coast, from which a railroad ran to the capital city. It was generally believed at the outbreak of the war that Havana, which drew most of its supplies from the United States, would soon be starved into surrender when cut off from the continent and with nothing but a desolated country behind it to turn to for relief. Events showed that this conception, a perfectly natural one at the time, was absolutely unfounded. Either Havana had vast stores on hand, or the surrounding country and the blockade-running through the southern ports were able to supply the city, or all three sources combined were sufficient for that object. Whatever the explanation, certain it is that although there was a great deal of suffering in the capital, there is no indication that at the end of the war it was, as a military position, much nearer to surrender on account of starvation than at the beginning of hostilities. Nevertheless, with the theory then prevalent as to the desperate condition of the city whose fall meant the end of Spanish rule in Cuba, the American blockade closed tightly



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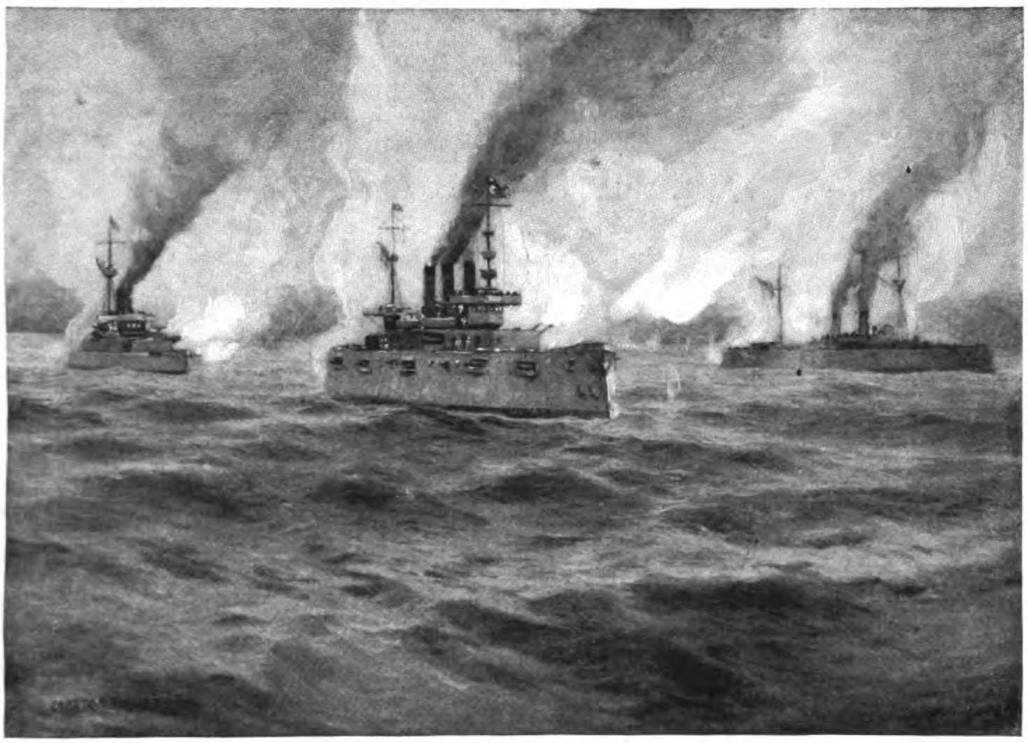
over Havana, and in the opening days of the war Spanish vessels and steamships plying to the blockaded port fell rapidly into the hands of the Americans, until this commerce was practically stopped or destroyed.

Blockading and prize-taking were not, however, the sole duties of the American fleet. It was obvious that any attempt to get into the harbor of Havana through its narrow channel crammed with mines would be at once mad and useless. But it was at the same time very desirable to keep open and unprotected, so far as possible, the other harbors, because at that moment the theory was that we should either land a large army to proceed against Havana, or important expeditions to cooperate with the insurgents in a movement to cut off the capital from the interior. This theory, whether strongly or lightly held, was soon set aside by events and never acted upon—a very fortunate thing, for it rested upon a gross underestimate of the strength of Havana and of the Spanish forces, and upon an equally gross over-estimate of the numbers and efficiency of the insurgents. In the early days of the war, however, it had sufficient strength to affect the naval operations near Havana, but very luckily led, practically, only to work which it would have been well to do in any event.

The first affair growing out of these conditions, and the first action of the war, occurred at Matanzas. It was discovered that the Spaniards were establishing batteries and raising new fortifications at that port, and on April 27 Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, the *New York*, supported by the monitor *Puritan* and the unarmored cruiser *Cincinnati*, bombarded the defences. The Spanish shooting was very bad, only three shots coming near the *New York*, and none hitting the *Cincinnati*, which was much exposed. The American shooting, on the other hand, was good, from the great 13-inch guns of the *Puritan* to the rapid-fires of the *Cincinnati*. The Spanish batteries and earth-works were badly shattered and broken up, and many guns dismounted. As the Captain-General of Cuba announced that only one mule was killed, we may conclude with almost absolute certainty that there must have been a very considerable loss of life among the troops exposed to the American fire. Except as a warning to the Spaniards, and as a test of American marksmanship, the affair of April 27 at Matanzas was of trifling importance, although great attention was given to it at the moment because it was the first action of the war by land or sea. But while the fleet was thus carrying out its orders by its vigorous blockade, by opening a bombardment on the lesser ports, and by harassing the coast batteries and garrisons, events were occurring elsewhere which determined the future course of the war.

On April 23 the President called for 125,000 volunteers, and on April 25 Congress adopted a formal declaration of war, which stated that war had existed since April 21—an unquestioned truth. On the 26th the President announced that the United States, although not a signatory, would adhere to the agreement of Paris, and permit no privateers. The wisdom of this prompt and righteous declaration was seen at once in the approval which it received abroad, and in the embarrassment which it caused to Spain, where hopes were entertained that, all social and national efficiency being dead, something might still be done by legalized piracy. International opinion was still further conciliated by our giving thirty days to all Spanish ships to leave our ports. Thus, while Congress was voting money and preparing a bill for war revenue, while the call for volunteers was going through the land, while camps were being formed, men mustered in, the regulars brought together from all parts of the country and mobilized at Tampa, we were settling rapidly and judiciously our relations with the other powers of the earth. There was never a moment when any European power could or would have dared to interfere with us, although columns of speculations, predictions, and mysterious warnings filled the newspapers on this subject. And as there was no danger that any one power would interfere, so after Manila there was no peril to be apprehended from any combination of powers. That was the crisis, and when England refused to join the concert of Europe in interfering with us in the Philippines—an act not to be forgotten by Americans — all possible danger of interference from any quarter was at an end. Nevertheless, as we adjusted our relations to the rest of the world wisely and quickly, when we caught Spain by the

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

throat, so the rest of the world made haste to define their relations, both to us and to our antagonist.

England declared her neutrality on April 23, the same day on which the Governor-General of Hong-kong requested Commodore Dewey to leave English waters within forty-eight hours—a polite invitation fraught with much meaning to what remained of Charles V.'s empire in the East. But we were not the only people who had a fighting-fleet in neutral waters. For some time past Spain had been collecting a torpedo-boat flotilla and a squadron of armored cruisers. The fleet thus brought together had come to the Canaries, and thence had proceeded to the Cape Verde Islands. In the days after the *Maine* explosion, when relations between the two countries were straining to the breaking-point, the movements of these Spanish ships excited intense interest. It was rumored that they were to come to Puerto Rico, and had they done so their arrival would have precipitated war. But they did not start; they remained quietly at the Cape Verde Islands, and when war came they still lingered. It may well be doubted whether they would have moved at all if they had been in a Spanish harbor, but, unluckily for them, the Cape Verde Islands were Portuguese, and although Portugal was entirely friendly to Spain, she was obliged to issue a proclamation of neutrality on April 29. Thereupon the Spanish fleet departed, under orders from Madrid. The light torpedo-boats, unprotected cruisers, and transports went north to the Canaries, and thence to Spain. The fighting-squadron was lost sight of steering westward. This squadron consisted of the *Colon*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Vizcaya*, and the *Maria Teresa*, armored cruisers of the first class, all new, all the best work of European dock-yards, with heavy batteries of the finest modern rifles, eight inches of armor, and a contract speed of over twenty knots, and of three large torpedo-boat-destroyers, the *Furor*, *Pluton*, and *Terror*, just out of English yards, the last expression of Scotch and English building, and with a contract speed of thirty knots. The squadron, as it appeared on paper and in the naval registers, was, as a whole, powerful in armament, fast, and very formidable. There it was, then, loose on the ocean, and the question

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THE SPANISH SQUADRON AT THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.
From a photograph obtained for the government by an American Consul.

which at once arose and overshadowed all others was where Admiral Cervera and his ships were going, for they represented the Spanish sea power. When they were found and destroyed, the campaign on the Atlantic side would be over, and the expulsion of the Spaniards from the American hemisphere could be effected at the pleasure of the United States. Until they were destroyed no movement could be safely or conclusively undertaken against either Cuba or Puerto Rico. It was the old, ever-recurring problem of the sea power, as crucial and decisive to the United States in the spring of 1898 as it was to Rome when Hannibal faced the legions, or to the English when Napoleon banded all Europe together against Great Britain.

The Spanish fleet was somewhere in the mid-Atlantic; that was all that was known, and speculation was rife as to its destination. The people of the Atlantic seaboard thought that a descent upon the coast towns was at hand—an obviously impossible solution, because in the waters of New England the Spaniards, far removed from any base, would have courted destruction. So this opinion was rejected by the Navy Department. Another opinion was that Cervera was steaming away southward to cut off the *Oregon*. Here, unfortunately, there was much greater probability of truth than in the chimera of the descent on the Atlantic coast towns. But the Strategy Board wisely decided that to divide or scatter the fleets in an effort to protect the *Oregon* would be a mistake of the first order. The great battle-ship must take her chance. Either she would slip by her enemies safely, or, if she met them, she would so cripple them that their effectiveness would be gone. So the *Oregon* was left to her fate.

Thus two possibilities for the Spanish fleet were considered and set aside. A third was that, after making a wide turn, the fleet would return to Spain, and rumors of its reappearance at Cadiz kept coming until the moment when the truth was known. Such a proceeding as this, however, seemed too absurd, even for a Spaniard, to a world which had not yet seen Admiral Camara go back and forth through the Suez Canal; and the authorities in Washington, in consultation with Admiral Sampson, decided that Cervera was intending to do the sensible thing from a naval stand-point, and make for a port from which he could operate toward the relief of Havana. It was further conjectured, and on all the known facts and conditions very wisely conjectured, that the Spanish fleet would come to Puerto Rico, the natural and only strong Spanish base for operations directed toward Cuba. On the speed to be fairly estimated for such a fleet the time of their arrival at Puerto Rico could easily be determined. So it came about, on this theory of the conditions, that soon after noon on May 3 the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana* left Key West, whence the flagship *New York* followed them that night. The rendezvous was at Juruco Cove, about twelve miles east of Havana. There they were joined from the blockading squadron by the two monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, the two unarmored cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, the torpedo-boat *Porter*, the tug *Wompatuck*, and a collier. Then they started east to find the Spanish fleet. A more ill-assorted squadron it would have been difficult

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to imagine, and the necessity which made it so came from the insufficient, unsystematic naval authorizations of Congress running back over many years. In the two essential qualities of the modern fleet, homogeneity of type and evenness of speed, they were painfully deficient. The squadron was composed of the most discordant types, and varied in speed from the twenty knots or more of the *New York* to the monitors' maximum of less than ten. The monitors, in fact, were nothing but a perilous incumbrance. Their low speed and limited coal-capacity made it necessary to tow them, and they thus reduced the speed of the fleet to about seven knots. In any sort of seaway it was impossible to fight their guns, and if an enemy had been encountered in the open ocean, they would have been a hinderance and a danger, not a help. Thus burdened with ships fit only for the smooth waters of a harbor, and with a fleet-speed of seven knots, Admiral Sampson, thanks to the parsimony of Congress, set forth in pursuit of a powerful squadron of homogeneous armored cruisers, with a uniform contract speed of twenty knots.

His departure was the end of the crude idea with which the war opened, that we were to batter down the Morro Castle and the Cabanas forts, land a few thousand troops, and take Havana out of hand. Before the war a high authority was reported to have said that in ten days we could have 40,000 men ready for operations in Cuba. April 23 the President called for 125,000 volunteers, and a month later for 75,000 more. It was at once discovered that but very few of the regiments furnished by the States were fully equipped, while most of them were only partially equipped, and many were not equipped at all. Instead of being able to mobilize 40,000 in ten days, it was found that it was not possible to even partially muster them in that time. While sundry blatant newspapers were clamoring for an immediate advance on Havana, it was becoming quite clear to all men, even in those confused days, that it would take weeks and months, rather than days, to make these really fine volunteers into an army; that the machinery of transportation, supplies, hospital service, and the rest was utterly inadequate for the strain suddenly put upon it, even if it had been good, and it was not good, but bad and rusty. On May 14, ten days after Sampson's departure for Puerto Rico, there were only a little over 10,000 men at Tampa, and the wise men who had said from the beginning that we ought to move on Puerto Rico, the Spanish base, and not begin in early summer on Havana, ultimately carried their point because of facts more potent than the best reasoning.

But no military movement being possible until we had command of the sea, the pursuit of Cervera's fleet, from both the military and the naval point of view, was the one thing to which all else had to be subordinated. So while the generals and admirals of civil life were laying out and discussing campaigns in the newspapers, facts were putting the real war into the right channels; and while the prepared navy was off after Spain's sea power, the unprepared army was occupying the time thus fortunately given in getting ready with an energy and speed most remarkable when one understood the wretched system imposed upon it by Congress, and the weight of needless clerks, endless red-tape, and fear of responsibility which had grown up in choking luxuriance during the long, neglectful peace.

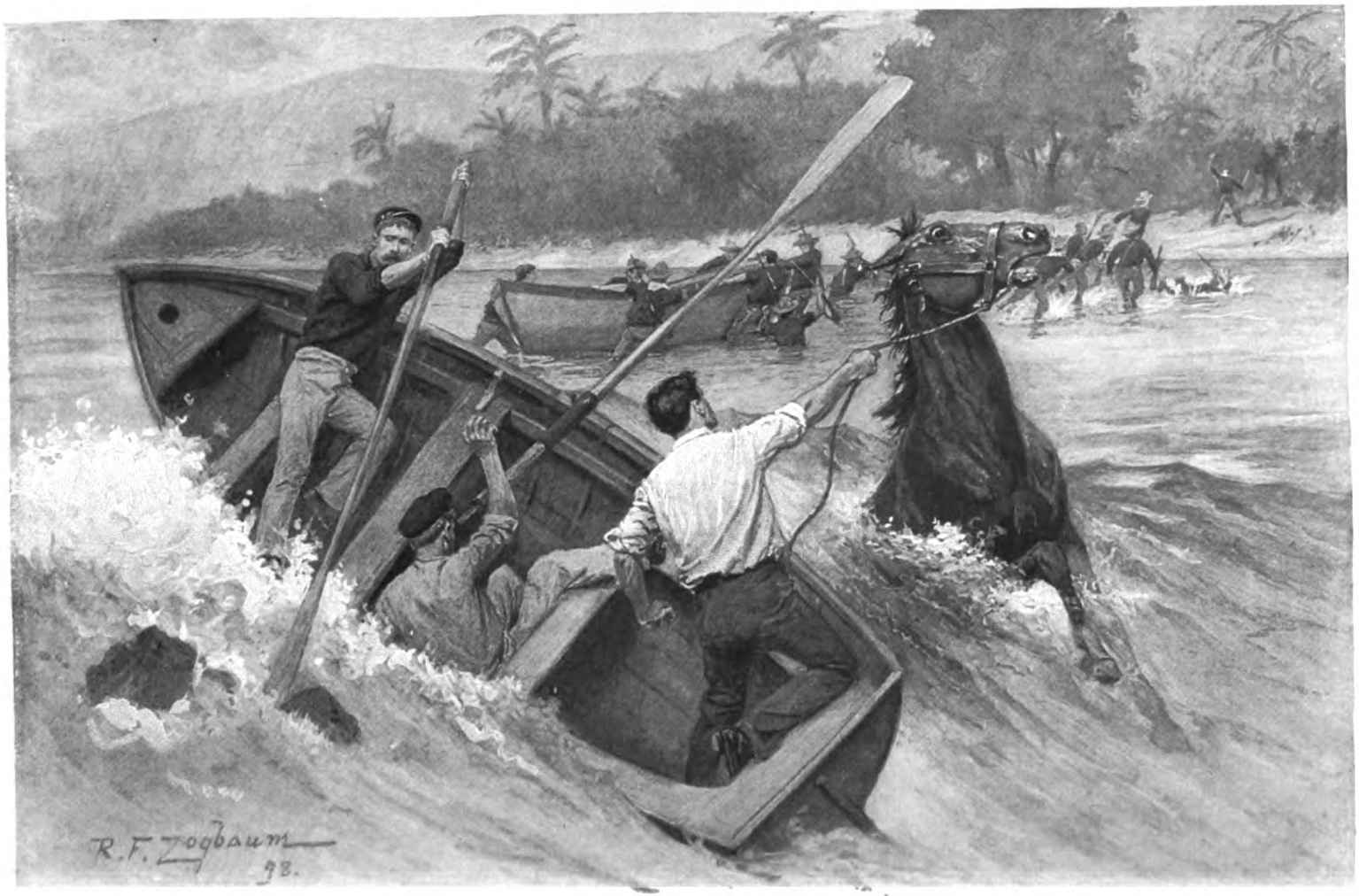
But although the direct attack on Havana so confidently looked for at the outset was thus practically abandoned, the work of blockading the island and cutting it off from all outside communication went diligently forward. Various expeditions were undertaken to open connection with the Cuban insurgents and supply them with arms and ammunition, as the exaggerated estimate then existing of their numbers and efficiency made the belief general that they could be developed into a powerful offensive force, and be used with effect against the Spaniards. Then and later various expeditions were sent forth in the *Leyden*, *Gussie*, and *Florida*, but they had no result. The earlier landings, managed and conducted in large measure by Captain Dorst of the regular army, a most gallant and accomplished officer, were effective sometimes in the face of a sharp fire. The first skirmishing took place on one of these expeditions, much courage was shown, some blood was shed, arms were landed, and communication opened with the insurgents, but that was the end of it. There was no trouble about the expeditions, but nothing was developed by them among the insurgents.

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More serious work was that entailed by the blockade and by attacks upon the lesser posts to break down the defences and destroy any lurking gunboats. Before the *New York* went eastward she had broken up some parties of Spaniards who, with strange absence of humor, had opened on her with Mauser rifles at Mariel, but she was drawing very near to San Juan when, on May 11, a far more serious affair than any which had yet taken place occurred at Cardenas. Off that port the gunboats *Machias* and *Wilmington*, the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, and the converted revenue-cutter *Hudson* were maintaining the blockade. After a time it was learned that there were three Spanish gunboats in the harbor, and on the 8th of May an attempt was made to decoy them out of the harbor, which so far succeeded that one came within range of the *Machias*, got a 6-pounder shell landed upon her, and quickly retreated. It was obvious, after this, that to fight the Spaniards it was necessary to go after them wherever they might be, a discovery which became later an accepted principle of the war. Acting on this theory, the *Wilmington*, *Winslow*, and *Hudson*, on May 11, made their way into the bay along an unused channel, which was free from mines, until they were within a mile and a half of the wharves where the enemy's gunboats were lying. Then the water became too shoal for the *Wilmington*, and the *Winslow* was ordered ahead to attack. It was a most reckless piece of work to undertake, for the *Winslow* was a torpedo-boat, not a fighting-ship, her sides were not over a quarter of an inch thick, and she was going to meet ships carrying 12-pounders. Her daring commander, Lieutenant Bernadou, and his officers and men, were, however, only too eager to make the attempt. On they went, opening vigorously with their 1-pounders. The Spaniards replied fiercely. Presently they found themselves among some red buoys, which marked ranges, and the shots from the batteries and the gunboats began to come home. Ten struck the unprotected boat. Lieutenant Barnadou was badly wounded, but managed to keep his feet. The steering-gear was smashed, and one engine. Then came the eleventh shot, which killed Ensign Bagley and four men. The brave little boat was now floating helplessly in full range of the Spanish guns. Her destruction seemed certain, but the *Hudson*, really nothing more than an armed harbor tug, but commanded by a gallant officer, Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, came bravely to the rescue. The *Hudson* had crept slowly after the *Winslow*, and firing rapidly on the Spaniards, now started, in the midst of a storm of projectiles, to bring off the disabled torpedo-boat. Twice she got a line to the *Winslow*, and twice it parted. Then the *Hudson* got alongside, and towed the wounded boat, with her blood-stained decks and broken sides, out of range and into safety. There were five killed and five wounded out of the *Winslow's* complement of twenty-one officers and men, a terrible percentage, and the heaviest loss incurred by the American navy in any action of the war. It was a rash undertaking, but most brilliantly and gallantly faced and attempted, a proof, to those who rightly interpreted it, of a very high and victorious spirit in the navy of the United States, waiting only for a large opportunity to win corresponding triumphs. Nor did the blow dealt the *Winslow* go unavenged. When the *Hudson* and her consort were out of the way, the *Wilmington* drew in, destroyed the Spanish gunboat which had been engaged, and smashed and silenced all the shore batteries, with a heavy loss to the garrisons. There was nothing more to be feared from the gunboats or defences of Cardenas.

The same day that the *Winslow*, the *Hudson*, and the *Wilmington* were having their action at Cardenas, far away on the southern coast of Cuba another fight was taking place, in the progress of the work of separating the great island from the rest of the world. On the night of May 10, Captain McCalla of the *Marblehead* called for volunteers to protect the cable-cutters in their work. The roll was soon filled, and the next morning the steam-launches of the *Marblehead* and *Nashville*, towing the two sailing-launches under command of Lieutenants Winslow and Anderson, started into the harbor of Cienfuegos about quarter before seven. They carried a squad of marines picked for proficiency as marksmen, and a machine-gun in the bow of each boat. The *Nashville* and *Marblehead* then opened fire on the Spanish batteries, and under cover of this, and that of the steam-launches, the crews of the other boats went to work. It was a perilous business, but the sailors grappled and cut successfully the

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COLONEL DORST'S EXPEDITION IN THE "GUSSIE"—THE LANDING AT POINT ARBOLITAS

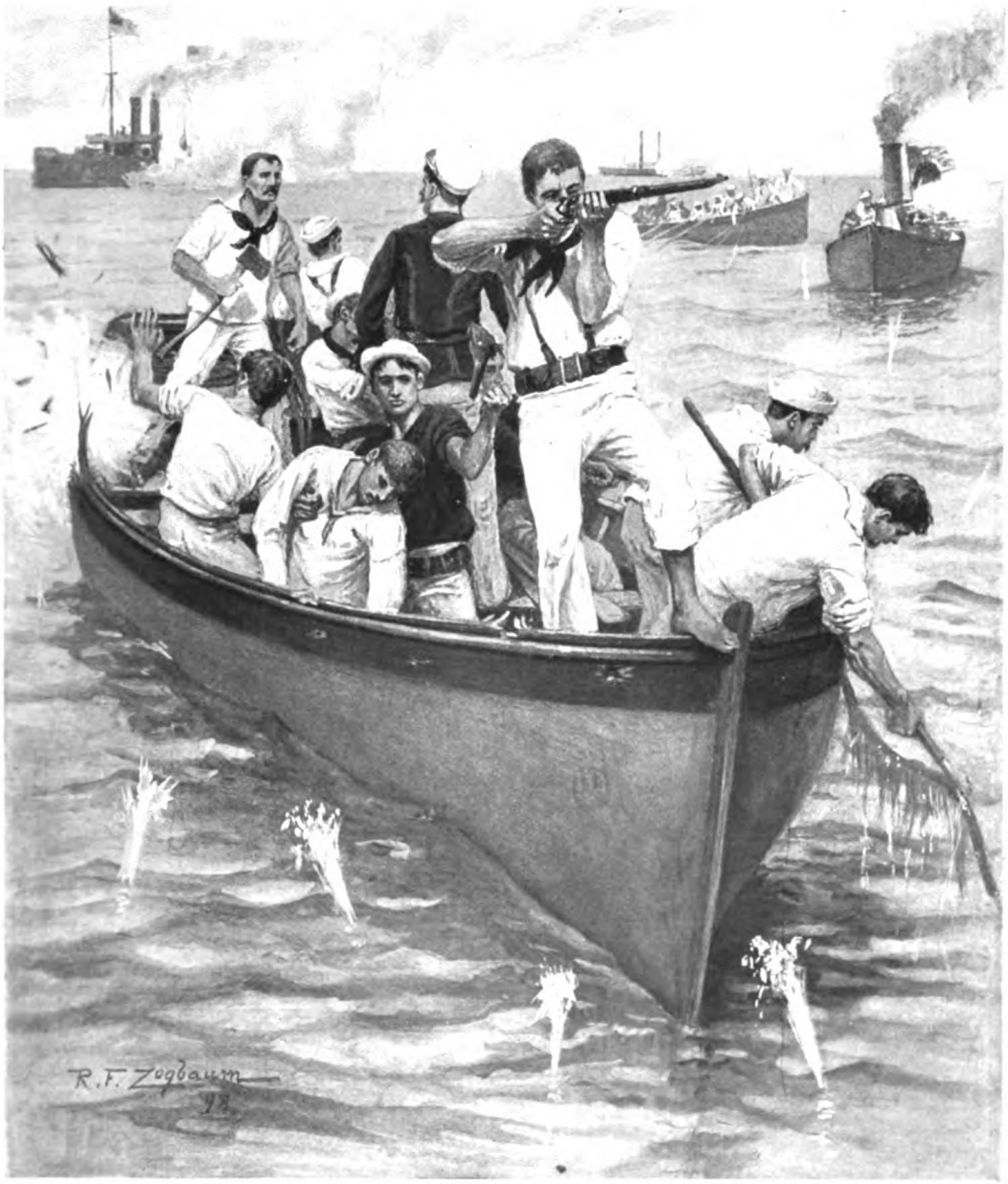
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two cables they had been ordered to destroy. They also found a small cable, but the grapnel fouled the bottom and was lost. Meantime the Spanish fire grew hotter and hotter, pouring out from the batteries and machine-guns, and the boats began to suffer. The well-directed fire from the rifles of the marines and from the 1-pounders kept the Spaniards from reaching the switch-house which controlled the submarine torpedoes, but launches could not contend with batteries at close range, and when the work for which they came, and which had all been performed under a heavy fire, was done, they withdrew to the ships. Nine men, including Lieutenant Winslow, had been wounded, some seriously, and three, as was reported later, mortally. It was a very gallant exploit, coolly and thoroughly carried through, under a galling fire, and it succeeded in its purpose of hampering and blocking in the enemy at the important port of Cienfuegos, which was the road to Havana from the southern coast. It was another twist in the coil which the United States was tightening about Cuba.

Meantime the ill-assorted fleet under Admiral Sampson was making the best way it could eastward, and the pursuit of Cervera's fleet had fairly begun. It was known when the Spaniards had sailed, but whither they had gone could only be a matter of guess. They might be going to harry the New England coast, or at least, as has been said, some persons thought this possible. More reasonable was the theory that they intended to intercept the *Oregon*. The great battle-ship had arrived on March 9 at San Francisco, and on the 19th, with Captain Clark in command, she started on her long voyage round Cape Horn, to join the North Atlantic Squadron. On April 7 she left Callao, where she coaled, for Sandy Point, running steadily on through heavy seas, but maintaining high speed. On April 16 she reached the strait, and rode out a severe gale at her anchors, at Port Tamar. The next day the battle-ship was at Sandy Point, where she coaled again, and picked up the gunboat *Marietta*. On the 21st the ships ran through the strait by which Magellan passed to found Spain's empire in the East, and turned northward in Atlantic waters. Here came the shadow of a new danger, for the Spanish torpedo-boat *Temerario* was at Montevideo, menacing an attack in the night. But there was no change in speed or direction. On the ships forged, with guns shotted, the rapid-fires ready, and lights screened at night. Officers and men stood double watches, and those carried insensible from the fire-room begged to return as soon as they came to themselves. Luckily for her, the *Temerario* never became visible, and on April 30 the American ships were at Rio. Here they met a cordial reception, and once more were coaled. Here too came news of the existence of war, and of the sailing of the Spanish fleet with an unknown destination. Four powerful armored cruisers and three torpedo-boats, somewhere, perhaps on the track to the north: heavy odds these for one ship. But Captain Clark leaves Rio on May 4, drops his slower consorts, the *Marietta* and *Nictheroy*, off Cape Frio, and there is no quiver in his despatch of May 9, from Bahia. He says, quite simply, "The *Oregon* could steam fourteen knots for hours, and in a running fight might beat off and cripple the Spanish fleet," and those who read these words think of Sir Richard Grenville in the years gone by, and know that the sea spirit of the north, drawn from a far-distant past, is still burning strong and clear in this American captain and his crew. So he leaves Bahia, and on May 18 he is at Barbadoes, and then comes another space of anxiety, deeper among men on land than among those on the battle-ship, and then the country hears, on May 24, that the *Oregon* is at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, her great voyage done. A pause, and then the world knows that the *Oregon*, after her 14,000 miles through all seas and weather, is on her way to join the fighting-line, not a rivet, nor a bolt, nor a gearing broken or out of place. It appears very sharply in this fashion that, despite wise critics in Europe, American battle-ships can make great voyages and face the seas as well as fight, and that there is a capacity for true and honest workmanship in the United States very comforting to think on. Very clear, too, is the still greater fact that the American seamen, captain and crew, are filled to-day with the old spirit of the sea-conquerors shining undimmed and strong.

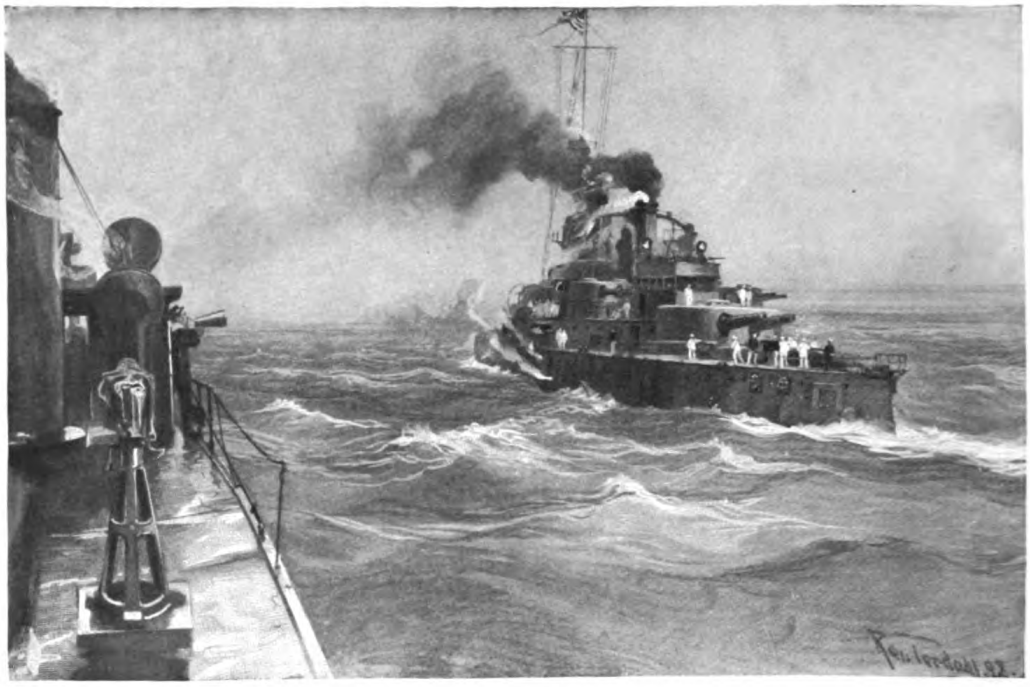
So the Spanish fleet did not seek the *Oregon*, and would have been crippled and shattered if it had made the attempt, and the department very wisely left the battle-ship to take care of herself, and

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CUTTING THE CABLES UNDER FIRE AT CIENFUEGOS.

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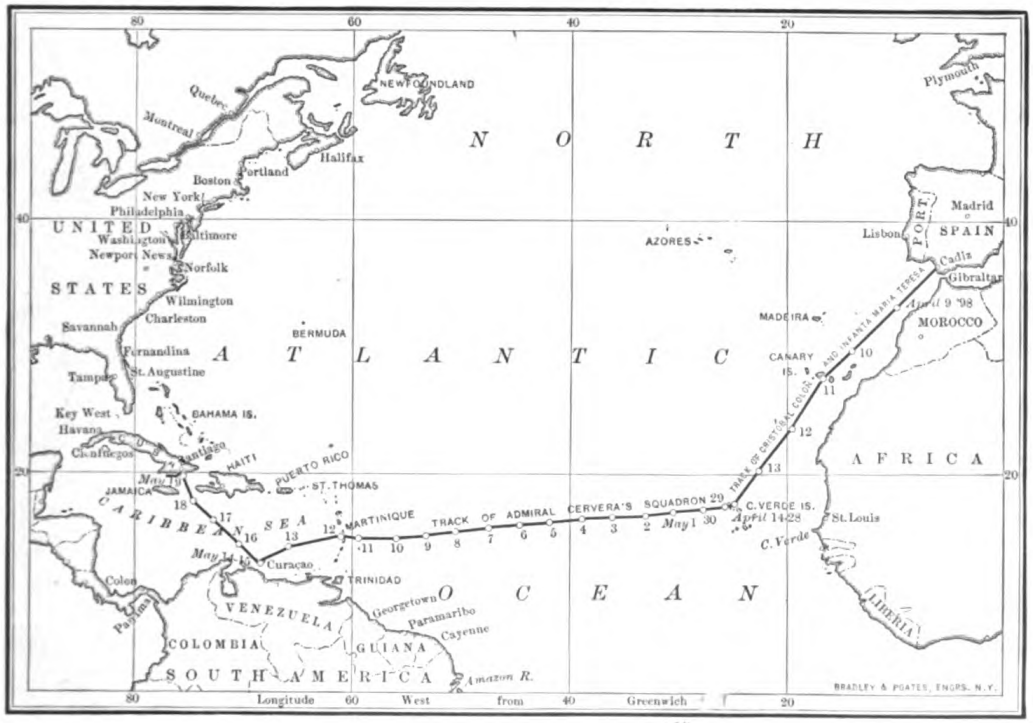
THE HOME-COMING OF THE "OREGON."
The gunboat *Hudson* communicating the orders of the Navy Department.

would not divide the fleet. And it was also decided, as has already been said, that the enemy would not go to New England, but that, on the assumption (a very violent one, as appeared later) of intelligent action, they would go to the obvious and all-important Spanish base of Puerto Rico. So thither went Admiral Sampson, warned at Cape Haitien from Washington not to risk damage to his ships in a bombardment, and on May 11, when the *Winslow* was fighting desperately at Cardenas, and other American sailors were cutting cables at Cienfuegos, the fighting-fleet was drawing near to San Juan. It was still dark when the lights of the town became visible the next morning, and when the sun rose the city lay before them. The admiral's flag was shifted to the *Iowa*, the tug *Wompatuck* was anchored to mark the ten-fathom line, and then the ships, with the *Detroit* leading, went in and opened fire, while the *Montgomery* ran in and silenced the batteries of Fort Canelo, on the other side of the bay. The Spanish gunnery was bad, the A erican, improving after the first round, v y good. The forts were seriously damaged, but neither destroyed nor silenced. Some shells passed over into the town, wrecking and setting fire to certain buildings. In the third round both the *New York* and *Iowa* were hit, but not seriously, and one man was killed and seven wounded. The best reports obtainable put the Spanish loss at forty killed and seventy wounded. After three hours of this work the signal was made to cease firing, and the bombardment of San Juan was over. It had answered entirely its purpose, which was merely that of a reconnoissance in force. It had been demonstrated that the Spanish fleet was not there, which was of high importance, and that the surrender of the city could be compelled, knowledge of which no advantage was taken at any time, and which was useless at the moment, as we had no landing force. Such were the results of the affair of San Juan to the Americans; but there was another outcome, which affected only the Spaniards.

The authorities at Washington were striving to guess accurately the probable destination of the Spanish fleet, and they very naturally based their reasoning on what was publicly known of the character and quality of the enemy's ships, and upon the proposition that they had a plan,

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and would endeavor to do the best and most effective work possible. We know now that the Spaniards had no plan whatever, that their ships were defective in guns and ammunition, and that, instead of having a homogeneous and high speed rate, they were in poor condition, and the *Vizcaya* in such a state that, in Admiral Cervera's words, she was "a boil on the fleet." All calculations, therefore, based on the contract speed of the Spanish cruisers, and on the theory that the Spaniards had a plan, were quite idle in regard to an enemy with ships in bad condition and no plan at all. So while Washington was carrying the Spanish fleet rapidly over the ocean at ten to twelve knots an hour toward a well-defined objective-point, in reality they were creeping along at seven knots an hour and making vaguely for some point in the West Indies, to do they did not know what. On May 12, without any apparent reason, they brought up at the friendly French port of Martinique, and there they heard of the bombardment of San Juan, which had its last result in convincing the Spaniards that, whatever happened, they would not go to Puerto Rico and run into the arms of Admiral Sampson. So, leaving behind the *Terror*, which had been damaged by the voyage, in purposeless fashion they went on to the Dutch island of Curaçoa, like Martinique, within touch of cables, so that the wastes of ocean no longer sheltered them, and their whereabouts was published to the world. This fact and the laws of neutrality made a stay impossible, and on May 15 the poor, purposeless, vaguely wandering fleet, after getting a little coal, set forth again and went to Santiago de Cuba, for no better reason, seemingly, than that it was the nearest port under the Spanish flag where they could hope to coal and refit. This haven, the last they were ever to enter, was a typical Cuban harbor. A narrow entrance, with a channel only a hundred yards wide, cuts sharply between high hills, one of which is crowned by the picturesque "Morro Castle." An island faces the entrance channel, which, dividing, passes on either side, and then opens out in a broad and beautiful bay, with the city lying at the foot of the encircling hills. Everything in the harbor




THE DAILY POSITIONS OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON UNDER ADMIRAL CERVERA.

Taken from the log-book of the *Cristóbal Colon*.

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is quite invisible from the open sea. No more secure place could be imagined; for no hostile fleet, unsupported, could pass that narrow channel sown with mines; but, on the other hand, no harbor could be more readily blockaded, and to go out unperceived in the face of an alert and watchful enemy was impossible.

Here, at all events, was a chance to rest. There was no military or naval purpose to be served in Santiago, which had no communication with Havana except by telegraph, but it was better than helpless wandering. Coal, slow in delivery, as well as provisions, was to be had there, and it was a very inviting hiding-place if not trusted in too long. In this wise, at all events, whatever their reasons, the Spaniards hid themselves, and the more active part of the game was meantime carried on by the Americans, whose one object now was to seek and find. This was a very difficult task. We knew when the Spaniards reached Martinique, we knew again when they left Curaçoa, and then the veil dropped, and Washington went to guessing and conjecturing, much hampered by the difficulty of getting news and orders to the fleets before the former had been superseded by fresh information and the latter had become obsolete. Nevertheless the department did its best in all the confusion of reports and conjectures. On May 13, the day after the arrival of the Spaniards at Martinique, the Flying Squadron under Commodore Schley, consisting of the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, and *Texas*, which had been kept for this contingency in Hampton Roads, sailed for Key West, and every effort was made to convey information to the Puerto-Rican expedition.

The same day Admiral Sampson, knowing now that Cervera was not in San Juan, with prompt decision sailed for Havana, the central point to be guarded in case Cervera was aiming to break the blockade there, as he ought to have been. When Sampson reached Cape Haitien he received despatches announcing the appearance of the Spaniards at Martinique, and then at Curaçoa, with the subsequent departure from the latter island. Telegrams went at once to warn blockaders at Cienfuegos and to the scout *Harvard*. In the latter, dated May 15, the admiral said that the destination of the Spaniards was unknown, but was probably Santiago or San Juan—an instance of sagacity and insight which is most remarkable, for at that time nobody had thought of Santiago, which on the face of things was a most unlikely refuge. This done, the admiral left his slow-going squadron, and in the *New York* steamed as rapidly as possible to Key West. On the way he got tidings from a despatch-boat, which told him that Schley had sailed, and that Cervera had with him munitions of war (which is now known to have been untrue), and that therefore his object must be to connect in some way with Havana. The statement as to the munitions pointed directly to Cienfuegos as the obvious destination of the Spanish fleet. Therefore, on arriving at Key West he sent the Flying Squadron, consisting of the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*, on May 19, to Cienfuegos, and the following day the *Iowa*, *Castine*, and the collier *Merrimac*, with over 3000 tons of coal on board, were despatched to re-enforce them. Just after these ships had gone word came from the department that press despatches reported the Spaniards at Santiago. The next day, May 21, the press report corresponding with his own opinion, Admiral Sampson sent the *Marblehead* with orders to Commodore Schley to go to Santiago if he was satisfied the Spaniards were not at Cienfuegos. Later in the day, after he had left Key West for Havana, and evidently growing more certain as to Santiago, he sent the *Hawk* with another message to Commodore Schley, ordering him without qualification to go to Santiago, and, as the *Hawk* would reach Cienfuegos on May 23, to leave before daylight on the 24th.

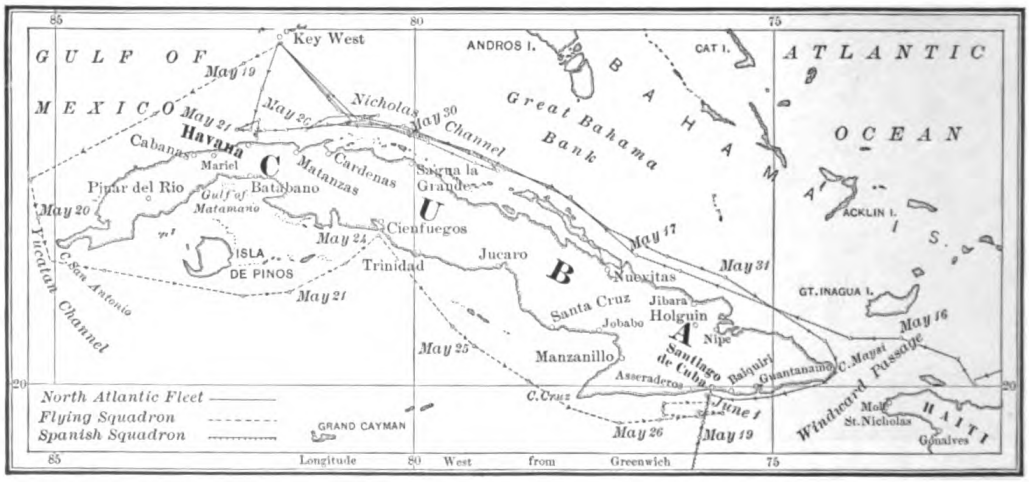
Turning now to the Flying Squadron, it appears that Commodore Schley reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, and on the 22d he wrote that he could not say whether the Spanish fleet was there or not, and complained of the difficulty of coaling. On the 23d he wrote, in reply to the despatches brought by the *Marblehead* and the unqualified orders conveyed by the *Hawk*, that on account of the smoke visible in the harbor he believed that the Spaniards were there, that he doubted the report about Santiago, that he thought it unwise to chase a probability, and should remain where he was. Later in the day he sent another despatch, saying that a steamship just in reported seven ships

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BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

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seventy miles south of Santiago, but that from the firing of guns which he had heard in the harbor, a salute of welcome, as he guessed, although obviously very belated, he still believed the Spaniards to be there. The next day, May 24, Commodore Schley changed his mind, apparently, and sent a long despatch complaining of the difficulty of coaling where he was, and declaring that he could not coal off Santiago, but saying that he should start eastward on the following day. So, on May 25, while Sampson, disturbed by Schley's reply to the *Hawk* and *Marblehead* despatches, and by the delay he foresaw, when every hour was precious, was sending another boat to Cienfuegos with orders for Santiago more imperative than any which had gone before, the Flying Squadron, which sailed on the evening of the 24th, was steaming to the eastward, convinced at last by Captain McCalla's direct information from the insurgents that the enemy were not in Cienfuegos. On the 26th, at noon, they were forty-seven miles west-southwest of Santiago's Morro; at eight o'clock in the evening, twenty-two miles to the south-southeast of the castle. Commodore Schley then signalled, "Destination, Key West *viâ* south side of Cuba and Yucatan Channel as soon as collier is ready; speed, nine knots." For one week the door of Santiago had been open to Cervera, coaling slowly and feebly within, to issue forth and go where he pleased. At last an American fleet was in the neighborhood, and still the door stood open. Obeying the signal of the flag-ship, the fleet started slowly westward for Key West, and a despatch was sent by Commodore Schley to Secretary Long stating that he could not obey the orders of the department, that he was short of coal, could not coal at sea from the collier, and was leaving for Key West. Then the *Merrimac* broke down; the *Yale* tried to take her in tow, and the squadron drifted about, waiting. On the evening of the 27th of May they were more than forty miles southwest of Santiago, and out of sight of land. Cervera's door was still wide open. At noon on the 28th they were still thirty-nine miles west by south of Santiago, and then, shortly after one o'clock, came a signal from the flag-ship to move to the eastward. Steaming slowly, the squadron reached Santiago that evening. The next morning, at quarter before eight, the *Iowa* made out the *Colon* and two other cruisers in the harbor. The game of hide-and-seek was at an end, and the Spanish fleet had been found at last. There was and could be no question now as to going away, and the squadron during May 30 stood to and fro off Santiago, well out from the land, with the *Marblehead* and *Vixen* patrolling nearer inshore. During that day the *New Orleans* appeared with the collier *Sterling*, and on the next day, May 31, the *Massachusetts* leading, with Commodore Schley on board, and followed by the *New Orleans* and *Iowa*, ran in and opened fire upon the ships and batteries in the harbor. The ranges began at 8500 yards and




THE DAILY POSITIONS OF FLEET IN CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SPANISH SQUADRON.

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CAPTAIN EVANS OF THE "IOWA" SIGHTING THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON" AND THE "MARIA TERESA" IN SANTIAGO HARBOR.

The first man to sight the fleet was Lieutenant-Commander Rogers, Executive Officer of the *Iowa*, who descried the *Cristóbal Colon*.

were increased to 11,000, the bombardment lasting half an hour, the shots falling short on both sides, and no damage being done to either the Spaniards or the Americans. Then the ships drew off to their station, well out from the land, to continue this somewhat remote blockade. Cervera's door was closing upon him. He could still come out at his pleasure, but at the cost, perhaps, of a fight.

The anxiety in Washington and on board the flag-ship of the North Atlantic fleet during these perilous days, while the Flying Squadron was making its way eastward from Cienfuegos and drifting about forty miles away from Santiago, was intense, and grew more feverish as the presence of the Spanish fleet became more assured and the despatches from Commodore Schley more uncertain. On May 27, after sending, as has been said, imperative orders for the third time to leave Cienfuegos, Admiral Sampson received Commodore Schley's despatch of the 24th depicting the difficulties of coaling and announcing his departure for Santiago. Thereupon he ordered Captain Folger, in the *New Orleans*, to proceed at once to Santiago, direct Commodore Schley to maintain the blockade there at all hazards, and to use the collier *Sterling* (a stenographer's mistake for the *Merrimac*) for the obstruction of the channel by sinking her in the narrowest part. The next day, May 28, at midnight, came news from Secretary Long of Schley's despatch of the 26th announcing his departure from Santiago for Key West, which had made the day of its arrival the darkest of the whole war to the Navy Department. The Secretary asked also if Sampson could go with the *New York*, *Oregon*, and *Indiana* to Santiago, and how long he could blockade. Sampson replied that he could blockade indefinitely, and asked leave to go at once with the *New York* and *Oregon*. Permission came in the evening, and at eleven o'clock Sampson left Key West in the *New York*, was joined the next morning by the *Oregon*, the converted yacht *Mayflower*, and the torpedo-boat *Porter*, and set off at high speed for Santiago. On the way, filled with anxiety because the last news was that the Flying Squadron had left Santiago, the admiral met the *Yale* and the *St. Paul*, and received from Captain Sigsbee a despatch from Commodore Schley of May 29, announcing that the Spanish cruisers had been seen and that he was blockading the port. Greatly relieved, the admiral sped on, and at six in

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THE LAST OF THE "MERRIMAC."

the morning of June 1 he saw the *Colon* inside the Morro point, and the Flying Squadron lying off the narrow entrance. All was well; the Spaniards had been found, they were still in their hiding-place, and now the door was to be closed, so that Cervera could only choose between capture in the harbor, and opening the door and rushing to destruction outside

The first movement of Admiral Sampson was to obstruct the narrow channel. He did not hope to block it permanently, for he knew that any obstruction could sooner or later be removed by dynamite. But he believed, and with reason, that he could obstruct it temporarily, and his object was to gain time for the arrival of the troops, whose coming was already announced, and whose presence would be absolutely necessary to enable him to get at the Spaniards, either by forcing Cervera to leave the harbor, or by obtaining control of and clearing the mine-fields so that he could himself enter and attack. To attain this object he had decided to sink a collier in the channel, and gave orders to that effect to Captain Folger when he sent him off on May 27 to Santiago. On the 29th he opened the subject to Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, a young naval constructor of marked ability and energy, and by the time the fleet reached Santiago on June 1 Hobson had prepared his plans, which were so thorough and excellent that the admiral decided to place the perilous and important work wholly in the hands of that young officer. Thus far nothing had been done toward closely locking Cervera up in his retreat, but as soon as Admiral Sampson arrived the *Merrimac* was selected to be sunk in the channel, and the work of stripping her and making ready the anchors which were to hold her, and the torpedoes which were to shatter her bottom, went forward with hot haste under the direction of Lieutenant Hobson. The call for volunteers was made by signal, and hundreds of the sailors came forward. Men begged to be taken, implored Hobson to choose them, and turned away utterly miserable because they could not go on a desperate undertaking which every one believed meant certain death. Here was a very fine and noble spirit, telling what the American navy was, and why it was soon to be victorious—something here quite worthy of the consideration of Spain, which had so insisted upon senseless war.

Hobson finally selected from the crowd of applicants Phillips, Kelly, Mullen, and Deignan, of the *Merrimac*, because they

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were familiar with the ship; then he took Charette, a gunner's mate, and Montague, chief master-at-arms, from the *New York*, and thus completed his little crew. Captain Miller of the *Merrimac* was bitterly disappointed when the admiral told him he could not go, but that did not prevent him from giving every advice and help to the men who were going on his ship. The preparations, although pushed with such intense energy, were so many that it was difficult to get them finished, and the night was far gone when all was done. At last the ship started, and then there was more delay in trying to tow the launch, which was to run in as near as possible and wait to rescue any survivors after the ship had sunk. When they finally set forth there was already a streak of light in the east, and as the *Merrimac* was steaming to the harbor entrance, the torpedo-boat *Fremont* dashed up with an order of recall from the admiral. Back went the *Merrimac*, and a day of waiting and suspense followed, not easy to bear when men's nerves are strung to such work as lay before Hobson and his crew. Mullen, utterly exhausted by his labors in preparing the ship, gave out, and his place was taken by Murphy, a cockswain on the *Iowa*. Robert Crank, the assistant engineer of the ship, with bitter disappointment, was ordered away at the last moment and not allowed to go. Finally the long day passed, night came, and at half past three in the morning the *Merrimac* started again, this time with an additional man, Clausen, who was cockswain of the barge, and had come on board with Ensign Powell. He asked permission to go, and was accepted by Hobson, thus getting his chance at the great prize of death in battle. This time there was no recall; on she went, every man at his post, the young lieutenant standing upright and alone on the bridge, Deignan at the wheel, steering coolly and taking every order with absolute correctness, and not a sailor moving except at the word of command. Nearer and nearer the doomed ship went, with gradually slackening speed. Then the Spaniards saw her, and there came a storm of shot and shell, fierce, resistless, like a torrent. Still on the ship steered, still slackening in speed—goes too far, as the event proved, her steering-gear having been shot away, and the lashings of Montague's anchor, which dropped too soon—and then, torn by her own torpedoes and by those of the enemy, sinks far up in the channel. The parting of the anchors, the loss of the steering-gear, and consequent running in too far, the sweep of the current, combine, and she goes to the bottom, lying lengthwise, and not across. The crew, every task performed, lie at the appointed place upon the deck in the storm of projectiles, the torpedoes exploding beneath, and go down with the reeling ship into the whirl of dark waters. They have done their duty. The *Merrimac*, as she lies now, makes the entrance perhaps a little more difficult, but does not block it. So far the attempt fails, but the brave deed does not fail, for such gallantry is never a failure. It rouses and uplifts the American people, for these men are theirs; it appeals to the lovers of daring the world over; it is a shining and splendid feat of arms; it tells to all what the American navy is; it ranks Hobson with Cushing when he pushed his torpedo against the *Albemarle*, with Decatur when he fired the *Philadelphia*. And the men who did the deed cling, chilled and spent in the water, to the raft which is fast to the sunken ship, and in the darkness are not hit or found, but in the morning are taken off by Admiral Cervera, who greets them as "valiente." On the American side, brave young Powell, creeping about with his launch, in the midst of a heavy fire from the batteries, on the chance of rescuing Hobson and his men, comes out at last, much fired at, but with no one of the *Merrimac* crew on board, and when he closes his report, saying simply, "and no one came back, sir," the fleet fear the worst, and believe that the gallant deed has been paid for with eight lives. But later in the day comes out a Spanish boat, with a flag from Admiral Cervera, to announce that Hobson and his sailors are prisoners, alive and well, and little hurt. It is sad that for the sake of Spain they could not have remained with Admiral Cervera—a brave man facing inevitable ruin with courage—but they were turned over to the military authorities on land, who placed them and kept them for some days in the Morro Castle, in range of the American bombardment—an act rather sullying to a people who are fond of talking about honor, but appear to think words enough.

So closed the first move of Admiral



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Sampson to blockade the enemy. The second, which began at the same time, lasted for many weary days, and was neither suddenly brilliant nor vividly picturesque, but like much of what is best in the world, without show, with no chance of ever getting the due meed of praise, did efficiently and well the work that was there to do. This second move was the establishment of the blockade of the harbor by the ships. Foreign experts doubted whether it were possible to blockade four cruisers and two fine torpedo-boat destroyers in any harbor. The latter, it was thought, would surely slip out in the darkness, and then would come in a moment's space the destruction of a battleship or two, and so an end of the blockade. But there was no darkness in the entrance of Santiago Harbor after the 8th of June. Two battle-ships, relieving and supporting each other, went in every night within four miles, and the rays of the powerful search-lights made the narrow channel as bright as day. So great was the glare that when the fatal moment came Admiral Cervera did not dare to issue forth into that zone of white light, where he, blinded by the glare, would have been a helpless target for an enemy veiled in the darkness. At night also picket-launches ran in less than a mile from the shore, and then within rifle range, tossing often on rough seas, watched through the long hours, ready to give warning of the slightest movement from inside the harbor. The close blockade by day begun on June 1 was kept up and constantly increased in stringency. The ships, at first stationed at six miles from the harbor mouth, were drawn in to four miles a little later, and the enemy thus hemmed in, so that at no hour in the twenty-four could he come forth without meeting the American fleet in carefully chosen positions, ready for battle, and with orders which left no room for doubt as to just what they should do. In this blockade, where nothing was overlooked and nothing forgotten, Admiral Sampson, by strenuous honest work, by keen foresight, and by unwearying and unceasing vigilance, made not only possible, but humanly speaking, certain, the great victory which was to come, a great feat in naval warfare, and a very fine and lasting service to the American campaign.

The blockade was varied by a bombardment on June 6, by an attack on the battery east of the Morro by the *New Orleans* on June 14, and by another general bombardment on June 16. In all these attacks the American gunnery was excellent, and the batteries were for the time silenced. To these bombardments were added the assaults of the *Vesuvius*, which arrived on June 13, and began at once to run in at night and hurl her dynamite shells at the forts and harbor. The ship had a terrible weapon, but as she was unable to get direction or aim, the falling of her shells was largely a matter of accident. If by chance they struck near a battery, a ship, or a building, wreck and ruin followed, but wherever they dropped the explosion was so terrific, coming as they did silently out of the darkness, that they carried consternation and alarm, and had a moral effect wholly out of proportion to their actual results, tending in this way, no doubt, to prevent any attempts on the part of the Spaniards either to seek escape at night or to send out torpedo-boats.

Only one point remained to be covered in order to assure the successful maintenance of the blockade, and that was to possess a safe harbor for shelter, coaling, and repairs. This indispensable adjunct Admiral Sampson secured by sending the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* to Guantanamo, where they drove the Spanish gunboats to the inner harbor, which was protected by mines in the channel, and made themselves masters of the outer harbor, which was excellently suited to the needs of the fleet. To make possession useful as well as complete, it became necessary to hold a position on shore and drive back the enemy, so that they could not annoy the ships and boats in the bay. For this work the first battalion of marines, which had left Key West on June 7, was employed, and on June 10 their transport, the *Panther*, arrived in Guantanamo Bay. The marines, between five and six hundred strong, landed immediately, and established themselves on a low hill where a Spanish block-house had been destroyed by the guns of the *Yankee*. The next evening they were attacked by the Spaniards concealed in the chaparral, and two men on outposts were killed. The attack was renewed in the night by the unseen enemy, and Surgeon Gibbs was killed and two privates wounded. The next day the camp was shifted to a better position, and some sixty Cubans came in and joined

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the Americans. The firing of the Spanish continued throughout the night, and Sergeant Good was killed, but on the 13th, with the aid of the Cubans, who knew the country, they were easily repelled. On the 14th the Americans took the offensive. Two companies of marines, supported by the Cubans, left the camp at nine o'clock to destroy the well at Cuzco, which was the only water-supply for the Spaniards within twelve miles. They failed to cut off the enemy, as they had hoped, but they drove the Spaniards steadily before them, reaching the intervening hill first, and carrying the crest under a sharp fire. As the marines descended into the valley the Spaniards broke cover and retreated rapidly, and at three o'clock the fight was over, the well filled up, and the heliograph signal station captured and destroyed. One lieutenant and seventeen men were taken prisoners, and they reported a Spanish loss of two officers and fifty-eight men killed, and a large number of wounded. On the American side one marine was wounded, and about a dozen were overcome by heat. This was the end of the Spanish attacks. They had had enough, and withdrew, leaving the American post undisturbed to the end of the campaign. The marines had done their work admirably. For three days and nights they had met and repelled the attacks of a concealed enemy, never flinching under the strain which had been upon them without a moment's relief. Then they had taken the offensive, and had marched and fought for six hours under the tropical sun and through a dense forest and undergrowth with the steadiness and marksmanship of experienced bushfighters. Altogether a very brave, honest, and effective piece of work, showing admirable discipline and a surprising readiness to meet new and strange conditions.

On June 15 the work of the marines was followed up by the *Marblehead*, *Texas*, and *Suwanee* going into Caimanera, silencing the batteries, and driving the Spaniards completely away. The ships penetrated so far into the channel of the inner harbor that they ran on to torpedoes, the *Marblehead* picking up one on her propeller, fortunately so thick with barnacles that it did not explode by contact, as it was intended to do. Thus the affair at Guantanamo Bay was finished, and a secure refuge, base, coaling and repair station were secured for the fleet, which assured its ability to continue the blockade—a very important operation, performed with the thoroughness, foresight, and minute care which characterized all Admiral Sampson's work. But the best arranged and most systematic blockade, the most vigorous and sustained bombardments, the workmanlike establishment of a fine naval base—none of these things could bring the American ships alongside the Spanish cruisers. It was not the comparatively feeble batteries of the Morro, the Socapa, or Estrella Point which stood in the way. That which held back the American fleet was the mine-field at the entrance of the harbor, sown thick with torpedoes and submarine mines, exploding either by contact or by electric wires leading to batteries on shore. The navy which offered hundreds of volunteers to accompany Hobson had plenty of officers and men who would have cheerfully dared all the dangers of that narrow channel, defying alike shore batteries and sunken mines. But such an attempt would have been not only perilous, but worthless. Small ships, which perhaps might have slipped in, would have been utterly useless against the heavy Spanish cruisers, and a battle-ship sunk by torpedoes in the narrow channel would have been a useless and crippling sacrifice, and would have blocked the entrance so that the Spaniards could never have been forced out and the American fleet could never have gone in. Once the mine-field was cleared, the ships could go in, but the mines could not be reached or removed until the batteries at the entrance were taken and the garrisons driven away. For this land-work the fleet had no adequate force. To reach and destroy the sea power of Spain in the West Indies, upon which the whole campaign against both Cuba and Puerto Rico turned, an army was needed to support the fleet, to take the entrance forts and permit the ships to enter, or else capture the town itself and force the Spaniards out into the open. Thus it was that while Admiral Sampson was perfecting his blockade at every point, he was urgently asking that land forces be sent to his support, and all the officers and men of the fleet were waiting impatiently for the coming of the army which should deliver the Spanish cruisers into their hands.

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# OF HER OWN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"BIANCA, do you see that little path?"

"Nonsense! There isn't any to see. I told you there wouldn't be."

"There is. Stand back here where I am and you'll see it." A long pause.

"Two bodies can't possibly occupy the same place, Charles. Don't they teach natural science in France?"

"The most natural of all the sciences, dearest. Don't 'keep yourself so far removed,' as my uncle calls it."

"Then don't make it so necessary!"

"I won't move a finger—I swear I won't—if you'll come here and look at the path. You can't see it from where you stand in the dusk." Another pause, and a rustling of the weeds and dry grass growing outside the neglected old grape-arbor. Then a girlish laugh.

"Oh, oh! I do see it. It leads straight from your uncle's house, and it looks for all the world like a little rabbit-path in the weeds. Do you really think he meets her out-doors here somewhere? How can they! They are so old."

"Everybody can't be as young as you and I."

"Oh, you said you wouldn't!"

"Well, I didn't. I only wanted to. How old is your grandmother?"

"I don't know; thousands of years old. How old is your uncle?"

"About that same age." Another pause.

"Just think of it! So old, and still having rabbit-paths worn towards her!"

"As for rabbit-paths, I expect to be keeping my rabbit-gun loaded long after your head is white, Bianca."

"Don't. I want to be sensible. Do you know, this will make an awful fuss if my parents and my uncles and aunts find it out."

"Then don't tell them. But I don't see why they should care. I wouldn't, for my part."

"You wouldn't like them to marry!"

"Why not?"

"Why—why—it would be so very bad for grandmamma. It would agitate her so." This time it was the man who laughed.

"Maybe she'd like to be agitated. Why should we care? We have enough on our own hands just now."

"Oh, but I would care. It would be so absurd. The family would all hate it; and I suppose your family in France would look on it as a terrible mésalliance, wouldn't they?"

"He wouldn't care how they looked on it. He'll never go back there again. He never has since he went back for me and the title. Besides, wouldn't that be a high note, when he was only a tutor for your grandmother's children once upon a time? He taught your own mother 'ze musique and ze languages.'"

"But that was long, long ago, before he became the Count Malleville with lots of money. He's richer than my grandmother now. I think he's bought half her plantation from her; and as for your new house over there, it would cast ours all in the shade if your trees weren't kind enough to hide it."

Again rang out the pretty gurgling laugh of a very young girl.

"Oh, do you remember how grandmamma used to mimic him, and tell us about when he was a resident tutor here and wouldn't keep our American Sundays? 'Oh, Madame Outerbrook, Madame Outerbrook, it is to be your Sunday all ze day to-day. Well, I will go and rupticate my stockings.' And then when grandmother told him he really mustn't darn his stockings on Sunday, 'Oh, Madame Outerbrook, we all get to ze heavens our own way. Le bon Dieu, he understands. On zat last day he will say, "Presbyterian, you go zare; Episcopalian, you go zare; Catholique, you go zare; Monsieur Malleville—you go where you please."'"

The two laughing young voices joined together in the last words, as if uniting in a well-known recitation. Then the man's voice went on alone:

"You mark my words, she's going to 'rupticate' his stockings for him from now on. Your grandmother never mimicked him to me, Bianca. Of course she didn't. I'm his nephew. Don't you remember how you girls used to hide me behind her chair and then tease her to mimic him? I remember everything we ever did to-

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"'LET THEM OPPOSE,' HE SAID, STURDILY."

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gether, dear. You are so beautiful, Bianca, and I do love you so." Another pause. "Come, let's walk down by the pond where no one else goes, and look for—"

"Frogs' legs, you Frenchman?"

"No; for our ancestors, and each other, dearest."

The rustling of feet in the dry grass grew louder, then fainter and fainter. Before all sound died away the girl's voice came back clearly:

"Do you know, I think you must be right, for I haven't heard grandmamma mimic him in ages—not since we were all children together. Isn't it too funny? And it's kind of pathetic too. There'll be an awful fuss!"

"So we are to be opposed, it appears, my dear count," said Madam Outerbrook, looking up into her aged lover's face and laughing softly, but, alas, not as the young Bianca had laughed. They were sitting together in the old grape-arbor hand in hand, as the two young lovers had stood outside a few minutes before. There had been only some grape leaves between the two couples. Count Malleville replied by lifting the fragile but still beautiful old hand to his lips.

"Let them oppose," he said, sturdily, in his exact accent, which the young people had faithfully rendered a few moments before. "Let them oppose," he repeated, again kissing Madam Outerbrook's hand.

"Take care, dear friend," she replied, with spirit, and smiling up at him, "you might agitate grandmamma! So Bianca and Charles are in earnest, after all. Your nephew and my favorite grandchild. That will be very nice."

"It will be very nice," echoed Monsieur Malleville. "We might have—how do you call it?—a dooble wedding."

"Nonsense!" said Madam Outerbrook. She laughed, and colored a little before she went on, with feeling, "The young think the old cease to feel, Monsieur Malleville."

"To feel, one must have lived seventy years," said Monsieur Malleville, quickly; and Madam Outerbrook laughed aloud.

"In the liberal translation we call that 'No fools like old fools.' Sometimes I wonder if we are two old fools."

"I hope it," returned Count Malleville, earnestly—"I hope it;" and Madam Outerbrook laughed again.

"At least we are old enough to know our own minds," she said. "It is my family who will make the greatest objection, I fancy. Perhaps you would like me to assure you again that I am not to be shaken."

"I have already that assurance here," answered Monsieur Malleville, his hand on his heart "But, my dear lady, now that our children suspect—you heard them talk of ze rabbit-path," he laughed, good-naturedly—"would it not be more dignified that we announce our intentions?"

"Perhaps," said Madam Outerbrook, thoughtfully. "Yes, you are always right, my dear friend. It is better to be frank with them. To-night they will all be dancing in the house. The moonlight is gone for this month, and there will be nothing to take them outside. Shall we tell them to-night, when they are all together? Very well; that is decided."

Every summer it was the family custom that all of those who owed their being to Madam Outerbrook—to the remotest babe—should return to her spreading roof for the hot season, and naturally there was each year a larger tribe returning; but in this particular summer, it having been a fruitful epoch in the never-barren Outerbrook family, they had crowded in, branch and twig and budding leaf, until the great old mansion was a veritable tent of Abraham. Because the children were so many more, or else her strength was less, Madam Outerbrook had never before been so unduly nervous concerning the safety of these soft small creatures that, like little tadpoles restored to their proper element, rioted all the hot day long over her old plantation. It seemed to her, too, that the children had never been so ambitiously troublesome, while their parents had never been so recklessly careless of their safety; and it was then she contracted a habit that, as it grew upon her, was to wear on her nerves and tire her beyond words. She never knew quite how it began, but she suddenly found herself constantly and anxiously numbering the children. Whenever they came to their meals she counted them; and again—and most important—at night she would creep up the stairs and number them in their innocent sleep. There were always thirty-seven of them; and she was always heartily ashamed of

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her foolish fears, but this did not prevent their recurrence the next day and the next.

On the day of this history, engrossed in her own affairs, Madam Outerbrook had not once counted her brood, and that night they lay upstairs unnumbered, away from the strains of music that gave other employment to the slippered feet of their young mothers, dancing below.

For there was dancing in the house that night, as Madam Outerbrook had prophesied there would be. All of the family proper, and most of their young neighbors also, were gathered together, as asked or unasked they always flocked into the great Outerbrook ball-room when the moon failed. Generally Madam Outerbrook was first in the ball-room to formally welcome her guests, for she believed in a degree of formality; but on this occasion the dancing was well under way before she made her appearance; and when she did enter the hall it was leaning on the arm of Count Malleville, with whom she had walked the whole circle of the room before she seemed to find a chair to her liking. Count Malleville, too, though always scrupulously attired and ever ceremonious in manner, showed, both in his dress and bearing, an air as of preparation for some occasion. Added to these straws in the wind, Madam Outerbrook wore a set of jewels which at once brought on this whispered conversation in a corner of the room:

"Oh, Charles, do look; do! Grandma's not leaning on your uncle's arm; she's *supported* by it, and she's got on her maiden jewels—the beautiful ones she brought with her into the family. She always wears the Outerbrook jewelry grandfather gave her. And look at your uncle's face! I do believe they've something to tell us to-night!"

"If they do, just as surely as I stand here, we'll follow it by announcing ours. Let's announce ours first, Bianca. Come, tell them now."

"It's too late," said Bianca, looking across the room. "Look! Do you suppose grandmamma can be going to stand up and announce it out loud!"

But no, though Madam Outerbrook had risen, it was only to hurry abruptly from the room. The sight in the ball-room of all these bare-necked, bare-armed, laughing, careless, chatting young mothers—her own daughters—had given her a sharp reminder of the duty for once neglected. Count the children she must, let wait what would. She hurried up the stairs to a great bedroom, which she had fitted into a kind of dormitory for all the younger children. It was a part of one of the two great wings of the house that, after one fashion of Southern homes, curved out like hospitable arms on either side of the main building. The apartment was very large, and there was nothing in it but beds; some of them cradles, some little trundle-beds, that held one small child snugly, and some great four-posters, easily embracing four or five children, their bodies lying across the mattresses, their little heads, light and dark, bolstered in a row at the long sides. The big airy room was the prettiest of sights on these hot summer nights, when the tossing brood flung off their light coverlids and lay with plump and naked arms and legs outstretched in their childish dreams. The grandmother could not understand that the children's own mothers so rarely toiled up the stairs to enjoy this vision.

A little breathless with her haste, and holding up her heavy skirts bunched together in the front, Madam Outerbrook began a hurried counting of the flock. In her young days she had had the care of her mother's poultry-yard, and often as she stood thus in the big dormitory, or moved from aisle to aisle among the beds, she thought of those other restless broods she had with difficulty numbered over in their coops. The sleeping children did not move so distractingly as the chickens had moved, but if she were tired, as she too often was now, she would on a first count make them out one or two more than thirty-seven or one or two less. She was never satisfied until by two counts they proved an odd thirty-seven. It did not surprise her now that, with so much else of vital moment on her mind, the children counted but thirty-six on her first tally. She only began again more painstakingly and with less hurry, moving from bed to bed, and examining the knobs under the covers that might be heads or pillows. At the last cot her heart, that for years had been beating less and less strongly, began to throb sharply. The count again was one short of thirty-seven. A thin night taper shone in a corner of the room, and lifting it in hands that trembled a little, she made her round again, pausing long at each bed. There were Minnie's two boys and one girl;

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there was John's boy safe enough; there should be a girl of John's too. No; she was grown now; she was Bianca, downstairs dancing. Josie's big twins in this bed; her boy—he too was old enough to be dancing downstairs. There should be thirty-seven children without Bianca and Josie's boy. Madam Outerbrook's head began to swim. All the while she was confusedly trying to sort out her lost lamb, if one were lost, she was seeing shocking visions of some one of these well-worshipped little bodies lying pitifully in the bottom of the pond, or smothered in her barn, or lost perhaps in her stable in some more horrible fashion. It seemed to her at first impossible to identify her loss, but she was of a generation of fighters, and endurance came in her blood, thin if it now was. The little taper was still burning, forgotten in her hand, when, white as a sheet, she walked across the brilliantly lit ball-room; but her step was steady, and she knew which astonished daughter to stand before, and just which grandchild to demand of her.

"Katherine, when did you last see Jimmy Dick?"

"Oh, mercy, mother, what is the matter? I saw him—why, I saw him—I saw him—"

"Did you see him at supper?" asked Madam Outerbrook, sternly.

"I—I was out driving."

"Did you see the child at dinner?"

"I—I don't remember. His nurse must have seen him. Isn't he in bed?"

"He is not in bed," answered Madam Outerbrook, sharply. "Somebody bring me the child's nurse."

Somebody brought the child's nurse to the ball-room, while all the mothers streamed wildly in their gay attire up the stairway and into the curved wing, identifying their own offspring. The grandmother had made no mistake. It was Jimmy Dick who was missing, and no search in any convenient spot revealed him. It appeared there had been, for some reason, a "swapping" of charges among the nurses at dinner-time, and again at supper, and in the change Jimmy Dick had been "mislaid."

Such was the nurse's story. A little further inquiry left no possibility of doubt that Jimmy Dick, aged four, had been lost since his morning bath, and this fact once established, the wildest confusion reigned. Half-dressed, half-crying children, brought down in their parents' arms, were hurriedly questioned. The scared faces of the negro nurses grew the more ashy under cross-examination. It was all useless. No one knew anything whatever of Jimmy Dick. Madam Outerbrook, a commanding if trembling figure, stood in the centre of the polished floor, issuing her orders.

"Ring the bell!" ordered the mistress of the plantation. "Have out every negro in the quarters. Light torches and get lanterns. Nobody shall sleep or eat until the child is found."

In the house she set the women servants to work turning over every article of furniture, every bed and closet. Outdoors negro men's voices were calling the child's name, the soft gloom broken by their torches and lanterns. Madam Outerbrook could not head the search in body, but she did in brain and spirit.

"Get up, Katherine!" she said, sternly, to the child's mother sobbing at her feet. "This is no time to cry." And rising obediently, Katherine choked down her sobs, following the grandmother from room to room, from veranda to veranda, from garden walk to garden walk.

"Come and rest, my child," said Madam Outerbrook, more gently at last. "We have looked in every spot that you and I can reach. Don't give way, Katherine; they may find him outside. Here is Count Malleville. Ah, my dear faithful friend, how exhausted you look! Do you bring any news? None? They have beaten out all the corn-fields—the tangle? Yes, and the wheat-fields?"

Count Malleville, toiling at the head of the searchers, had come back to say they and he were satisfied that the child was not on the plantation. He looked at Madam Outerbrook with an anxious look in his kind eyes.

"Madam, I hate to suggest it, but—they—they—do you permit that—"

"Tell them to drag the pond," said Madam Outerbrook, desperately, turning away as she spoke. For the first time since the child's loss, yielding to weakness, she stumbled and fell forward heavily against the side of the house. As she did so she drew back with a terrified cry. A great roll of matting, taken up from the floor of the ball-room and thrust out of the way upon the veranda floor, had lain between her and the wall, and at the

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touch of her foot the roll started and turned. With piercing cries it rolled over and over under their astonished gaze, while in their bewildered ears it still wailed louder and louder, angry, frightened cries, which doubled in volume as the great bundle turned on and over the edge of the veranda to drop on the soft grass below. There, turning still, it fell apart; while from what had been the hollow centre of the roll rose a hungry, cross, and sleepy little boy—Jimmy Dick—upon whom, tossing off the veranda exactly as the matting had rolled, fell Jimmy Dick's mother, laughing, crying, scolding, and calling out to the others even as she fell.

Jimmy Dick had only been drowsy—who was not in this hot weather?—and seeing a hole, he had crawled into it, to sleep a trifle too well. That was all. The servants were recalled, the children dismissed to their beds; and in a time incredibly short, floating out to the veranda to Madam Outerbrook's sore ears, came the sound of reviving music.

"Where is grandmamma?" "Where can mother be?" she heard asked within over and over, but she did not move or speak until the charming face of her favorite grandchild, Bianca, was framed in the open window that looked out from the ball-room. Then, though Count Malleville's arm was supporting her trembling frame, Madam Outerbrook only leaned forward to look back pathetically and entreatingly into Bianca's eyes. With a wondering gaze in return, in which rose a pretty dawning sympathy, Bianca slowly and silently withdrew, drawing the curtains together behind her.

"Grandmamma's all right," Madam Outerbrook heard her clear voice saying. "But she says she's a good deal shaken, and she wants to be let alone."

The two old lovers stood silent.

"My dear friend, will you look in at the window and see if my Katherine is in the room?" said Madam Outerbrook tremulously at last. Her voice sounded in her own ears like that of an old woman for the first time. Count Malleville stepped forward and looked in cautiously between the curtains.

"Yes," he said; "she is zare. She passes now before ze window. Would you be pleased to see her yourself, my dear lady?"

"She is not dancing!" exclaimed Madam Outerbrook, and Count Malleville hesitated. He was quite prepared to say whatever he thought would most soothe Katherine's mother, irrespective of truth, but he was not sure what she wanted. Madam Outerbrook seemed to read his hesitation, and with uncertain step came to his side. Taking the arm he instantly offered, and leaning heavily on it, she looked in through the curtains. There, waltzing and laughing, a little wildly perhaps in their reaction, were Katherine and her husband, dancing together. Madam Outerbrook looked long and earnestly at the whirling pair, then dropped the curtain, and turned sharply away. As she did so she was face to face with Count Malleville in the dim light.

"Suppose," she began with difficulty, both lips and voice quivering—"suppose, dear friend, that we were to let our young people, Charles and Bianca, marry and—and live here in the centre of this—this house, and then—my dear, dear friend—couldn't you live in one of the curved wings and I in the other? Do—do you follow me?"

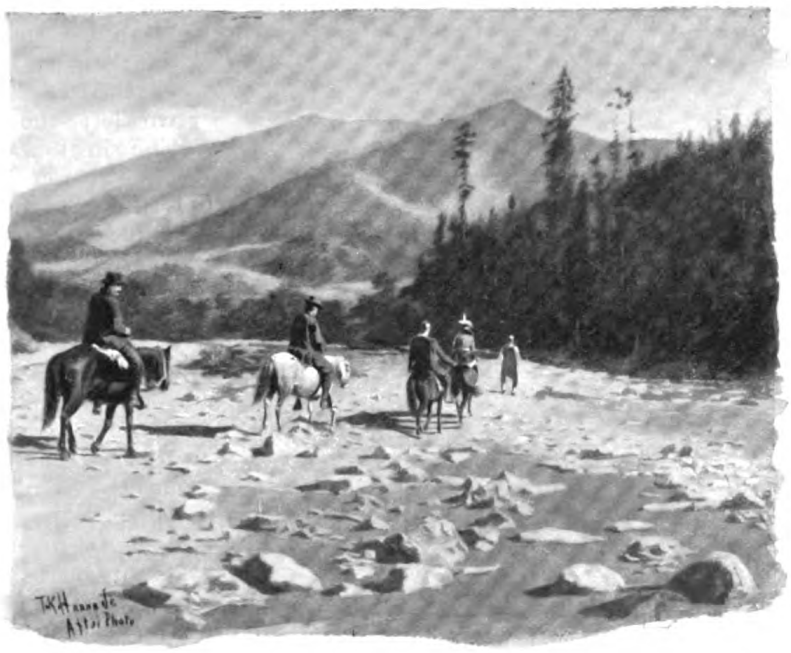
Monsieur Malleville drew nearer, and looked down quickly and silently into her agitated face. She spoke more steadily:

"I mean would you be willing to—to close your house and live not—not in mine, but in what would be the home of Charles and Bianca?"

Monsieur Malleville was still silent, and she went on distressedly: "It isn't that we can't feel as much as these young people. It isn't that at all. It's that we feel so much, oh, so much more than they! If only we had their strength of body and our power to feel! But we haven't, dear friend; no, we haven't. At least I find I haven't. Grandmammas shouldn't be agitated." She laughed with a catch in her breath. "You in one wing, I in the other, our dear children dividing, uniting us— Don't—don't you follow me?"

Count Malleville's pause was but for a moment. The next, whatever his emotion, he had straightened himself and stood as erect as ever in his youngest days. His bearing was as proud as that of any ancestor of his house, his voice as tender and as enriched with feeling as if he were his nephew Charles and she her granddaughter Bianca. "I follow you to ze grave, dear friend," he said, firmly and gently, "in whatever compacity ze wisdom of my dear lady shall have chosen."

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# THIRTEEN DAYS IN UNEXPLORED MONTENEGRO.

BY MAY McCLELLAN DESPREZ.

WE left Cettinje on Friday, September 6, for Podgoritza. The superstitiously inclined would have said that precisely because it *was* Friday we had a series of small misadventures. To begin with, about an hour and a half from Cettinje, one of the wheels came off our carriage, and we had to clamber gayly down a short-cut to Rieka, where we were lucky enough to find a carriage—if the forlorn-looking vehicle which condescended to take us could be dignified by such a name. Then "Max," our dog, jumped out, while we were going fast, and the wheel cut off the tip of his tail. This somewhat discouraged him at first, but after a little he did not seem to mind it. We reached Podgoritza at six o'clock, and found there the two young de S——s, who were to go with us. A terrible thunderstorm began soon after our arrival, and we were very dubious as to whether we should be able to get off the next morning, but towards dawn it cleared, and we were able to start.

Our caravan consisted of D—— and myself, the two de S——s, one of whom is attaché at the ministère, and the other has just graduated at St.-Cyr; they were delightful travellers, who took everything as it came, and enjoyed all they saw. Of course our faithful cavass, Anto, who has been on so many journeys with us, was in charge of the party; Alexandre, our butler, about whose capacity as an equestrian we were slightly dubious, but who rode valiantly, and turned out a treasure, five men on foot to look after the horses and make themselves generally useful, eight horses, and Max the dog comprised our party.

The first morning we rode five hours along the borders of the Moratsha, through a most picturesque country, green, but with few trees. I suffered tortures from vertigo, as the path was just wide enough for the horse to pass, and all the way there was a deep gulf beneath. There was nothing to be done, however, but to open my umbrella to shut out the sight, and to insist upon it to every one that I was enjoying myself immensely. We were all very glad to reach a little hân (inn) at Mala Rieka, towards eleven o'clock, and to stop there half an hour for rest and refreshment.

All the houses in the interior of Montenegro are built on the principle of the



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THE INN AT MALA RIEKA.

Swiss chalet, of wood. The animals live on the ground-floor, and you climb up a flight of steps to the inevitable balcony, upon which the usual two rooms open. The roofs are exceedingly pointed, so that in winter the snow can fall off easily. We installed ourselves for luncheon on the wide balcony, sitting upon queer little three-legged stools, not more than a foot high. The tables are of much the same height, and resemble large cheeses. It took us several days to feel quite at home in such lowly postures; whenever I found a convenient bench I used to seize it, and put my little stool on my lap for a table.

The proprietress of this hân was a stout, middle-aged female, who rejoiced in the name of Juky. We were agreeably surprised to find that she had some excellent pinkish wine, made near there. Alas! had we but realized how seldom we should find wine, or anything else in the way of provisions, we should have been even more appreciative.

The ride that afternoon was a steady climb for five hours. We had been told that the path was impossible, but it was much better than we had expected. After Mala Rieka we left the Moratsha. The heat was intense, and we were warm and thirsty; fortunately we found water frequently. We reached the summit at six o'clock, and then the path descended so steeply through the trees that we had to walk, letting the horses follow.

When we arrived at Lieva Rieka they told us at the hân where we stopped for the night that they had no beds of any description. We built a large fire, and dined on the grass in front of the house. It was a glorious moonlight evening; we were surrounded by high mountains, and there was a rushing torrent beside us. The entire population of the district came and stared amiably at us.

The night was awful. The end of the balcony was partitioned off into a kind of cupboard, just large enough for D——, Max, and me to lie down in; the floor was covered with fresh hay; and there



THE INN AT TZAREVITCHA.

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CROSSING THE TARA.

we slept—or rather tried to, for the insects were fearful. The two de S——s spent the night on hay on the balcony, and where Anto and Alexandre bestowed themselves I have not the least idea. As for the men and horses, they quietly staid on the grass. Before starting in the morning, D—— and I did several groups of the people. The Montenegrins are never so happy as when being photographed. Wherever we went, they all came and begged to be taken. That day we passed through valleys covered with forests, and with streams running through them. Where we stopped for luncheon the hostess informed us that literally the only thing in the way of provisions which she had was *one* egg. Fortunately we had some tinned things. A foraging party was also sent out, and a chicken was the result. It took an hour to cook it, and we waited expectantly, while all the villagers took an active part in its preparation. When it was finished it was so tough that not even Max could touch it. This is the country of the Vassevitch tribe; part of them belong to the Turks, their territory lying half in Montenegro and half in Turkey.

We stopped once *en route*, in the afternoon, to rest for a few moments. The de S——s and I kept up our spirits by singing every known air, in every possible language. The ride that day was not a hard one, and it was not yet sunset when we reached Tzarevitcha. This place consists of the hân and one other house. We were quite determined not to die of starvation this time, so we ordered a sheep to be roasted. A man was sent off to find one, and presently we saw him coming down the mountain, carrying the poor thing on his back. I retired to a safe distance, as I did not want to see it killed. The river Tara flows past the hân, and they roasted it there, on the rocks in the river. It was a picturesque sight to see the men all crouched down around it.

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ANDRIAVITZA.

That night we were more comfortable, for D—— and I had a sort of a little cupboard, with boards raised above the floor for beds, and these covered with hay were really not bad. The de S——s, Anto, and Alexandre all slept in the large room. We were up at four, while the moon was still bright, and off at five. For an hour and a half we followed the bed of the Tara, crossing it at least fifteen times.

Fortunately the river was not high. At the end of this time we began to climb straight up through a most magnificent forest of beech-trees. Many of these giant trees had been uprooted by the storms, and were lying where they had fallen. No one touches them, for there are few inhabitants near here, and as there are no roads, it is impossible to move them. It is sad to see such riches wasted, when the country is so poor. We soon saw towering to our right the splendid mountain Kom; it is covered with trees half-way up, and there is snow near its top. Kom, the Dormitor, and Loeftchen are the highest three mountains in Montenegro. When we at last reached the summit of our mountain, there was a beautiful view of the valley of the Lim before us. A tiny cemetery was beside us, where are buried some of the brave Montenegrins who fell fighting in the last war against the Turks. The heat was intense, and for an hour we were obliged to climb down on foot to reach the valley.

We had hoped to arrive much earlier at Andriavitza, but in this part of the world distances are elastic; and so is time, and for the last four hours of our journey, whenever we asked any one (and we regularly stopped everybody) how far it was to Andriavitza, he invariably answered, "One hour." We began to think that that town was a myth, when at last we saw a large church, which cheered us considerably, as it showed us there must be inhabitants near. A few moments after, we turned a corner of the mountain, and found ourselves at the entrance of the town. It consists of one broad street, with about thirty-five houses in all. The inn seemed magnificent, for we slept in rooms and on real beds. The Voivode Lakitch, who is in command of all this part of the country, was absent, as there had been some trouble lately on the frontier: he had gone several hours' journey away to investigate matters. Backitch, the "capitano" of the district,

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at once appeared, with numerous sub-capitani, who insisted on our taking coffee and raki with them, and who placed themselves entirely at our disposal. The capitano is a really charming and sympathetic man of about forty-seven. He and I at once became great friends, and I was quite proud of the way we understood each other in Serbe. We lunched at once, and then went for a walk, escorted by the capitano. The town was full of peasants from the neighborhood, all armed to the teeth, as the frontier was, as usual, in an agitated condition. After having seen the various points of view, and having been proudly escorted into the two shops of the town, we returned to the inn, where we enjoyed a bath, and had scarcely finished when we heard much talking and rushing about, and going to the balcony, saw a large and vociferous crowd. Anto presently knocked at the door, and explained that a man had been accused of stealing, and it was being decided whether or not he should receive a beating, which is the usual punishment for such an offence.



A TURKISH TOWER AT BERANI.

The population was sure that D—— would not allow such an indignity to be suffered by any one, as it was not really proved that he was guilty. D—— promptly sent his compliments to the capitano, and begged him as a special favor to forgive the man, which he immediately did, saying he would not mar the joy of the people at our arrival by punishing any one. D—— spent the rest of the afternoon in taking photographs of most of the population.

We were very anxious to cross the frontier and go to the Turkish town of Berani, but had been told at Cettinje that we must consult the authorities at Andriavitza before doing so. Anto was not at all pleased at the idea, for the savage tribes come down from the mountains and lie in wait for any one whom they can rob. The day before our arrival a man had been attacked and very nearly killed on the road leading to Berani. Anto seemed especially nervous lest they should carry me off with them. He explained his fear by saying that "they were not used to ladies." A messenger was sent to the Voivode Lakitch, asking whether it was safe for us to go, and the Caimacan of Berani was telegraphed to. They all seemed so dubious about our going that we quite gave up the idea.



OUR MONTENEGRIN ESCORT.

After dinner the people came in front of the inn and danced the "kolo," and also the "orla" (dance of the eagle), singing all the time. When we came down the next morning the capitano told us that letters had arrived from the Voivode and

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TURKISH OFFICERS AT BERANI.

from the Turkish Caimacan, both saying we could safely go. Whereupon the de S——s and I danced with joy, as we had been most anxious to make this excursion. Our Montenegrin escort was ready, and the Turkish soldiers were already waiting for us at the frontier. We started at eight; twenty soldiers on foot and five men on horseback—one a sub-capitano and the others "prominent citizens"—accompanied us.

The most effective member of the party was a very tall Turkish merchant, in his national costume, who lives in Montenegro. He went with us for the pleasure of making a little excursion. The men were all armed with the usual revolvers, and each carried a rifle. Anto kept beside me all the way, for he was not at all reassured that my charms would not prove too much for the mountain tribes. Our road was on a level. For some distance we followed the bed of the river Lim. We passed through a forest of willows. It was such a relief to see the huge mountains above us and to know that for one day at least we need not climb them! Our soldiers sang gayly as they went. Of course we halted on the way to drink raki. One of the greatest trials of our journey was the innumerable glasses of raki and cups of coffee which we were forced to drink, out of politeness. If one of us tried to escape them, Anto swooped down upon that guilty person and exclaimed, with a tone of pathetic entreaty, "If you refuse, they will be very unhappy." So we submitted.

In less than two hours we arrived at the frontier. It really was a curious and striking sight. Our Montenegrins stopped and drew themselves up in line. A hundred yards further the Turkish soldiers were drawn up in front of a little fort. Their two officers descended from their horses. We waited, while Anto galloped over, with a flourish, to present to the major who had come to meet us a letter which we had for the Caimacan. Then we all dismounted. Our little Montenegrin horses were so terrified at the red fezzes of the soldiers when we passed them that they all shied violently. Our Montenegrin escort proceeded to establish themselves where we had left them, and we continued gayly on our way.

The major spoke French very well, and so did the little lieutenant who accompanied him. They all had on their best uniforms, and looked most clean and nice. The soldiers are all from Asia. An hour and a half brought us to Berani. The town is divided in two by the river Lim. We rode in triumph through the first, and then passed the large barracks. The bridge having been partly destroyed by the storms, we dismounted and walked across to the pretty little whitewashed house of the Caimacan. He was standing in front of his door to welcome us, and was most polite. Unfortunately for us, he spoke nothing but Turkish, but his officers acted as interpreters. We were ushered up stairs into a sitting-room lined with divans, and were copiously refected on cognac, coffee, and cigarettes.

By this time we were in a state of hunger bordering on desperation, and the melancholy part of it was that we saw no preparations of any sort for luncheon, and of course we could not ask if we were to be invited. For a long time we sat and smiled pleasantly at each other, and then another course of cognac,

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coffee, and cigarettes was passed. After that they asked us to go into the garden. We did so, and gazed admiringly at a flourishing crop of cabbages. At last D——, in desperation, thanked the Caimacan for his amiable reception, and said he thought it was about time we should be returning to Andriavitza. Whereupon there was much consternation among our hosts, who explained that dinner was being prepared. We allowed ourselves to be persuaded to remain. They were very hospitable, and begged us to spend the night, but we told them that was quite impossible. We went for a walk in the town, escorted by several of the officers, while we were waiting for our much-desired meal. The village is very poor, and the houses rather tumbledown. The most prominent and cheerful objects are the military hospital and, conveniently near, the military cemetery. There are three battalions of infantry at Berani. The officers complain bitterly of the dulness of their lives here, as there is absolutely nothing in the way of amusement. They are all married except the youngest two who have only lately graduated at the military school at Constantinople. We took very few photographs, and only of inanimate objects, as we saw



THE MONASTERY OF GIURGEVI STUPOBI

at once that their Mussulman principles objected to it. When we returned to the house we were at once taken into the dining-room, where a most elaborate dinner followed. The Caimacan and the major were the only ones who sat down at table with us. The other officers waited upon us. There were all sorts of delicious Turkish dishes, and everything was excellent.

After we had finished, there was a second table, at which Anto, the officers, and two Montenegrins, who had accompanied us all the way, were fed. It began to rain just as we were ready to start. The Caimacan announced that he and the other officers were coming part of the way, and that they were going to take us a détour by another road to show us an ancient monastery which dates from the twelfth century.

We started with much saluting by the assembled soldiers, and much caracoling of horses, and in twenty minutes reached the monastery of "Giurgevi Stupobi" (the columns of George), which was built in 1160 by Nemania, the first Servian King of the dynasty which was named after him—"Nemania." We were obliged to wait in the rain while the pope who has charge of



OUR FIVE MEN AND THE HORSES RESTING.

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CAPITANO BACKITCH, ANTO, AND MAX.

the church produced the inevitable raki and coffee.

The road which we followed after leaving here was over grassy plains, and the temptation to have a good gallop was irresistible. The Turkish officers were much amused at seeing me rush off. They told me that I was the first European lady who had ever visited that part of the country. We soon persuaded the Caimacan to leave us, as it was pouring. The soldiers and two officers accompanied us back to the frontier. We took effusive farewells of each other, and hoped to meet again, either at Paris or at Constantinople. Our Montenegrins were delighted to see us, and just as soon as we were out of ear-shot of the Turks, began their songs again. As we approached Andriavitza they all fired off their rifles and revolvers, and sang loudly, while the mounted escort executed "fantasias." It was a very pretty sight. The capitano and all the town were there to hear every detail about our day. D—— gave orders that the escort should eat and drink at his expense, which they did, as well as most of the rest of the population outside, while the more aristocratic members of the party dined at the hotel, at our invitation. That evening we sent for a man who played the guzla and sang. The next morning we were off at eight o'clock, escorted by the capitano and several others, and started on our way to Kolashin. The capitano's house was an hour's climb up the mountain, and there we stopped.

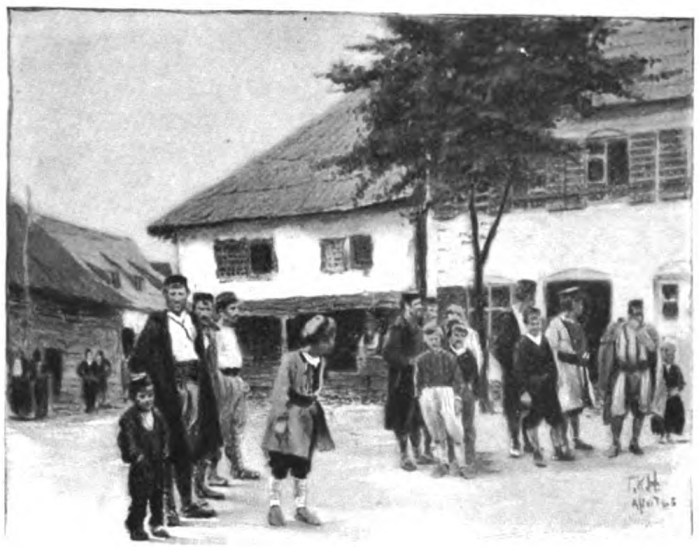
A table was spread in the principal room, which serves as living and sleeping apartment. The view from the window was superb. His wife and children were higher up on the mountain, watching the sheep. After a very agreeable visit we proceeded on our way. We passed through forests of pine-trees, and the country very much resembled Switzerland. Towards midday we halted for an hour to rest the horses and ourselves. We passed innumerable flocks of sheep. The pasturage here, as everywhere we went during this journey, is excellent.

It was after dark when we reached Kolashin. This town, or rather village, consists of about thirty houses built around a little square. It was Turkish until captured by the Prince in the last war. The inn was not bad, but our bill the next day was tremendous. D—— mildly remonstrated, and we learned afterwards that the landlord had been cast into prison for a day in consequence. But we did not pity him, for prisoners in Montenegro are the happiest of mortals. They play the guzla and sing all day, their friends visit them, and they are allowed to walk about within certain limits. Besides which, there is absolutely no disgrace attached to the idea of being imprisoned.

We were told that the monastery of Moratsha was only four hours off, but, as usual, the four hours stretched into eight. It rained, and after having reached the summit we were very frequently obliged to walk, as the path was bad, and the descent exceedingly steep. We were escorted by eight men on horseback, who delightedly seized this occasion of doing us honor and having a good dinner at the monastery. Of course they sang most of the way. It was dark when we reached the valley through which the river Moratsha flows, and we saw the monastery perched high up on the other

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side. We crossed a fine old bridge, mounted the steep path, and found ourselves at the gate. The monastery consists of an enclosure, on one side of which is the church, with a chapel a little to the right, and next to the church on the left a quaint arched building which serves for visitors. On the other side of the court are six houses touching each other. In one of them lives the Iguman and two servants. There are no monks now, as the Montenegrins do not take kindly to that vocation, and so the other houses are empty. I shall never forget the impression our arrival made upon me. The sun had quite disappeared. The Iguman was standing at the door of the church, which had been lighted for us to see. There is first a square hall, which opens into the nave of the church by doors richly encrusted with mother-of-pearl. Behind the altar is the bishop's throne, which is cut out of a solid block of granite. There is not an inch of the walls which is not covered with curious frescoes, most wonderfully executed and preserved. The body of Prince Steven Nemania lies on the right in a stone sarcophagus. There is a tremendously high dome, covered by the head of a gigantic and mild-eyed Christ, which is most impressive. We were only allowed to stop a few moments before we were hurried off to our rooms to prepare for dinner. We had a most sumptuous meal. Our escorts from Kolashin were at table with us, as well as the Iguman. Among other things, we had three courses of mutton, and honey in the comb as a sweet. Of course many toasts were drunk to Tzernagora (Montenegro) and to France. Our party were given very decent wine, but the natives were refected on "hydromel," a mixture of honey and water, which goes very quickly to the head. At the end of dinner our Montenegrin friends proceeded to sing. Two of them had very powerful voices. One, the assistant capitano, was a giant, tall and stout like Rabelais's Gargantua, and he had a voice in proportion. The reverberation was so great that, although the room was large, we were obliged to open all the windows. Our rooms were most comfortable, and

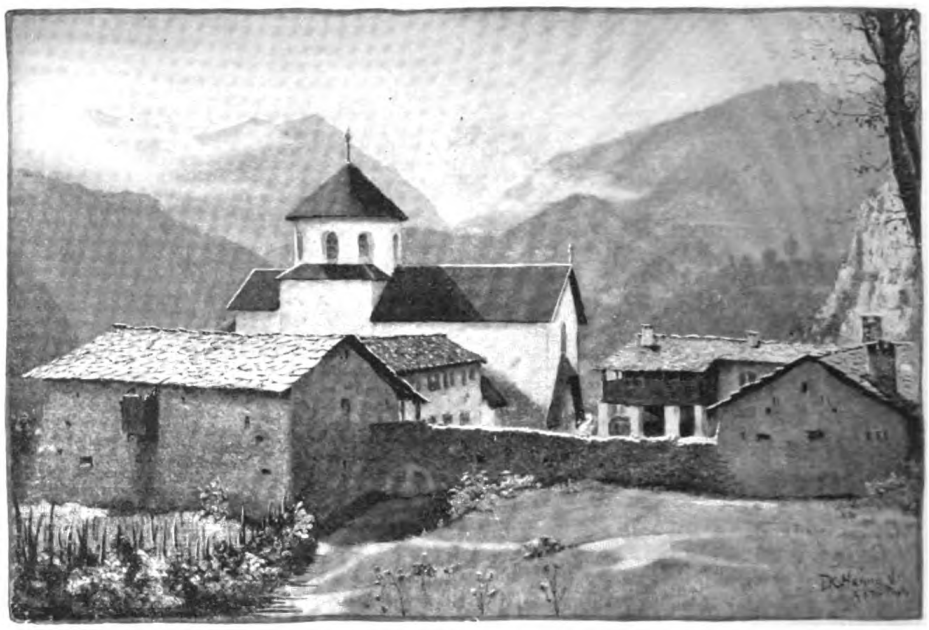


AT KOLASHIN.



THE MOSQUE AT KOLASHIN.

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THE MONASTERY OF MORATSHA.

we slept the sleep of the just, although there was a violent thunder-storm during the night. Anto was much worried, as our road the next day was such a bad one that he announced that it would be perfectly impossible for us to leave if the rain continued. However, towards morning it cleared. We were anxious to be off early, but this the Iguman would not hear of. He insisted upon our lunching at eleven, and then starting afterwards. So we had a long morning, which we spent in the wonderful old church, studying all its details, which we could not see in the dim light of the preceding evening. The frescoes, which of course are of the Byzantine school, reminded me of Cimabue. The little chapel, which is about twenty yards away from the church, is also covered with paintings, within and without. It must be of a slightly later date than the church, although the Iguman assures us that it is a hundred years older, as there is a fresco of a saint holding in his arms an exact model of the church itself.

The monastery was commenced in the beginning of the thirteenth century, by Prince Vukan Nemania, and finished by his son Steven in 1252. The paintings are of a later date, as the church was much injured by the Turks, and they had to be restored. It is a very curious thing to find this artistic gem in the wilderness. After another copious meal, more speeches, and more songs, we started. Our friends from Kolashin continued with us for an hour or so, and then, amid much firing off of revolvers, and much kissing of D—— and the de S——s, who submitted meekly, they took their departure, and we continued on our weary way. The path was very narrow, and the chasm below very deep. The scenery was very, very grand. We climbed higher and higher, until it seemed to me that we should never stop. The clouds were beneath us on all sides. We stopped for a moment to breathe, when a most ferocious-looking band of a dozen half-naked men, armed with rifles and revolvers, suddenly came upon us. They *looked* so wild that had we not known the gentle character of our dear Montenegrins we should have been startled. They explained that they were after a bear that had been devastating their flocks, and which they had wounded; but it had managed to escape them, and all day they had been looking for it.

Towards evening it began to rain again, and the place where we were to stop for the night seemed to vanish farther and farther away. We were wet and cold, to say nothing of being ravenously hungry and tired. I was also haunted by cheerful ideas as to what we should do if one of us should happen to break an arm

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THE CHAPEL AT MORATSHA.

or a leg, or fall ill, in this wilderness. At last we arrived at the place where we had been told it would be best to spend the night. It consisted of a church and a deserted school-house, and it was in the latter that we decided to camp. It was about the dreariest arrival anywhere I have ever had. We built a fire in the kitchen, and in our desire for warmth very nearly burned the house down. In half an hour's time the capitano of the district arrived. He had been notified of our coming, but lived so far away on the other side of the mountain that he had only just arrived. He brought us bread and the usual mutton. Anto and Alexandre had soon arranged some hay in a small room for D—— and myself, and the de S——s were installed in the large school-room, where there were numerous windows without any glass. We manufactured candles out of mutton grease, but they were sadly dim. There is nothing more melancholy than being cold and having no light.

We expected to reach Nickshish the following evening, and consequently decided to finish what was left of the provisions we had brought with us. The next morning we were off at dawn, escorted by the capitano and several others. We left the trees for most of the day, and passed over a rolling country covered with grass. From time to time we saw shepherds' huts. Entire families move up into the mountains during the summer to watch the flocks, and then go down again when the rains begin. We met several families moving down, with their children, animals, and household goods. We stopped at the little hut where the capitano's wife and children were looking after the sheep, and were very glad of the refreshments which they gave us. Towards noon the capitano and his men left us, and we continued on our way, still under the fond delusion that we should reach Nickshish that evening. We stopped to rest at a little hut, where a very nice pope and his family were living for the summer. His wife was a kind, motherly person, and was very much interested in me. There they told us that twelve hours' steady riding would not bring us to Nickshish, and we were all very cross and disappointed, as we had set our hearts upon spending the night under a real roof and in real beds.

However, there was nothing to be done but to push on as quickly as possible. The horses were very tired; mine was really ill; but they are brave little beasts, with untold energy, and as sure-footed as goats. Our men, too, were worn out, and when we reached Gvosd, where there are exactly four houses, announced that

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RUINED TURKISH FORTRESS OF NICKSHISH.

neither they nor their horses could go any farther, so we dismounted and sat under a tree. The hân here was decidedly the most primitive which we had as yet seen. There were only two rooms, one where the fire is lighted, and which is of course full of smoke, as chimneys are an unknown quantity. The floor is of earth. An amiable merchant from Nickshish, who was there looking after his sheep, insisted upon presenting us with one. It was duly cut up, and boiled in melted snow, as water is unattainable at Gvosd, and we sat ourselves down on the queer little low stools around the fire. We had finished all our provisions the night before, and we were weary of mutton. Being thoroughly tired out, at eight o'clock we separated for the night. Anto suggested that the de S——s and ourselves should all sleep in the same room, but we explained to him that we had rather not, and so a place was found for the two young men in another hut, which they shared with a good-sized but very well behaved pig. We were given the only other room of the hân. Of course there was no glass in the one window; and D——, happening to look out while he was making his preparations for the night, found all the women of the place eagerly watching his every movement. The servants were sent to disperse them, but without success! What a night we had! In the first place, the hay which we had to sleep on was wet. The floor was filthy. Never have I been so devoured by insects as there. We had no water to drink, and no lights. Poor Max groaned most of the time. He had cut one paw and run a thorn into another. His tail was not yet well, and he was worn out with fatigue. During the day he had been nearly killed by three large shepherd-dogs that had thrown themselves upon him. Upon several occasions I had been obliged to take him with me on my saddle for a little rest, and the poor big patient doggie lay there quietly and contentedly. By three in the morning we could not endure the state of things any longer, and we arose, collected our party, and by four o'clock, while it was still dark, were off for Nickshish.

The road is very steep, and is so covered with rocks that we had to walk a good part of the way. At last, at ten o'clock in the morning, we reached Nickshish — Nickshish, which, when we first visited it, two years before, had seemed to us the extreme limit of civilization, and which now appeared to us in the light of a great metropolis. Clean rooms and clean beds, tubs, and decent food were all more than delightful. In the afternoon we went for a walk to show the de S——s the town, which we knew so well. The old Turkish fortress on the hill above it is most picturesque. There is only one mosque left, but there are still numerous Turkish houses, with their latticed windows, and among the population there are many Moslems. The next morning, to our great regret, we separated from the de S——s, the latter continuing, in a terrible storm, over the Donga into Herzegovina and Bosnia. Our men and horses returned to Podgoritza, and we were detained, for want of any sort of a carriage

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to take us away, until the following afternoon. After a drive of five hours and a half over a perfect road, through lovely valleys, past the old ruined Roman town of Dioclea, which lies half buried, like another Pompeii, we reached Podgoritza. To me Podgoritza is quite the most interesting town in Montenegro. It has the largest commercial interests. It is built near three rivers, and still has an entire Turkish quarter, with its numerous mosques, from which the muezzins still call the faithful to prayer, its veiled and richly dressed ladies (for the Moslem merchants here are some of them very rich), its men in long pleated skirts like opera dancers, and its pretty little children with their henna-dyed hair. The late storms had broken the bridge on the road to Cettinje, and the river had risen to such a height that for several hours the following morning it was very doubtful whether we could leave. At last, however, the carriage managed to cross, and boards were placed from one stone to another for us, so that we reached the other side without being wet. We stopped to rest at pretty little Rieka, at the foot of the mountains below Cettinje, and at noon were comfortably breakfasting in our own house, after thirteen days' absence from Cettinje.

# CROMWELL AND HIS COURT.

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM CROMWELLIAN NEWSPAPERS AND TRACTS.

BY AMELIA BARR.

THERE is a kind of lore which "wig-crowned History scorns"—the family and personal gossip relating to great men and great epochs. Yet such gossip is by no means to be despised, for it gives us a key to character that state documents and historical facts do not furnish.

The public life of Cromwell—his military prowess, his statesmanship, and his religious enthusiasm—has been written so variously and so thoroughly that neither by royalist nor republican can anything more be added. This paper will concern itself neither with fields of battle nor council-chambers; it will only reproduce from antiquated and forgotten sources the gossip relating to the private life of the Great Protector, or of those lives whose destinies touched his own.

Cromwell's boyhood was not destitute of those premonitions of greatness which, however trivial in themselves, may have exercised a forming power far beyond our estimation. Distantly connected with the royal family of Stuart, and the nephew of a baronet who entertained with splendid hospitality Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First, Cromwell was by no means the boor he has been represented. In Sir Oliver Cromwell's house he studied music and dancing with his cousins, and in after-life evinced a taste for the fine arts, somewhat overlooked in the summing up of his more splendid qualities.

At Sir Oliver's residence — Hinchinbrooke House—Cromwell first met the King whom he was to depose. This old hall was a favorite resting-place for the royal family going to or returning from Scotland or the north of England, and in 1604, when both Charles and Oliver were under six years of age, they met here, and they quarrelled so heartily that a good honest fisticuff fight was the result. Probably republicanism was the original sin of Oliver's nature, for the royal person was very severely handled by the young commoner.

Another story, having less probability than the above, has been far more universally and positively affirmed. It is said that one day, when a lad, as he was lying on his bed in a melancholy mood, a gigantic spectre appeared to him and said, "Thou shalt be the greatest man in England!" Heath says it was a dream; Lord Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick speak of it as a vision. But whether dream or vision it made a profound impression on the youth, so much so that his father requested Dr. Beard—Oliver's schoolmaster—to flog him severely for

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**OLIVER CROMWELL.**

From a portrait by Samuel Cooper in the possession of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. The original has no more background than is given in this print.

"persisting in the wickedness of such an assertion." The flogging only deepened the impression. He told his uncle Stuart of the prophecy, and was warned that it "was traitorous to relate it." But when he had seated himself upon the throne of England he frequently spoke of the occurrence, and was fully persuaded in his own mind of its prophetic and supernatural character.

With this vision wandering restlessly up and down his memory, it is no wonder that he was powerfully affected by the part unwittingly assigned him in a play, performed probably at Trinity College, Cambridge. In this part he takes to himself a crown and robe, and soliloquizes on his feelings in the following words:

They lie that say complexions cannot change;
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander;
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten!
. . . . . Oh, for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this change.

It is very probable, too, that though his father, teacher, and uncle tried to flog and rebuke this aspiring dream out of the youth's mind, his mother sympathized with him. Women yet hold the divining-cup in their hand, and Mrs. Cromwell

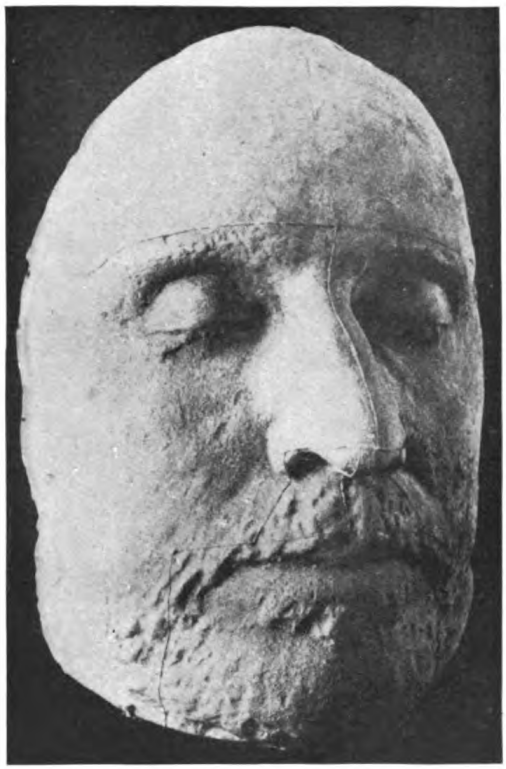
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doubtless hid these things in her heart. She was a woman of extraordinary executive abilities, for even during her husband's lifetime she carried on the large brewing business connected with the estate; and after his death so managed it as to give each of her six daughters the portion of a gentlewoman—a singular instance of independence of character, when we remember how unusual it was, in those days, for women to engage in commercial pursuits.

The sympathy existing between this mother and son is one of the most beautiful traits in Oliver's personal history. They loved each other with a passionate affection that no time or change lessened, and when he arrived at the summit of his power, though she was then upwards of ninety years of age, he appointed her royal apartments in Whitehall, and visited her every day. Noble quaintly says, "She occasionally yet offered the Protector advice, which he always heard with great attention, but acted as he judged proper." It is pleasant to think that this fine old lady died happily before her son's power began to wane. It is pleasant to think of the Great Protector kneeling to receive her dying blessing, and of her last smiling words to him and his children—"A good night, dears!" There is yet a portrait of her at Hinchinbrooke, which shows us a handsome woman, with a face full of character, and a rather melancholy expression. Her dress is that of a gentlewoman of the time—a white satin hood, a pearl necklace, and a neckerchief edged with rich lace. The mantle is of green satin edged with gold lace, and fastened with a jewelled clasp.

Oliver was her only son, but Oliver had six sisters, one of whom married the Lord Bishop of Chester, by whom she had a daughter, who became the wife of the famous Dr. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury. None of these ladies ever seem to have visited their brother's court, and probably no great man ever lived who received so little honor and sympathy from the females of his own family. Many of them disapproved of his conduct; all of them were indifferent to the glory of his name and fame. This lukewarmness of allegiance was not only a great sorrow to him, but also a great injury and injustice.

There is an atmosphere of boisterous life about the youth of Cromwell, and royalist writers represent him as a terror to his neighbors. "He threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life," says Sir William Dugdale, "being more famous for football, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling than for study." But football and cricket are not unpardonable sins in a youth, even if we add to them the further accusations of his ene-



CROMWELL'S DEATH-MASK.
From the cast, now preserved in the Harvard College Library, upon which Carlyle avowedly based his picture of the Protector.

mies, that he was of a rough and blustering temper, fond of wine and fair women, unable to endure contradiction, and always ready to make those who objected to his words and ways feel the weight of his quarter-staff. If he really was of such a disposition, his early reformation was very creditable to him, for soon after he was twenty years of age the admonitions and entreaties of his mother—then a widow—prevailed over all other seductions. His sudden reformation drew on him a charge of hypocrisy, but the abrupt and absolute change of his life was only the natural consequence of an iron will that, having once determined on a change,

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ELIZABETH STEWART CROMWELL, MOTHER OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.
From a portrait by Robert Walker in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke.

makes it without hesitation, and with a thoroughness leaving nothing for future regret.

As soon as he was of age he married Elizabeth Bourchier, a lady of good family and fortune; and for the next fifteen years he "nursed his great soul in silence." What glimpses we get of him by the fireside of the old gabled farmhouse at Huntingdon!—in the fields, mowing and milking; in the market-place with his fellow-townsmen, talking not only of oats and barley, but of the sufferings of the non-conformists, and the growing differences between the King and the Commons; at the great open fireplace round which, twice a day, he gathered his family and servants, and expounded to them the Scriptures; in the village church, to which he went with pious regularity, and where his burly form always elicited respect, in spite of his coarse, country-made clothes, his big, unfashionable hat, and the piece of red flannel that he always wore round his throat when in the Fen Country. All the sedgy shores and swampy fields of the river Ouse he has made classic ground, for there, amid the blowing, sighing bulrushes, he fought over again that great spiritual battle which Luther had fought before him at Erfurth.

Without speaking of the religious and political wrongs of that day, the household oppressions were terrible. Sir John Culpepper, a royalist, says: "Our taxes are like the frogs of Egypt. They sip in our cup, dip in our dish, and sit by our fire. We find them in the dye-vat, in the washing-bowl, and the powdering-box. They have us from head to foot; they will not bate us a pin." There was

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such a monopoly on soap that the women of London rose in insurrection; salt, starch, coals, wine, pens, pins, cloth, hops, buttons, combs, even the pitiful privilege of gathering rags, were subject to fetters of monopoly and heavy taxes.

Added to these domestic troubles, public liberty was dying daily. Laud was torturing and imprisoning men with whose religious principles Cromwell sympathized. Prelacy had cut off Prynne's ears; royalty had levied ship-money, and Hampden—Cromwell's cousin—had refused to pay it. Soon after, Charles attempted to seize illegally large tracts of the Fen lands; Cromwell tried the matter—as Hampden had tried the right of ship-money—and with better success. He had "set well to his mark," and so when Charles, in 1640, called a Parliament, Cambridge returned Cromwell. Charles dismissed that Parliament in three weeks, and called another, and again Cambridge returned Cromwell. And it is rather remarkable that almost at his first appearing in the House of Commons his great kinsman Hampden used in reference to him the very words attributed to the supernatural prophet of Oliver's greatness.

The occasion was as follows: Lord Digby was going down stairs with Mr. Hampden, and not knowing Oliver personally, he said, "Pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that sloven? for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day." "*That sloven*," answered Hampden—"that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King (which God forbid!)—in such case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England!"

This Parliament in which Cromwell stood would not be overawed by the King, and he went down personally to the House to arrest Pym, Hampden, together with three others. They were not there. A woman had sent them word, and Charles's failure precipitated at once the civil war.

This woman was Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. For Lucy Percy's sake many things were done which history attributes to very different motives. What made Strafford—who came of a Liberal house, who was carried into Parliament by Liberal votes, and who twice married into Liberal families—all at once abandon his friends and principles and become a courtier and a tool of tyranny? Love of King Charles? No; love of Lucy Percy. Then this beautiful but frail woman wearied both of her lover and her politics, and transferred her affections to Pym, the leader of the Commons. "From the inmost recesses of Whitehall she animated the faction at Westminster," says the polite St. Evremond; while Sir Philip Warwick writes, "That busy stateswoman, the Countess of Carlisle, has now changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and has become such a she-saint that she frequents sermons and take notes." Strafford stands in history as a martyr for royal privilege, Pym as a hero of popular liberty. The two men hated each other well for political reasons, but it was the false fascinating woman between their lives that made Strafford long by any means to put Pym under the King's heel, and, when Strafford fell, made Pym so cruel as to refuse his adversary the three days' life he asked for.

Certainly the Parliamentary party owed much to Lucy Percy, nor is she the only woman accused of interfering in its councils and affairs. When Oliver had risen from being captain of a troop to be Captain-General, his wife Elizabeth comes to be frequently named, though hitherto she has been only a notable housewife and prudent, loving mother. The quarrelsome John Lilburne accuses her of disposing of places in the army, and Grainger says "she as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm* as she had done in turning the *spit*," while the scurrilous Heath calls her "the lady rampant of Oliver's successful greatness, which she personated as imperiously as himself."

No woman, however, has been more basely slandered than Elizabeth Cromwell. The royalists accuse her not only of ambition, but of drinking and gallantry, though her whole life was an emphatic denial of such charges. Cromwell certainly took her advice about the settlement of their children in marriage—for he refused to finish the arrangements for his son Richard's until he had "advised with his wife"—but even in this matter he finally did as he thought proper. And he was not a man to brook the slightest interference in state matters. Indeed, the only letter we possess of Mrs. Cromwell's complains because he does not follow her advice. In it she says, "I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend Lord Chief Justice, of whom



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I have often put you in mind; and truly, my dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind some, it might be of as much purpose as others, writing, sometimes a letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think of it." And the probability is that Cromwell knew what he was doing, and that if he did not write to these magnates, he had the best of reasons for his neglect.

The great fault to be laid at Elizabeth Cromwell's door is that she was not heartily true to her husband's cause. Even when he had placed her in the palace of Whitehall she was continually listening to plans for bringing back the Stuarts. Either she ought to have stood by her great husband heart and soul, or she ought to have separated herself from him altogether. It was an injustice and a cruelty to sit by his side and doubt and complain, and urge him to retrace his steps and undo his work. Loyalist writers represent her without any personal beauty. Mr. Cowley, in his *Cutter of Coleman Street*, makes himself merry over her want of beauty, by putting into the Cutter's mouth the following description of his friend Worm: "He would have been my Lady Protectress's poet. He writ once a copy in praise of her beauty, but her Highness gave for it but an odd half-crown piece, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him"— a story which, if it were true, would be rather to the lady's credit than otherwise.

If Cromwell was a man to whom woman's sympathy was sweet, he missed it in a pitiful degree. Contemporary writers accuse him of a more than platonic affection for Lady Dysart, and General Tollemache is said to have been his son by that famous woman. But if there be any truth in this, wife and mistress could join hands in order to urge on the harassed Protector a scheme for restoring the exiled King. Lady Dysart brought a *carte blanche* from Charles the Second. Cromwell was to procure his return, and write on it his own terms, and Mrs. Cromwell promised "to break it to his Highness, which she did one morning before he rose, urging on him the many dangers to which he was exposed, and the certain ruin of his family at his death." "You are a fool!" answered Cromwell. "Charles Stuart can never forgive me; and if he can, he is unworthy of the crown." A less noble man might have justly enough added a reproach on her want of wifely appreciation and sympathy. Echard says he had this anecdote from one to whom Lady Dysart told it, and Thurloe's State Papers contain a letter from Bamfield which says, "Charles Second has friends in my Lord Protector's own family that wish him well."

Lady Dysart was witty, learned, and full of intrigue. "She had a restless ambition," says Bishop Burnet, "and stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends." She became afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, and made her residence of Ham House a wonder of luxury and extravagance. Her picture in it reveals nothing of that beauty which is said to have enamoured Cromwell and enslaved Lauderdale. It is the face of a virago, with such an imperious brow as fully explains her sobriquet of "Sultana." Cromwell's friendship with Lady Dysart gave great offence to the Puritans, and he thought it best to cease visiting her. But "sweet Mrs. Lambert," who belonged to the strictest sect of the godly, was less objectionable, though the lampoons of the day, in a manner too indecent to quote, attribute to her a power in state affairs that it is highly improbable Cromwell suffered any one to exercise, much less a woman whose chief merits seem to have been a pretty face and pleasing manners.

During Cromwell's gradual rise to power his family had occupied a house near Clerkenwell Green, and even Ludlow acknowledges that Mrs. Cromwell left it very reluctantly for a palace, and she carried her country tastes and habits with her to Whitehall. She is taunted with keeping cows in St. James's Park and having a dairy in the palace. What then? Did not Queen Elizabeth have a dairy at Barn Elms, and Marie Antoinette milk the cows at Trianon? In a life of Cromwell published within fifty years after his death it is said "his wife was a great lover of economy, and used to wonder how the other woman could squander so much money there."

Cromwell's own diet was spare and simple. Even his banquets, though plentiful, were plain, and decidedly *not fashionable*. His favorite dish was a loin of

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veal eaten with an orange; but not seldom the Lady Protectress saw fit to deny him the latter luxury, because "oranges were oranges now, and crab oranges would cost a groat." On every Monday there was a public dinner, and all officers at court not below a captain dined with him. It is said that sometimes at these festivals the rough spirit of fun which had distinguished his boyhood broke out, and at a signal his guards would make a sudden irruption and seize and demolish all the dainties on the table. When such jokes occurred the Prince of the Ironsides must have been in a very merry mood.

Dryden, in his epilogue to the play of *The Pilgrim*, intimates that at Cromwell's court there was more decency of appearance than purity of conduct; and Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson goes still farther. "His court," she says, "was full of sinne and vanity; true religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, to the great grief of Coll. Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians." But Mrs. Hutchinson discovers, in her description of Cromwell's family, more womanish pique than becomes a faithful chronicler. When she tells us that "his wife and children were setting up for principalities, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape," and that all but his daughter Fleetwood were "insolent fooles," we detect a prejudice which compels us to take her opinion with allowance.

Of this daughter Fleetwood, who "was humbled, and not exalted like the rest," she nevertheless tells a story which is not a very good instance of humility. It seems that when she was the widow of Ireton she met Mrs. Lambert one day in St. James's Park, and Lady Lambert, as "the wife of the living prince, took precedence of the relict of the dead one." Lady Ireton's piety and humility could not endure such an affront, and "Col. Fleetwood being present, and then in mourning for his wife, seized the opportunity of the lady's chagrin and offered himself, and was immediately accepted, as a means of restoring herself to the place and honor she had fallen from." And from the quarrel between these two women arose very important results, for Fleetwood got Lambert's place, and Lambert, full of anger and revenge, gave Cromwell much anxiety and did his government much harm. This daughter Fleetwood was Cromwell's eldest, Bridget, a woman of such stern republican principles that she could not bear to see supreme power even in her father's hand.

The newspapers of the day do not sanction Dryden's innuendo. They contain frequent accounts of public fasts, and of preaching and praying at Whitehall. In *Severall Proceedings in State Affairs*, December 29, 1653, it is said, "There is every day in the week, twice, namely, at ten o'clock in the morning and at six at night, a meeting of the Lord Protector's family at the chapel at Whitehall, where his Highness's chaplain expounds to them." And quite apart from these frequent newspaper notices, there is no doubt that the family of Cromwell in Whitehall was a consistent religious one, for we have many charming pictures of it. Take that which the ambassadors from Holland give us. Sent for to Whitehall with sounding trumpets and great splendor, they are entertained privately with a charming kindness and simplicity, of which they thus write: "After the repast, during which there was music, the Lord Protector took us into another room, where were the Lady Protectress and others, where also we had music and voices, and a psalm sung, which his Highness gave them."

But simple as he was in his home, Cromwell knew how, when abroad, to represent the majesty of England. There are abundant notices of his coach drawn by six gallant Flanders mares; of his body-guard of eighty gentlemen, the meanest of them a commander; of his stately habits of velvet; of his ten pages and fine liveries; and yet *Severall Proceedings*, of April 20, 1654, declares "that they are confidant that his Highness is pleased with those philactaries and fringes of state—if pleased with them at all—because he must." No man understood better what ceremony to abridge and what to retain; for when ambassadors from all the states of Europe crowded his court, and would, according to usage, have knelt and kissed his hand, he rejected such personal homage with a manly dignity, by "drawing back two or three steps, bowing to the ambassadors, and so closing the interview."

Nothing can be more certain than that in his home circle he was of a profoundly tender nature. His letters to his sons are in the most confiding, affectionate terms, far more like a mother's than a father's letters. Of his eldest son, Oliver,

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we know nothing but that he fell in battle at the beginning of the war, and that his loss was perhaps the greatest grief of Cromwell's life. Richard was a pious, good-natured country gentleman. He pleaded hard for the life of King Charles, and loved his hunting and hawking far better than the seals of office. Though he succeeded his father in the Protectorate, he was, of all Cromwell's children, the least fit for the position. On the death of Cromwell his old troopers acted on a small scale the part of the Roman prætorians, and between them and the clergy Richard had no enviable place. For he had no sympathy with the religious cant and pretensions of the time, and knew so little how to manage that element as to say "he would trust his friend Dick Ingoldsby, who never fasted or preached, before any one." With such views the court scene described by Archbishop Tillotson soon after his accession cannot have been congenial to him. He says that, there being a fast-day, he went into the Presence-Chamber to observe how it was kept. The new Protector sat with his family at one table, and at the other sat six preachers. But the bold sallies of enthusiasm uttered on this occasion were disgusting and distressing to the doctor. "The Divine Being," he says, "was reproached with having neglected or undervalued the services of the late Protector, and challenged for having taken him prematurely away. Goodwin in particular, who had repeatedly asserted, a few minutes before Oliver's death, that he was not to die, had the blasphemous assurance to exclaim to his Creator, 'Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived!'"

On the Restoration, Richard travelled quietly on the Continent for some time, more for fear of his debts than of the King; and when he returned to England he assumed the name of Clark, and lived in quiet but happy obscurity. Dr. Watts, who knew him well, says he never but once, and that in the most distant manner, heard him allude to his former state. And he brought from Whitehall no memento of it but two old trunks full of petitions from all parts of the kingdom, begging him to accept the Protectorate as the only means of saving the lives and fortunes of all England. With a pleasant irony he bid his servants be very careful of them for that reason.

His latter days were embittered by the unkind conduct of his daughters, who took possession of his property on the plea that his great age rendered him unfit to manage it. But though near ninety years of age, he went up to London to appeal in his own behalf. His venerable appearance and fallen fortunes procured him unusual respect; the judge ordered a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to keep his head covered. The case was decided in his favor, and with a pardonable curiosity he looked in on the House of Lords as he passed the Chamber. "Did you ever see so august a scene?" asked a stranger by his side. "Never since I sat in that chair," he answered, pointing to the throne; and so passed on, without probably a sigh of regret. His kind heart soon pardoned his children, and his last words to them were: "Live in love. I am going to the God of love."

But if the Protectorate had been left to Henry, Cromwell's second son, Monk would have found "bringing home the King" a much more difficult undertaking. He possessed great abilities, and governed Ireland with a wise, strong hand. He was not molested on the Restoration, and retired quietly to his own estate; and on one occasion, when Charles the Second was returning from Newmarket tired and hungry, entertained him. The King had stopped at his house unwittingly, and for a moment both the Stuart and the Cromwell were embarrassed. But Charles's easy good-nature and Henry Cromwell's hospitality soon put the whole party at ease, and the entertainment was a very pleasant one.

It is around his daughters, however, that the home life of Cromwell settles with peculiar interest. To them he was passionately attached. The eldest, Bridget, entirely disapproved his assumption of supreme power, and her stern piety doubtless led her "to be plain" with her father, both in and out of season. But if so, Cromwell doubtless respected her scruples, and he bestowed upon her little daughter, Bridget Ireton, a doting affection only excused by the child's wonderful character. She held his hand and sat between his knees at state ceremonials and cabinet councils, and when some objected to her presence, he answered, "there was no secret that he would trust with them that he would not trust

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with that infant." She grew up to be an exact but handsome likeness of her grandfather, "a woman of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry." She united in her mind the grandest qualities of Cromwell and Ireton, but her great soul was condemned to fight life in an arena pitiably small for its capacities. She adored her grandfather, defended his memory with impetuous enthusiasm, and twice challenged gentlemen who insulted his name. In the social history of her day she is well known as Mrs. Bendysh, and was the friend of both Dr. Owen and Dr. Watts.

But it was on his second daughter, Elizabeth Cleypole, that he expended the deepest tenderness of his nature. She was exceedingly beautiful, and of so noble a disposition that Cromwell's vilest defamers have found nothing to blame or lampoon in her conduct. But, alas, poor father! This dear child was the stanch friend of his enemies; she succored royalists even beyond her handsome allowance; when Dr. Hewitt was condemned to death for conspiring against Cromwell's life and government, she knelt weeping at her father's feet until his heart was almost broken by her distress and the necessity of denying her request for the conspirator's pardon. In her last terrible sickness Cromwell nursed her through nights of agony, held her in his strong arms, and consoled her with prayers often inarticulate with tears and emotion. Yet her last words to him were solemn entreaties to bring back the King and undo the great work of his life. Oh, how bitter must that last communion have been! for all authorities agree that Cromwell never roused himself after it. Within a month he followed her into that Great Shadow that girds our lives round.

Mary, his third daughter, married Viscount Fauconberg. She was a woman of great parts, and Bishop Burnet, comparing her with Richard Cromwell, says, "But if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." She was a stanch royalist, and a frequent visitor to the court of Charles the Second. Indeed, she must have shown herself there with most indecent haste, for while her father's dead body was exposed on the gibbet, a courtier said to her, in the King's presence, "Madam, I saw your father yesterday." "What then, sir?" "He stunk abominably." "I suppose he was dead, then?" "Yes." "I thought so, else he would have made you stink worse." The courtier may have deserved the opprobrious name given him by Noble, but Lady Fauconberg, by her presence at court during this outrage to her father's body, deserved the insult.

Frances, the youngest daughter, had better reasons for her attachment to the royal family, for his Majesty Charles the Second solicited her hand in marriage through the Earl of Orrery, as a means of conciliating both parties and returning to his kingdom. Mrs. Cromwell and the lady herself were well pleased with the proposition, but Cromwell, having listened to the Earl of Orrery, walked musingly about his room for some time, and then answered decidedly: "No. He will never forgive his father's death; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." Cromwell knew what he was saying; he had in his possession at that time a private letter of the Duke of York to his brother Charles, discussing with equal coolness the last opera-singer and the murder of Cromwell. Jeremy White, Oliver's chaplain, was courting the lady privately at the time, but Mr. White, for many reasons, was highly objectionable to the Protector. He had the lovers watched; and one day surprised the chaplain on his knees kissing the hand of Lady Frances. To his angry questioning, White, with great presence of mind, replied "that he had long courted her ladyship's woman and could not prevail, and was humbly praying her Highness to intercede for him." Oliver instantly saw his opportunity. Turning to the woman, he said: "What is the meaning of this? Mr. White is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such." The woman, desiring nothing better, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not oppose him"; upon which Cromwell called in Dr. Goodwin, and saw them married before he left the room—a piece of domestic diplomacy quite as clever as any of his state treaties. It must be added, however, that he gave the bride with equal promptness a marriage portion of £500.

Lady Frances Cromwell was rich in suitors. It was proposed to marry her to the Prince of Condé; and John Dutton, one of the richest young men in the kingdom, was bequeathed to her by the will of his uncle. The latter match

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pleased Cromwell, and he desired it very much; but Lady Frances and Robert Rich, grandson to the Earl of Warwick, had formed a mutual attachment, and after some delays this marriage took place. Mr. Rich died very soon afterwards, and the lady's second husband was Sir John Russell, and thus Cromwell's daughter became the ancestress of the late famous leader of that name.

Dull as we are apt to imagine life must have been in the court of the Commonwealth, there were times when vanity and animal spirits got the upper hand. On May-day, 1654, a paper called *Severall Proceedings in Parliament*—a very sanctimonious sheet—says: "this day was more observed by people going a-Maying than for divers years, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resorts came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted and spotted women. But his Highness the Lord Protector was not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." However, we know from *The Moderate Intelligencer*, of the same date, that the Lord Protector and many of the Privy Council *were there* among "the powdered-hair men and painted, spotted women." This sheet says: "When the Lord Protector's coach came into the Park with Colonel Ingleby and my Lord's three youngest daughters—all in green-a—the coaches and horses flocked around them, and they galloped after the mode court pace, which they all use whenever they go round and round the park, and all that great multitude followed them and caught them at the turn, and then made a lane with all reverent haste for them, and so again." And the same paper says that the Lord Protector was present at the hurling-match played that day in Hyde Park.

Cromwell, too, like all men who are at once great and good, loved music. Even his archenemy Heath admits that he "entertained those skilled in it, and all other sciences." Then thinking he has praised Cromwell too much, he adds, "He was niggardly in his rewards, showing that private Cromwell governed prince Oliver."* Nor could the evenings in the court be called "dull" which were enlivened with "music and voices," and the conversation of such men as Milton, Andrew Marvel, Waller, young Dryden, the great naval hero Blake, and men of like intellectual stamp. It is so customary to think of Cromwell only as a soldier and a statesman, that we are apt to forget he was also a man of elegant tastes in poetry, pictures, furniture, horses, and equipages, and that, simple as his own style was, he knew what was due to his wife and daughters, and exacted their rights of homage. Nor must we forget that it is to Cromwell's personal exertions we owe the preservation of Raphael's cartoons, and all the fine pictures and statues adorning Whitehall. For when the House of Commons, in July, 1645, ordered those which were superstitious—as pictures of Virgin Mary and saints—to be burnt, and the rest to be sold for the benefit of Ireland, Cromwell bought back and replaced the most of them, and further so adorned Whitehall that Evelyn, who visited it two years after its spoiling, found it "very glorious and well furnished."

Broad and tolerant in art, he was no bigot in matters of conscience; toleration was the principle guiding his life. There is a kind of moral glory in the courage and kindness he displayed as the guardian of fearless inquiring Unitarians and enthusiastic and often unreasonable Quakers from the dungeons of his own persecuting Parliament. In a matter of conscience or right he was always ready to move. A British consul had been thrown into the Inquisition at Lisbon; Cromwell

* It is known that he engaged Hingston, a celebrated musician formerly in the service of Charles, at a salary of £100 a year—the Hingston at whose house Sir Roger l'Estrange was playing, and continued to play when Oliver entered the room, which gained for the *virtuoso* the title of "Oliver's fiddler." Antony à Wood also tells a story of Cromwell's love of music: James Quin, one of the senior students of Christ Church, with a bass voice "very strong and exceeding trouling," had been turned out of his place by the visitors, but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, who loved a good voice and instrumental music. He heard him sing with great delight, liquored him with sack, and said: "Mr. Quin, you have done well. What shall I do for you?" "That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place." Which was done accordingly. But the best proof of Cromwell's love of music is the simple fact that under his government, and with his special permission, the opera was founded in England. (Sunderland Edwards's *History of the Opera*, Vol. i., p. 32.)

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sent word to the King the man must be released, or he would declare war against the Inquisition. The prisoner was set free at once. A French privateer took a ship belonging to a humble Quaker. The man appealed to Cromwell, and he gave Mazarin three days to make restitution. It not being done, Cromwell seized two French ships in the Channel, sold them, paid the Quaker, and sent the balance, with an exact account of expenses, to Mazarin. He refused to sign a treaty with France till the Vaudois were granted an amnesty. The Protestants of Nismes sent a messenger to Cromwell begging his intercession. After hearing their case, he said: "Refresh yourself after your long journey. I will take such care of your business that by the time you come to Paris it shall be despatched." He sent off a representative that night, and when the messenger from Nismes reached Paris again, an order had been given to stop the troops upon their march to destroy the Protestants of Nismes. Mazarin complained bitterly: "I know not how to behave myself. If I advise the King to punish the insolence of the Reformed churches, Cromwell threatens to join the Spaniards; if I show favor to them, then at Rome they call me a heretic."

But in spite of the glory to which Cromwell had raised the Commonwealth of England, we have a sad picture of him in a letter of the Marquis of Ormond's, dated March 13, 1656. Discord and disunion were then among his party; he was feared and hated by every faction, and in daily danger of assassination from the royalists. He wandered about the empty rooms of Whitehall, and the garden and park, a terror to all who saw him. "Friday last," says the Marquis, "a friend met him in St. James's Park, with only one man with him, in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions, or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the park, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which they say was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's." And perhaps at the very same time Milton was also sauntering under the shady avenue of elms, leaning on the arms of his daughters.

At length the great heart that had leaped up amid the dangers of battle and laughed at the plots of assassins had to try a task which blanched his spirit—to ward off, if he might, the shadow of death from the daughter of his dearest love. He became ill by her bedside, and when she died the desolation of his home was more than he could bear. Elizabeth Cleypole died on the 6th of August, 1658. On the 17th of that month George Fox, the Quaker, who had an interview with him, declared, on leaving his presence, that he had "seen the wraith of death in Cromwell's face."

On the 2d of September, being very ill, he asked for a certain Scripture to be read, saying brokenly these touching words: "This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son . . . died—which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did!" Oh great tender heart! for he then turned round and prayed, not only for the people of God, but especially for his enemies, in these sublime words: "Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, *for they are thy people too!*" Such a storm raged outside as was long remembered in England with terror. Forster says it was felt even to the shores of the Mediterranean. But there was a wondrous peace in that chamber of death in the plain irregular mansion fronted by a high wall, which the Great Ruler occupied in Whitehall. "Truly God is good," he was heard murmuring frequently, and when pressed to take some drink and try to sleep, he answered, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but to make what haste I can to be gone!" And when the 3d of September dawned, it ushered in, far more surely than at Dunbar and Worcester, his Fortunate Day.

Cromwell's was a reign not only of political freedom and grandeur, but of moral elevation. We may refuse to associate such pleasures as "music and voices," calm walks by the river-side in the evening, plain dinners, and familiar conversations, with an ideal court life, but they gave to the court of the Commonwealth a purity and dignity which compelled even Clarendon to contrast his master's with Cromwell's ungarnished throne. And we have only to put such evenings as the Dutch ambassadors describe in Cromwell's court beside one Evelyn spent a few years afterwards in Charles the Second's presence, to understand the moral grandeur of the Great Protector's life. "I can never forget," he

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writes, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday night), which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth and Cleveland and Mazarin, and a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greatest courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them. Six days after, all was in the dust."

*Hypocrite! Liar! Usurper!* Cromwell has been called, but as the world grows freer and nobler it reverses the verdict by acclamation, and acknowledges that the mind of Cromwell lives yet, and that the genius of freedom as represented by him has conquered, and will conquer ever more.

## UNDER AN APRIL SKY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE swirling rain bespattered the window as the fitful April wind changed about; and the lonely woman, staring vacantly upon the plumes of steam waving from the roofs below her, saw them violently twisted and broken and scattered. The new hotel towered high above all the neighboring buildings, and she could look down on the private houses that filled block after block, until the next tall edifice rose abruptly into view half a mile to the northward. Through the drizzle the prospect seemed to her drearier than ever, and the ugly monotony of it weighed on her like a nightmare. With an impatient sigh she turned from the window, but as her eye travelled around the walls she saw nothing that might relieve her melancholy.

It was not a large room, this private parlor on an upper story of the immense hotel; and its decorations, its ornaments, its furniture, its carpet, had the characterless commonplace befitting an apartment which might have a score of occupants in a single month. Yet she had spent the most of the winter in it; those were her pretty cushions (on the hard sofa), and that was her tea equipage on the low table by the fireplace (with its gas-log). The photographs in their silver frames were hers also, and so were the violets that filled a Rookwood bowl on the top of the writing-desk near the window. But as she glanced about in search of something that might make her feel at home, she found nothing to satisfy her longing. The room was a room in a hotel, after all; and she had failed wholly to impress her own individuality upon it. To recall her vain efforts only intensified her loneliness.

The hotel was full, so they said, and it held a thousand souls and more; and as she walked aimlessly to and fro within her narrow space, she wondered whether any one of the thousand felt as detached and as solitary as she did then—as she had felt so often during the long winter. She paused at the window again, and gazed at the houses far down below her on the other side of the narrow street; they were at least homes, and the women who dwelt there had husbands or sons or fathers—had each of them a man of some sort for her to lean on, for her to cling to, for her to love, for her to devote herself to, and for her to sacrifice herself for.

Sometimes she had delighted in the loftiness of her position, lifted high in air; she had fancied almost that she was on another plane from the people in the thick of the struggle down below. Now as she pressed her forehead against the chill pane and peered down to watch the umbrellas that crawled here and there on the sidewalk more than a hundred feet beneath her, she had a fleeting vision of her own mangled body lying down there on the stones, if she should ever yield to the temptation that came to her in these moments of depression. She shuddered at the sight, and turned away impetuously, while the rain again rattled against the window, as though demanding instant admission.

An observer would have declared that this woman, weary as she might be with solitude, was far too young for life already to have lost its savor. Her figure was slight and girlish yet. Her walk was brisk and youthful. Her thick brown hair was abundant, and untouched by

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gray. Her dark brown eyes kept their freshness still, although they were older than they might seem at first. She was perhaps a scant thirty years of age, although it might well be that she was three or four years younger. No doubt the observer would have found her ill at ease and restless, as though making ready for an ordeal that she was anxious to pass through as soon as possible.

The clock on the mantel-piece began to strike, and she looked up eagerly; but when she saw that it was only three, she turned away petulantly, almost like a spoilt child who cannot bear to wait.

Her eye fell on the desk with an unfinished letter lying on it. With her usual impulsive swiftness she sat herself down and hastily ran over what she had written.

"Dear Margaret," the letter began, "it was a surprise, of course, to hear from you again, for it must be three or four years since last we corresponded. But your kindly inquiries were very welcome, and it did me good to feel that there was a woman really interested in me, even though she was thousands of miles away. It is with a glow of gratitude that I think of you and your goodness to me when I was suddenly widowed. You took pity on my loneliness then, and you can't guess how often I have longed for a friend like you in these last years of bitter solitude—a friend I could go to for sympathy, a friend I could unburden my heart to."

Having read this almost at a glance, she seized her pen and continued:

"I feel as if I simply must talk out to somebody—and so I'm going to write to you, sure you will not misunderstand me, for your insight and your perceptions were always as kindly as they were keen.

"You ask me what I am going to do. And I answer you frankly. I am going to marry a man I don't love—and who doesn't love me. So we shall swindle each other!

"I can see your shocked look as you read this—but you don't know what has brought me to it. I've come to the end of my tether at last. My money has nearly all gone. I don't know how I can support myself—and so I'm going to let somebody support me, that's all!

"The settlement of poor George's affairs has dragged along all these years, and it was only last December that I got the few hundred dollars that were coming to me. I took the cash and I came here to New York to see if something wouldn't turn up. What—well, I didn't know and I didn't care. I just hoped that the luck might change at last—and perhaps I did dream of a Prince Charming at the end of the perspective; not a mere boy, of course, not the pretty little puppet Cinderella married, but a Prince Charming of middle age, with his hair dashed with gray at the temples, a man of position and sound judgment and good taste, who might still find his ideal in a thin little widow like me. Of course the dream hasn't come true; it's only the nightmares that are realized. I haven't seen any Prince Charmings, either pretty little puppets or mature men of the world. I guess the race is extinct, like the dodo. At any rate, nothing has turned up, and the winter is over, and my money is nearly all gone.

"But I don't regret the past few months. New York is very interesting, and I'd dearly love to talk it over with you. It is a sort of a stock-pot; everything goes in—good meat, and bones, and scraps of all sorts—and you never know just what the flavor will be like, but it's sure to be rich and stimulating and unexpected. I've been to very exclusive houses here sometimes, and I enjoyed that immensely; I think I could learn easily to live up to any income, no matter how big it was. I've been mostly in the society absurdly called the Four Hundred; it used to be called the Upper Ten Thousand; there are pleasant men and women there, and dull ones too, just as there are everywhere else, I suppose. And I've even gone a little into artistic and literary circles—but I don't really like untidy people.

"You see I am here at the newest and swellest hotel. It's true I have only a tiny little parlor and a teeny little bedroom, 'way up near the top of the house, with a room in the attic somewhere for my maid Jemima—you remember Jemima? Well, she's watching over me still, and she's the only real friend I have in all New York! She'd give me all her savings gladly if I was mean enough to take them—but I couldn't live on that pittance, could I?

"I brought very good letters, and I had very good advice from an old maid who



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knew George's father when he was a boy —Miss Marlenspuyk; dear old soul she is. Then, as it happened, somebody remembered that poor George had been interested in that strike in Grass Valley, and had received one-third of the stock when the Belinda and the Lone Star were consolidated. I've got that stock still, and I could paper a house with it—if I had one. At any rate, somebody started the story that I was immensely rich, and of course I didn't contradict it. I hope I've too much tact to refuse any help that chance throws in my way. I don't know whether it was the reported wealth, or the excellent letters I brought, or Miss Marlenspuyk's good advice, or even my own personal attractiveness—but whatever the cause, I just walked into Society here almost without an effort; so easily, indeed, that the social strugglers who have seen doors open wide for me where they have been knocking in vain for years—well, they are mad enough to tie! It's enough to make us despise ourselves even more than we do when we see the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth there is among the outsiders who are peeking over the barbed-wire fence of Society! I'm afraid I've been horrid enough to get a good deal of satisfaction out of the envy of those outside the pale.

"And I've enjoyed the thing for its own sake, too. I like to give a little dinner here to a woman from whom I expect favors and to a couple of agreeable men. I like to go to other people's dinners, and to a ball now and then. Why is it I haven't really the half-million or more that they think I have? I'm sure I could spend it better than most of those I know who have it. As it is, I've about enough money left in the bank at the corner to carry me another month—and then? And then I wonder sometimes whether I hadn't better take the last half-dollar for a poison of some sort—painless, of course. Jemima would see me decently buried. But of course I sha'n't do anything of the sort; I'm too big a coward!

"And the winter has almost gone, and nothing has turned up. Oh yes, I forgot—poor George's brother, who doesn't like me, and never did; he knows how poor I am, and he wouldn't give me a dollar out of his own pocket. But he wrote me last week, asking if I would like a place as matron in a girl's boarding-school in Milwaukee. Of course I haven't answered him! I don't exactly see myself as a matron. What a hideous word it is!

"*Mais il faut faire un fin*, and my end is matrimony, I suppose. There's a man here called Stone; he's a lieutenant-commander in the navy, and I think he's going to ask me to marry him—and I'm going to accept the proposal promptly!

"He's not the mature Prince Charming of my dreams, but he is really not ill-looking. He's a manly fellow, and I confess I thought he was rather nice, until I discovered that he was after me for my money—which was a shock to my vanity, too. Little Mat Hitchcock—you must remember that withered little old beau? Well, he is still extant, and as detestable as ever; he told me that John Stone had proposed to half the wealthy girls in New York. Of course I don't believe that, but I thought it was very suspicious when he took me in to dinner a month ago and tried to question me about my stock in the Belinda and Lone Star. I told him I had the stock—and I have, indeed!—and I let him believe that it was worth anything you please. It wasn't what I said, of course, for I was careful not to commit myself; but I guess he got the right impression. And since then he has been very attentive; so it must be the money he is after and not me. I rather liked him, till I began to suspect; and even now I find it hard to have the thorough contempt I ought to have for a fortune-hunter.

"Why is it that we think a man despicable who marries for money, and yet it is what we expect a woman to do? I've asked Miss Marlenspuyk about Mr. Stone, and she knows all about him, as she does about everybody else. She says he has three or four or five thousand dollars a year besides his pay—and yet he wants to marry me for my money! It will just serve him right if I marry him for his. He's at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for a few months more, and then his shore duty will be up; so that if we are married, he'll be ordered to sea soon, and I shall be free from him for three years. When I write like that I don't know whether I have a greater contempt for him or for myself. *Mais il faut vivre, n'est-ce pas?* And what am I to live on next month? I can't be a matron in Milwaukee, can I? The world owes me a living, after all, and I've simply got to collect the debt from a

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"'I DO WISH I HAD SLEPT BETTER LAST NIGHT,' SHE SAID TO HERSELF."

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man. And how I hate myself for doing it!

"He sent me flowers this morning—a big bunch of violets—and of course he will come in this afternoon to get thanked. If I am engaged before dinner, I'll put in a postscript to tell you—so that you can get your wedding-present ready!"

As she wrote this last sentence she gave a hard little laugh.

Then she heard a brisk rattle from the telephone-box near the door.

She dropped her pen and went across the room and put the receiver to her ear.

"Yes—I'm Mrs. Randolph," she said. "Yes—I'm at home. Yes. Have Mr. Stone shown up to my parlor."

Then she replaced the receiver and stood for a moment in thought. She went back to the desk and closed her portfolio, with the unfinished letter inside. She changed the position of the bowl of violets, and brought it into the full light. She glanced about the room to see if it was in order; and she crossed to the fireplace and looked at herself in the mirror above.

"I do wish I had slept better last night," she said to herself. "I always show it so round the eyes."

She crossed swiftly to the door which opened into the next room.

"Jemima!" she called.

"Yes, Miss Evelyn," responded a voice from within.

"Mr. Stone is coming up—and my hair is all wrong. I simply must do it over. You tell him I'll be here in a minute."

"Yes, Miss Evelyn," was the answer.

"And after Mr. Stone comes, you ge[illegible] the water ready for the tea," said Mrs. Randolph, as she went into the bedroom. "Be sure that you have a fresh lemon. The last time Mr. Stone was here his slice was all dried up—and men don't like that sort of thing."

A minute or two after she had disappeared there was a rap at the door, and Jemima came from the bedroom and admitted Mr. Stone. She told him that Mrs. Randolph would see him at once, and then she went back to her mistress, after giving him a curiously inquisitive look.

Mr. Stone had the walk of a sailor, but he carried himself like a soldier. His eyes were blue and penetrating; his ashen mustache curled over a firm mouth; his clean-shaven chin was square and resolute.

He stood near the door for a moment, and then he went toward the window. The rain had dwindled, and as he looked out he thought he saw a break in the clouds.

It was full five minutes before Mrs. Randolph returned.

"Oh, Mr. Stone," she began, in voluble apology, "it's a shame to keep you waiting so, but honestly I couldn't help it. You took me by surprise so, I really wasn't fit to be seen!"

Mr. Stone gallantly expressed a doubt as to this last statement of hers.

"It's very good of you to think that," she responded, "but I [illegible]rdly hoped to see any one this afternoon, in this awful weather. How did you ever have the courage to venture out? It's so kind of you to come and visit a lonely woman, for it has been such a long day!"

Mr. Stone informed her that it looked as though it was about to clear up.

"Of course you sailors have to know all about the weather, don't you?" she replied. "That's the advantage of being a man—you can do things. Now a woman can't do anything—she can't even go out in the rain for fear of getting her skirts wet."

In her own ears her voice did not ring quite true. She knew that her liveliness was a little factitious. She wondered whether he had detected it. She looked up at him, and found that he was gazing full at her. She had never before recognized how clear his eyes were and how piercing.

"I haven't thanked you yet for those lovely violets," she began again, hastily. "They are exquisite! But then you have always such good taste in flowers. They have made the day less dreary for me—really they have. They were company in my loneliness."

He looked at her in surprise. "You lonely?" he asked. "How can that be?"

"Why not?" she returned.

"You have made yourself a home here," he answered, looking about the room. "You have hosts of friends in New York. Whenever I see you in society you are surrounded by admirers. How can you be lonely?"

She was about to make an impetuous reply, but she checked herself.

"I am not really a New-Yorker, you know," she said at last. "I am a stranger in a strange city. You don't know what that means."

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"I think I do," he responded. "The city is even stranger to me than it can be to you."

"I doubt it," she responded.

"I was once at sea alone in an open boat for three days," he went on, "and —it must seem absurd to you, very absurd, I suppose—but I was not as lonely as I am, now and then, in the midst of the millions of people here in New York."

"So you have felt that way too, have you?" she asked. "You have been overwhelmed by the immensity of the metropolis? You have known what it is to sink into the multitude, knowing that nobody cares who you are, or where you are going, or what you are doing, or what hopes and desires and dreams fill your head? You have found out that it is only in a great city that one can be really isolated—for in a village nobody is ever allowed to be alone. But in a human whirlpool like this, you can be sucked down to death and nobody will answer your outcry."

He gave her another of his penetrating glances. "It surprises me that you can have such feelings—or even that you can know what such feelings are," he said, "you who lead so brilliant a life, with dinners every day, and parties, and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, with a hard little laugh, "but I have been lonely even at a dinner of twenty-four. I go to all these things, as you say — I've had my share of gayety this winter, I'll admit— and then I come back here to this hideous hotel, where I don't know a single soul. Why, I haven't a real friend—not what you call a *friend*—in all New York."

She saw that he had listened to her as though somewhat surprised, not only by what she was saying, but also by the tone in which she said it. She observed that her last remark struck him as offering an opening for the proposal which she felt certain he had come to make that afternoon.

"You must not say that, Mrs. Randolph," he began. "Surely you know that I—"

Then he broke off suddenly, as the door of the next room opened, and Jemima entered with a tray in her hand.

"You will let me give you a cup of tea, won't you?" the widow asked, as Jemima poured out the steaming water.

"Thank you," the sailor answered. "Your tea is always delicious."

Jemima lighted the lamp under the silver kettle. Then she left the room, silently, and Stone was about to take up the conversation where she had interrupted it, when she came back with a plate of thin bread-and-butter, and a little glass dish with slices of lemon.

He checked himself again, not wanting to talk before the servant. Jemima stole a curious glance at him, as though wondering what manner of man he was. Then she turned down the flame of the little lamp and left the room.

Mrs. Randolph was glad that the conversation had been interrupted at that point. She had made up her mind to accept Stone's offer, when he should ask her to marry him, but her immediate impulse was to procrastinate. She did not doubt that he would propose before he left her that afternoon, and yet she wanted to keep him at arm's-length as long as she could. There were imperative reasons, she thought, why she should marry him; but she knew she would bitterly regret having to give up her liberty—having to surrender the control of herself.

"You don't take sugar, I remember," she said, as she poured out his cup of tea. "And only one slice of lemon, isn't it?"

"Only one," he answered as he took the cup. "Thank you."

There was a change of tone in his voice, and she knew that it was hopeless for her to try to postpone what he had to say. But she could not help making the effort.

"I'm so glad you like this tea," she said, hastily. "It is part of a chest Miss [redacted]arlenspuyk had sent to her from Japan, and she let me have two or three pounds. Wasn't it nice of her?"

But the attempt failed. The sailor had gulped his tea, and now he set the cup down.

"Mrs. Randolph—" he began, with a break in his voice.

"Mr. Stone!" she answered, laughingly; "that's a solemn way of addressing me, isn't it? At least it's serious, if it isn't solemn."

"Mrs. Randolph," he repeated, "what I have to say is serious—very serious to me, at least."

Then she knew that it was idle to try to delay matters. She drew a long breath and responded as lightly as she could: "Yes?"

"I hope I am not going to take you by surprise, Mrs. Randolph," he went on. "You are so bright and so quick

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that you must have seen that I admired you."

He waited for her response, and she was forced to say something. Even though the man was trying to marry her for the money he thought she had, he was at least exhibiting a most becoming ardor.

"Well," she declared, "I didn't suppose you were very much bored in my society."

"I have never before seen a woman in whose society I have taken so much pleasure," he answered. "You cannot imagine how great a joy it has been for me to know you, and how much I have enjoyed the privilege of coming to see you here in your charming home."

She glanced at the commonplace parlor of the hotel she hated, but she said nothing.

"You spoke just now of loneliness," he continued. "I hope you don't know what that really is—at least that you don't know it as I know it. But if you have felt it at all, I shall have the less hesitation in asking if you—if you are willing to consider what it would mean to me if you could put an end to my loneliness."

"Mr. Stone!" she said as she dropped her eyes.

"It is not your beauty alone that has drawn me to you," he urged, "not your charm, although I have felt that from the first day I met you. No; it is more than that, I think—it is your goodness, your gentleness, your kindness, your womanliness. I don't know how to find words for what I want to say, but you must know what I mean. I mean that I love you, and I beg you to be my wife."

"This is very sudden, Mr. Stone," she replied.

"Is it?" he asked, honestly. "I thought everybody must have seen how I felt towards you."

"Oh, I supposed you liked me a little," she went on.

"I love you with all my heart," he said, and she wondered at the sincerity with which he said it. She wished she had never heard that little Mat Hitchcock talk against him.

"Of course I can't expect that you should love me all at once," he continued; "no; that's too much to hope. But if you only like me a little now, and if you will only let me love you, I shall be satisfied." And he leaned forward and took her hand.

"I do like you, Mr. Stone," she forced herself to answer. She thrilled a little at his fervor, doubtful as she was as to the reason for his wooing. And as his eyes were fixed on her, she thought that she had never before done justice to his looks. He was a strong figure of a man. His mouth was masterful; but the woman who yielded herself to him was likely to have a satisfactory defender.

"Well," he asked, when she said nothing, "is it to be yes or no?" And his voice trembled.

"Will you be satisfied if I do not say 'no'— even if I do not say 'yes,' all at once?" she returned.

"I shall have to be, I suppose," he answered, and there was a ring of triumph in his voice. "But I shall never let go of you till I get you to say 'yes.'" And he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

She made no resistance: she would have made none had he clasped her in his arms; she was even a little surprised that he did not. She was irritatingly conscious that his warmth was not displeasing to her—that she seemed not to resent his making love to her although she suspected him of a base motive.

For a minute or more nothing was said. He still held her hand firmly clasped in his.

At last he spoke: "You have granted me so much that I have no right to ask for more. But I have not a great deal of time now to persuade you to marry me. Some day this summer I expect to be ordered to sea again—some day in July or August; and I want to have you for my wife before I go."

"Oh, Mr. Stone," she cried, "that is very soon!"

"Can't you call me John?" he asked, following up his advantage. "Can't I call you Evelyn?"

She smiled, and did not deny him, and he kissed her hand again. He kept hold of it now as though he felt sure of it. She acknowledged to herself that he was making progress.

They talked for a while about his term of sea service. He thought that he might be assigned to the Mediterranean squadron, and, if he were, she could come to Europe to him and spend the next winter at Villefranche. Then they discussed travel in France and in Italy, and the places they had visited.

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With her delicate feminine perceptions she soon discovered that there was something he wished to say, but did not know how to lead up to. Curious to learn what this might be, she let the conversation drop, so that he could make a fresh start in his blunt fashion.

Finally he came to the point. "Evelyn," he began, abruptly, "do you know the Pixleys in San Francisco—Tom Pixley, I mean?"

"I think I have met him," she answered, wondering what this might lead to.

"He is an old friend of mine," Stone continued. "He was here a fortnight ago, and I had a long talk with him. He knows all about those Grass Valley mines."

She smiled a little bitterly and withdrew her hand. She thought that perhaps the stock was worth more than she had supposed, and that Stone had been told so by Pixley. All her contempt for a man who could marry a woman for money rose hot within her.

"Does he?" she asked, carelessly, not trusting herself to say more.

"You have—it's not my business, I know," urged the sailor, "but I don't mind, if I can spare you any worry in the future—you have a lot of stock in the Belinda and Lone Star, haven't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"It does not pay at all, does it?" he asked.

She looked at him coldly as she responded, "I have not received any dividends this year."

"But you spoke to me once as if you counted on this stock," he returned, "as if you thought that the dividends were only deferred."

"Did I?" she said, distantly, as though the matter interested her very little.

"That was why I took the liberty of getting the facts out of Tom Pixley," Stone continued. "It wasn't my business, I know, but, loving you as I did, I was afraid you might be bitterly disappointed."

"No," she interrupted, "I am not likely to be bitterly disappointed."

"Then you were aware already that the Belinda and Lone Star is a failure?" he asked. "I am very glad you were, for I was afraid I might be the bearer of bad news."

She gazed at him in intense astonishment. "Do you mean to say that my stock is worthless?" she inquired.

"I fear it is worth very little," he answered. "Tom Pixley told me he believed that they were going to abandon the workings, and that the interest on the mortgage had not been paid for two years."

"So you knew all along that I was poor?" she asked. "Then why did you ask me to marry you?"

John Stone looked at her for a moment in amazement, while his cheeks flamed. Then he rose to his feet and stood before her.

"Did you suppose that I wanted to marry you for your money?" he said, making an obvious effort for self-control.

"Yes," she answered, lowering her eyes. "And that is why I was going to accept you."

She felt that the man was still staring at her, wholly unable to understand.

"I am poor, very poor," she went on, hurriedly. "I don't know how I am going to live next month. I believed that you thought I was wealthy. It seemed to me a mean thing for a man to do, to marry a woman for her money, so I didn't mind deceiving you."

He stood silently gazing at her for a minute, and she could not but think that a man was very slow to understand.

Then he sat down again, and took her hand once more, and petted it.

"You must have been sadly tried if you were willing to do a thing like that," he said, with infinite pity in his voice. "You poor child!"

It was her turn then to be astonished, but she was swifter of comprehension.

"Do you mean to say that you still want to marry me," she asked, looking him full in the face, "even after I have insulted you?"

"Yes," he answered. "I want to marry you—and more than ever now, so that you may never again be exposed to a temptation like this."

"But now I refuse to marry you," she returned, forcibly, as she withdrew her hand. "I say 'no' now—without hesitation this time."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it isn't fair now," she responded.

"Fair?" he repeated, puzzled.

"I couldn't do it now; it would be too mean for anything," she explained. "As

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long as I supposed you thought I was rich and were going to marry me for my money, I didn't mind cheating you. I could let you marry me even if I didn't love you, and it would only be serving you right. But now!—now I couldn't! It wouldn't be fair to you. I am pretty mean, I confess, but I'm not mean enough for that, I hope."

Again he took a moment to think before he spoke.

"I don't know what to make of you," he began. "Am I to understand that you were going to marry me, though you did not love me, so long as you thought I did not love you, but that now, when you know that I really do love you, for that very reason you refuse to marry me?"

"That's it," she cried. "You must see how I feel about it. It wouldn't be fair to marry you now I know you are in earnest, would it?"

"But if I am willing," he urged; "if I want you as much as ever; if I feel confident that I can get you to love me a little in time; if you will only let me hope—"

"Oh, I couldn't," she answered. "I couldn't cheat you now I really know you—now that I like you a great deal better than I did."

He was about to protest again, when she interrupted him.

"Don't let's talk about it any more," she said, impetuously; "it has given me a headache already."

Forbidden to speak upon the one subject about which he had something to say, the man said nothing, and for a minute or more there was silence.

They could hear the patter of the rain as it pelted against the window near which they were sitting. Then there was a slight flash of lightning, followed by a distant growl of thunder.

A shiver ran through Mrs. Randolph, and she gave a little nervous laugh.

"I hate lightning," she explained, "and I detest a storm—don't you? I don't see how any one can ever choose to be a sailor."

He smiled grimly. "I am a sailor," he said.

"And are you going to sea again soon?" she returned. "I shall miss you dreadfully. I'm glad I sha'n't be here in New York when you are gone. Perhaps I shall leave first."

"Where are you going?" he asked, eagerly.

"I've got to go somewhere," she answered, "now that I've had to change all my plans. I'm going to Milwaukee."

"To Milwaukee?" he repeated. "I did not know you had any friends there."

"I haven't," she answered, with a repetition of the hard little laugh. "Not a friend in Milwaukee, and not a friend in New York."

"Then why are you going?"

"I must earn my living somehow," she responded, "and I can't paint, and I can't embroider, and I can't teach whist, and I'm not young enough to go on the stage—so I'm to settle down as the matron of a girls' school in Milwaukee. The place has been offered to me, and I intend to accept it."

"When must you be there?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "Next week some time, or perhaps not till next month. I'm not sure when."

John Stone rose to go. "Then I can come to see you again—Evelyn?" he asked.

Her heart throbbed a little as she heard her name from his lips.

"Oh yes," she replied, cordially. "Come and see me as often as you can. I hate to be as lonely as I was this afternoon."

And she held out her hand.

"Good-by, then," he responded, and he raised her hand again and kissed it.

When he had gone she walked restlessly to and fro for several minutes. At last she opened her desk and took out the unfinished letter, and tore it up impatiently. Then she went to the window and peered out.

Twilight was settling down over the city, but the sky was leaden, with not a gleam of sunset along the horizon. Lights were already twinkling here and there over the vast expanse of irregular roofs across which she was looking. The rain was heavier than ever, and it fell in sheets, now, as though it would never cease.

Yet the solitary woman looking out at the dreary prospect did not feel so lonely as she had felt two hours earlier. She had meant to accept John Stone, and she had rejected him. But it was a comfort to her to know that somewhere in the immense city that spread out before her there was a man who really loved her.

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# THE APE OF DEATH.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., ETC.

"O sleep, thou ape of death!"—CYMBELINE, ACT II., SCENE II.

WE spend about a third of our life in sleep, but this fact makes little or no impression upon us until we devote some thought to the circumstances and conditions implied in its bare statement. So commonplace, indeed, is the part of sleep in the round and cycle of life that its very familiarity as a vital phenomenon usually places it within the pale of things that neither demand nor deserve serious discussion. We accept the daily round and alternation of waking and slumber as a something essentially embodied within the constitution of vitality, and until one or other phase of existence is thrown into bold relief, scientifically or otherwise, their curious nature, and the interesting conditions which cause or affect them, pass unheeded and unknown. Yet there is no more wondrous study included in the course of our vital affairs than that which pertains to the "ape of death." Its interesting nature is equalled only by the difficulties which attend its investigation. For, like a scientific "will-o'-the-wisp," sleep, studied subjectively and personally, evades our conceptions and our intelligence in a manner which is most tantalizing and annoying to the investigator. Pursued by the light of consciousness, its very advent represents a subtle inroad on our intelligence that bars the way to further investigation. It extinguishes the very powers which we would employ in discovering its nature and causes; and the active watcher, quick and eager to note the phenomena of sleep's oncoming, soon becomes helpless as he passes irresistibly, with extinguished consciousness, into the Land of Nod. One may well be tempted to regard this introspective investigation of sleep as in one sense parallel to the attempt to inquire into the nature of life itself. The animalcule whose protoplasm body we can look through and through by aid of our microscope would appear to present to us the realization of all that is simple in the problem of vitality and its nature. It is destitute of organs and parts; any bit of this living stuff eats, digests, moves, and reproduces its kind. It hovers on the very twilight of existence, and tempts the mind to hope for the solution of the question which all the ages have asked, but to which all the ages have found no reply. The very act of analysis of the living mass destroys the conditions under which alone we know life to be capable of manifesting itself; and we retire from the unequal battle, forced into a discontentment which teaches us that while we may know what life does, and what life requires for the display of its energies, what it is remains the crux of philosophy, as in the days of yore. Sleep presents very similar conditions to us when we endeavor to trace its why and wherefore in a scientific sense. It is left to us to investigate the conditions rather than the actualities of that phase of life which the poet has aptly designated as "death's twin brother"; but, nevertheless, the task of tracing out even the environments which encompass the sleeping state is not without its own intellectual rewards. In the course of such a study we may traverse fields of research which are among the most interesting that mental physiology has to offer for our acceptance and cultivation.

Taking a comparative view of vital action, we soon discover that the alternation of rest and work is by no means limited to our own existence, nor, indeed, to the brain itself as the organ chiefly concerned in the oscillation between labor and repose. It would be a perfectly correct statement, for instance, to assert that all the organs and tissues of our frame participate in the cessation of activity which is the salient feature of sleep itself. If we consider the general forms of energy, the sum total of which is represented by the life we live, it is easy enough to prove that in sleep those forces are materially reduced in the matter of their play. The living engine slows down, as it were, and banks up its fires, so that its pulsations are sufficient, not for actual labor, but for merely maintaining the passive flow of force within the organism. The heart is thus slowed in sleep, the breathing movements are reduced in fre-

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quency, and the action of the digestive organs practically ceases. There is activity, no doubt, among the liver cells and in the cells of other glands, but their work of secreting products from the blood is materially slackened. Even the tear-glands largely cease from action in sleep, and when the sleeper awakes, his first action may be that of rubbing his eyes in order to stimulate the glands to renewed activity, and to supply the protective moisture to the delicate membranes which it is its destiny to lave and protect. Then, also, we find that the temperature of the body falls in sleep, while, it need not be added, the tissue-changes that present in themselves the physical and chemical outcome and result of work are reduced to a minimum. Thus while the minimum temperature of the body is found to correspond with a period late in the night or morning, the maximum appears in the afternoon. Our bodily heat, in fact, rises at a fairly quick rate from 6 A.M. to 10 or 11 A.M., and then at a slower rate increases to 6 P.M.; then it falls, reaching the minimum point between 4 and 6 A.M.

In individual organs, and even in the active discharge of their duties, we may discover a suggestion of the need and demand for repose. Breathing is an intermittent action. There is a pause between breaths, as it were, and that pause represents rest. Still more plainly is this rhythmic action illustrated in the heart and its work. The heart was popularly described by no less a distinguished physiologist than Oliver Wendell Holmes as "forever quivering o'er its task." It is a much truer conception of the heart to regard it, with Sir James Paget, as a "rhythmic muscle," which alternates moments of rest with moments of work. It is in the position of a workman who takes short intervals of rest betwixt short spells of work, and even in the case of this active piece of vital mechanism we come face to face once again with the universal demand for repose. If with the eye of scientific faith we could glance through the minute cells of which the living tissues are composed, I doubt not we should find that each of these protoplasmic units in its due season seeks and finds its appropriate rest. It is really inconceivable that any vital structure, large or small, should labor incessantly.

It may be profitable in the course of our physiological ramble to glance in the first instance at the ordinary phenomena of sleep, such as are to be noted in the general study of the subject, and then to discuss the probable causes of this curious condition. We may bear in mind with much advantage throughout our considerations the words of Sir Henry Holland that sleep, "in the most general and correct sense of the term, must be regarded not as one single state, but a succession of states in constant variation —this variation consisting not only in different degrees in which the same sense or faculty is submitted to it, but also in the different proportions in which these several powers are under its influence at the same time." Sleep is rather a compound or complex condition than a single and simple state.

One of the most remarkable facts to be found in the history of sleep consists in the utter inability to resist its onset in cases of extreme fatigue. Several remarkable instances are given in which persons have continued to walk onwards while sleep has overcome them, the automatic centres of the brain evidently controlling and stimulating the muscles when consciousness itself had been completely abrogated. It is recorded that at the battle of the Nile, amidst the roar of cannon and the fall of wreckage, some of the overfatigued boys serving the guns with powder fell asleep on the deck. Dr. Carpenter gives another instance of allied kind. In the course of the Burmese war, the captain of a frigate actively engaged in combat fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and slept soundly for two hours within a yard of one of the biggest guns, which was being actively worked during his slumbers. It is matter of common medical knowledge that extreme exhaustion in face of the severest pain will induce sleep. Here the imperative demand of the body—a demand implanted, as we have seen, in the constitution of our frames—asserts its influence; and even pain, the ordinary conqueror of repose, has in its turn to succumb. One of the most extraordinary cases in which the overruling power of sleep was ever exemplified was that of Damiens, condemned for treason in Paris in 1757. He was barbarously tortured, but remarked that the deprivation of sleep had been the greatest torture of all. It was reported that he slept soundly even in the short intervals which elapsed between his periods



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of torture. Among the Chinese a form of punishment for crimes consists in keeping the prisoner continually awake, or in arousing him incessantly after short intervals of repose. After the eighth day of such sleeplessness, one criminal besought his captors to put him to death by any means they could choose or invent, so great was his pain and torment due to the absence of "nature's soft nurse." Persons engaged in mechanical labor, such as attending a machine in a factory, have often fallen asleep despite the plain record of pains and penalties attending such dereliction of duty, to say nothing of the sense of personal danger which was plainly kept before their eyes.

The causes which may induce sleep, in addition to over-fatigue and the natural sense of weariness, are extremely varied. There has always existed a fertile subject for discussion, popular and medical alike, in the question of the healthfulness or otherwise of the after-dinner nap. If it be true—and the assertion is based on good grounds—that during digestion there is a determination of blood from the outward to the inward tissues, this fact may possibly explain the tendency to sleep which predominates after food. If the brain becomes slightly anæmic after meals in consequence of the withdrawal, in part, of its otherwise full blood-supply, we may find in this fact at least a plausible explanation of the causation of the after-dinner nap.

Apart from the usual causes of repose, we may light upon causes of tolerably familiar character, such as the regular and monotonous repetition of a sound in the case of railway travelling. Persons who are talkative and wakeful enough when they start, soon succumb to the influence of the "drowsy god." The ear gets fatigued by the monotonous repetition of sounds and by their quick succession, and the fatigue thus induced, acting on the brain at large, induces sleep.

Reading will similarly favor sleep. "To go to sleep over a book" is a familiar enough phase of ordinary life. The effort to maintain the optical equilibrium, as it were, strains the eyes, and the consequence again is brain-fatigue and consequent slumber. The monotonous sound of a speaker's voice which ambles along in a single cadence without variation is a well-known soporific agent, such as may, indeed, be responsible for the occasional somnolence of church-goers. Contrariwise, a widely different environment may, by interrupting habit, prevent sleep. People who live in a noisy city will sleep peacefully amidst all the roar and din of the traffic, but when they sojourn in a quiet country place they are restless and sleepless for a few nights. Here the brain-habit has to be altered to produce the desired result. The tiring out of an organ of sense after the fashions above described is one of the means used for inducing the hypnotic condition. The gazing at a crystal, or the fixing of the eyes on any other object, will favor the occurrence of this condition in many subjects, while the mere sound of a gong will produce it in others. The inhibition of the higher brain centres thus induced is analogous, if it is indeed not closely akin in nature, to the induction of ordinary sleep by similar means. It is well to bear this fact in mind, according to Sir Henry Holland's advice already quoted: for between simple sleep and the hypnotic state there are certain grades and stages that link the one phase of brain-action very closely to the other.

One of the most interesting phases connected with sleep is that in which a determination, formed overnight, that we should wake at a certain hour, acts true to the appointed time. In certain instances with which I am acquainted the idea acts perfectly; in others it acts occasionally; and in other cases, again, it fails completely. The explanation of this habit depends on what one may term a "dominant idea," or an *idée fixe*, as the French term it. There is something akin in this waking notion to the "dominant idea" with which a hypnotist may impress his facile subject. If we substitute for the hypnotist the individual himself, or mayhap the idea of the friend who has been impressing upon him the necessity for sounding the reveille at a given hour in the morning, we can discern the rationale of the action with a fair degree of clearness. The dominant idea in the shape of the necessity for awaking at a certain time is impressed on the brain, and is probably transmitted to those automatic or lower centres which rule our mechanical acts, which are responsible for the visions of the night, and which are capable of carrying out, either in the entire absence of consciousness or in the exercise of a subconscious condition, many complex

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actions. Through the hours of sleep the dominant idea remains impressed on these lower centres. The head of the business sleeps on while the night watchman is awake; and so, prompt to the time, or shortly before or after it, the desired result is attained, and the slumbering brain is awakened to the full measure of its activity. This phase of brain-work may be called its alarm-clock action. In itself it is remarkable enough, because the possible explanations that may be given of it do not take account of the brain-work involving measurement of time, and of the mode in which the exact lapse of the hours is duly gauged. But, after all is said and done, the acts involved are not more wonderful than those we see illustrated in the somnambulistic state, or, for that matter, in the case of dreams. It may well be that a time-faculty is the possession of certain persons, just as certain other faculties (*e. g.*, a sense of direction), remarkable enough in their way, are exhibited by some people and not by others. The dominant-idea theory will at least lead us to the verge of the explanation of the alarm-clock action of the brain, even if it fails to account for the whole mechanism involved in the waking operation.

That sleep is ruled by the habits of the individual is extremely evident. An instance is given in which a person who had taken passage on board a war-ship was rudely awakened by the morning gun, which startled him exceedingly. On succeeding mornings the gun woke him at first sharply, and then much more quietly, until at length he slept on without being disturbed at all in his slumbers by the report. It is also notable that when a special habit of life has become part and parcel of the daily routine, sleep is liable to be disturbed by even the slightest appeal which ordinarily wakes the individual in the exercise of his profession, while noises of much more grievous character fail to effect that result. The doctor wakes on the slightest agitation of his night-bell, while the click of the needle awakes the tired telegraphist when a loud noise might fail. Sir Edward Codrington was serving in the early days of his naval experiences as signal-lieutenant to Lord Hood at the battle of Toulon. His duty was that of watching for and interpreting the signals made by the look-out frigates, and in this capacity he remained on deck for eighteen or nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. Exhausted with the strain of watching, he went below to obtain sleep, and reposed soundly, undisturbed by any ordinary noise; yet whenever a comrade lightly whispered in his ear the word "Signal," he at once awoke, ready for duty. The cause of sleep is as yet a matter of scientific debate. In the present state of our knowledge there can be no absolute certainty in the matter.

Involved in the general dubiety of opinion we may find the cause of the nearly allied state known as "somnambulism," or "sleep-walking." Now this state has often been described as one of naturally induced hypnotism, and the designation is apt enough. It is well to remember that if any state or condition can be linked with another, or paralleled, we may the more readily explain the nature of the two conditions in question. It is only mystical wonders that find no parallel at all, and which remain as isolated rocks in the intellectual sea. Those who have designated the state of somnambulism as an acted dream, or as a dream in action, have probably constructed as satisfactory a definition of this state as it is possible to construct. The state of sleep which develops into somnambulism has added to it the execution of impulses, which are so far of automatic character, and which represent the outcome of stimuli acting apart from all ordinary forms of consciousness. In ordinary sleep the muscles are completely at rest, and the senses, if active at all, are content to operate in a more or less passive fashion. The senses of the ordinary sleeper may receive messages from the outer world, it is true; for ears, at least, and nerve ends in the skin, and nerve ends in the nose, are still susceptible of conveying impressions to their respective brain-centres within. The noise which does not waken the sleeping man has none the less been transmitted as sound-vibrations to his hearing centres, only these latter are switched off from the higher centres which alone can realize and understand what is heard. If now we suppose that there exists such activity of lower brain-centres which may be called into action by one cause or another, we may understand how it is that outgoing messages to the muscles may proceed from them, rousing the body by deputy, as it were, and forcing it to assume the semblance of conscious movement.

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Shakespeare's limning of Lady Macbeth's somnambulism reveals the masterhand of the close observer of life's ways. The waiting gentlewoman tells the doctor how she has seen her mistress "rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep." The doctor, seeing his patient walk, remarks that "her eyes are open." "Ay," replies the attendant, "but their sense is shut." The sleep-walker, however, will show an adjustment to his surroundings which often appears remarkable enough, although in analysis we find that his ways and works are usually of simpler kind than is represented by the waking state. There are great differences to be noted in the degree of activity represented in the senses of the somnambulist. Sometimes he may see and hear not; at other times he hears and does not see; or he may be apparently almost as conscious as when he is awake; or, on the other hand, be unaffected by outside influences altogether. The clew to the understanding of sleep-walking lies in the remembrance of the influence of the "dominant idea" which, as we saw, affords an explanation of the alarm-clock action of the brain. The somnambulist is usually for the time being a person of one idea, and it is this idea which is operating to rouse him from his couch, and to force his body into actions corresponding to the idea in question. Lady Macbeth's ruling thought, for instance, is the cleansing of the stain of blood. Says the tire-woman, "It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour." Such a consideration assists us in understanding the manner in which the somnambulist will guide himself with safety under conditions in which, if awake, he would assuredly come to grief. If he walks along a roof-ledge safely, it is simply because all distracting matters have no part or place in his mind. Similarly the sounds he hears or acts upon are those only which have to do with his dream. He is mentally dead, in fact, to anything extraneous to the acts he is automatically engaged in performing. He may remember in the course of one somnambulistic seizure the events or ideas which animated a previous attack, while he utterly fails to recall them in his waking and conscious state; or he may be unable to recall when in his sleep-walking phase his doings of a former trancelike state.

In the hypnotized person there is an automatism obedient to outside suggestion, whereas the somnambulist is affected and controlled by the action of his own automatic centres. But the correspondence between the two is clear when we find persons in a state of somnambulism performing acts of a type which almost force us to admit the possibility of the higher brain-centres being also exercised. The term "unconscious cerebration," which we owe to the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, expresses clearly enough the nature of those mental processes which result in brain activity of a type which is not illustrated by ordinary sleep-walking acts. There is a well-known case cited by Dr. Abercrombie, in which a Scottish lawyer, exercised concerning a difficult opinion, was seen to rise from his bed and to write at a desk which stood in his bedchamber. Next morning he informed his wife that he had dreamt of an admirable solution of the legal difficulty, but that he could not recall the terms of his dream, whereupon his better half directed his attention to the desk, on which his opinion was found clearly written out. I see no reason to doubt the correctness of these details, knowing what the brain may accomplish in hypnotic conditions; and the fact that a dominant idea was present—that of the difficult legal problem which demanded settlement—may further reconcile us to the belief that the case occurred as represented. There are many degrees to be noted, however, between such a remarkable illustration of somnambulistic activity and those more commonly witnessed; but even the less typical cases may show the germs and rudiments of powers exemplified by those which are more extraordinary, and much will depend, of course, on the degree of culture and education of the somnambulistic subject. Thus a servant-girl given to sleep-walking missed a comb. She charged her fellow-servant with taking it away; but one morning the girl awoke with the comb in her hand, revealing the fact that in a previous somnambulistic ramble she had concealed the comb, and had entertained no recollection of her act in the

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waking state. The dominant idea, however, was equal to the task of sending her on a dream-voyage of discovery.

It is not by any means uninteresting or foreign to the discussion of sleep-causation, to inquire why it is that, once asleep, we should ever come again to the waking state. The answer to such a query may be found in that rhythmic habit of life to which allusion has already been made. To sleep forever would appear quite as irrational a proceeding, physiologically regarded, as to wake and to work incessantly during the span of our existence. Besides, connected with the natural rhythm of life and with the alternations which are the result of the regular and repeated routine of vitality, it must be borne in mind that there is the play of vital energy to be reckoned with in explaining the awaking from our slumbers. The need for rest is due to the running down of the vital machinery, and this result in turn depends on exhaustion of the energies which combine to make life's full activity possible. In the same way, in sleep we accumulate a fresh store of energy, and when the accumulation attains a given level, sleep, under ordinary circumstances, is as impossible as wakefulness is out of the question under conditions of great fatigue. There is an ebb and flow of vitality, as there are similar movements in the ocean.

It was long ago made the subject of comment by physicians that when the brain was partly exposed, as in cases of accident or disease, it expanded in the waking state and fell when the patient went to sleep. Mr. A. E. Durham's investigations on sleep, published in *Guy's Hospital Reports* for 1860, have always been appealed to as epoch-making on the matter of the determination of the nature and causes of sleep. Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, independently investigated the subject, and arrived at much the same conclusions as did Mr. Durham. The brain was seen in sleep to become paler, and to sink below the level of the skull. When awake it grew ruddier, and rose to its former level.

Another theory as to sleep regards the differences apparent in the circulation of blood in the brain as of secondary importance. They followed, it was held, upon another and primary and more permanent condition which was regarded as the real cause of sleep. This second theory maintained that sleep was due to the natural accumulation, within the brain, of the waste products resulting from the brain's work. Brain-labor, equally with that of the body at large, obeys the inevitable law that all work means waste, and therefore the waste products of the brain cells must as assuredly be removed as pure blood must be supplied to regenerate and renew their energies. If we assume that an accumulation of waste products occurs naturally within brain tissues and reaches a certain level in amount, in such an event it is held sleep will ensue. There is one substance which is well known as a product of nervous and muscular waste—lactic acid, to wit—which some theorists have specially credited in this connection with being the cause of our slumbers. In another view it is the carbonic acid gas, a well-known waste product of the living body, which is responsible for sending us into the border-land "'twixt life and death." In sleep the amount of carbonic acid given off from the lungs is diminished, and the view that an excess of this gas passes into the blood and is conveyed to the brain, among other parts, has been held to account for the onset of repose. Then, as the increase is got rid of, and as the breathing activity increases towards the termination of our sleep, waking becomes a consequence of the higher degree of oxygenation of the blood.

Such theories fail to take account of the fact that the means for the removal of waste from the tissues are as perfectly represented in the healthy body as are the methods in vogue for its nourishment and repair. To assume that either lactic acid accumulation or carbonic gas increase is responsible for sleep is to trench very nearly on the view that sleep is in the one case a form of temporary disease, and in the other a process of suffocation. As Professor M. Foster puts it, in the view that sleep was the result of the accumulation of waste products in the brain, "it is not clear why we should ever have any hope of waking." He adds that it would be more reasonable to assume that in our waking hours the expenditure of oxygen exceeds the income, and that sleep is due to the exhaustion of the full supply of that gas we have enjoyed during the day. If we have regard to the oxygen which is required for the work and labor of the cells and molecules of our frames, the view of sleep thus ex-

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pounded might secure greater acceptance still. But all such theories leave out of count the fact that we require behind the mere chemical conditions some determining state or mechanism which will explain the rhythm of sleep and waking, and it is not likely or feasible that any purely chemical explanation will be regarded as finally settling our difficulties in this direction. It appears to me that we must first postulate and explain the habit of sleep somehow or other, and then graft on to this idea some explanation or other of the mechanism through which the habit and rhythm act upon us. Mere chemical theories of sleep will not avail us in respect of this reasonable contention. It is interesting to note that, so long ago as 1844, Lord Playfair (then Dr. Lyon Playfair), who afterwards occupied the chair of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, attributed sleep to "the deficient supply of oxygen, or, in other words, of arterial blood." The vessels of the brain, he held, remained as full as before, but in the recumbent posture there is less arterial or pure blood in the body, as a whole, the flow of blood being retarded by the posture of the body. The brain circulation, in its turn, is slowed down, "the causes of the waste are diminished, and therefore, according to the theory, sleep is produced." Thus "anything which removes oxygen from the blood (or rather decreases its quantity) will cause sleep." It will be seen that Lord Playfair's views correspond closely with those expressed by Professor M. Foster in his selective preference for a theory of sleep which was founded on the partial exhaustion of the brain's oxygen-supply.

Turning now to the more purely anatomical theories of Durham and others, we know that if the arteries which supply blood to the brain be compressed in the neck, the sleep state will be induced. Valverda states that he saw Columbus at Pisa compress the carotid arteries of a young man and produce by this act a state of profound sleep. Whether the incident is to be credited or not, it is certain that such compression will induce a sleeplike condition. Dr. Fleming's experiments prove the fact, which is not disputed by physiologists. Fleming, writing in 1855, tells us that unconsciousness was produced in this way so long as the pressure was maintained; but the period of the profound sleep did not last longer than fifteen seconds, although it is added that this short space of time appeared extended into hours. We have seen that Mr. Durham and Dr. Hammond contend that the brain during sleep becomes anæmic, or bloodless; or, to be more strictly correct in our phraseology, that the circulation of the brain is lowered, and that it receives less blood in the sleeping state than in the wakeful condition. Support in this view of the matter is lent by Dr. Hughling Jackson's observation on the optic disc, since during sleep this structure is found to be paler and its blood-vessels more contracted than in the waking state. The optic disc, it may be mentioned, is practically the expansion of the nerve of sight, which springs from the optic ganglion of the brain. It is a fair inference that Dr. Hughling Jackson's observations are of much importance in determining the exact state of the circulation in the brain itself during sleep, inasmuch as the mere examination of the eyes does not necessitate any experimental interference with the brain itself. We may therefore assume that it is found that during sleep there is a lowering of the blood circulation in the brain, causing the anæmic or bloodless appearance noted by various observers. The fact that insensibility or *coma* can be produced by an excess of blood in the brain does not invalidate the correctness of the observations to which we have referred. The older physiologists were inclined to assume that in sleep the brain was congested and presented its blood-vessels in a full and engorged condition. The distinction between a diseased or normal condition producing insensibility, and another and different condition producing sleep, is so apparent that it is needless to dilate on the essential differences between the two states thus detailed. Analogy alone would entitle us to believe that when the brain's functions are suppressed or slowed down in the natural sleep state, the need for the active circulation of the waking state no longer exists. Nutrition has to be accomplished even in sleep, it is true, but the more active circulation needed for the development of brain-energy would be obviously out of place in the economy of an essentially resting and dormant organ. Mr. Charles H. Moore, in his work entitled *On Going to Sleep*, similarly credits the reduction of the brain's blood-supply as the cause of somnolence. The control

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over the blood-supply, he affirms, is effected by the special system of nerves which is devoted to the command of the arteries —these nerves enlarging or contracting the vessels as may be demanded by the needs of the body. Here it is not the parts which wake and sleep that are regarded as immediately concerned in the production of our slumbers, but an entirely separate nervous mechanism.

Professor M. Foster reminds us that the supply of blood to the organ of mind is relatively small. But he implies that the quality of the blood, having reference to the important work the brain performs, must be of vastly greater importance than mere quantity. We find the brain enclosed in an unyielding case —the skull—so that, without room for expansion or alteration of its bulk, its blood-supply must be very evenly regulated. If an additional quantity of blood be sent to the brain, its entrance must be counterbalanced by a corresponding exit of the vital fluid contained within the brain. But the brain possesses very large veins, which return its blood to the general circulation; and these veins (technically called *sinuses*) serve as reservoirs when occasion demands. They are expansible, and can receive and discharge rapidly from the brain a large amount of blood, while it is certain that the outflow from these veins is hastened and aided by the movements of inspiration in breathing. But it is obvious, notwithstanding the presence of these arrangements facilitating the flow of a large quantity of blood through the brain, that arrangements must exist whereby, if the quantity of blood be decreased at any time within the brain, the nervous effects of such a diminution of fluid must be counteracted and averted. The hollows (or *ventricles*) of the brain are filled with a special fluid (*cerebro-spinal fluid*), which also occupies part of the length of the spinal cord. Hence we possess a kind of water system which exhibits an elasticity of behavior under pressure such as may meet the requirements of the theory we are discussing. If any additional pressure be brought to bear on the brain through an increase of its blood-supply, a corresponding quantity of the fluid of the brain will pass downwards into the spinal cord, and all injurious pressure is in this way believed to be avoided. Conversely, when the blood-pressure in the brain is diminished, as Mr. Durham's theory maintains is the case in sleep, the pressure of the atmosphere on the body's surface will cause the ascent of an equivalent amount of the fluid from spinal cord to brain. The brain's internal affairs, in so far as its circulation is concerned, are regarded as being regulated on a water-balance system. Such, briefly, is Mr. Durham's theory of the production of sleep. It is a mechanical view of matters, taking as its central idea the relative disturbance and adjustment of blood-pressure and fluid-pressure on brain and spinal cord. The anæmia of the brain, due to lessened blood-supply, which results in sleep, is counterbalanced by the ascent of the fluid from the spinal cord, while in the waking state the reverse holds good, and with the revival of the brain-circulation the fluid which equalized the pressure in the sleeping state returns whence it came.

That Mr. Durham's theory of sleep has not escaped hostile criticism goes without saying. Perhaps the latest, and certainly one of the most formidable, of his opponents is Dr. James Cappie, of Edinburgh. In the course of more than one contribution to the elucidation of the mystery of sleep, Dr. Cappie has maintained that the atmospheric pressure to which Mr. Durham assigns importance as a factor in causing the upward flow of the spinal fluid to the brain is practically of no effect. His theory accords so far with Mr. Durham's in that he regards alterations of brain-pressure as the cause of sleep. If we can show that compression of the brain, says Dr. Cappie, is capable of being produced by any means "physiological in origin but mechanical in operation," we may "find a clew to the conditions that are effective in sleep." Such means he discovers in the circulation of blood in the veins of the *pia mater*, the innermost of the membranes which envelop and invest the brain. These veins, it is urged, are being acted on by the brain itself, whose pressure tends to compress and obliterate them against the resisting skull, while they are also being pressed backward by the weight of the atmosphere bearing on their inner surface and thus tending to expand them. Regarding the air-pressure as constant and unvarying on the brain vessels, Dr. Cappie argues that the brain-pressure, on the other hand, is varied considerably. When it is tired, the blood-pressure in the brain diminishes, and its expansive tendency is

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lessened. Then the atmospheric pressure comes to bear with greater effect within the veins. It is not really stronger, says Dr. Cappie, but the opposing force is weaker; brain-compression is brought about, and with the advent of this condition sleep appears to rule the scene. If the brain contracts during sleep, the action it exerts can only be directed on the blood in the veins of its envelope, because in this way the absolute fulness of the skull cavity can be alone maintained. Dr. Cappie expresses poetically the gist of the theory he advances. Speaking of the *pia mater*, he says: "Tender as a means of protection, it is rich and generous as a source of nourishment. In wakefulness it encourages and sympathizes with every display of congenial energy in its charge; during sleep it is still the *Pia Mater*, soothing to rest by a closer embrace."

This view of matters regards the variations in the circulation of blood in the brain as the secondary piece of mechanism which induces sleep: the primary condition in the action, Dr. Cappie adds, is the modified or less energetic movement in the molecules of the brain tissue. He therefore attributes the real causation of sleep to the changes which the nerve elements of the brain undergo as the result of fatigue. This first cause is a vital one; the other and succeeding action is a mechanical one, namely, the "compression of the whole organ." Perhaps recent researches into the minute structure of the brain may lead us nearer the truth in respect of the part played by the brain cells in the production of sleep than is indicated in the theory just discussed. It is a tolerably familiar fact that the real units of the brain and nervous system at large are active living cells of extreme minuteness, disposed in layers in the various complex centres of which the brain is composed. The researches of Dr. Ramon Y. Cajal, among others, have rendered tolerably clear to us the nature of these wondrous cells, which through the manifestation of their vital activity direct and control all the ways and works of the brain. In former days it was believed that these cells were closely and intimately connected together in groups, and that each cell was continuous, through its fibres, with other cells. To-day we know that the brain cells are independent units. Their fibres may be in contact with those proceeding from other cells, but there is no continuity of substance between them. Mental processes, it is conceived, are carried out as regards the transmission of impulses from one cell to another by temporary contact of the fibres, although, in the view of certain authorities, such contact is not necessary for the conduction of the brain messages. If the former view be maintained, then we may regard each brain cell as a kind of living organism, which, like the animalcule of the pools, can shoot forth its substance to make contact with its neighbor cells, or withdraw it when such contact is no longer necessary or required. Observation on living brain cells in lower life has demonstrated the existence of these movements, and a new theory of sleep may be evolved from the considerations regarding cell life which these researches suggest. In their fully active state, when the brain powers are operating in the full flush of their vigor, we may picture the brain cells extending their processes, making and breaking contact incessantly in the incessant work of receiving and transmitting the myriad impulses of the mental atmosphere. Whereas, when the business of the day is over, and the central telegraphic or telephonic exchange is no longer occupied with its busy work, we can conversely imagine the withdrawal of the processes of the cells, and of their breaking their connections for a brief season, which is devoted to their recuperation. Sleep, in this view of things, would be determined by the fatigue of the brain cells and by the contraction of their processes, while waking would be the result of the renewal of business in the busy cerebral exchange, when the cells, revived by their rest, make contact with other cells.

There may be much that falls short of demonstration in this view of the causation of sleep, but there is nothing antecedently impossible in its terms. This theory may at least temporarily supply the hiatus which it is evident exists in all the opinions we have examined. For, beyond the mere mechanical explanations of the brain changes associated with sleep, it is clear we must look for a deeper and more intimate origin. It is not an impossible thought that in some such subtle changes of brain cells as have been suggested the science of the future may discover the real cause of the poet's

> "gentle thing,
> Beloved from pole to pole."

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# THE RESCUE OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

## THE NARRATIVE OF THE AMERICAN BLUEJACKET WHO, AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET, BROUGHT THE SPANISH ADMIRAL AND CERTAIN OF HIS OFFICERS THROUGH THE SURF TO THE AMERICAN BOATS.

BY PETER KELLER.

### INTRODUCTORY.

THE following article is a verbatim account, now put in print for the first time, of one Peter Keller's experiences at the rescue of the admiral and the crew of the flag-ship of the Spanish fleet at Santiago, July 3. The story was dictated to a stenographer by Keller, and is told in his own language. Keller is an old man-of-war's man, but for many years he has followed the occupation of ship-rigger. At the breaking out of hostilities he volunteered, and served his country as boatswain's mate on board the U. S. S. *Gloucester*. The incident in which Keller took part is thus described in the official report of Dr. John Tracy Edson, acting ensign, U. S. N., of the *Gloucester:*

"After the *Furor* had been sunk and the *Pluton* had exploded, I was sent with my division in command of the ship's cutter, with instructions to rescue the crew of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. As we approached the vessel, which was in flames, I saw the crew crowded forward on the forecastle, and I noted that the vessel lay nearly broadside on to a sandy beach, distant about two hundred yards. As we neared her I held up a rope's end to indicate my purpose. A line which they gave me I took to the beach, and called for a good swimmer to take it through the surf. Otto Brown responded so manfully to my call that it was easily seen that he was the right man for the work. With the line about his neck, he fought against the breakers for twenty minutes. He returned once to the boat for a rest. The line was more carefully tended after this by William G. Bee, and after another struggle, the cutter being closer in this time, he made the beach. I sent Keller also through the surf to secure the line ashore. The cutter was hauled to and from the ship along this line, carrying each time eight or ten men from the burning wreck. As we neared the beach each time, I found it necessary to throw one or more of the Spaniards into the water in order to expedite the work. The men were immediately grabbed by Keller or Brown, and passed along the line to the beach. In this manner the cutter landed about two hundred officers and men, and I believe that Admiral Cervera was among the number.

"The only other boat engaged in this rescue was the gig from the *Gloucester*, in charge of Lieutenant Norman. We worked frequently in association, and succeeded in rescuing every soul on board without losing a single life. Among the rescued were many wounded who required much assistance. This was ably rendered by Keller and Brown, who remained in the water for about two hours.

"During the whole time that the men were engaged in the work there were occasional reports on board, as from exploding ammunition. As we left the wreck for the *Gloucester*, the fire had reached the forward turrets, so that nearly the whole ship was aflame. One of the 11-inch guns was discharged, sending a shot into the water close alongside of us."

### THE NARRATIVE OF PETER KELLER.

Keller's account of his part in the rescue is as follows:

When the whale-boat was called away from the *Gloucester* I stood forward, alongside of my gun, looking towards the Spanish destroyers. When the orders came to lower the cutter, we lowered the cutter with all the crew. Mr. Ensign Edson, who was in charge, ordered me to steer for one of the burning ships, which we didn't know by name. After we neared the boat we found out there was a heavy surf. The ship was lying broadside towards the beach. We crossed her bow, and I passed the remark to Mr. Edson that the surf was so heavy that we could not land through it. I told



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him we should have to go around the bow and try to get a line. Mr. Ensign Edson told me: "Damn it, keep your mouth shut. I'm in charge of this boat." After that I thought it was advisable for me to keep quiet, as I was told by the officer in charge.

We rounded the bow of the boat, which we found out was the *Maria Teresa*, the flag-ship of the Spanish fleet. Mr. Edson took the painter of the cutter in his hand and lifted it up towards the forecastle of the Spanish man-of-war, to make them understand, I suppose, that they were to give us a rope, which we intended to make fast ashore, so that we could haul our boat to and fro off the beach. They gave us a line, and we headed for the shore, about two hundred yards.

When we reached the surf Mr. Edson called for a volunteer to take the line ashore. Seaman Brown responded. He took the line round his neck, and jumped overboard without the order of Ensign Edson. He hesitated a little before he jumped, because he had no orders. After he had fought in the water about ten minutes he was getting exhausted. Our officer in charge saw that he could not make the beach, so he backed the boat in and picked him up. "Brown," said he, "you were a little too hasty. I didn't mean you to jump overboard at the present time. I was getting the boat a little nearer before I sent you off."

Mr. Edson gave me the orders to go in a little nearer to the beach. As we neared the beach, Mr. Edson thought that Brown could make the beach in safety. He ordered him to go ahead. At that I asked permission to help Brown out. Mr. Edson said, "Can you swim?" I told him, "Yes, sir." He said, "Well, Keller, go ahead."

I tore my clothes from my body, and I jumped overboard and swam towards Brown, and helped him to carry the line ashore. When we got there I saw about forty-five Spaniards, and their boats, which had been smashed to pieces on the rocks. As soon as we could I and Brown ran up to a tree. I took half a turn with the line around the tree, and then turned round and called upon the Spaniards the best way I could, "Wiene qui!" That means, "Come here." Those addressed came to us, and I told them to give us a pull, so that we could stretch the line.

After the line was made fast I sang out to Ensign Edson, the officer in charge: "The line is fast, sir. Go ahead." He responded, "All right." While Mr. Edson was hauling his boat towards the *Maria Teresa* to save the officers and men, I remarks to Otto Brown, seaman, "By gosh! that line is very poor, Otto." Brown said, "It looks very poor, Keller." I took the line in my hands, and rubbed it and smelt it. It smelt to me like the rope was pretty bad — that is, an old rope.

I turned round and asked one of the Spaniards if there was any Spanish officer ashore. The man told me, "Yes." I said, "Where?" and he pointed out with his finger an officer clad in under-shirt and drawers, with a white cap on, and told me in Spanish, "Almiranto"; that means as much as "There is the admiral."

I went up to Admiral Cervera, who had half a cigarette in his fingers, and told him, "Admiral, be so kind and tell one of your officers aboard they should give us a better line if they want us to save all his people, because I found out that the line was very poor." Admiral Cervera turned round, and told one of his officers, in Spanish, to hail the *Maria Teresa* and tell them to give us a better rope. The answer he got from the *Maria Teresa*, from one of the officers, was that they could not give us any better rope, because everything was afire.

Then I asked Admiral Cervera if his magazines—powder-magazines—were under water. Admiral Cervera told me the after magazine was under water, but the forward one he was not sure of. I passed the remarks to Otto Brown: "My God! if we don't get other help we can't save those people! That rope is very poor."

By this time Mr. Edson came back from the *Maria Teresa* with the first load of Spaniards. As he neared the beach—we will say about seventy-five yards—he threw the Spaniards overboard, and I and Brown received them and brought them ashore in safety.

When Mr. Edson went back for another load, I noticed some Cubans coming down. I knew they were Cubans, because they had their rifles, ammunition, and machetes. They were running towards the Spaniards. I could see that the Spaniards were trembling, and that the Cubans were preparing to fire at them.

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I jumped towards the first one I met, and told him, in Spanish, the best way I could, "Hombre no massa." That means, "Don't kill." It seemed to me he understood. Then I asked him in Spanish, "Diena Vds. oficiales Cubanos?" He responded, "Si, señor." He turned around and pointed the captain out to me, and told me, "El capitan." That means, "He is the captain of the company."

I went to him and said, "I am an American petty officer, and my officer in charge is in the boat, and as he cannot speak to you, I make it my business to tell you that these Spaniards are United States prisoners of war, and they cannot be touched by your people"—that means, by the Cubans—"and I will make it my business, when I go back, to tell my division officer, Mr. Ensign Edson." He responded to me, "I will take care of them, and they won't be touched." Then I told him that I thought it would be a good thing to draw a cordon around them, so that they don't run away from us, because I thought if they did they might get shot by the Cubans.

The work of rescuing went on, to my best knowledge, for about two hours. Amongst those rescued from the *Maria Teresa* were many wounded, and wounded very heavy. As I remember, one man was shot all to pieces. Ensign Edson and one of the boat's crew lifted him up carefully out of the cutter, lowered him in the water, and I and Brown had to take him ashore through the surf more dead than alive. As far as I understood afterwards, that man died on the beach.

After we had about three or four loads put safe ashore by the cutter, the gig, in charge of Lieutenant Norman, hove in sight, and I saw Lieutenant Norman talking to Mr. Edson. After that I saw the gig and cutter working frequently to and fro from the beach.

There were some men on the davit falls of the burning ship, and I told Mr. Edson, "Those men hanging on the davits, it would be good to go around there and save them." As we had been rescuing these people the small ammunition and the big ammunition was being exploded right and left, so that the boats' crews in charge of Mr. Edson and Mr. Norman were in danger of being destroyed any moment. After the officers and crew had been rescued from the forecastle, Mr. Edson, with the cutter, went astern of the *Maria Teresa*. There was a couple of men hanging on a boat's fall; he picked up those men, put them in the gig, and left for the *Gloucester*. Mr. Norman, with the *Gloucester's* gig, brought the last load of Spaniards ashore. After I and Brown had taken them through the surf, and Brown had returned to the gig, Mr. Norman, who was in a hurry to return to the *Gloucester*, hollered to me, where I was on shore, and said, "Keller, you better hurry up, else you get left."

I jumped in the surf, and as I swam to the stern-post of the gig, I told him, "Mr. Norman, the admiral is ashore." Mr. Norman told me, "Hell! is he ashore?" I said: "Yes, sir. Don't you want him aboard?" He said, "Yes; go and get him."

I jumped in the surf again, swam ashore, went towards the admiral, and I told him: "Admiral, will you be so kind and come along with me? The officer in charge of the gig would like to have you to come aboard the *Gloucester*." The admiral extended his right hand, patting me on my shoulder, and said, "Yes, boy." He turned around and asked me if he could take his officers along with him. I told him, "Yes, sir." Then he called on his son, and the captain of the *Maria Teresa*, and his whole staff, and we proceeded towards the boat. As we proceeded towards the boat Brown was waiting for us.

The admiral, Brown, and I jumped in the surf. I told the admiral to get his hand around my neck and the other hand around Brown, and he did it, and we swam towards the gig. When we reached the gig, the admiral put his hand on the toll-board of the gig. Mr. Norman extended his hands and got hold of his both hands, while I and Brown lifted him up and put him in the gig. Then we went back and went after the captain. As the captain was wounded and was helpless, I and Brown had to carry him through the surf. When we came to the gig he extended his right hand, as his left hand was wounded. Mr. Norman extended his hands, grabbed his right hand, and I and Brown took him by the legs and lifted him up carefully. By this time he was taken by Boatswain's-Mate Thompson and let down in the gig.

Then we went back again and got the doctor, and some of the junior officers, and Cervera's son, and brought them to

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the gig. Then we left and proceeded towards the *Gloucester*.

As we rounded the bow of the *Maria Teresa* the admiral told us not to go too close, because there is some of the 11-inch guns elevated and loaded, and they might explode any minute. At this time I was sitting on the tiller, and Lieutenant Norman told me to keep her off. I hardly did keep her off, when one of the guns exploded, and the shell dropped right in front of us, about ten yards, into the water.

We proceeded towards the *Gloucester*. During the voyage Admiral Cervera told Mr. Norman, "I surrender to you American people, but I don't recognize the Cubans; I don't surrender to the Cubans. And please, for Heaven's sake, send some of your men to watch my men, as I am afraid that those men will be killed by the Cubans."

As we came alongside the *Gloucester* on the starboard gangway, I saw Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant Huse receiving Admiral Cervera and his staff. There were side-boys, and he was given the full honor of admiral, and the chief boatswain's mate piped him over the side. Then I saw Admiral Cervera hand in hand with Captain Wainwright, and they all went aft to the quarter-deck, where he and his staff went down in the officers' cabin.

I got out of the boat and jumped aboard the ship. As I went forward I saw the prisoners from the *Pluton* and *Furor* underneath the awnings, and I saw the two Colt automatic rapid-fire guns trained on them. I tried to get forward and talk to some of those prisoners, but there were guards stationed, and I was not allowed to do so.

I turned around and I saw lots of coffee — three or four coffee-cans standing around the deck — and some hard bread. I was very tired, and thought that a little coffee would strengthen me up. I went to get a cup of coffee, when I met Dr. Bransford. I told him: "I feel weak. I have been in the water, I and Brown, for a considerable time." He said, "Come down and I will give you something." I called Brown, and we went together down below. The doctor give us a tumbler of whiskey each, and told us to keep quiet, because we had been working too hard.

On the berth-deck, where the sick-bay was, I saw the wounded Spaniards and the heavy wounded laying around on the deck, and Dr. Bransford and the sick-nurse attending to them. As I returned, I met Ensign Edson on the steps going down to the sick-bay to attend to the wounded, for he had been a doctor before he entered the service. I passed the remarks to Brown: "That's very nice, ain't it, Otto? Mr. Edson is going to help Dr. Bransford now." I and Brown stopped at the skylight and looked down on the berth-deck, and saw Mr. Edson attending to the lieutenant of the *Pluton*. Then I felt kind of dizzy. I tried to lie down for a few minutes, but I could not rest. When the cutter was called away the second time, I tried to go in it, but Mr. Norman told me not to go, as I had done good work and was too tired, and he was afraid I might get sick. I turned around and went forward; then I saw Mr. Edson attending to one of the wounded. That same fellow died about five o'clock in the afternoon, and was buried at sea.

After we had everything straightened up aboard the *Gloucester*, and the wounded was pretty well attended to, with the best comfort we had to give them, we transferred our prisoners to the *Iowa*. I saw that some of those prisoners did not want to leave us. Ensign Edson got hold of them and coaxed them to get in the boat, giving them to understand, the best way he could, that nothing would happen to them. They obeyed his orders and went in the boat, while I stood on the gangway and assisted them.

After all these prisoners were transferred from the *Gloucester*, they sent boats from the *Olivette* for the wounded, for we did not have places for them on board, and no comforts. Amongst these wounded were some very heavy wounded, and it was very difficult to get them out of the berth-deck. Mr. Edson come to me and told me to rig some kind of gangway to get them into the boat out of the hold. I understood what Mr. Edson wanted me to do, but we did not have much lumber aboard, only a few boards, and I could not rig the thing Mr. Edson wanted, so I suggested that we use boards, and send them up on the boards. Mr. Edson misunderstood me, and thought the plan would not work. After I explained to him, he came to the conclusion that it would work, and told me, "Go ahead, Keller."

We took each a badly wounded man,

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laid him on a board, with the hammock he was in, lifted the board up from below, and two men on deck hauled the board with the wounded man and hammock and laid him on the deck. Then Mr. Edson told me to do the same way in getting them over the side into the *Olivette's* boats. In this way we hauled out three heavy-wounded men and put them in the boats. The light wounded were assisted partly by me and by Mr. Edson, and in this way we brought them all into the boat.

After the wounded were all gone, and the prisoners all gone, there was one dead man to be buried. Mr. Huse gave orders to Otto Brown to sew the body up in a hammock, put some ballast on his feet, and get him ready. After everything was done, Mr. Huse called me and told me to call all hands to quarters. I called all hands to quarters, and we laid the dead man on a board, covered him with a captured flag from the *Pluton*, and brought him aft. Mr. Huse called the master-at-arms, Mr. P. A. Mehan, to read a couple of chapters out of the Bible, while the whole ship's crew was present, captain and all. After this was done we took the dead man, marched around the ship, put him on a rail, and Mr. Huse told me to pipe him over the side. Piping over the side is the greatest honor a man can get aboard a ship, and these honors are given only to an officer or a dead man. So we buried the man with full honors.

After this was done Mr. Huse told me to "pipe down"—which means to disband. Then we went back to Santiago and resumed our station for the night on the blockade.

# THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART IV.

## XXII.

IN the start from Cuxhaven the passengers had the irresponsible ease of people ticketed through, and the steamship company had still the charge of their baggage. But when the Marches left Hamburg for Leipsic (where they had decided to break the long pull to Carlsbad), all the anxieties of European travel, dimly remembered from former European days, offered themselves for recognition. A portier vanished with their hand-baggage before they could note any trait in him for identification; other portiers made away with their trunks; and the interpreter who helped March buy his tickets, with a vocabulary of strictly railroad English, had to help him find the pieces in the baggage-room, curiously estranged in a mountain of alien boxes. One official weighed them; another obliged him to pay as much in freight as for a third passenger, and gave him an illegible scrap of paper which recorded their number and destination. The interpreter and the portiers took their fees with a professional effect of dissatisfaction, and he went to wait with his wife amidst the smoking and eating and drinking in the restaurant. They burst through with the rest when the doors were opened to the train, and followed a glimpse of the portier with their hand-bags, as he ran down the platform, still bent upon escaping them, and brought him to bay at last in a car where he had got very good seats for them, and sank into their places, hot and humiliated by their needless tumult.

As they cooled, they recovered their self-respect, and renewed a youthful joy in some of the long-estranged facts. The road was rougher than the roads at home; but for much less money they had the comfort, without the unavailing splendor, of a Pullman in their second-class carriage. Mrs. March had expected to be used with the severity on the imperial railroads which she had failed to experience from the military on the Hamburg sidewalks, but nothing could be kindlier than the whole management toward her. Her fellow-travellers were not lavish of their rights, as Americans are; what they got, that they kept; and in the run from Hamburg to Leipsic she had several occasions to observe that no German, however young or robust, dreams of offering a better place, if he has one, to a lady in grace to her sex or age; if they got into a carriage too late to secure a forward-look-

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ing seat, she rode backward to the end of that stage. But if they appealed to their fellow-travellers for information about changes, or stops, or any of the little facts that they wished to make sure of, they were enlightened past possibility of error. At the point where they might have gone wrong the explanations were renewed with a thoughtfulness which showed that their anxieties had not been forgotten. She said she could not see how any people could be both so selfish and so sweet, and her husband seized the advantage of saying something offensive:

"You women are so pampered in America that you are astonished when you are treated in Europe like the mere human beings you are."

She answered with unexpected reasonableness: "Yes, there's something in that; but when the Germans have taught us how despicable we are as women, why do they treat us so well as human beings?"

This was at ten o'clock, after she had ridden backward a long way, and at last, within an hour of Leipsic, had got a seat confronting him. The darkness had now hidden the landscape, but the impression of its few simple elements lingered pleasantly in their sense: long levels, densely wooded with the precise, severely disciplined German forests, and checkered with fields of grain and grass, soaking under the thin rain that from time to time varied the thin sunshine. The villages and peasants' cottages were notably few; but there was here and there a classic or a gothic villa, which, at one point, an English-speaking young lady turned from her Tauchnitz novel to explain as the seat of some country gentleman; the land was in large holdings, and this accounted for the sparsity of villages and cottages.

She then said that she was a German teacher of English, in Hamburg, and was going home to Potsdam for a visit. She seemed like a German girl out of *The Initials*, and in return for this favor Mrs. March tried to invest herself with some romantic interest as an American. She failed to move the girl's fancy, even after she had bestowed on her an immense bunch of roses which the young German friend in Hamburg had sent to them just before they left their hotel. She failed, later, on the same ground with the pleasant-looking English woman who got into their carriage at Magdeburg, and talked over the London *Illustrated News* with an English-speaking Fräulein in her company; she readily accepted the fact of Mrs. March's nationality, but found nothing wonderful in it, apparently; and when she left the train she left Mrs. March to recall with fond regret the old days in Italy when she first came abroad, and could make a whole carriage full of Italians break into ohs and ahs by saying that she was an American, and telling how far she had come across the sea.

"Yes," March assented, "but that was a great while ago, and Americans were much rarer than they are now in Europe. The Italians are so much more sympathetic than the Germans and English, and they saw that you wanted to impress them. Heaven knows how little they cared! And then, you were a very pretty young girl in those days; or at least I thought so."

"Yes," she sighed, "and now I'm a plain old woman."

"Oh, not quite so bad as that."

"Yes, I am! Do you think they would have cared more, if it had been Miss Triscoe?"

"Not so much as if it had been the pivotal girl. They would have found *her* much more their ideal of the American woman; and even she would have had to have been here thirty years ago."

She laughed a little ruefully. "Well, at any rate, I should like to know how Miss Triscoe would have affected them."

"I should much rather know what sort of life that English woman is living here with her German husband; I fancied she had married rank. I could imagine how dull it must be in her little Saxon town, from the way she clung to her *Illustrated News*, and explained the pictures of the royalties to her friend. *There* is romance for you!"

They arrived at Leipsic fresh and cheerful after their five hours' journey, and as in a spell of their travelled youth they drove up through the academic old town, asleep under its dimly clouded sky, and silent except for the trolley-cars that prowled its streets with their feline purr, and broke at times into a long, shrill cater-waul. A sense of the past imparted itself to the well-known encounter with the portier and the head waiter at the hotel door, to the payment of the driver, to the

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endeavor of the secretary to have them take the most expensive rooms in the house, and to his compromise upon the next most, where they found themselves in great comfort, with electric lights and bells, and a quick succession of fee-taking call boys in dress-coats too large for them. The spell was deepened by the fact, which March kept at the bottom of his consciousness for the present, that one of their trunks was missing. This linked him the more closely to the travel of other days, and he spent the next forenoon in a telegraphic search for the estray, with emotions tinged by the melancholy of recollection, but in the security that since it was somewhere in the keeping of the state railway, it would be finally restored to him.

XXIII.

Their windows, as they saw in the morning, looked into a large square of aristocratic physiognomy, and of a Parisian effect in architecture, which afterwards proved characteristic of the town, if not quite so characteristic as to justify the passion of Leipsic for calling itself Little Paris. The prevailing tone was of a gray tending to the pale yellow of the Tauchnitz editions with which the place is more familiarly associated in the minds of English-speaking travellers. It was rather more sombre than it might have been if the weather had been fair; but a quiet rain was falling dreamily that morning, and the square was provided with a fountain which continued to dribble in the rare moments when the rain forgot itself. The place was better shaded than need be in that sunless land by the German elms that look like ours, and it was sufficiently stocked with German statues, that look like no others. It had a monument, too, of the kind with which German art has everywhere disfigured the kindly fatherland since the war with France. These monuments, though they are so very ugly, have a sort of pathos as records of the only war in which Germany unaided has triumphed against a foreign foe, but they are as tiresome as all such memorial pomps must be. It is not for the victories of a people that any other people can care. The wars come and go in blood and tears; but whether they are bad wars, or what are comically called good wars, they are of one effect in death and sorrow, and their fame is an offence to all men not concerned in them, till time has softened it to a memory

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

It was for some such reason that while the Marches turned with instant satiety from the swelling and strutting sculpture which celebrated the Leipsic heroes of the war of 1870, they had heart for those of the war of 1813; and after their noonday dinner they drove willingly, in a pause of the rain, out between yellowing harvests of wheat and oats to the field where Napoleon was beaten by the Russians, Austrians and Prussians (it always took at least three nations to beat the little wretch) fourscore years before. Yet even there Mrs. March was really more concerned for the sparsity of corn-flowers in the grain, which in their modern character of Kaiserblumen she found strangely absent from their loyal function; and March was more taken with the notion of the little gardens which his guide told him the citizens could have in the suburbs of Leipsic and enjoy at any trolley-car distance from their homes. He saw certain of these gardens in groups, divided by low, unenvious fences, and sometimes furnished with summer-houses, where the tenant could take his pleasure in the evening air, with his family. The guide said he had such a garden himself, at a rent of seven dollars a year, where he raised vegetables and flowers, and spent his peaceful leisure; and March fancied that on the simple domestic side of their life, which this fact gave him a glimpse of, the Germans were much more engaging than in their character of victors over either the First or the Third Napoleon. But probably they would not have agreed with him, and probably nations will go on making themselves cruel and tiresome till humanity at last prevails over nationality.

He could have put the case to the guide himself; but though the guide was imaginably liberated to a cosmopolitan conception of things by three years' service as waiter in English hotels, where he learned the language, he might not have risen to this. He would have tried, for he was a willing and kindly soul, though he was not a valet de place by profession. There seemed in fact but one of that useless and amusing race (which is everywhere falling into decay through the rivalry of the perfected Baedekers,) left in Leipsic, and this one

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was engaged, so that the Marches had to devolve upon their ex-waiter, who was now the keeper of a small restaurant. He gladly abandoned his business to the care of his wife, in order to drive handsomely about in his best clothes, with strangers who did not exact too much knowledge from him. In his zeal to do something he possessed himself of March's overcoat when they dismounted at their first gallery, and let fall from its pocket his prophylactic flask of brandy, which broke with a loud crash on the marble floor in the presence of several masterpieces, and perfumed the whole place. The masterpieces were some excellent works of Luke Kranach, who seemed the only German painter worth looking at when there were any Dutch or Italian pictures near, but the travellers forgot the name and nature of the Kranachs, and remembered afterwards only the shattered fragments of the brandy-flask, just how they looked on the floor, and the fumes, how they smelt, that rose from the ruin.

It might have been a warning protest of the veracities against what they were doing; but the madness of sight-seeing, which spoils travel, was on them, and they delivered themselves up to it as they used in their ignorant youth, though now they knew its futility so well. They spared themselves nothing that they had time for, that day, and they felt falsely guilty for their omissions, as if they really had been duties to art and history which must be discharged, like obligations to one's maker and one's neighbor.

They had a touch of genuine joy in the presence of the beautiful old Rathhaus, and they were sensible of something like a genuine emotion in passing the famous and venerable university; the very air of Leipsic is redolent of printing and publication, which appealed to March in his quality of editor; and they could not fail of an impression of the quiet beauty of the town, with its regular streets of houses breaking into suburban villas of an American sort, and intersected with many canals, which in the intervals of the rain were eagerly navigated by pleasure boats, and contributed to the general picturesqueness by their frequent bridges, even during the drizzle. There seemed to be no churches to do, and as it was a Sunday, the galleries were so early closed against them that they were making a virtue as well as a pleasure of the famous scene of Napoleon's first great defeat.

By a concert between their guide and driver their carriage drew up at the little inn by the road-side, which is also a museum stocked with relics from the battle-field, and with objects of interest relating to it. Old muskets, old swords, old shoes and old coats, trumpets, drums, gun-carriages, wheels, helmets, cannon balls, grape-shot, and all the murderous rubbish which battles come to at last, with proclamations, autographs, caricatures and likenesses of Napoleon, and effigies of all the other generals engaged, and miniatures and jewels of their womenkind, filled room after room, through which their owner vaunted his way, with a loud pounding voice and a bad breath. When he wished them to enjoy some gross British satire or clumsy German gibe at Bonaparte's expense, and put his face close to begin the laugh, he was something so terrible that March left the place with a profound if not a reasoned regret that the French had not won the battle of Leipsic. He walked away musing pensively upon the traveller's inadequacy to the ethics of history when a breath could so sway him against his convictions; but even after he had cleansed his lungs with some deep respirations he found himself still a Bonapartist in the presence of that stone on the rising ground where Napoleon sat to watch the struggle on the vast plain, and see his empire slipping through his blood-stained fingers. It was with difficulty that he could keep from revering the hat and coat which are sculptured on the stone, but it was well that he succeeded, for he could not make out then or afterwards whether the habiliments represented were really Napoleon's or not, and they might have turned out to be Barclay de Tolly's.

While he stood trying to solve this question of clothes he was startled by the apparition of a man climbing the little slope from the opposite quarter, and advancing toward them. He wore the imperial crossed by the pointed mustache once so familiar to a world much the worse for them, and March had the shiver of a fine moment in which he fancied the Third Napoleon rising to view the scene where the First had looked his coming ruin in the face.

"Why, it's Miss Triscoe!" cried his

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"THE SHATTERED FRAGMENTS OF THE BRANDY-FLASK."

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wife, and before March had noticed the approach of another figure, the elder and the younger lady rushed upon each other, and encountered with a kiss. At the same time the visage of the last Emperor resolved itself into the face of General Triscoe, who gave March his hand in a more tempered greeting. The ladies began asking each other of their lives since their parting two days before, and the men strolled a few paces away toward the distant prospect of Leipsic, which at that point silhouettes itself in a noble stretch of roofs and spires and towers against the horizon.

General Triscoe seemed no better satisfied with Germany than he had been on first stepping ashore at Cuxhaven. He might still have been in a pout with his own country, but as yet he had not made up with any other; and he said, "What a pity Napoleon didn't thrash the whole dunderheaded lot! His empire would have been a blessing to them, and they would have had some chance of being civilized under the French. All this unification of nationalities is the great humbug of the century. Every stupid race thinks it's happy because it's united, and civilization has been set back a hundred years by the wars that were fought to bring the unions about; and more wars will have to be fought to keep them up. What a farce it is! What's become of the nationality of the Danes in Schleswig-Holstein, or the French in the Rhine Provinces, or the Italians in Savoy?"

March had thought something like this himself, but to have it put by General Triscoe made it offensive. "I don't know. Isn't it rather quarrelling with the course of human events to oppose accomplished facts? The unifications were bound to be, just as the separations before them were. And so far they have made for peace, in Europe at least, and peace is civilization. Perhaps after a great many ages people will come together through their real interests, the human interests; but at present it seems as if nothing but romantic sentiment can unite them. By-and-by they may find that there is nothing in it; but they will have to learn by experience."

"Perhaps," said the general, discontentedly. "I don't see much promise of any kind in the future."

"Well, I don't know. When you think of the solid militarism of Germany, you seem remanded to the most hopeless moment of the Roman Empire; you think nothing can break such a force; but my guide says that even in Leipsic the Socialists outnumber all the other parties, and the army is the great field of the Socialist propaganda. The army itself may be shaped into the means of democracy,—even of peace."

"You're very optimistic," said Triscoe, curtly. "As I read the signs, we are not far from universal war. In less than a year we shall make the break ourselves in a war with Spain." He looked very fierce as he prophesied, and he dotted March over with his staccato glances.

"Well, I'll allow that if Tammany comes in this year, we shall have war with Spain. You can't ask more than that, General Triscoe?"

Mrs. March and Miss Triscoe had not said a word of the battle of Leipsic, or of the impersonal interests which it suggested to the men. For all these, they might still have been sitting in their steamer chairs on the promenade of the *Norumbia* at a period which seemed now of geological remoteness. The girl accounted for not being in Dresden by her father's having decided not to go through Berlin but to come by way of Leipsic, which he thought they had better see; they had come without stopping in Hamburg. They had not enjoyed Leipsic much; it had rained the whole day before, and they had not gone out. She asked when Mrs. March was going on to Carlsbad, and Mrs. March answered, the next morning; her husband wished to begin his cure at once.

Then Miss Triscoe pensively wondered if Carlsbad would do her father any good; and Mrs. March discreetly inquired General Triscoe's symptoms.

"Oh, he hasn't any. But I know he can't be well—with gloomy opinions."

"*They* may come from his liver," said Mrs. March. "Nearly everything of that kind does. I know that Mr. March has been terribly depressed at times, and the doctor said it was *nothing* but his liver; and Carlsbad is the great place for *that*, you know."

"Perhaps I can get papa to run over some day, if he doesn't like Dresden. It isn't very far, is it?"

They referred to Mrs. March's Baedeker together, and found that it was five hours.

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"Yes, that is what I thought," said Miss Triscoe, with a carelessness which convinced Mrs. March she had looked up the fact already.

"If you decide to come, you must let us get rooms for you at our hotel. We're going to Pupp's; most of the English and Americans go to the hotels on the Hill, but Pupp's is in the thick of it in the lower town; and it's very gay, Mr. Kenby says; he's been there often. Mr. Burnamy is to get our rooms."

"I don't suppose I can get papa to go," said Miss Triscoe, so insincerely that Mrs. March was sure she had talked over the different routes to Carlsbad with Burnamy —probably on the way from Cuxhaven. She looked up from digging the point of her umbrella in the ground. "You didn't meet him here this morning?"

Mrs. March governed herself to a calm which she respected in asking, "Has Mr. Burnamy been here?"

"He came on with Mr. and Mrs. Eltwin, when we did, and they all decided to stop over a day. They left on the twelve-o'clock train to-day."

Mrs. March perceived that the girl had decided not to let the facts betray themselves by chance, and she treated them as of no significance.

"No, we didn't see him," she said, carelessly.

The two men came walking slowly towards them, and Miss Triscoe said, "We're going to Dresden this evening, but I hope we shall meet somewhere, Mrs. March."

"Oh, people never lose sight of each other in Europe; they can't; it's so little!"

"Agatha," said the girl's father, "Mr. March tells me that the museum over there is worth seeing."

"Well," the girl assented, and she took a winning leave of the Marches, and moved gracefully away with her father.

"I should have thought it was Agnes," said Mrs. March, following them with her eyes before she turned upon her husband. "Did he tell you Burnamy had been here? Well, he has! He has just gone on to Carlsbad. He made those poor old Eltwins stop over with him, so he could be with *her*."

"Did she say that?"

"No, but of course he did."

"Then it's all settled?"

"No, it isn't settled. It's at the most interesting point."

"Well, don't read ahead. You always want to look at the last page."

"You were trying to look at the last page yourself," she retorted, and she would have liked to punish him for his complex dishonesty toward the affair; but upon the whole she kept her temper with him, and she made him agree that Miss Triscoe's getting her father to Carlsbad was only a question of time.

They parted heart's-friends with their ineffectual guide, who was affectionately grateful for the few marks they gave him, at the hotel door; and they were in just the mood to hear men singing in a farther room when they went down to supper. The waiter, much distracted from their own service by his duties to it, told them it was the breakfast party of students which they had heard beginning there about noon. The revellers had now been some six hours at table, and he said they might not rise before midnight; they had just got to the toasts, which were apparently set to music.

The students of right remained a vivid color in the impression of the university town. They pervaded the place, and decorated it with their fantastic personal taste in coats and trousers, as well as their corps caps of green, white, red, and blue, but above all blue. They were not easily distinguishable from the bicyclers who were holding one of the dull festivals of their kind in Leipsic that day, and perhaps they were sometimes both students and bicyclers. As bicyclers they kept about in the rain, which they seemed not to mind; so far from being disheartened, they had spirits enough to take one another by the waist at times and waltz in the square before the hotel. At one moment of the holiday some chiefs among them drove away in carriages; at supper a winner of prizes sat covered with badges and medals; another who went by the hotel streamed with ribbons; and an elderly man at his side was bespattered with small knots and ends of them, as if he had been in an explosion of ribbons somewhere. It seemed all to be as exciting for them, and it was as tedious for the witnesses, as any gala of students and bicyclers at home.

Mrs. March remained with an unrequited curiosity concerning their different colors and different caps, and she tried to make her husband find out what they severally meant; he pretended a superior in-

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terest in the nature of a people who had such a passion for uniforms that they were not content with its gratification in their immense army, but indulged it in every pleasure and employment of civil life. He estimated, perhaps not very accurately, that only one man out of ten in Germany wore citizens' dress; and of all functionaries he found that the dogs of the woman-and-dog teams alone had no distinctive dress; even the women had their peasant costume.

There was an industrial fair open at Leipsic which they went out of the city to see after supper, along with a throng of Leipsickers, whom an hour's interval of fine weather tempted forth on the trolley; and with the help of a little corporal, who took a fee for his service with the eagerness of a civilian, they got wheeled chairs, and renewed their associations with the great Chicago Fair in seeing the exposition from them. This was not, March said, quite the same as being drawn by a woman-and-dog team, which would have been the right means of doing a German fair; but it was something to have his chair pushed by a slender young girl, whose stalwart brother applied his strength to the chair of the lighter traveller; and it was fit that the girl should reckon the common hire, while the man took the common tip. They made haste to leave the useful aspects of the fair, and had themselves trundled away to the Colonial Exhibit, where they vaguely expected something like the agreeable corruptions of the Midway Plaisance. The idea of her colonial progress with which Germany is trying to affect the home-keeping imagination of her people was illustrated by an encampment of savages from her Central-African possessions. They were getting their supper at the moment the Marches saw them, and were crouching half naked around the fires under the kettles, and shivering from the cold, but they were not very characteristic of the imperial expansion, unless perhaps when an old man in a red blanket suddenly sprang up with a knife in his hand, and began to chase a boy round the camp. The boy was lighter-footed, and easily outran the sage, who tripped at times on his blanket. None of the other Central-Africans seemed to care for the race, and without waiting for the event, the American spectators ordered themselves trundled away to another idle feature of the fair, where they hoped to amuse themselves with the image of Old Leipsic.

This was so faithfully studied from the past in its narrow streets and Gothic houses that it was almost as picturesque as the present epoch in the old streets of Hamburg. A drama had just begun to be represented on a platform of the public square in front of a fourteenth-century beer-house, with people talking from the windows round, and revellers in the costume of the period drinking beer and eating sausages at tables in the open air. Their eating and drinking were genuine, and in the midst of it a real rain began to pour down upon them, without affecting them any more than if they had been Germans of the nineteenth century. But it drove the Americans to a shelter from which they could not see the play, and when it held up, they made their way back to their hotel.

Their car was full of returning pleasurers, some of whom were happy beyond the sober wont of the fatherland. The conductor took a special interest in his tipsy passengers, trying to keep them in order, and genially entreating them to be quiet when they were too obstreperous. From time to time he got some of them off, and then, when he remounted the car, he appealed to the remaining passengers for their sympathy with an innocent smile, which the Americans, still strange to the unjoyous physiognomy of the German Empire, failed to value at its rare worth.

Before he slept that night March tried to assemble from the experiences and impressions of the day some facts which he would not be ashamed of as a serious observer of life in Leipsic, and he remembered that their guide had said house-rent was very low. He generalized from the guide's content with his fee that the Germans were not very rapacious; and he became quite irrelevantly aware that in Germany no man's clothes fitted him, or seemed expected to fit him; that the women dressed somewhat better, and were rather pretty sometimes, and that they had feet as large as the kind hearts of the Germans of every age and sex. He was able to note, rather more freshly, that with all their kindness the Germans were a very nervous people, if not irritable, and at the least cause gave way to an agitation, which indeed quickly passed,

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but was violent while it lasted. Several times that day he had seen encounters between the portier and guests at the hotel which promised violence, but which ended peacefully as soon as some simple question of train-time was solved. The encounters always left the portier purple and perspiring, as any agitation must with a man so tight in his livery. He bemoaned himself after one of them as the victim of an unhappy calling, in which he could take no exercise. "It is a life of excitements, but not of movements," he explained to March; and when he learned where he was going, he regretted that he could not go to Carlsbad too. "For sugar?" he asked, as if there were overmuch of it in his own make.

March felt the tribute, but he had to say, "No; liver."

"Ah!" said the portier, with the air of failing to get on common ground with him.

XXV.

The next morning was so fine that it would have been a fine morning in America. Its beauty was scarcely sullied even subjectively by the telegram which the portier sent after the Marches from the hotel saying that their missing trunk had not yet been found, and their spirits were as light as the gay little clouds which blew about in the sky, when their train drew out in the sunshine brilliant on the charming landscape all the way to Carlsbad. A fatherly *Traeger* had done his best to get them the worst places in a non-smoking compartment, but had succeeded so poorly that they were very comfortable, with no companions but a mother and daughter, who spoke German in soft low tones together. Their compartment was pervaded by tobacco fumes from the smokers, but as these were twice as many as the non-smokers, it was only fair, and after March had got a window open, it did not matter, really.

He asked leave of the strangers in his German, and they consented in theirs; but he could not master the secret of the window-catch, and the elder lady said in English, "Let me show you," and came to his help. The occasion for explaining that they were Americans and accustomed to different car windows was so tempting that Mrs. March could not forbear, and the other ladies were affected as deeply as she could wish. Perhaps they were the more affected because it presently appeared that they had cousins in New York whom she knew of, and that they were acquainted with an American family that had passed a winter in Berlin. Life likes to do these things handsomely, and it easily turned out that this was a family of intimate friendship with the Marches; the names familiarly spoken abolished all strangeness between the travellers; and they entered into a comparison of tastes, opinions, and experiences, from which it seemed that the objects and interests of cultivated people in Berlin were quite the same as those of cultivated people in New York. Each of the parties to the discovery disclaimed any superiority for their respective civilizations; they wished rather to ascribe a greater charm and virtue to the alien conditions; and they acquired such merit with one another that when the German ladies got out of the train at Franzensbad, the mother offered Mrs. March an ingenious folding footstool which she had admired. In fact she left her with it clasped to her breast, and bowing speechless toward the giver in a vain wish to express her gratitude.

"That was very pretty of her, my dear," said March. "*You* couldn't have done that."

"No," she confessed; "I shouldn't have had the courage. The courage of my emotions," she added, thoughtfully.

"Ah, that's the difference! A Berliner could do it, and a Bostonian couldn't. Do you think it's so much better to have the courage of your convictions?"

"I don't know. It seems to me that I'm less and less certain of everything that I used to be sure of."

He laughed, and then he said, "I was thinking how, on our wedding journey, long ago, that Gray Sister at the Hôtel Dieu in Quebec offered you a rose."

"Well?"

"That was to your pretty youth. Now the gracious stranger gives you a folding stool."

"To rest my poor old feet. Well, I would rather have it than a rose, now."

"You bent toward her at just the slant you had when you took the flower that time; I noticed it. I didn't see that you looked so very different. To be sure the roses in your cheeks have turned into rosettes; but rosettes are very nice, and they're much more permanent; I prefer them; they will keep in any climate."

She suffered his mockery with an ap-

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preciative sigh. "Yes, our age caricatures our youth, doesn't it?"

"I don't think it gets much fun out of it," he assented.

"No; but it can't help it. I used to rebel against it when it first began. I did enjoy being young."

"You did, my dear," he said, taking her hand tenderly; she withdrew it, because though she could bear his sympathy, her New England nature could not bear its expression. "And so did I; and we were both young a long time. Travelling brings the past back, don't you think? There at that restaurant, where we stopped for dinner—"

"Yes, it was charming! Just as it used to be! With that white cloth, and those tall shining bottles of wine, and the fruit in the centre, and the dinner in courses, and that young waiter who spoke English, and was so nice! I'm never going home; *you* may, if you like."

"You bragged to those ladies about our dining-cars; and you said that our railroad restaurants were quite as good as the European."

"I had to do that. But I knew better; they don't begin to be."

"Perhaps not; but I've been thinking that travel is a good deal alike everywhere. It's the expression of the common civilization of the world. When I came out of that restaurant and ran the train down, and then found that it didn't start for fifteen minutes, I wasn't sure whether I was at home or abroad. And when we changed cars at Eger, and got into this train which had been baking in the sun for us outside the station, I didn't know but I was back in the good old Fitchburg depot. To be sure, Wallenstein wasn't assassinated at Boston, but I forgot his murder at Eger, and so that came to the same thing. It's these confounded fifty-odd years. I used to recollect everything."

He had got up and was looking out of the window at the landscape, which had not grown less amiable in growing rather more slovenly since they had crossed the Saxon border into Bohemia. All the morning and early afternoon they had run through lovely levels of harvest, where men were cradling the wheat and women were binding it into sheaves in the narrow fields between black spaces of forest. After they left Eger, there was something more picturesque and less thrifty in the farming among the low hills which they gradually mounted to uplands where they tasted a mountain quality in the thin pure air. The railroad stations were shabbier; there was an indefinable touch of something Southern in the scenery and the people. Lilies were rocking on the sluggish reaches of the streams, and where the current quickened, tall wheels were lifting water for the fields in circles of brimming and spilling pockets. Along the embankments where a new track was being laid, barefooted women were at work with pick and spade and barrow, and little yellow-haired girls were lugging large white-headed babies, and watching the train go by. At an up grade where it slowed in the ascent he began to throw out to the children the pfennings which had been left over from the passage in Germany, and he pleased himself with his bounty, till the question whether the children could spend the money forced itself upon him. He sat down feeling less like a good genius than a cruel magician who had tricked them with false wealth; but he kept his remorse to himself, and tried to interest his wife in the difference of social and civic ideal expressed in the change of the inhibitory placards at the car windows, which in Germany had strongliest forbidden him to outlean himself, and now in Austria entreated him not to outbow himself. She refused to take part in the speculation, or to debate the yet nicer problem involved by the placarded prayer in the wash-room to the Messrs. Travellers not to take away the soap; and suddenly he felt himself as tired as she looked, with that sense of the futility of travel which lies in wait for every one who profits by travel.

## XXVI.

They found Burnamy expecting them at the station in Carlsbad, and she scolded him like a mother for taking the trouble to meet them, while she kept back for the present any sign of knowing that he had staid over a day with the Triscoes in Leipsic. He was as affectionately glad to see her and her husband as she could have wished, but she would have liked it better if he had owned up at once about Leipsic. He did not, and it seemed to her that he was holding her at arm's-length in his answers about his employer. He would not say how he

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liked his work, or how he liked Mr. Stoller; he merely said that they were at Pupp's together, and that he had got in a good day's work already; and since he would say no more, she contented herself with that.

The long drive from the station to the hotel was by streets that wound down the hill-side like those of an Italian mountain town, between gay stuccoed houses, of Southern rather than of Northern architecture; and the impression of a Latin country was heightened at a turn of the road which brought into view a colossal crucifix planted against a curtain of dark green foliage on the brow of one of the wooded heights that surround Carlsbad. When they reached the level of the Tepl, the hill-fed torrent that brawls through the little city under pretty bridges within walls of solid masonry, they found themselves in almost the only vehicle on a brilliant promenade thronged with a cosmopolitan world. Germans in every manner of misfit; Polish Jews in long black gabardines, with tight corkscrew curls on their temples under their black velvet Derbys; Austrian officers in tight corsets; Greek priests in flowing robes and brimless high hats; Russians in caftans and Cossacks in Astrakhan caps, accented the more homogeneous masses of western Europeans, in which it would have been hard to say which were English, French, or Italians. Among the vividly dressed ladies, some were imaginably Parisian from their *chic* costumes, but they might easily have been Hungarians or Levantines of taste; some Americans who might have passed unknown in the perfection of their dress gave their nationality away in the flat wooden tones of their voices, which made themselves heard above the low hum of talk and the whisper of the innumerable feet.

The omnibus worked its way at a slow walk among the promenaders going and coming between the rows of pollard locusts on one side and the bright walls of the houses on the other. Under the trees were tables, served by pretty bareheaded girls who ran to and from the restaurants across the way. On both sides flashed and glittered the little shops full of silver, glass, jewelry, terra-cotta figurines, wood-carvings, and all the idle frippery of watering-place traffic. They suggested Paris, and they suggested Saratoga, and then they were of Carlsbad and of no place else in the world, as the crowd which might have been that of other cities at certain moments could only have been of Carlsbad in its habitual effect.

"Do you like it?" asked Burnamy as if he owned the place, and Mrs. March saw how simple-hearted he was in his reticence, after all. She was ready to bless him when they reached the hotel and found that his interest had got them the only rooms left in the house. This satisfied in her the passion for size which is at the bottom of every American heart, and which perhaps above all else marks us the youngest of the peoples. We pride ourselves on the bigness of our own things, but we are not ungenerous, and when we go to Europe and find things bigger than ours, we are magnanimously happy in them. Pupp's, in its altogether different way, was larger than any hotel at Saratoga or at Niagara; and when Burnamy told her that it sometimes fed fifteen thousand people a day in the height of the season, she was personally proud of it.

She waited with him in the rotunda of the hotel while the secretary led March off to look at the rooms reserved for them, and Burnamy hospitably turned the revolving octagonal case in the centre of the rotunda where the names of the guests were put up. They were of all nations, but there were so many New-Yorkers whose names ended in *berg*, and *thal*, and *stern*, and *baum* that she seemed to be gazing upon a cyclorama of the signs on Broadway. A large man of unmistakable American make, but with so little that was of New England or New York in his presence that she might not at once have thought him American, lounged toward them with a quill toothpick in the corner of his mouth. He had a jealous blue eye, into which he seemed trying to put a friendly light; his straight mouth stretched in a voluntary smile above his tawny chin-beard, and he wore his soft hat so far back from his high forehead (it showed to the crown when he took his hat off) that he had the effect of being uncovered.

At his approach Burnamy turned, and with a flush said: "Oh! Let me introduce Mr. Stoller, Mrs. March."

Stoller took his toothpick out of his mouth and bowed; then he seemed to remember, and took off his hat. "You

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"YOU CAN'T GO AND DRINK THESE WATERS HIT OR MISS."

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see Jews enough here to make you feel at home?" he asked; and he added: "Well, we got some of 'em in Chicago, too, I guess. This young man"—he twisted his head toward Burnamy—"found you easy enough?"

"It was very good of him to meet us," Mrs. March began. "We didn't expect—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Stoller, putting his toothpick back, and his hat on. "We'd got through for the day; my doctor won't let me work all I want to, here. Your husband's going to take the cure, they tell me. Well, he wants to go to a good doctor, first. You can't go and drink these waters hit or miss. I found *that* out before I came."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. March, and she wished to explain how they had been advised; but he said to Burnamy:

"I sha'n't want you again till ten tomorrow morning. Don't let me interrupt you," he added patronizingly to Mrs. March. He put his hand up toward his hat, and sauntered away out of the door.

Burnamy did not speak; and she only asked at last, to relieve the silence, "Is Mr. Stoller an American?"

"Why, I suppose so," he answered, with an uneasy laugh. "His people were German emigrants who settled in southern Indiana. That makes him as much American as any of us, doesn't it?"

Burnamy spoke with his mind on his French-Canadian grandfather, who had come down through Detroit, when their name was Bonami; but Mrs. March answered from her eight generations of New England ancestry. "Oh, for the West, yes, perhaps," and they neither of them said anything more about Stoller.

In their room, where she found March waiting for her amidst their arriving baggage, she was so full of her pent-up opinions of Burnamy's patron that she would scarcely speak of the view from their windows of the wooded hills up and down the Tepl. "Yes, yes; very nice, and I know I shall enjoy it ever so much. But I don't know what you *will* think of that poor young Burnamy!"

"Why, what's happened to him?"

"Happened? *Stoller's* happened."

"Oh, have you seen him, already? Well?"

"Well, if you had been going to pick out that type of man, you'd have rejected *him*, because you'd have said he was too pat. He's like an actor made up for a Western millionaire. Do you remember that American in *L'Étrangère* which Bernhardt did in Boston when she first came? He looks exactly like that, and he has the *worst* manners. He stood talking to me with his hat on and a toothpick in his mouth; and he made me feel as if he had bought *me*, along with Burnamy, and had paid too much. If you don't give him a setting down, Basil, I shall never speak to you; that's all. I'm sure Burnamy is in some trouble with him; he's got some sort of hold upon him; what it *could* be in such a short time, *I* can't imagine; but if ever a man seemed to be in a man's power, *he* does, in *his*!"

"Now," said March, "your pronouns have got so far beyond me that I think we'd better let it all go till after supper; perhaps I shall see Stoller myself by that time."

She had been deeply stirred by her encounter with Stoller, but she entered with impartial intensity into the fact that the elevator at Pupp's had the characteristic of always coming up and never going down with passengers. It was locked into its closet with a solid door, and there was no bell to summon it, or any place to take it except on the ground-floor; but the stairs by which she could descend were abundant and stately; and on one landing there was the lithograph of one of the largest and ugliest hotels in New York; how ugly it was, she said she should never have known if she had not seen it there.

The dining-room was divided into the grand saloon, where they supped amid rococo sculptures and frescoes, and the glazed veranda opening by vast windows on a spread of tables without, which were already filling up for the evening concert. Around them at the different tables there were groups of faces and figures fascinating in their strangeness, with that distinction which abashes our American level in the presence of European inequality.

"How simple and unimpressive we are, Basil," she said, "beside all these people! I used to feel it in Europe when I was young, and now I'm certain that we must seem like two faded-in old village photographs. We don't even look intellectual! I hope we look *good*."



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"I know *I* do," said March. The waiter went for their supper, and they joined in guessing the different nationalities in the room. A French party was easy enough; a Spanish mother and daughter were not difficult, though whether they were not South-American remained uncertain; two elderly maiden ladies were unmistakably of central Massachusetts, and were obviously of a book-club culture that had left no leaf unturned; some Triestines gave themselves away by their Venetian accent; but a large group at a farther table were unassignable in the strange language which they clattered loudly together, with bursts of laughter. They were a family party of old and young, they were having a good time, with a freedom which she called baronial; the ladies wore white satin, or black lace, but the men were in sack-coats; she chose to attribute them, for no reason but their outlandishness, to Transylvania. March pretended to prefer a table full of Germans, who were unmistakably bourgeois, and yet of intellectual effect. He chose as his favorite a middle-aged man of learned aspect, and they both decided to think of him as the Herr Professor, but they did not imagine how perfectly the title fitted him till he drew a long comb from his waistcoat pocket and combed his hair and beard with it above the table.

The wine wrought with the Transylvanians, and they all jargoned together at once, and laughed at the jokes passing among them. One old gentleman had a peculiar fascination from the infantine innocence of his gums when he threw his head back to laugh, and showed an upper jaw toothless except for two incisors, standing guard over the chasm between. Suddenly he choked, coughed to relieve himself, hawked, held his napkin up before him, and—

"*Noblesse oblige*," said March, with the tone of irony which he reserved for his wife's preoccupations with aristocracies of all sorts. "I think I prefer my Hair Professor, bourgeois as he is."

The ladies attributively of central Massachusetts had risen from their table, and were making for the door without having paid for their supper. The head waiter ran after them; with a real delicacy for their mistake he explained that though in most places the meals were charged in the bill, it was the custom in Carlsbad to pay for them at the table; one could see that he was making their error a pleasant adventure to them which they could laugh over together, and write home about without a pang.

"And I," said Mrs. March, shamelessly abandoning the party of the aristocracy, "prefer the manners of the lower classes."

"Oh, yes," he admitted. "The only manners we have at home are black ones. But you mustn't lose courage. Perhaps the nobility are not always so baronial."

"I don't know whether we have manners at home," she said, "and I don't believe I care. At least we have decencies."

"Don't be a jingo," said her husband.

## XXVII.

Though Stoller had formally discharged Burnamy from duty for the day, he was not so full of resources in himself and he had not so general an acquaintance in the hotel but he was glad to have the young fellow make up to him in the reading-room, that night. He laid down a New York paper ten days old in despair of having left any American news in it, and pushed several continental Anglo-American papers aside with his elbow as he gave a contemptuous glance at the foreign journals, in Bohemian, Hungarian, German, French, and Italian, which littered the large table.

"I wonder," he said, "how long it 'il take 'em, over here, to catch on to our way of having pictures?"

Burnamy had come to his newspaper work since illustrated journalism was established, and he had never had any shock from it at home, but so sensitive is youth to environment that after four days in Europe the New York paper Stoller had laid down was already hideous to him. From the politic side of his nature, however, he temporized with Stoller's preference. "I suppose it will be some time yet."

"I wish," said Stoller, with a savage disregard of expressed sequences and relevancies, "I could ha' got some pictures to send home with that letter this afternoon: something to show how they do things here, and be a kind of object lesson." This term had come up in a recent campaign when some employers, by shutting down their works, were showing

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their employees what would happen if the employees voted their political opinions into effect, and Stoller had then mastered its meaning and was fond of using it. "I'd like 'em to see the woods around here, that the city owns, and the springs, and the donkey-carts, and the theatre, and everything, and give 'em some practical ideas."

Burnamy made an uneasy movement.

"I'd 'a' liked to put 'em alongside of some of our improvements, and show how a town can be carried on when it's managed on business principles. Why didn't you think of it?"

"Really, I don't know," said Burnamy, with a touch of resentment.

They had not met the evening before on the best of terms. Stoller had expected Burnamy twenty-four hours earlier, and had shown his displeasure with him for loitering a day at Leipsic which he might have spent at Carlsbad; and Burnamy had been unsatisfactory in accounting for the delay. But he had taken hold so promptly and so intelligently that by working far into the night, and through the whole forenoon, he had got Stoller's crude mass of notes into shape, and had sent off in time for the first steamer the letter which was to appear over the proprietor's name in his paper. It was a sort of rough but very full study of the Carlsbad city government, the methods of taxation, the municipal ownership of the springs and the lands, and the public control in everything. It condemned the aristocratic constitution of the municipality, but it charged heavily in favor of the purity, beneficence, and wisdom of the administration, under which there was no poverty and no idleness, and which was managed like any large business.

Stoller had sulkily recurred to his displeasure, once or twice, and Burnamy suffered it submissively until now. But now, at the change in Burnamy's tone, he changed his manner a little.

"Seen your friends since supper?" he asked.

"Only a moment. They are rather tired, and they've gone to bed."

"That the fellow that edits that book you write for?"

"Yes; he owns it, too."

The notion of any sort of ownership moved Stoller's respect, and he asked more deferentially, "Makin' a good thing out of it?"

"A living, I suppose. Some of the high-class weeklies feel the competition of the ten-cent monthlies. But *Every Other Week* is about the best thing we've got in the literary way, and I guess it's holding its own."

"Have to, to let the editor come to Carlsbad," Stoller said, with a return to the sourness of his earlier mood. "I don't know as I care much for his looks; I seen him when he came in with you. No snap to him." He clicked shut the penknife he had been paring his nails with, and started up with the abruptness which marked all his motions, mental and physical; as he walked heavily out of the room he said, without looking round at Burnamy, "You want to be ready by half past ten at the latest."

Stoller's father and mother were poor emigrants who made their way to the West with the instinct for a sordid prosperity native to their race and class; and they set up a small butcher shop in the little Indiana town where their son was born, and throve in it from the start. He could remember his mother helping his father make the sausage and head-cheese and pickle the pigs' feet which they took turns in selling at as great a price as they could extort from the townspeople. She was a good and tender mother, and when her little Yawcup, as the boys called Jacob in mimicry after her, had grown to the school-going age, she taught him to fight the Americans, who stoned him when he came out of his gate, and mobbed his home-coming; and mocked and tormented him at playtime till they wore themselves into a kindlier mind toward him through the exhaustion of their invention. No one, so far as the gloomy, stocky, rather dense little boy could make out, ever interfered in his behalf; and he grew up in bitter shame for his German origin, which entailed upon him the hard fate of being Dutch among the Americans. He hated his native speech so much that he cried when he was forced to use it with his father and mother at home; he furiously denied it with the boys who proposed to parley with him in it on such terms as "Nix come arouce in de Dytchman's house." He disused it so thoroughly that after his father took him out of school, when he was old enough to help in the shop, he could not get back to it. He regarded his father's business as part of his

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national disgrace, and at the cost of leaving his home he broke away from it, and informally apprenticed himself to the village blacksmith and wagon-maker. When it came to his setting up for himself in the business he had chosen, he had no help from his father, who had gone on adding dollar to dollar till he was one of the richest men in the place.

Jacob prospered too; his old playmates, who had used him so cruelly, had many of them come to like him; but as a Dutchman they never dreamt of asking him to their houses when they were young people, any more than when they were children. He was long deeply in love with an American girl whom he had never spoken to, and the dream of his life was to marry an American. He ended by marrying the daughter of Pferd the brewer, who had been at an American school in Indianapolis, and had come home as fragilely and nasally American as anybody. She made him a good, sickly, fretful wife; and bore him five children, of whom two survived, with no visible taint of their German origin.

In the mean time Jacob's father had died and left his money to his son, with the understanding that he was to provide for his mother, who would gladly have given every cent to him and been no burden to him, if she could. He took her home, and cared tenderly for her as long as she lived; and she meekly did her best to abolish herself in a household trying so hard to be American. She could not help her native accent, but she kept silence when her son's wife had company; and when her eldest granddaughter began very early to have American callers, she went out of the room; they would not have noticed her if she had staid.

Before this Jacob had come forward publicly in proportion to his financial importance in the community. He first commended himself to the Better Element by crushing out a strike in his Buggy Works, which were now the largest business interest of the place; and he rose on a wave of municipal reform to such a height of favor with the respectable classes that he was elected on a citizens' ticket to the Legislature. In the reaction which followed he was barely defeated for Congress; and was talked of as a dark horse who might be put up for the governorship some day; but those who knew him best predicted that he would not get far in politics, where his bull-headed business ways would bring him to ruin sooner or later; they said, "You can't swing a bolt like you can a strike."

When his mother died, he surprised his old neighbors by going to live in Chicago, though he kept his works in the place where he and they had grown up together. His wife died shortly after, and within four years he lost his three eldest children; his son, it was said, had begun to go wrong first. But the rumor of his increasing wealth drifted back from Chicago; he was heard of in different enterprises and speculations; at last it was said that he had bought a newspaper, and then his boyhood friends decided that Jake was going into politics again.

In the wider horizons and opener atmosphere of the great city he came to understand better that to be an American in all respects was not the best. His mounting sense of importance began to be retroactive in the direction of his ancestral home; he wrote back to the little town near Würzburg which his people had come from, and found that he had relatives still living there, some of whom had become people of substance; and about the time his health gave way from life-long gluttony, and he was ordered to Carlsbad, he had pretty much made up his mind to take his younger daughters and put them in school for a year or two in Würzburg, for a little discipline if not education. He had now left them there, to learn the language, which he had forgotten with such heart-burning and shame, and music, for which they had some taste.

The twins loudly lamented their fate, and they parted from their father with open threats of running away; and in his heart he did not altogether blame them. He came away from Würzburg raging at the disrespect for his money and his standing in business which had brought him a more galling humiliation there than anything he had suffered in his boyhood at Des Vaches. It intensified him in his dear-bought Americanism to the point of wishing to commit lese-majesty in the teeth of some local dignitaries who had snubbed him, and who seemed to enjoy putting our eagle to shame in his person; there was something like the bird of his step-country in Stoller's pale eyes and huge beak.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

I HAVE often heard with pain and indignation the flippant, ungenerous sneer at the man who fights for pay. It is undoubtedly true that the ranks of the army and marine corps—and to a lesser degree the crews of the navy, for in this service the admirable apprentice system, which it is a pity is not more widely extended, furnishes constantly an excellent element in the make-up of the ships' companies—are mainly recruited from the vast numbers of the unemployed, who join the colors under stress of poverty; but environment, example, the traditions of the services, soon exert their influence, and a very large proportion of the enlisted men remain, for at least a portion of their lives, soldiers or sailors from choice, just as others in civil life are mechanics, farmers, tradespeople, doctors, lawyers, or even writers and artists. Forming, as they do, in the community a class by themselves apart, yet are they sprung from the people, from all parts of a great nation, with all its virtues, all its faults, but with the attributes of courage, patriotism, and robust physical vigor, qualities which the American people possess to a high degree, fostered and developed by careful and intelligent training of officers and men in both land and sea services. All sorts and conditions fill the ranks—from the college graduate to the farmer's boy, from the deep-chested, long-legged Yankee fisher to the wharf-rat of a sea-side city; most of them are hard-fisted, hard-headed, rough-hewn men. Some fall by the wayside, a few are unworthy of this or any other honorable calling, but by far the great mass are bright-eyed, vigorous, clean, manly fellows, respecting themselves and others—"first-class fighting-men." One of those admirable women, a lady prominent in the good deeds of the Red Cross, who gave her services day after day at one of the supply-bureaus of the society, said to me, recently: "We can always pick out a 'regular' among the soldiers we see here. Not many come to us, but those that do are invariably clean and neat in appearance, respectful and deferential in their demeanor towards the ladies here, with a modest courtesy of brave men that goes straight to our hearts." I can bear that statement ready witness. I have seen them under many circumstances—in war and in peace, in the field and in garrison, on shipboard and in port, on and off duty—and I have yet to meet the regular soldier or sailor who has treated me otherwise than with decency and civility. I happened to be in Tampa last spring when the troops were paid. Some twelve to fifteen thousand regulars, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had received their money, and the streets were crowded with the men. I had occasion to go to the post-office, but I gave up the attempt to reach the "stamp-window," so packed was the room with soldiers buying money-orders to send to their homes. Although the drinking-places—I dislike the term saloon—were wide open all through the principal streets, and no visible restraint was placed on any one, soldier or civilian, who desired to visit them, I saw no instance of disorderly conduct, and during the whole time that these troops were encamped at Tampa and the vicinity peace and good order prevailed among them generally, except in isolated instances, when, as I regretted to learn afterwards, some of the negro troops, under great provocation of their pride as soldiers at the hands of civilians, were guilty of acts of disorder and violence, speedily checked, however, by the authorities. I wonder how many of our people know that hundreds of the fine fellows on Admiral Sampson's ships had not set foot ashore on liberty for more than six months—many of them for even a longer period—until they met with the enthusiastic welcome that all, high and low, vied with one another in extending to them on the return of the fleet to New York? All through the weary waiting at Tortugas and Key West, before the breaking out of the war; all through the long monotonous days and anxious nights of the blockade; all through the tropical summer, through wind and storm, bombardment and chase, and the last glorious fight with Cervera; through the hard and ceaseless work in the torrid waters of Guantanamo Bay—no leisure had been

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theirs. Would not any one with a drop of warm blood in his veins make indulgent excuses if, free for the time from the rigid discipline of the ship, in the exuberance of brawny health and high animal spirits, many among them yielded to the temptations of the lavish hospitality pressed upon them by an admiring and patriotic people? Yet out of about two thousand men ashore on that occasion, but six per cent. of the number overstaid liberty, and practically all of them reported for duty eventually. Taking the instance on that occasion of one of these ships, the *New York*, as an illustration, of two hundred and twenty-five liberty men all but three returned on board on time. I think that under the circumstances the incident speaks volumes for the character of the men and the discipline of the service.

Many good people in civil life seem to think that the relations of officers and men in the regular establishments closely approach those of oppressor and oppressed, and that the enlisted man is looked down upon as an inferior being bound to the will of his masters. Nothing could be more erroneous or absurd than such an impression—at any rate, in regard to conditions as they exist in the services in this country. That human nature is weak is a trite saying, and no doubt there may be occasional cases of injustice on the one part, or rebellious insubordination on the other; but such instances are exceedingly rare, and while the interests of discipline absolutely forbid intimate personal or social intercourse between the bearers of commissions and the men in the ranks, superior and subordinate, each in his sphere of duty, are placed in a position of dependence one on the other, and almost invariably the rigor of discipline is tempered by sentiments of mutual respect and esteem, and, in some cases to my knowledge, of friendship and affection. I know of no man more inflexible in the discharge of his duty towards his subordinates than, for instance, Captain Robley D. Evans, of the navy, yet no commanding officer in the entire service is regarded with more affectionate respect or more loyal admiration by the crew of the ship he may command. Frank and fearless, Captain Evans rarely hesitates to give expression of his opinion in picturesque and forcible language, particularly of men and things he does not like, a trait that has sometimes brought forth unfriendly criticism, either from sources where his caustic and witty remarks—frequently quoted in garbled and distorted form, particularly as to the circumstances under which they were made—have struck home, or at the hands of those who rarely fail to comment unfavorably wherever the army and navy are concerned, however disingenuous the use of their opportunities may be. His is always a "happy ship," with officers and men alike. A sailor to the finger-ends, none knows better than he the peculiar character of the blue-jacket — his faults, as well as his good qualities, his ways of thought, his habits, and his prejudices. He fosters a feeling of pride in their calling in a hundred ways, and shares in their loyalty to the ship, always ready to stand up for what he considers due to them, and ambitious that his ship and crew shall, in smartness and efficiency, prove second to none in the fleet. Although quick in anger when cause is given, swift and sure in punishment of offenders against his discipline, he treats his men with infinite tact and judgment, "getting under their skins," as they would express it, in a way they reward with almost childlike faith and devotion. Among the crew of the *New York* some years ago was a bo'sn's mate, a characteristic type of the American man-o'-war's man. He was a New-Englander, long, lank, and thin, with very bright, keen eyes set 'way back in the sockets. "Almost a Bluenose, sir, from Eastport, Maine," as he said to me one day when, chatting with him, I asked him where he hailed from. He was a great friend of Evans's, who rarely passed him, whenever they met about the ship, without making some remark to him, and one day while in port he asked the captain in person, for some reason or other, for a few hours' liberty. Now the bo'sn's mate, although as fine a sailor, take him by and large, and as faithful a man, as ever signed articles, unfortunately for himself, did not always use discretion in the amount of his potations when on shore, and had been known to return from leave on occasion rather the worse for wear, so that his request was received rather doubtfully.

"I don't know about this," said Evans, standing, hands clasped behind his back, and shaking his head slowly, in his characteristic way. "Will you be sure to be

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back on time, no later than the market-boat in the morning?"

"Yes, sir, sure!" said the man, earnestly.

"And will you promise not to get drunk?"

There was a pause, the sailor awkwardly shifting from one foot to the other, and turning his flat round cap over and over in his hands before him; then looking the captain straight in the face, he blurted out, squarely and honestly, "I shouldn't like to promise that, sir!" He got his liberty.

Poor fellow! he was one of the victims of the *Maine*, and when Evans heard of his fate, he stumped up and down with tears rolling down his cheeks, and swearing at everything Spanish.

I am sure that if the men of the *Yankee* were called upon to do so, they would cordially endorse my statement when I say that Commander Brownson, rigid disciplinarian that he is, knows the way to the hearts of his crew. I do not believe that he is conscious of this knowledge, nor that he made any effort, other than through the qualities nature has given him, to win their respect and good-will. Calm and self-contained, invariably courteous to all, whatever their station, a thorough man of the world with refined tastes and polished manners, possessed of professional attainments of a high order, he made an ideal commanding officer of a class of men so different in education and previous condition of life from the crews of our regular warships. In one of the actions in which the *Yankee* was engaged, "Look at him!" cried one enthusiastic member of the crew to his mates, "walking up and down there like a little lion!" I instance these two men, warm friends one of the other, but differing widely in personal traits and characteristics, in illustration of what is happily almost universal in the navy. Clark of the *Oregon*, calling to his men in the chase of the *Cristóbal Colon*, in a lull in the frightful havoc of battle, "Now, children, go and get something to eat, if it is only a little bread and butter." Philip, jolly, hearty, warm-hearted sailor-man, with deep religious feelings, begging the *Texans* not to cheer, as men were dying near. Taylor, scholarly, polite, imperturbable, apparently the gentlest and quietest of men, but the fiercest of fighters, going into action with colors flying from every available point on the *Indiana*. Chadwick, Admiral Sampson's able chief of staff, brave and efficient in every way, indefatigable in his care and solicitude for the health and welfare of the men of his ship. Higginson, Goodrich, Converse, Davis, Delehanty, Wainwright, a score and more of others—a bluejacket belonging to the ship of any of them would fight at the drop of a hat with any one daring enough to attempt to cast a slur on the "Old Man." And the same spirit pervades the ranks of the army. Numerous incidents in the desperate fighting of the regulars before Santiago bear witness to unselfish devotion of officer to man and man to officer, the one confident that he will be followed with unquestioning loyalty wherever he points the way, the other full of faith in the judgment, skill, and ability of his leader. Thus three out of five of the men who, together with Lieutenants Hardaway and Roberts, sprang to the rescue of their Lieutenant-Colonel, Haskell, desperately wounded in their front, are shot down; Lieutenant Dickinson, himself wounded at Haskell's side, turns back again into the murderous fire, only to be hurt again, this time to death; young Wansboro, generously exposing himself again and again in aid of some stricken member of his company, yields up his life, shot through the heart that beat so warmly for them; Private Henderson goes down to death bearing in his arms his wounded lieutenant; Captain John Bigelow, Jr., falling with four bullet wounds drawing his blood from his veins, waves on his faithful black men who would help him, bidding them "Go on; you're needed up there." And so on all through the hell fire of San Juan and El Caney, wherever, never faltering, steadily advancing, the blue groups moved, the same acts of daring heroism and devoted courage were repeated again and again, from young Michie—poor "Dennie!" who knew him but to like him?—going to his death two minutes after bandaging the wound of his comrade Dunning, with the same light in his eyes and smile on his face as when, a cadet, he led the rush of the West Point team at football, to that modest gentleman and splendid soldier, Hawkins, baring his white head and pushing forward, hat in hand, directing and cheering his brigade in the final victorious charge. Who would not be proud of his birth in a land that can produce such men?

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All through the recent operations by sea and land the enthusiastic spirit shone; the patient suffering of hardships, the almost reckless disregard of danger whenever a result was sought for, the calm, deliberate courage with which the most perilous tasks were undertaken, proved to be characteristic of officers and men alike.

When the *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, and *Montgomery* lay off Fajardo, close under Cape San Juan, Puerto Rico, it was determined, at the suggestion of Commander George A. Converse, of the *Montgomery*, than whom no abler or more efficient officer of the rank serves under the flag, to land a force to capture and hold the light-house at that point, and to set the light, the principal guide to night navigation in those waters, going once more. It was presumed that the building was held by a force of the enemy, as troops had been seen near there from the decks of the ships, and the attack was to be made at early dawn, the landing-party to be composed of boats' crews from the several ships. I do not know how the men were selected on the monitors, but Commander Converse decided to call for volunteers to make up the detail for the expedition from his ship.

In the course of the evening the officer who was to command the *Montgomery's* party came into the cabin to make his report and to receive his final orders. As he was on the point of leaving the room the captain asked him how many men had volunteered to go. "The whole ship's company, sir," was the laconic answer. Although the light-house was eventually seized without resistance from the enemy, the incident is mentioned as indicative of the spirit that pervaded the entire fleet. At all times and under all circumstances the men tumbled over one another, figuratively speaking, in their eagerness to put themselves forward where danger was greatest or opportunities for adventure presented themselves. For Hobson's heroic venture into the harbor of Santiago, as veritable a "forlorn hope" as the history of war presents, there were "hundreds of volunteers who were anxious to participate. There were one hundred and fifty from the *Iowa*, nearly as many from the *New York*, and large numbers from the other ships, officers and men alike." So reads Admiral Sampson's report to Secretary Long.

I have spoken of an almost reckless disregard of danger whenever a result was sought for. Rarely was such exposure thoughtless. I mean that there was always something to be gained, that such apparent recklessness was governed by intelligence. There was absolutely no pose about it, only the trained instinct that the thing was to be done, regardless of consequences to the individual, as at El Caney, where the two soldiers—I am sorry I have not their names—severed the barbed-wire obstructions in front of their comrades; while at San Juan, some miles away, almost at the same time, under absolutely similar circumstances, an officer, while his men were lying in the grass waiting for the order to advance, crawled forward and snipped and cut away at the wire along the entire line of his company, the Mauser bullets zipping through the air all about him. There was no pose about young Lieutenant Wise, Ninth Infantry—there's a little "orf'cer boy" for my friend Kipling—when he ran forward in front of his regiment, deliberately taking snap-shots with his camera at the charging groups; nor about Ensign Gillis, brave Fremont's companion on the *Porter*, when he jumped overboard and swam to the floating Spanish torpedo, boldly attempting to unscrew the dangerous warhead. The instinct of discipline governed Private Brown, Sixth Infantry, saluting his lieutenant as he held the wires apart for the officer to pass, falling dead a moment later. It was intelligence that moved Private Faulkner, since made corporal, when in the action between the marine battalion and the enemy at Cuzco, near Guantanamo, he quietly "tried for the range" as if at practice, and having found it, walked all down the line under a fire it was a miracle he escaped from, imparting his information to his comrades, all this of his own initiative. I am certain that none of these men thought that he was doing anything particularly heroic at the time; and pages might be filled with stories of similar actions.

To my mind there were few examples more striking during the war of the calm and deliberate courage with which desperate chances were taken in the accomplishment of the duty to be performed than the episode of the cutting of the telegraph cable at Cienfuegos by volunteer crews

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from the *Marblehead* and *Nashville*, under the command of Lieutenants Cameron McK. Winslow and E. A. Anderson. In this undertaking there was none of the headlong enthusiasm of the charge, and but little of the fierce satisfaction of giving back blow for blow that braces men to face the terrors and dangers of battle. Calmly and deliberately the boats moved in close to the shore, their crews grappling for the sunken wire, lifting and hauling, hewing and cutting the heavy cable under a perfect rain of lead and steel. Posted in a ravine, where the covering guns of our ships could not reach them, not more than one hundred and fifty yards from the boats, the enemy gave them volley after volley from the rifles of their infantry, supplemented by the scathing fire of a Maxim gun. Boldly the steam-launches interpose themselves between the working crews and the enemy. Winslow is wounded in the hand, six of the men fall badly hurt, two more are killed, but the work continues "with the utmost coolness and intrepidity," says the official report. For three hours in broad daylight, from seven o'clock until ten in the morning, the men labored unceasingly, without giving way for a moment, unflinchingly facing death, until the boats were recalled to the ships. The object to be gained and the glory to be won were not so great and important, of course, as in the exploit of Hobson and his men; nevertheless, the courage that bore these splendid fellows through the ordeal is of the same quality and degree, and the name of every man engaged in the work should be borne on the honor-roll of the nation. There is not space at my disposal to tell of the many other instances of unhesitating devotion and deliberate acceptation of the consequences of situations full of peril, under circumstances requiring the utmost nerve and calmest judgment in the acts of the responsible participants; of Victor Blue, of the navy, of Rowan and Whitney, of the army, taking their lives in their hands in the very midst of the enemy's country—acts of "heroism and cool daring rarely excelled in the annals of warfare," as General Miles puts it in his account of Rowan's exploit; of the men of the *Marblehead* and *Dolphin* dragging the waters of Guantanamo Bay for sunken mines, in constant peril of death and wounds from the fire from the shore, or of being blown into eternity from the depths below; of Marix with the little *Scorpion*, when a strange war-ship is sighted astern, boldly turning to meet it, that the transports he was convoying might have time to escape, although certain destruction would be his lot should the stranger prove to be an enemy; of Crossley, with the diminutive armed tug *Leyden*, overhauling the same ship in another part of the ocean, actually firing a gun as a warning to heave to. The captain of H. B. M. S. *Talbot* must have been proud of the pluck of the men in whose veins kindred blood was flowing.

The marines who formed the battalion under Colonel Huntington that held the point at Playa del Este, Guantanamo Bay, from June to the truce, bore themselves throughout that trying period with the traditional faithfulness to duty of the Marine Corps, than which—imbued as it is with the spirit of discipline of the navy, and governed largely by the same regulations and "customs of the service" that exist in the army—no finer body of soldiers serves under the country's colors. The camp of the battalion, on the hill near the entrance of the bay, was a model of its kind. My readers will remember the capture of the point and the heroic struggle to retain it; how night and day at first the battalion fought without rest, and how tenaciously the brave marines clung to the ground they had won, burying their dead while exposed to the merciless fire of their tormentors; how they rushed, many of them naked as the day they were born, from where they had been seeking refreshment from the scorching heat in the waters of the bay, to the firing-line to drive back the renewed attacks of the courageously persistent foe; and how finally, after days and nights of torture from want of sleep and the anxious strain upon nerve and tissue alike, they advanced to the attack themselves, beating up the Spaniards in their quarters, drubbing them so severely that they were not again seriously disturbed in the occupation of the hill. Splendid order and discipline, the cleanliness of the ship—nothing, not even the daintiest of summer cottages, is more clean than a well-ordered American war-ship — were maintained at the camp throughout its entire occupancy by the battalion, and the fact that, although exposed to a malarious climate in the torrid



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atmosphere of a tropical summer, at a spot located but a few score miles from where our poor fellows of the army were succumbing by hundreds in the fever-laden air, the entire loss of life in the marine battalion was due to the casualties of battle—not one man died of disease—shows what can be done by well-regulated and well-drilled organization in all departments of a military body. There was no lack of medical or other necessities; nothing essential to the efficiency of the force as a fighting body, to its health, to the protection of the men from adverse conditions of life in the field during the rainy season of the tropics, had been neglected or forgotten; and while it is true that the base of supply was close at hand and the problem of transportation inland from the water's edge did not have to be met, it is safe to assume, from the admirable order and system displayed, that any such difficulties presented would have been overcome.




On the very top of the hill on Guantanamo Bay, in a little square spot of earth enclosed on all four sides by the tents of the living, slept the dead, the brave comrades who had been killed in action almost where their graves were made. All of them were good and gallant men, but among them lay the body of one who in life was the very incarnation of the spirit of the American regular soldier, Henry Good, sergeant-major of the battalion. Honest, intelligent, brave, reliable as the sun, thoroughly posted as to every duty pertaining to his station, respected and loved by superior and subordinate, he was the ideal type of the faithful enlisted man, the competent, soldierly, non-commissioned officer. Shot through the body and carried in rear of the line, his last words were, "Take me back to my post." Then, as the shadow of death closed in over him, he stretched himself out to his full length, hands at his sides, meeting his end at "Attention!" dying, as he had lived, a soldier. "Semper fidelis" is the motto of the Marine Corps, and "Semper fidelis" is the legend inscribed on the bronze tablet which the commissioned officers of the battalion are erecting in his honor and memory.

Men will laugh with death at their sides, jest with grim humor at their own wounds. "Here's a chance for 'first aid to the injured'!" cried the young sailorman almost torn to pieces by the bursting of a Spanish shell on the *Texas*. A soldier in the battle before Santiago was shot in the breast. As is the case with all wounded men, his first impulse was to look at the wound, and tearing open his shirt, he gazed with frightened eyes at the small round hole in the white skin, from which the blood was trickling. A second bullet struck him in one hand, and almost immediately afterwards a third missile tore the other. Sitting up with the injured members held out before him, and looking about him with a most ludicrous expression of disgust on his face, he cried out, "Now I'm damned if that ain't rubbin' it in!" I believe the honest fellow recovered from his injuries; he certainly deserved to. An old non-com-

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missioned officer of one of the infantry regiments, the Second, I think, was shot in the leg, and lay prone in the grass cursing his luck. A young lieutenant near by endeavored to console him, saying, among other things, that he, the lieutenant, would give a hundred dollars if he were certain of returning home from the wars bearing upon him such an honorable scar. "That's all very well, sir," said the soldier, "but you ain't fightin' on seventeen dollars a month." On the never-to-be-forgotten morning of Sunday, July 3, the chaplain of the *New York* was preparing to hold divine service. The pulpit, or reading-desk, a box-like wooden structure with a gilt cross on its side, had suffered somewhat from the concussion of the heavy guns in the bombardment of the day before, the top having been blown off, and the carpenters, after repairing it, had set it aside near one of the guns, where it stood awaiting the order to "rig church," when the alarm was given of the sortie of the Spanish fleet. Of course no one thought of church then, or of anything except to gain the scene of the fight. Over went the helm, the crew jumped to quarters, and the great ship was driven through the water with the greatest attainable speed. On she rushed, as if every inch in her huge bulk was alive and angry with disappointment at her distance from where her sisters were reaping the harvest of the long weary weeks of watching and waiting for the chance that had now come. Disdaining the furious fire from the forts, the *New York* passed the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and was closing in towards the nearest Spanish vessel, already *hors du combat*, when the cry of "man overboard" sounded through the ship, and a Spanish sailor, calling for help, was seen in the water on the port quarter rapidly sweeping past. At once life-preservers began to fly from the ship towards him, but the "first lieutenant" interfered, and would permit no more life-belts to be thrown overboard, fearing that the men, in their generous ardor to aid their enemy in distress, would strip the ship of all means of securing the safety of any of their own people in the event of accident, and knowing that the torpedo-boat *Ericsson* near by would do the utmost in the work of rescue. At this moment another Spaniard was discovered on the starboard quarter, vainly endeavoring to reach a life-preserver floating on the waves. The sight was too much for the warm heart of the cockswain of the captain's gig, who, seeing the forgotten pulpit, seized upon it, and heaving the heavy desk overboard towards the Spaniard, roared out in tones such as only the lungs and vocal cords of a petty officer of the navy can produce, "Cling to the cross, my lad, cling to the cross and you'll be saved!" The poor chap was picked up by the men of the *Ericsson*, but they let the pulpit go adrift.

Scattered all through the various ships of the fleet during the war was a class of young men whose gallant conduct on many occasions and whose efficient services should not pass unmentioned. I mean the naval cadets, both those who, having graduated after four years at the Naval Academy, are making their two years' cruise at sea before being finally commissioned, and those who, while still undergoing instruction at the Academy, were given active service on the fleet during the continuation of hostilities, many of them throwing up a four months' leave granted them at the close of the academic year, and applying for sea duty. The reports of commanding officers give token again and again of many gallant acts of the former, and the services of the latter were most efficient in many ways, some among them having received honorable mention. Speaking of the youngsters from the Academy, the captain of one of the battle-ships said to me recently: "Seven of the lads were sent to my ship, and I asked myself what I should do with them. Now that they are going away, I almost feel like asking myself what am I going to do without them?" It is a pity the title of midshipman was taken away from them. Officially they are known as naval cadets, but in the service the old name still affectionately, and most appropriately, sticks to them. With the coming of peace these lads are back at their duties at the Naval Academy again, all but two poor boys who met the fate that all of them risked.

The nation is entering into a new field of action. What is before us we do not know, but come what may, let us hope that the errors of the past will not be forgotten, and that the regular army and navy will meet with that loyal and affectionate support they so thoroughly merit from the people they serve so nobly.

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## THE DANCING LIGHTS.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

FROM out the country spaces cool and clear
We flash into the maze of city streets.
What pageant this that straightway doth appear?
What land of faery that our vision greets?

A feast of lights! And as we roll along,
As if each one some lovely dancer held,
They interweave as to some choric song
Which from the dark mysteriously welled;

To whose soft tune the dancers round and round
Move in a rapture tremulous and intense,
With languorous paces that make faintest sound
And ever duller and more drowsy sense.

The dancing lights! Too lingeringly I gazed
On their warm motions till, as one who reels
When by some beauteous, blinding vision dazed,
And then, back to himself returning, feels

Right glad of heart: so, then, it was with me
As, looking up, I saw the heaven's calm
Shedding the light of stars so silently
That on my heart that stillness fell like balm.

Far off and cool, each, in his perfect sphere,
Held, as if motionless, his awful way;
Star unto star discoursing crystal clear
As when they sang creation's primal lay.

Ah me! I would that when the dancing lights
Of wayward passion seek my soul to sway
With their wild motion, from those meaner sights
I might be strong to turn my eyes away

To where th' eternal stars so purely shine—
Truth, Beauty, Good—and by that vision blest—
Lifting my heart to make its clearness mine,
Taste then, earth-bound, the everlasting rest.

## THE EQUIPMENT OF THE MODERN CITY HOUSE.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS.

PART II.

### KEEPING HOUSE WITHOUT CLOSETS.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects a speaker dwelt upon the abundance of closets, cupboards, and pantries which American ladies seem to demand in both city and country houses, and which American architects supply. He would apparently have advocated the introduction of more closet room in British houses. His ideas were opposed by an architect of long standing and of very large domestic practice, the author of a valuable book on topics connected with modern architecture, who argued that closets were extremely wasteful of space, and in every way to be shunned; that they were places where old lumber was stored and forgotten, dust-catchers, nests for vermin, fire-traps. A French lady resident in America once re-

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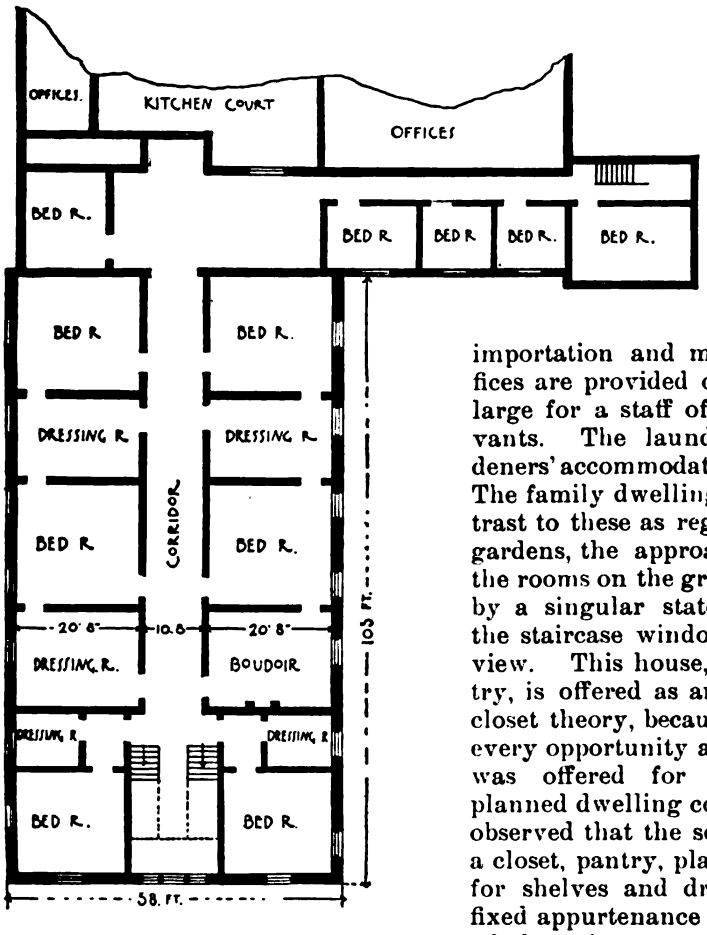



FIG. I.—A HOUSE WITHOUT CLOSETS.

The office wing extends far beyond the main part of the house.

Sir Charles Barry, architect.

marked that the writer should be intrusted with the planning of her new house. "You will be delighted with it," said the kindly woman; "I do not ask any closets of you at all; no house of mine shall have any closets." She assumed that architects abhor closets, as indeed they very generally do. The neat, simple, admirably compact plans of French dwellings, whether châteaux and maisons de campagne, or small private hôtels in the city, or villas in the suburbs or on the seashore, emphasize by comparison the cluttered look of the little nooks and corners and the hampered distribution of American plans.

### A HOUSE WITHOUT CLOSETS.

Fig. I. is the plan of an English country house designed by Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and therefore not of the most recent construction. It was built in the neighborhood of London for a man of title and of large means. It was planned with extraordinary care, and was built with material of special importation and manufacture. The offices are provided on a scale sufficiently large for a staff of thirty-five house-servants. The laundry, stables, and gardeners' accommodations are in proportion. The family dwelling is somewhat in contrast to these as regards its size; but the gardens, the approaching entrances, and the rooms on the ground-floor are marked by a singular stateliness of effect, and the staircase windows command a noble view. This house, though in the country, is offered as an example of the no-closet theory, because in its construction every opportunity and every inducement was offered for the most perfectly planned dwelling conceivable. It will be observed that the second story offers not a closet, pantry, place for hanging, place for shelves and drawers—not a single fixed appurtenance of the kind within its whole perimeter.

As a contrast to this, Fig. II. is the floor plan of a New York city house in which closets are abundantly supplied. It will be seen that the closets are of three kinds: those arranged for hanging, with probably a shelf or two shelves above each; those arranged with shelves, which are, in fact, "presses" or wardrobes built into the house; and those fitted with drawers, or drawers and shelves. Hanging-closets and closets with shelves must always have doors to enclose them. Those fitted with drawers may or may not have the doors covering and concealing the fronts of the drawers. All three kinds involve the waste of space between the top of the closet and the ceiling—at least three feet six inches. Concerning this space nothing is to be said except that, in order to keep the dust from whatever shelves it may contain, it had better be enclosed with separate doors, and that whatever is stored there, being accessible only by ladder, should be registered in some sort of open directory.

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To avoid this upper stow-hole, and at the same time to lessen the weight upon the floor, closets are sometimes walled with a light wood wainscot, in panel or in ceiling boards, and roofed at their natural height with a broad flat top like a very large shelf (Fig. III). Such closets, if they stand in a room, may be given the aspect of a series of wardrobes; there is no waste space at the sides and corners, no place where dust collects unduly; every part of the closet is easy to utilize, and the light from the windows bears directly into each wardrobe and drawer. The disadvantage of this plan is that it takes up so much of the wall space in the chamber to which the closets belong. Nearly all housekeepers prefer a closet system to which one or two doors in a given wall give admittance, leaving a pier between these doors where a piece of furniture can stand. Fig. IV. shows that wall of a bedroom which is opposite to the windows; the closet beyond it is arranged as in Fig. III., and the drawing shows how light in abundance can be supplied, even if it be but borrowed light. The necessity of a thorough draught, carrying with it abundance of air, is also met by this arrangement. To occupy the whole of that wall with the closet fronts themselves would be to diminish the opportunities for furnishing the room according to the occupant's taste. Still, however, the plan Fig. III. is always worthy of consideration as a half-way measure—a sort of compromise between the European and American systems. The use of wardrobes, similar but movable, must be considered below.

The amount of room to be devoted to hanging, to stowage on shelves and stowage in drawers, will vary according to the taste of the ladies of the family, and also according to the dressmakers' fashions. We are told now, in the spring of 1899, that hanging-closets are needed to an extent not hitherto thought of, and that closets with large and deep drawers are no longer so much required. It may probably be a good plan to arrange closets about two feet deep in such a way that the interior fitting with shelves or drawers may easily be altered.

This brings us to the important consideration of the construction of these closets. It should be observed that the question of closets or no closets is, in reality, a question between the furniture-maker and the house-carpenter.

The advantage of the furniture-maker is that his hanging-closet, made with solid uprights and top, and with a curtain hung across the front (see Fig. V.), may be put anywhere, that a picture may be hung over it, that it can be dusted and cleaned with great ease, and that it does not complicate the plan of the house. The same advantage exists in the case of the more costly wardrobe with solid doors of wood. Fixed closets in a house can ordinarily be altered or moved only by tearing to pieces the neighboring partitions of lath and plaster, and by leaving great scars on the wall and ceiling. Moreover, their enclosing partitions of light wood-work and the doors are habitually arranged so as to leave a maximum of dark, inaccessible corners. If your hanging-closet is six feet wide from left to right, there is every reason to suppose that it will be opened in front by a pair of doors not exceeding three feet two inches in their total width, so that at least a foot is left in the way of a pocket at either side. If an arrangement of drawers and shelves should ever be required in place of the vacant space left for hanging, the whole front of wood-work must be knocked away, or else the space available for drawers is diminished nearly by half. By way of providing for these contingencies closets should really be built without any front, except that afforded by swinging-doors, or by the curtains which replace them. The wooden architectural front with up-

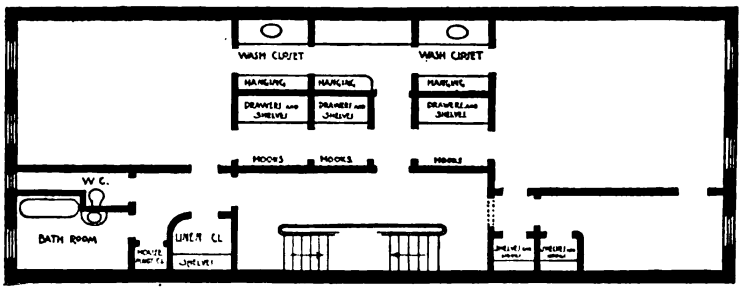



FIG. II.—A HOUSE COMPLETELY FITTED WITH CLOSETS.
The floor-plan of a New York residence.

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rights of considerable breadth (see Fig. VI.) causes, as every one knows, an infinite waste of room and an infinite accumulation of dust.

The most satisfactory closets in the ordinary dwelling-houses are of two kinds. In Fig. VII. a space from three feet ten inches to four feet six inches by seven feet, or thereabouts, is entered by a door near the middle of one of its longer walls. This leaves room on either side of the entrance for a set of shelves; and on one side, at least, there is room for shelves so deep that they may be enclosed with a pair of light doors, and may have drawers below. It often happens in our smaller houses that such a closet is used as a "wash-closet," and in that case a basin is set at B, where otherwise shelves would be. The space between the two sets of shelves is used for a hanging-place. Fig. IV. shows how this closet may receive light and air more freely than is usual. The second distribution is that hinted at in the first article of this series, where, between the front and rear rooms in an ordinary old-fashioned New York city house, a double row of cupboards is arranged along a passage. Fig. VI. shows this disposition as it exists in houses forty years old, and as it is still arranged to-day. What has been said above about wastefulness of space applies here with peculiar force. Fig. VI. shows the clumsy treatment very common in these cases. It will be seen that there is nearly as much waste room as available room. In Fig. VIII. space is saved, a far more pleasing and truly architectural treatment is secured, and a certain facility of alteration would seem to be gained.

Closets in city houses can rarely have windows opening into the air. They usually depend on "borrowed" daylight or on lamps. When the inner face of the door is painted white, or as nearly white as possible, and set at the proper angle, it is a powerful reflector, and throws a great deal of light into the interior of the closet. Where there is abundant space and means, a dressing-room, or wardrobe-room, or linen-room, or sewing-room, can be arranged with a window in one of the outer walls, and such a room can be lined around with presses or cupboards arranged ideally, with every inch of space perfectly opened up by means of swinging-doors. Fig. IX. shows what the great archæologist Viollet-le-Duc imagined for the châtelaine's work-room.

It is notable that the introduction of electric light into a house tends to make

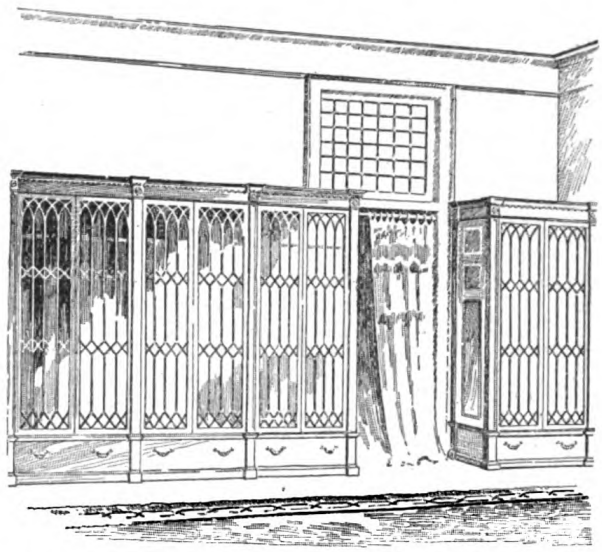


FIG. III.—WARDROBE CLOSETS ALONG THE WALL OF A BEDROOM.
In this example the wardrobe doors are glazed.

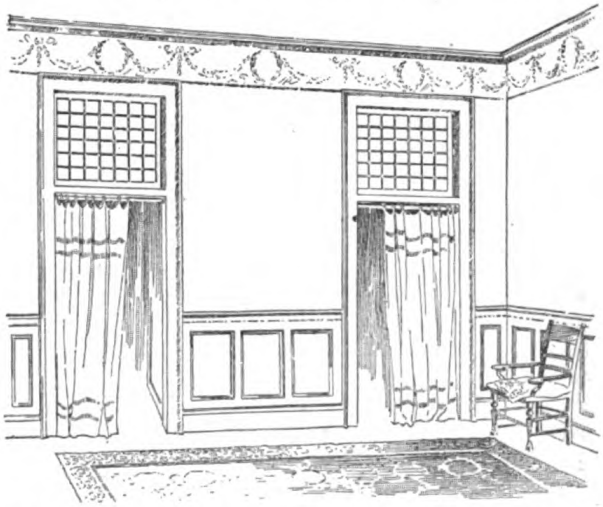


FIG. IV.—A CLOSET RECESSED IN A WALL OPPOSITE A WINDOW.
The left-hand door leads to a passage. The closet beyond the right-hand door may be arranged as in Fig. III. or as in Fig. VII.

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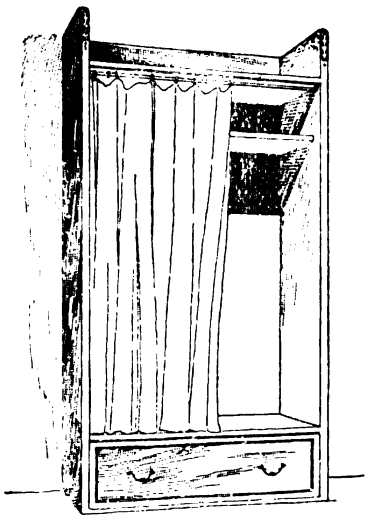


FIG. V.—THE FURNITURE-MAKER'S CLOSET.
Compact, movable, and easily cleaned.

all its closets vastly more useful. Gas-burners in closets are always dangerous, unless kept constantly lighted and burning in a small flame. A candle carried into a closet is more dangerous, and is a great annoyance. In fitting each closet with an electric bulb, the matter of expense only is to be considered; and if, as a result of using electricity, closets should be supplanted by larger press-rooms, and the necessary service of each bedroom should be rendered by a portable wardrobe or press, some persons would think the result fortunate. One or the other of the two opposite courses, however, should be followed steadfastly and with forethought.

The decision between the two may be influenced by the continual conflagrations which keep our fire departments on the move. Closets, as being almost the most dangerous parts of a house, will have to be made up of fire-proof material, or at least their fixed uprights or partitions and their shelves must be made so, leaving nothing to be built of wood but the swinging-doors and the drawers, which would be too heavy if made of metal. Closets may be effectually built with partitions of slate or corrugated sheet-iron, and their shelves may be of sheet-iron covered with leather or cloth, and made stiff by a lip or flange turned down in front and rear. The upright division between closets may often be made of wire netting, some patterns of which give a very firm and rigid wall. This, if it allows dust to pass, allows light to pass also. It is probable that the tendency of future careful building will be toward excluding drawers from all stationary closets, and will be toward wardrobes with shelves and wardrobes with hooks, all of which can be built without the use of wood, except for the valves of the doors, which are isolated and comparatively free from objection in regard to fire. Not much is to be made of closets which are put in because here or there is a convenient corner. Thought must be taken for their placing, their lighting, the position of their doors in the room which they serve, and for the utility of every square foot of their space. Architects may detest such poor small details, but the remedy is to have an expert assistant.

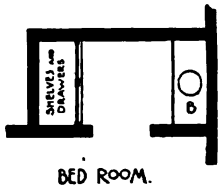



FIG. VII.—A RECESSED CLOSET MODIFIED INTO A DRESSING-CLOSET.

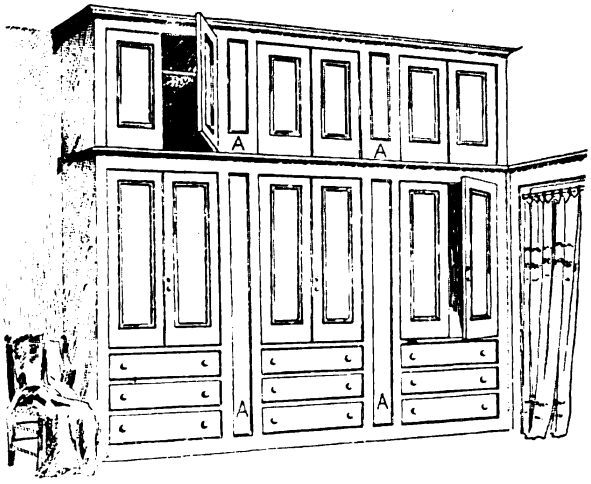



FIG. VI.—PASSAGEWAY CLOSETS, THE USUAL ARRANGEMENT.
The wide spaces of dead partition, A, A, the cornices, etc., waste room and lead to the accumulation of dust. Where the chair stands there are often a partition and a door corresponding to those at the other end.

## STAIRS AND STAIRCASES.

The matter of stairs demands a moment's notice. It was thought elegant, less than a century ago—elegant and stately—to build stairs with a very small

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rise and a very large run. The tread, the horizontal surface of the step, was made very broad, perhaps sixteen inches, while the rise, or vertical height, of each step was brought down to less than six inches. This custom has disappeared, partly, no doubt, because of the difficulty of allowing horizontal space enough for staircases of such gradual slope. Modern houses, partly because they are so crowded with closets, and partly because land has gone up in price, are made more compact than old houses were. A good house of a hundred years ago seems to us spacious, not having so much compressed into its area. It is customary, in reckoning the rate of ascent in a staircase, to add the rise and the run, or the vertical and horizontal dimensions, together, and to say that each step should measure about eighteen inches in all. This, however, cannot be the rule in all cases; the flatter the step, the more gradual the rise, the larger may be the aggregate measurement of rise and run; whereas where a staircase is steep, having risers of perhaps seven and a half inches, the rise and run together must needs be less. In this latter case let eighteen inches be, if you please, the measurement of each step; but where the rise is more gradual, each step may measure twenty inches or more.

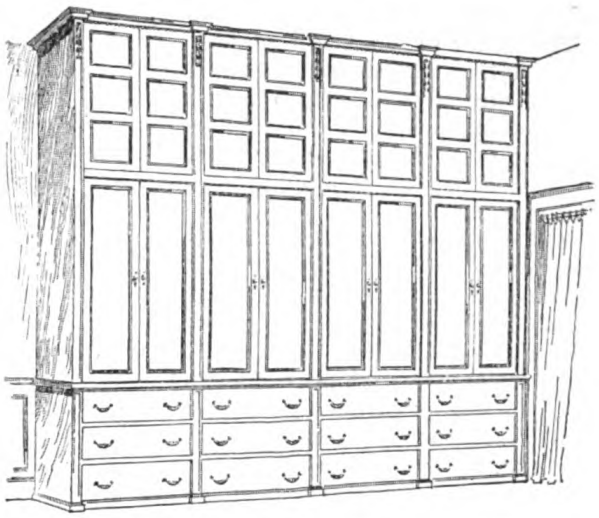


FIG. VIII.—PASSAGEWAY CLOSETS—THE IDEAL ARRANGEMENT,
Avoiding the waste of room and the accumulation of dust.

The reader must not forget, however, that steps out-of-doors may be, generally are, much larger than those within-doors. A perron, or flight of stone steps leading to a terrace or veranda or porch, and still more, a flight of steps in a park at a point where the level changes too rapidly for a slope to be used, is taken by the walker in his out-of-door rate of progress. He has been walking; he does not relax his speed nor the length of his step; he takes a twenty-four-inch step more easily than in-doors he would take one four inches less in measurement. On the other hand, it is very annoying to have the steps of an in-door staircase too small. The women of a family seldom complain of steps whose measurement is eighteen inches, whereas if they are made smaller than that, as they frequently are by architects or by owners who think this an improvement, they cause great inconvenience to the more energetic inmates, who are driven to take them two steps at a time. Every builder has, no doubt, his own experience to relate, but it will generally be found that little objection is made to a step of eighteen inches, in which the rise is not more than seven and a quarter inches.

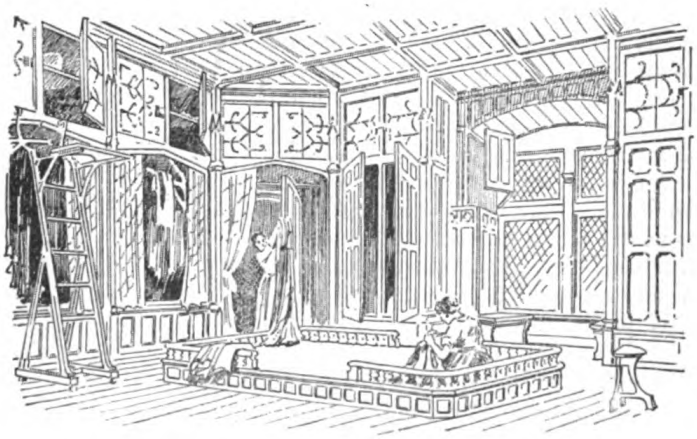


FIG. IX.—AN IDEAL OF A HOUSEKEEPER'S WORK-ROOM.
As designed by Viollet-le-Duc in his Dictionary of Furniture.

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### WOOD AND IRON STAIRCASES.

The stairs of the future must be fireproof, not, as with closets, because they are out of the way and fit to nourish and keep secret a little fire until it has grown to a big one, but because it is of vital importance that they should be the last things in the house to burn. The stairs must be so built, and so supported at top and bottom of each flight, that nothing but the complete ruin of the structure will bring them down. It is to be regretted that the habit of building the whole staircase of blocks of stone, one stone to a step, so general on the continent of Europe and not unknown in England, should never have obtained in this country. It is a second-rate London house which has now a wooden staircase, and on the Continent simple and cheap stone staircases are extremely common. In this country it is easier to introduce iron staircases into our contracts for building; but the iron ones are inferior in capacity for architectural treatment, and are in no respect better, except that where the treads are left uncovered by carpets they will bear unchanged an amount of wear which would make a sensible hollow in the soft stone tread. The use of stone or iron for stairs will tend to a certain simplification of the plan of the house, because a single flight of steps from floor to floor will be found notably less expensive than a more complicated staircase reaching its destination by platforms or "winders." The balusters and hand-rails of stone and iron staircases will be lighter, and will not form so massive-looking a design. If the hand-rail is carried in its place by few and slight uprights of metal, it will serve all the needs of a parapet. If the vertical surface of the parapet must be filled up to keep children from creeping through the openings, somewhat more expense must be incurred for metal tracery. The hand-rail itself may be allowed to remain of wood, for there is no danger to the house from so little combustible matter, and it is much more pleasant to the hand than any other material yet seriously proposed.

Where stone stairs are not to be used, a modification of the fittings of some of our modern warehouses, college buildings, hospitals, and such public institutions might be appropriate. A light wrought-iron frame, consisting of string-pieces and horizontal cross-bars from string to string, will suffice to carry treads of any material, of plank even—for where oak plank is separated by six inches from oak plank, fire will not communicate readily. The incombustible material, however, had better be used—for instance, slate cut into slabs two inches thick, or marble. It must be remembered, however, that if a piece of furniture, or a box which is being carried up such a staircase slips, the downward blow of its angle will break a marble or slate tread, where it would only bruise a wooden one. Finally, the tread may be of cast iron. The custom has been to cast these treads with many small openings formed into a pattern imagined by the designer to be ornamental. Risers may be dispensed with—that is to say, there may be nothing to fill the space vertically between tread and tread, and this is what constitutes an "open-riser" flight of stairs. In a dwelling-house, such a stair as this is covered up by a carpet, and the carpet forms the close riser. Excellent results can be obtained in this way, and the treads themselves may be of the cheapest cast iron or wrought iron if the carpet is to cover them. The writer has built such stairs on all plans—square, with square platforms, circular, and elliptical—and no unreasonable difficulty has resulted to the mechanics who laid the carpets. Where no carpet is to be used, the space of the riser must be filled up by something; but this may be a very slight and thin plate or sheet of copper, brass, or iron, or even of paper board. No weight comes upon it, and it has not, unless under the most exception-



FIG. X.—STAIRS WITH NO CEILING BENEATH.
Some of the richest modern staircases are built in this way.

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al circumstances, to resist blows or pressure. All this is on the supposition that the stairs are to have no soffit or lower finished face to form the ceiling, so to speak, to the space below. (See Figs. X., XI., and XII.) When stairs are of wood, the soffit would serve to conceal and to nourish a fire, and to carry it rapidly from floor to floor. In many houses elaborate care has been taken to make the design for a handsome oak staircase as complete beneath as above. If the staircase is of incombustible material, then it is indifferent, and a soffit of wire lath and plaster, or of thin metal, may be used. It is quite unnecessary, however, to resort to this ancient custom

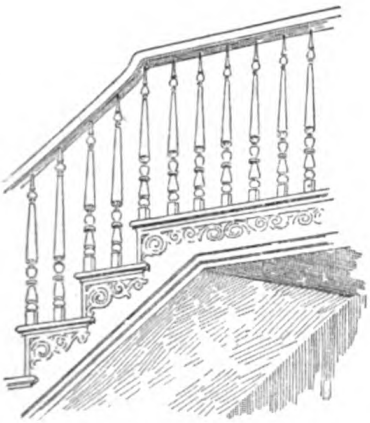


FIG. XI.—CEILED BENEATH WITH LATH AND PLASTER.
Characteristic of the early nineteenth century.

of concealing the under side of the steps; and certainly in our small and crowded stair-halls the open stairway seems lighter, and crowds less aggressively.

### DUMB-WAITERS AND LIFTS.

It is sometimes gravely urged that the back staircase, which all good housekeepers relinquish only because of the pressure on the internal space of their houses of so many new requirements, is no longer needed, now that a large dumb-waiter may run from cellar to roof. Such a dumb-waiter, properly counterpoised, is capable of carrying a trunk, a couple of coal-scuttles, baskets, material and supplies of all sorts, between any two stories of the house by the mere application of human strength. A small separate dumb-waiter for the table service only may run from kitchen to service-room.



FIG. XII.—BUILT IN IMITATION OF CUT STONE.
A rich staircase of the colonial period.

Passenger-elevators fit to carry one or two persons have, until recently, required a special attendant and an engineer in the cellar. Now, however, an electric system has been introduced which promises well. As soon as the would-be passenger has pressed the button, the car comes to the landing. Another button pressed inside stops it at the floor desired. With such a piece of machinery no attendant is needed, and as long as the electric supply is kept in order, the motor can be trusted to do its work. Our experience of this latest "modern improvement" is yet, however, brief.

Electricity is on the way to revolutionize our habits of life in our homes no less than in the business world and the travelling world. The only serious obstacle to its general use, the great initial and working cost, will naturally diminish as our control grows more complete, and more especially as the demand for electrical apparatus becomes more widely diffused.

### LIGHTING BY ELECTRICITY.

In lighting a house no one has dared until recently to disregard gas and other appliances, for no one has felt certain that his electric light would not fail him at a most awkward moment. Now, we are beginning to see that a householder may choose between gas and electricity. The question of placing electric lights is extremely interesting, and is not yet satisfactorily answered. We have treated them as we are accustomed to treat gas-fixtures or wall-sconces for candles. The writer recalls the first occasion of his having used an electric light for constant

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and hourly service. It was in a stateroom of an ocean steamer, and the hemisphere of glass projecting from the partition was equally well placed for the reader or writer, and for opening a travelling-bag upon the couch. In order that similar convenience may be found in the electric bulbs in our chambers, there would have to be many openings—four or five in an ordinary bedroom, besides two in the closets or lobbies adjoining—and it would, of course, be well to have them all separately manageable after the electric current was once turned into the wiring of the room. The possessor of such a room touches a button, either outside of his door in the wall of the corridor or immediately within the room, the first thing which his hand reaches in passing the threshold. This lights up, let us say, one burner in the room, and enables him to find the buttons for all the other bulbs in the room. He may then light the two beside the dressing-glass, or the one in the wall above the "davenport," or the one at the bed's head, for never again need the bachelor be reproached for endangering the household's peace by reading in bed with a candle beside him. The convenience of lighting one's path in advance is so well recognized, even at this present commencement of proceedings with electric light, that already the householder may press a button as he leaves the ground-floor at nights, and see the lights in the corridors of the second story blaze up. The touch of another button will put out these same lights as he enters his bedroom. If to this facility of management by means of the pressure of buttons there be added the free use which can be made of the flexible conductors by which the electric bulb itself is hung, it would seem as if our houses might be as convenient by night as by day. The bulb at the end of its swinging wire can be carried into a closet, or along the shelves of a bookcase into the remotest corner, and when hung upon the wall will serve to light the room. The prevalent fashion of keeping a sitting-room or dining-room dark, while only the table is lighted by means of a lamp beneath a spreading shade—which some persons really enjoy, or pretend to enjoy, associating with it certain ideas of coziness and tranquillity in the midst of alarms—has not been affected by the use of electricity. It will always be possible to turn out all the lights in the dining-room except those of the standards set upon the table. But electricity makes it so very natural and convenient to light the room all at once that the fashion seems likely to tend toward the preference of those who choose to live by night in a medium as nearly as possible like that which facilitates their movements by day. A bunch of eight electric bulbs in a radiating circle on the ceiling will light a room thirty feet long and a table where twenty-five guests are seated; but it has proved agreeable to many persons to set the lights in bunches of four or less in the four corners of the ceiling. One experiment does not seem to have been tried with sufficient resolution, and that is the lighting of a long room, like one of our drawing-rooms, by means of bulbs every three feet, in a row, high on either wall. The effect might suggest a shop or an emporium, but the light would certainly be more diffused and softer than in other arrangements. All this, of course, is quite apart from the question of lights low on the wall to read by, or lights carried to a writing-table by means of a flexible conductor and the standard lamp.

### MINOR ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.

The introduction of wiring for electric bells, burglar alarms, and messenger calls is a matter of such elaborate precaution that no assurance of its being rightly done can exist short of the employment of the best possible workmen on the job. A perfectly well-known system of planning and construction has been accepted by the different societies and boards representing architects, electrical engineers, and underwriters; nothing but the absence of good-will and a desire to "shave" the job is to be feared, as a cause likely to result in bad service or danger from fire. It is quite understood, for instance, that the copper wires, insulated by gutta-percha or a similar material, shall be drawn through tubes called conduits, and it is usual to put these into the building during its erection, exactly as tubes for old-fashioned bell-wires used to be built into walls and hung in hollow partitions.

### GAS-PIPES AND ELECTRIC CONDUITS AS DECORATIVE FEATURES.

The resemblance between the conduits of electric lighting and the old-fashioned

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gas-pipes is persistent, and those difficulties which were so numerous and so obvious in the case of gas-pipes have come up again. Americans seemed disposed to get smooth and unbroken surfaces at all hazards and at any cost, and to take a queer delight in having gas-fixtures emerge from what appears a massive marble-faced wall or a solid granite column. As a result, when gas-fitters attacked a nearly complete house they used to cause a deal of mischief. In the places where two gas-brackets were to project from a wall, six feet apart, we used to see a horizontal channel six feet long cut into a solid and perfectly built brick wall, and a vertical channel leading from below the floor to this. This meant, of course, that the proprietor was determined to have his gas-brackets in exactly that place, perhaps to light the dressing-glass, and that he was quite unwilling to have the pipes show on the surface. Architects and employers ought to agree that electric tubing shall not produce similar disastrous results. In France this concealment of the pipes by cutting and slashing in solid masonry would not have been allowed, and in America it ought not to have been allowed—but such is our happy-go-lucky way of building. Suppose such tricks with the constructional parts of a building to be prohibited by law, and the law enforced, clearly an owner will be influenced by two tendencies. The one is to alter the placing of the lights more or less, which in a sense would handicap him as to their arrangement; the other is willingly to accept devices for allowing the visible pipes to pass into the general decoration of the room. The latter course is the wiser, and no room is worse for having two uprights of pipe rising from the baseboard to a height of five and a half or six or seven feet, and terminating in a far more permanent and pronounced feature, the gas-bracket or electric fixture. Observe that there is generally no objection to the gas-pipe or the electric conduit running along the floor behind the baseboard; the baseboard can be removed easily, or knocked away in a second, and the pipe laid bare. Observe also that for the vertical pipe the proprietor has his choice between a very slender conduit, which he may think is invisible, and which will be nearly so as its metal tarnishes with age, and a much larger and stouter one, which he can gild or bronze, and which may enter into the ornamentation of the room. To a certain extent the swinging or movable electric light does away, as nothing connected with gas lighting could do, with the absolute necessity of fixtures. Some ladies approve of a light for their dressing-table not at the sides, but high overhead; this can be most easily supplied by the electric system, by bringing down a swinging bulb from the ceiling at that point. And as for tubes running along the ceiling, they must really be exposed and combined in some way with the plaster moulding, if plaster it be, or laid between the beams, if the beams are exposed.

Slowly, though very slowly, the public mind yields to the representations of architects and decorators. External water-leaders on a showily designed building may be really injurious to the architectural effect, but long habit has made them harmless in the eyes of most persons. By degrees has it become possible to expose plumbing in a way of which it will soon be necessary to speak, and to carry the main pipes for steam or hot-water heating straight through the room from floor to ceiling. The better-informed people have learned that these things are not eyesores, that with custom the eye ceases to rest upon them, to observe them. In a way they lead toward good decoration. This superstition against pipes that show in a room has been largely caused by the naked whiteness or the uniformity of gray paint which the old-fashioned living-room presented. Give your room some richness of color, some elegance of division and arrangement on each of its walls, something really active and positive in the way of ornamentation, and your gas-pipes will cease to annoy you.

### THE TREATMENT OF OPEN PLUMBING.

In the great question of plumbing, hygienic considerations have forced the house-builder to reconsider his primitive notions about exposed pipes. Twenty years ago, even as late as that, it was very hard to persuade the ladies of a household that a sink or basin slab did not require an elaborate wainscoting of wood carried to the floor all around it. It was thought important to the respectability of the room that this sink or slab should put on the appearance of a piece of furniture. Boards of health have found willing

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listeners in the architects, and they have found coadjutors in the fraternity of plumbers, until now it is as rare to see a new piece of plumbing done in a good house and in a good way which is not wholly exposed, as it was in old times to see anything of the plumbing but the silver-plated faucets themselves. Waste-pipes and supply-pipes alike show plainly beneath a marble slab, which is supported by one or two brass columns, and is far from being an unsightly object. Indeed, the costly and rather elegant look of some of these plumbing fixtures suggests the artistic possibilities of visible electric conduits.

### PIPES CONCEALED IN FLOORS AND WALLS.

The horizontal pipes, however, are still concealed in floors. This is most objectionable, perhaps even more so than the cutting of horizontal grooves in walls, bad as that is; for plumbers have no sympathy with the safe building of a house, and for passing a single pipe across a number of floor beams in succession, often cut them down to half their depth and strength. Theoretically the architect's specifications and plans require that the pipes be kept close to the walls, where the notches cut in the beams will be far less objectionable, and the depth of the notches themselves is regulated. To carry out such refinements as these in practice is extremely difficult. Every one assumes as a condition precedent that the material is so vastly in excess of what is really needed that holes and grooves and notches may be cut *ad libitum*. Water-pipes, like gas-pipes or electrical conduits, may run along the walls, hidden by the base-boards; or if a "fall"—that is to say, an incline—is needed, they can be hung against the wall, and be concealed by a thin baseboard put up afterwards, with a cap at the top to fill space.

### THE SIMPLEST ARRANGEMENT OF PLUMBING.

Still there is a difficulty in connection with horizontal pipes that every builder faces, and no one can say he has thoroughly conquered. The only remedy is the appropriation of a certain vertical passage in the house to purposes of plumbing, and the confinement of all the plumbing to that shaft. In the old Parker House, in Boston, there was a shaft perhaps twenty feet square—a great room with brick walls and a skylight at the top, which was as many stories high as was that wing of the hotel. Opening upon this were the bath-rooms, and in some cases bath-rooms or wash-closets were bracketed out into the shaft like bay-windows from the outer wall of the house. Against the walls of this lofty room all the upward supply and downward waste was conducted in vertical pipes, the horizontal connections being of the very shortest, so far as concerned bath-rooms, water-closets, and the dressing-closets which were immediately adjacent to the shaft. This being a public hotel, horizontal supply and horizontal waste had to be furnished to bedrooms at a distance from the shaft. That is a problem which is inseparable from hotel plans and hotel plants. In a dwelling-house, however, things are different. Many a builder refuses to have plumbing connection in the rooms above his decorated ceilings, and his objection is perfectly reasonable. Why should he not carry it a little further, and refuse to have his vestibule or pantry come down by the run? If somewhat less expensive, it is still a serious annoyance that an indefinite quantity of water should be let loose to soak through the flooring and trickle down between the beams. He is wise who decides to have no plumbing in his house more than a few feet removed from a vertical shaft. This shaft need not be more than some two feet by three in size, and should be arranged for in the planning of the house by his architect. There is of course no objection to two such shafts, or more. All that is required is that the owner should consent to have his basins or his bath-tubs adjoining the shaft, and consent to sacrifice, as he would call it, as much of the horizontal space of each story as it occupies. The planning of his house might be a little modified by the insertion of this shaft, or these shafts, which must of course go through the floors in vertical sequence; but this requirement is not to be mentioned as a difficulty, for good planning adapts all such requirements to itself, and makes attractive features out of them.

### SEWAGE-TRAPS IN DWELLING-HOUSES.

The question of traps need not trouble one greatly. The prudent housekeeper, to be sure, is convinced that in spite of precautions sewer gas will pass through

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waste-pipes and infect the air of the chamber; and all architects know of good houses where the waste-pipe of the wash-basin is simply a spout a foot long, emptying into a common pail. When this is the case, the wash-basin must be in a closet, or else the space below the slab must be enclosed; no doubt of that! In point of fact, modern plumbing is so very well understood, and the conditions of safety are so well grasped by all superintending architects of any responsibility, that the system of traps had better be trusted and the connections all made. It is good to have traps with a base to unscrew, for the removal of solid objects; it is good to have traps "back-ventilated"; it is good to have many traps, so that if the water-seal of one should disappear by carelessness, another will remain in working order; but on the whole the system of supply and waste had better be carried out without any gaps.

### THE VIRTUE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED WASH-STAND.

Bedrooms not adjacent to this vertical plumbing shaft would have to be supplied with hot and cold water by hand, and would of course be limited to the old-fashioned furniture-maker's wash-stand. In England and on the Continent, where the standard of comfort is, on the whole, so much higher than in America, even the most luxurious establishments do not have running water throughout. Every one who has travelled much in England knows how the hotels, badly supplied with food and table appointments, according to American standards, have yet in their bedrooms a display of wash-stands, basins of two sizes, ewers to match, soap-dishes, sponge-cups, cans for hot water, and portable bath-tubs. Even more notable is this display in a well-appointed English private house. The wash-stand is a handsome table four feet long at least, with a parapet or baluster around three sides of its top, a shelf sustained by the legs a few inches from the floor, and two or three drawers; and every part of this large piece of furniture is occupied by the neat and somewhat elegant pieces of crockery, glass, and metal supposed to be needed for the toilet. The disadvantage of such an arrangement is that it necessitates more service; but in addition to the great virtue that it makes possible, the vertical arrangement of plumbing, it has one supreme advantage, namely, cleanliness. No device has yet been invented which makes the fixed basin with running water at once convenient, inexpensive, and cleanly. It may, indeed, be said that no device has yet been discovered which is simply cleanly; at least, the writer has never seen a fixed basin about which it was not easy to get up a squeamish horror. The arrangement by which a bath-tub or basin used to be filled through the opening which led to the waste-pipe seems to have gone out, and fortunately so, for this was the filthiest of all the appliances; but the ideal form for cleanliness has not yet been introduced. In point of fact, the present tendency among the most intelligent housekeepers in America is to discard the idea that running water is necessary in all the rooms of a house. The plumbing shafts are so arranged as to bring as many rooms as possible adjacent to them. The rest of the rooms of the floor, which are usually the least occupied, are supplied with water by hand.

### HEATING BY DIRECT RADIATION.

The matter of heating deeply concerns the owner who cares about the internal artistic effect of his dwelling. Nothing has greater influence upon the architectural arrangement of his rooms. That a radiator be designed which shall not be hideous is not beyond the bounds of possibility; the same talent which has given us seemly designs for iron gratings at door and window, and copper revetements for bay-windows, may be applied with success to the difficult subject of the radiator. And yet the radiator is large, aggressive, and immovable. Where it stands there must it stand, and no Saturday afternoon of experimental changes in the sitting-room will influence its stubborn disposition. One device only exists which makes it practically invisible, and that, as it happens, is a good one for heating and ventilation. It is to put the radiator in the window-back—that is to say, in the recess between the jambs of the window where the wall is thin below the window-sill. There the eye will seldom detect it. The cold air from outside will pass through many pipes of the radiator before it reaches the atmosphere of the room. All this is admirable in theory, but, as in the case of every other device for heating, curious difficulties attend it. One plan is to make the air enter through a grating in a

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panel below the window and behind the radiator. With this arrangement it is hard to regulate its amount in colder and milder weather. Another plan is to make a secondary or false sill, so fitted as to allow the air to pass beneath when the window is slightly raised, and be forced down into the radiator. In this plan the raising of the sash is unsightly, because the free air space below is not visible, and there is a notable leak of cold air at the line where the two meeting-rails of the sash have separated. Moreover, this plan is fitted only to the sliding-sash; it is not possible to arrange it for hinged sashes opening outward or inward. Yet when all goes well it is an admirable way of heating and ventilating a room; but the occupants of a room who care enough about fresh air to take pains in adjusting the apparatus are few. The obvious advantages of the system have suggested certain inventions which may reach greater development and be easier to describe in the future than now.

The fault found with radiators generally, and with what is called warming by direct radiation, is that it gives no supply of fresh air. The answer to that objection is that if the occupant of the room cares for fresh air, he will get it; and that if he does not like fresh air he will be very apt to cut it off, no matter how much you furnish him with conduits for its supply. Every person who has made a study of warming and ventilating public buildings of any sort has met with the slovenly janitor, who, being sure that he knows all about it, and being left wholly in charge of the building, pastes paper over one aperture, and keeps another closed by means of its own register, while admitting air only by conduits which were meant for its exit. Direct radiation is more cleanly, because the upward rush of warm air brings dust into the room; and it is economical, because there is no warmth thrown away upon the walls of the flues. Moreover, when the individuals sitting in the room feel the direct rays of heat issuing from the warmed iron, the atmosphere of the room need not be kept at a high temperature. This last consideration is rather important. You may sit in comfort in an atmosphere of fifty degrees when you feel the heat directly communicated to your body from a glowing fire or a stack of hot pipes, whereas you would need the temperature raised by fifteen degrees if the direct radiation were removed. The Romans seem to have warmed their rooms almost solely by means of radiation from the floor, and the modern engineer is trying to introduce that plan into public buildings.

### HEATING BY INDIRECT RADIATION.

In indirect radiation air is warmed by a hot-air furnace, by a number of steam-heated radiators, or by radiators heated by hot water, and is conducted to the room in pipes or flues. The advantage of this method is mainly the absence of the radiator from the room itself, as hinted at above, and in a secondary degree the continual supply of newly warmed air, which in a sense, though not completely, ventilates the room. The disadvantage is mainly the dust which the warmed air brings in with it, and the presence in the walls of large pipes opening into this and other rooms, and capable of conducting sound up and down and across, and of carrying with it all those disadvantages which hollow walls and a house not massively built cannot escape from. Registers are never put in the floors nowadays; the objection to them was of course their facility for gathering dirt, which, dried and resolved into powder, came back into the room in the form of dust. All our registers nowadays are in the walls, and a serious annoyance they are to the householder who wishes to place his furniture. Some architects try hard to get their registers into the marble or slate facing around the fireplace, reasoning that here is a part of the wall surface abandoned by the very nature of the case to the duty of giving heat to the apartment, and where no piece of furniture would ever be set. Here, too, is a brick chimney-breast in which the heating-flue might easily be made absolutely safe from undue contact with combustible material. It is hard to say why this plan is not used more frequently; probably the main cause of it is that as the furnace is placed naturally in the middle of the house, the fitters try hard to diminish the horizontal reach of the pipes below, and to send them up vertically through those walls or partitions which are nearest to the furnace. This of course is sound reasoning, but it leads to an unfortunate result when it brings the radiator in the middle of the wall where the chief pieces of furniture must needs be placed.

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# THE DRAWER

## TIGER-LILIES.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

OH my little yaller Lily wid de freckles 'crost 'er nose,
An' 'er purty yaller ruffles roun' de aidges of 'er clo'es.
She's my speckled tiger-lily,
An' I giggles tell I'm silly
When she nods to me a-passin' f'om de winder whar she sews.




"AN' WID DAT SHE SUDS-ED ME OVER."

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An' I looks at my bare foots, an' at my dirty gallus strings,
An' I knows de mules is waitin' fur me at de cattle springs,
But wild horses couldn't hinder
Me from buzzin' to her winder,
An' a-sayin' 'bout a million dozen honey-softie things.

You may talk about yo' daisy, you may brag about yo' rose,
But de spotted tiger-lily is de sweetest flower dat grows.
All de yether blooms looks jaded,
An' dey colors seems all faded,
When it curtsies to de gyarden in its yaller furbelows.

Ef you seen my Lily standin' on 'er little yaller toes
Out behind de cedars whar de tiger-lilies grows,
'Cep'n dat de gal is taller,
An' de flowers' bonnets smaller,
You couldn't designate 'er when she's hangin' out 'er clo'es.

Once-t I called her "Tiger-Lily," des to see de way she'd do,
An' she up an' 'spon', "I ain't a bit mo' yallerer 'n you."
An' wid dat she suds-ed me over,
Den she rolled me in de clover.
Oh, she's a tiger an' a lily, an' a tiger-lily too.

CHORUS—
She's my tiger, tiger, tiger,
An' my lily—an' my lily—
She's my tiger,
An' my lily,
An' my tiger-lily too.

## "THE COLONEL."

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

THE Colonel was by nature playful. Perhaps, too, there was in him a streak of perverseness, if not of actual depravity. Indeed, Aunt Jane asserted boldly that he "took to meanness naturally enough to be a man." But Aunt Jane was prejudiced, the Colonel once having insisted on backing along a country road for a quarter of a mile, pushing the carriage, with Aunt Jane in it, behind him.

That the Colonel was a horse may be inferred. He was, in fact, an "equine horse," as asserted by a travelling book-agent, unmindful of the canon 'gainst a little learning. His standing in the family may also, perhaps, be guessed from his title. He was senior in the line, ranking all the other horses—equine or otherwise. There was a Major, and a Captain, and possibly others; but had any of these been advanced to a colonelcy, it is positive that the Colonel would have been made a brigadier-general at least. His intelligence and strategic qualities certainly entitled him to his rank. The hand of man was unequal to the production of a device for fastening the stable door which he could not readily open, to let himself either out or in, as desired. He slipped off his halter as one slips off an old glove. Any deficit in his nightly ration of oats meant that he would be found the next morning with his head in the oat-bin, munching in a resigned manner, as much as to say, "This is hard work, but I suppose I must do it." On one occasion, hay not being forthcoming in his manger, he mounted the stairs to the loft, and in the morning stood with his feet on the low sill of the window of the mow, his head poked out into the upper regions as he inspected the landscape and cast an occasional glance at the heavens. For the Colonel a new driver was what the old school reading-books called "rare sport." He would look back over his shoulder as the guileless one mounted to the seat, and almost betray himself with a broad grin. Inside a half-mile he would develop a case of lameness, which three times out of four would head him for the nearest stable. And on the fourth time he would fetch the flinty-hearted driver to book with an internal pain so violent that fierce rolling on the ground could alone bring relief.

But in all of these matters the Colonel was simply humorous and playful. Toward but

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one class of people did he show real animosity. This was the farm hired man. He kicked at this worthy assistant in season and out of season. Generally speaking, his kicks landed. It was seriously suggested that a sort of a bay-window be built just to the rear of his stall, nicely padded, and with a bottle of arnica hanging from a string, into which the Colonel could project the unsuspecting agricultural helper.

Naturally, pasture fences were the Colonel's derision. He jumped over them if for no other reason than to show that he could jump back again. If the gate was left open, he would neither go through it nor leap the fence, seeming satisfied that his liberties were assured; but if the gate was closed, a vault over the fence was necessary as a visible declaration of independence. The family Boy asserted that he could leap the fence backward. No proof adduced. The same Boy, his imagination made feverish by circus posters, said that he actually saw the Colonel lean sidewise against a board fence, and flop over it like a trap-door, or the leaf of a book, or a waffle-iron, his feet describing the arc of a circle, the gyration bringing him up calmly leaning his other side against the opposite side of the fence. Boy sharply reprimanded and sent to bed.

Perhaps the Colonel's most notable achievement was with Uncle Asa, a venerated relative from Providence, Rhode Island. Uncle Asa was a benign personage, and all his ways were ways of pleasantness. He was president of a local Universal Peace Society, and a corresponding member of the Philadelphia Brotherhood of Man Association. He was also interested in an orphanage, and was a charter member of the Providence Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. His only recreation was the collecting of postage-stamps. Though his collection was not esteemed large by the fraternity, it would probably, placed side by side, have covered the State, with perhaps a narrow fringe for the neighboring commonwealths.

It has already been hinted that the new driver was always the victim of the Colonel. It should further be explained that it was while being driven that the Colonel found his favorite time for exploiting his peculiar humor. If in double harness, it was his wont occasionally to kick one rear leg over the pole. The experienced driver paid no attention to this, and after a time he would return his leg to its rightful place. Again he would throw his other leg outside the trace, retiring it in due time. On rare occasions, while going down hill, he was known to get one leg over the pole and the other over the trace; but this he seemed himself to think was pushing the thing rather too far. Once in a while, to kick up both hind feet without losing step with the others was another pastime. To none of these things did the experienced driver pay the least attention. Driven single, his invention was equal to the devising of an entirely new set of gymnastics.

It was Uncle Asa's first meeting with the Colonel. He had expressed a desire to take a little drive, and the Colonel seemed to be the only available horse. The vehicle provided was a low but strong single-seated phaeton. The Colonel looked over his shoulder, as usual suppressing a chuckle, and then they drove off.

Matters went on pleasantly enough till they reached a quiet country road where there were no houses or people in sight. Here the Colonel put a leg over one of the shafts, much to the astonishment of Uncle Asa. The philanthropist talked to the military representative, and attempted to stop him and alight, but he seemed to prefer to hobble along. By-and-by he took his leg back, at the same time putting the other over the opposite thill. More alarm and remonstrance on the part of the stamp-collector, the horse continuing to hitch himself along. Again the horse got all his legs inside the shafts, but immediately began to go lame. Nothing tangible resulting from this, he began the Aunt Jane plan of backing. Alarm, deepening into consternation, on the part of Uncle Asa. He tried all manner of talk, but to no avail. He appealed to the Colonel's sense of honor, reminded him of his title, called upon him in the names of the great "equine horses" of the past; but he continued to back. Suddenly the representative from Providence became possessed of the notion that the horse might back him over a bank or into a ditch. In a fit of desperation he seized the whip and gave the Colonel a sharp cut. The horse instantly kicked up both rear feet. He was still backing, and miscalculated. His feet came down beyond the dashboard and inside the phaeton. Uncle Asa went out backward, something as the Boy had alleged he saw the Colonel flop the fence. The Colonel stopped his backing and tried to extricate his feet. He could not do so. His spinal column was at an exact angle of forty-five degrees. For once in his life he was caught. He ceased to struggle, and stood perfectly still. But he felt no more helpless than did poor Uncle Asa. This unfortunate sat down on a stump and surveyed the scene before him. The Colonel remained with his nose about six inches from the ground and his tail some seven feet. It occurred to Uncle Asa that he resembled somewhat a reversed giraffe, and he wondered how he'd look on a postage-stamp. Uncle Asa was far beyond his wits' end. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait till an efficient man should come along. So he waited. It was a bad day for efficient men. At the end of an hour and a quarter no man, efficient or otherwise, had appeared. The Colonel seemed to be asleep. Uncle Asa felt that his patience was gone. Taking a note-book from his pocket, he tore out a blank leaf, and hastily wrote his resignation to all the peace and humane societies

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to which he belonged. Then he rose up and climbed into the phaeton from the rear, picked up the reins, and seized the whip with a firm grasp. The Colonel had observed the resignation-writing out of the tail of his eye. He now saw the whip. He recognized that at last there was but one thing for him—submission. So he walked off on his forward feet, his rear ones continuing to ride in state with Uncle Asa. They made about two miles an hour, and at the end of an hour and thirty minutes came down the main road and turned up the lane to the house, observed of all available observers.

In good time the Colonel passed away, full of years if not absolutely overflowing with honors. He had reached the age of twenty-four. He died, as befitted his character, beyond the confines of the stable and outside the pale of the pasture fence. He had done what he had never done before, broken the top board of the fence in setting forth his last declaration of independence. Perhaps it also broke his heart. We wrote the intelligence to Uncle Asa. Instead of sending his sympathy, like a Christian, he sent his congratulations.

### CHARLES, THE DUKE'S WRESTLER.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE PROPERTY-MAN.

"DID I ever tell you," said the old property-man, with a perplexed look on his face, "of how one time at Binghamton, when I was with 'The Old Barnyard' company, the leading ox got mad, and switched his tail till he knocked the cigar out of the hero's mouth, and into the load of hay, and set it afire, and we had to use all the real water from the tank scene to put it out? Well, no matter—what I was going to tell now was about the time at Mansfield, Ohio, when I was with the legit. 'As You Like It' was the play. Had a big feller named Muggins for *Charles, the rastler*. Ned Castle played *Orlando*. Sizable, Ned was, but no match for Muggins, of course, who was a professional rastler. Muggins's having to be throwed every night by Ned made him very tired. It just 'bout run him into insanity. He was afraid folks wouldn't understand. While they was getting ready, he would stand and wink and scowl at the augence, and pat his hands up and down like you'd toss a baby, just to show what he could do with the other. Then, when the rastle begun, he would just stand still, and sort o' roll his head and keep winking, while Ned pushed and h'isted and puffed; and then bime-by he would give a kind of scornful groan and fall over disgusted. Sometimes when they was carrying him out, and he was specially mad, he would cock up his eye at the gallery, and say, in a sort of dumb whisper, with his lips and face, 'Dead fake!' Then he would stand round the wings and explain to the stage-hands how he would like to take Ned up and shove his head down through the stage floor, and leave his legs waving like a willer-tree.

"Well, naturally, after a while Ned got tired of this kind of thing. When we struck Mansfield there was a professional rastler named Burke giving exhibitions there. Ned sent for him, smuggled him into his dressing-room, made him up like himself, and took him on for the rastling scene. When he stepped to one side to take off his cloak, he slipped behind a tree, and Burke walked out. Muggins was so busy gagging at the augence that he never seen nothing. Burke went at him like a pup at a rabbit-skin. Lifted him right off his feet the first grab. 'O excellent young man!' says *Rosalind*. Started to turn him over in the air. 'I would I were invisible, to catch the strong feller by the leg,' says *Celia*. But Muggins was game, and onto his job all right. Burke didn't turn him. Muggins came down on one foot, and wrapped the other leg around Burke's waist like a bore-consticktor. 'O excellent young man!' says *Rosalind*. 'I would I were invisible, to catch the strong feller by the leg,' says *Celia*, there being nothing else for 'em to say in the lines, and knowing they'd got to keep up their business while it lasted.

"Well, the way them fellers had it round that stage was a caution. First one in the air, then the other; pull and haul; jump and jerk; twist and turn; their teeth set and their eyes glaring; *Juke Frederick* and the *Courtjers* dodging 'em, and betting quietly on the result, and *Rosalind* chirping out, 'O excellent young man!' and *Celia* coming in with 'I would I were invisible, to pull the strong feller by the leg!' Grape-vine twists, half-nelsons, back-heels, strangle-locks, and every catch and holt you ever heard tell of, with the augence yelling like mad, and a sporty chap with a plaid shirt standing up in the fifth row selling pools on the event. And *Rosalind* and *Celia* working right along on full time—'O excellent young man!'—'I would I were invisible, to yank the strong feller by the leg!' The two men made more noise than the thunder-machine, and kicked up the dust like a whirlwind, trees a-falling, the *Juke's* crown on the foot-lights, and *Touchstone* knocked over and his ankle sprained. I thought it was going to last all night, when suddenly, just as *Rosalind* piped up for the seventh time with her 'O excellent young man!' Burke got some sort of a patent twist on Muggins and throwed him so it shook the building. Then he let go and decamped, and Ned come up and stood over Muggins, who wasn't seeing anything much except stars. 'No more, no more,' says the *Juke*, catching his cue. 'Yes, I beseech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed,' says Ned, fresh as a morning-glory. And Muggins heard him, and looked up, and says he, thick and deep, 'Great heavings! who'd 'a' thought he had it in him!' Then they bore him out—*had* to—there was no walk left in Muggins. And for the rest of the season he was the best *Charles* I ever seen, and never give no more trouble."

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TOO REGULAR.

MISS ETHEL. "That's young Mr. Drinkleigh looking in at that window, isn't it? I hear his habits are very irregular."

DE BROWN. "Not at all. Regular as a clock—never stops after lunch."

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LER.

### VI.

On the evening set for their entertainment, Dorothy and Leroy come to dinner at the Bentons'. As Benton puts it afterward, they are on time in a *crescendo* sort of way. They ring the front-door bell as the hall clock strikes; Dorothy gets her prinking done by the time the parlor clock is ready; and, to the great satisfaction of Ethel, the dining-room [illegible] chimes pleasantly just as they sit [illegible] table.

Dorothy is beaming, and Leroy wears a pression of proprietorship which has displaced that nervous and somewhat [illegible] hensive manner used to carry [illegible] with him before. Much to Ethel's relief, Benton behaves very well during the early part of the dinner; but Ethel has admitted that, for this very reason, she suspected he had some fiendish scheme in reserve.



DOROTHY BEAMS.

And, as usual, Ethel is not far wrong. Benton lets fly with his first arrow over the salad. He chooses Dorothy as his victim.

"Dorothy," he asks, with deliberation, "do you think that love interferes with appetite?"

Dorothy looks up somewhat apprehensively. She glances quickly across the table at Leroy, and a little red cloud sweeps over her cheeks. Ethel leaps into the breach.

"It does not seem to interfere with *your* appetite!" she exclaims, addressing her husband.

"No," continues Dorothy, seizing the opportunity to turn the tables on Benton; "I never saw any one grow so fat as you have since you were married."

"Oh, pshaw!" says Benton, calmly; "that isn't the point. You can't hold me up as a horrible example. But, supposing it is true that love and avoirdupois walk hand in hand—would you care to marry a fat man, Dorothy?"

"It is only unrequited love," interrupts Ethel again, "that causes unpleasant physical results."

"Indeed!" exclaims Benton, with a great show of interest. "I am so glad to see that Dorothy has dined well. By-the-way, Leroy, how much do you weigh?"

Leroy stammers out some figures (which are absurdly inadequate for a man of his build), and plunges his nose into a glass of ice-water, while Ethel glares at her husband and fidgets with a fork. Benton looks innocently, and says, "Stop kicking me under the table," which throws Ethel into a great embarrassment, for the poor girl is wholly guiltless of any subtabular telegraphy (if that familiar tabial method of communication in the presence of guests may be thus designated). Having in this manner achieved a temporary advantage, Benton proceeds,

"You could very well carry a little more weight, Leroy."

"Oh yes," he replies, bravely. "I guess I'll have to fall in love."

"That's a very good determination to come across," Benton; and then he asks, innocently, "What sort of a girl would you fancy?"

But Ethel stanchly jumps to the rescue once more.

"It is very difficult to describe one's ideal, is it not, Mr. Leroy?" she says. "I have just been reading a book in which a man starts out to search for his ideal woman, and he never finds her, because his ideal keeps constantly changing. Have you read *The Searcher*?"

"No; I haven't seen it yet," answers Leroy, much relieved at the change of subject.

"And you don't want to," asserts Benton, emphatically. "That fellow was a chump—that *Searcher*. He did not know his own mind. But if you want congenial reading, I should think 'The Duchess' would appeal to you about now."

"Mr. Leroy didn't say he wanted 'congenial reading'—whatever you may mean by that," retorts Ethel.

"Oh, well, he knows what I mean—doesn't he, Dorothy? And I say, Dorothy, do you think that young people who become engaged should announce that fact to their friends at once?"

"I do not," replies Dorothy, with decision.

"Why not?"

"There might be a great many reasons for not announcing it."

"But, of course," continues Benton, in a confidential tone, "if *you* were engaged you would tell *us*, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know that I should."

"I should think you would rather tell us yourself than to have some one else tell us, or than to have us guess it."

"Well, you are such a good guesser," returns Dorothy, sharply, "that I shouldn't be surprised if at any moment you guessed I was engaged."

"Oh no," returns Benton, coolly; "I shall never have to guess that." This reply disconcerts Dorothy somewhat, but she rallies capitally, and exclaims,

"Do you, then, expect me to be an old maid?"

"Not from present indications."

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"Then what do you mean," persists Dorothy, "by saying you should never have to guess I was engaged?"

"I mean simply that, so far as I am concerned, the guessing stage is past."

"Arthur," puts in Ethel, at this point—for it is apparent that Leroy is having a woful time of it—"Arthur, can't you find something else to talk about?"

"Certainly," he answers, cheerfully. And then, as if struck with a new idea, he says, "I will tell Dorothy about Freddy," and thereupon turns, beaming triumphantly, toward Dorothy. "That little brother of yours is a precocious child for one of twelve," he says, and pauses, as if his statement required confirmation. Dorothy glances quickly across the table at Leroy, who shifts uneasily in his chair.

"Indeed he is," Dorothy finally whispers.

"He came down to see me in my office this morning," continues Benton, dispassionately, on one of his semiannual tours in quest of foreign postage-stamps. I usually have some for a little box for him. Freddy was very communicative this morning." Here Benton pauses again, but there is a grim silence at the dinner table, and Ethel foresees impending calamity.



FREDDY CALLS.

Soon Benton resumes. "I told Freddy we expected you here to dinner to-night—you and Leroy—and Freddy said he guessed you would be hungry, because he did not think you got much Welsh rarebit last night. It seems, Ethel," continues Benton, turning from Dorothy to his wife with great seriousness, "that Mr. Leroy is an expert at making Welsh rarebits, and that he set about preparing one of these succulent dishes for Dorothy and himself in the ancestral banqueting-hall of Dorothy's father's mansion last evening at a late hour. It seems also that one Frederick, a junior brother to the aforesaid Dorothy here present, having delayed retiring far beyond his accustomed hour—being absorbed in the sanctity of his own apartment (and by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern) in reading a soul-stirring literary effort with an alliterative title which has now escaped me—scented the tempting and succulent vapor of the bubbling cheese, as it floated upward from below. Now this Frederick," continues Benton, dragging out the thread of his narrative to the greatest possible length, while his three listeners, with various emotions, nervously await the climax—"this Frederick, as I have stated, and as Dorothy's sister, has confirmed, is a precocious youth. He realized at once, of course, that where there was odor there must be substance; so he forthwith deserted the heroine of his romance and descended noiselessly to the butler's pantry—knowing full well that a heroine of fiction will keep, whereas an occasion to despoil the family larder is a chance which, in a well-regulated household like Freddy's, offers but rarely, and must be seized without delay by him who desires to profit of his opportunities.



THE REASON WHY.

"But it appears that Leroy had requisitioned most of the delicacies upon which the youthful Frederick had set his gastronomic eye, and the boy must perforce sit himself down in idleness, and await the departure of his elders from the banqueting-hall heretofore referred to designated and described. It would seem, however, that the manufacture of the Welsh rarebit, which had been the cause of tempting Frederick from the privacy of his own apartments, failed to progress with that rapidity which the said Frederick considered proper and requisite at the hands of one so expert as he believed Leroy to be. Frederick, therefore, consumed as well by curiosity as by the gnawing tortures of famine, determined to attempt a quiet reconnaissance into the main precincts of the banqueting-hall. Whereupon the cause of the delay in the preparation of the rarebit came upon Frederick with such suddenness that he disregarded the presence of a heavy piece of furniture, thereby causing those discovered to discover him—"

"That will do, Arthur," exclaims Dorothy, leaning back in her chair and holding her napkin to her face. "That will do. We will acknowledge it. I was afraid Freddy could not keep still. But please don't say anything about it *until I get my ring!*"

"It was ordered this morning," says Leroy, as Benton shakes him vigorously by the hand.



CONGRATULATIONS.

Then there is a toast, and another toast, and much hearty laughter. And as Leroy struggles into his overcoat later, he turns and whispers to Benton something about Freddy which Benton absolutely refuses to repeat to Ethel.

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A FAMOUS PLAY ILLUSTRATED—"THE LYON'S MAIL."

### CONGRATULATIONS TO A CRITIC.

You call my story crude, and plainly hint
My latest tale has really nothing in't.
You say my style is awful, and you show
The thought is hazy, and the action's slow.

You prove the plot is older than the hills,
The heroine a prude, the heroes pills;
And forcibly you try to demonstrate
I never rightly learned to punctuate.

You've penned these selfsame sorry words before
On books I've published in the days of yore;
And still you speak with that acidity
Which some six dozen times you've shown to me.

So, critic, let me say this word to you:
Your mission's not to lie, but to be true;
And as I read my novel o'er to-night,
Let me confess, I think *for once* you're right!

CARLYLE SMITH.

### EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

AFTER the war, the furniture at a certain notable Virginia country-seat, which had grown shabbier and shabbier for want of renewal and repair, had reached a climax in the matter of dilapidation, when a distinguished stranger, stopping briefly in the neighborhood, came one morning to the house on a ceremonious call.

The mistress of the establishment, thrown into a flutter of excitement by the magnitude of the occurrence, was still further confused by the fact that her husband—usually such an efficient host—sat aloof in a remote corner of the room.

"Mr. Jones," she exclaimed, reproachfully, as soon as the visitor was out of hearing, "you didn't help me at all! Why didn't you sit near the General and talk to him?"

"My dear," replied Jones, rising and pointing meekly to the seat he had just vacated, "I was patching a hole in the sofa."

GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.

### INSPIRED COMPLIMENT.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the French monopolize genius in the matter of paying compliments. Here is a gem of originality and aptness from a quick-witted colored beau. Liza had taken a prize at the cake-walk, and she and George were discussing her triumph. Liza was pretty, and a great belle.

"Did I *blush?*" she asked, coquettishly.

This might have nonplussed a tyro in the art of compliment, but George replied enthusiastically, "Like a box of blacking, you did."

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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Ragged Lady." By W. D. Howells.

NOT long ago, in an essay printed in the columns of "Literature," Mr. W. D. Howells discussed entertainingly what he termed "The Destiny of the Letter R in America." It cannot be said that he took a roseate view of the future of the consonant, and as he developed his theory one was impressed, if not oppressed, with the idea that the letter was either to disappear wholly from our speech, or to become an aggressively vulgar weapon in the mouths of the careless enunciator in general. In so far as one had been able to observe, too, all of Mr. Howells's statements were correct. That certain persons in certain sections of the United States speak of the birds that perch on the gutter kerbs of Madison Square, in quest of their matutinal worm, as "boyds poyched on the coybstones looking for woyms," Mr. Howells did not need to tell us—and he did not do so in so many words; but that in different fashion certain of our fellow-citizens of Massachusetts were treating the letter r with equal discourtesy, which Mr. Howells did suggest, one of his readers at least was surprised to hear. The predominant note of the accepted New England dialect hitherto has seemed to rival Cyrano de Bergerac in its nasal quality. That there was involved in it a subtle warfare on the letter r, wherever the letter r appeared otherwise than as the terminal consonant, has never, before, as far as one is aware, been observed; and even with experience one might have been pardoned for a certain reluctance in accepting Mr. Howells's observations as wholly correct. One would have preferred to make up one's mind as to the correctness of the essayist's views from a study of the dialect presented in a more or less concrete form.

It was therefore with an added interest that one who had read the essay approached Mr. Howells's latest novel, *Ragged Lady*. In this the author has given us the r-less dialect, and, whether because of its novelty, or because of its awkwardness in reading, or because of the author's failure to adopt a method of spelling which imparts a resonance to the printed word which appeals to the ear, it must be confessed the dialect is not convincing. One finds difficulty in believing true to life something which he has failed to observe himself, having had opportunities to observe, and being not wholly unobservant. That Mr. Howells's heroine should treat her r's with contempt one might be willing to accept, even if one had never met that particular sort of young woman, but when the author insists upon his dialect to the point that others are made to speak it, concerning whom it is not shown that they are of similar extraction, or even influenced by a like environment, the reader is inclined to protest somewhat. The very charming Ragged Lady may talk as she pleases; and Mr. and Mrs. Lander may make use of any dialect that suits their convenience, but when the ingennousness of the one is made to appear the same thing as the vulgarity of the other, one is impressed with the notion that there is an error somewhere—either in his own comprehension, or in the author's presentation of the situation.

But a book may not be judged by the narrow standard of its dialect. The best books have had no dialect in them, and many of our worst books have had it in too great plenty. So, apart from its dialect, which is neither convincing nor pleasant, much may be said of "Ragged Lady" which is both. The initial complication is peculiarly American in its nature. The anomalous social conditions that exist in an American summer hotel could exist nowhere else in the world; and it is with some wonderment that one observes that this phase of our life has not hitherto been laid hold upon by our novelists. There is perhaps no good reason why an aspiring young man of good family, desirous of acquiring sufficient capital to obtain a college education, should not accept a position as head-waiter in a hotel, and accept tips for escorting vulgar millionaires to their places at table, if he wishes so to do; and it may be that only false pride could keep a New England "schoolmarm" from paying her summer's expenses from the emolument derived from carrying food to and from the tables of the hungry—but it cannot be denied that the situation has its singular aspects and its complicating qualities socially. We have ourselves seen a head-waiter in a White Mountain resort escorting the family of one of his swell classmates to the breakfast-table, but whether the swell classmate introduced his friend to his mother and sister as he pulled out the chairs and thrust them back again was a mooted question. If he were not a snob, he probably did so—yet, looking at the matter from certain conventional points of view, he could not be termed a snob with entire propriety if he hesitated.

Upon this phase of American life Mr. Howells touches, and very delightfully, in "Ragged Lady." It is quite evident that he has studied the complication at close range, and with his usual wonderful keenness of perception. The atmosphere of the ordinary New England summer hotel is reproduced with remarkable vividness, and the heart-burnings of certain sensitive souls, and the callousness of the less sensitive, over what might strike many as a



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false position are well brought out. One may speak with equal appreciation of the ensuing perplexities with which Mr. Howells deals. They are, one and all, easily recognizable as derived from real life, and there is no forcing of the note throughout. The narrative flows along with that placidity which one has come to look for in Mr. Howells's analyses of human emotions, and all his readers who have liked his work especially for this quality will find this story quite to their taste.

Furthermore, those who are wont to cavil at Mr. Howells's women will find in the Ragged Lady herself a young person of rare charms, and lacking wholly that acid cleverness which has kept many of his heroines outside of our affections, and, in so far as the more timid among us have been able to manage to have it so, beyond the circle of our acquaintance as well.

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"The Awkward Age." By Henry James.

Some fifteen years ago Mr Henry James, writing of "The Art of Fiction," observed incidentally that "the successful application of any art is a delightful spectacle." From this point Mr. James went on to present an analogy between the work of the novelist and the painter. "It is not expected of the picture that it will make itself humble in order to be forgiven," he wrote. And Mr. James has not failed to support his theory by his practice. His pictures have in no wise humbled themselves.

Having it understood that life shall be presented chiefly as it gives opportunity to the artist or to the novelist to show himself otherwise than humble, the word-paintings of Henry James are a delightful spectacle, and the delights of the spectacle from a purely artistic point of view were never more vividly shown than in *The Awkward Age*. It represents the successful application of an art rather more than it represents life itself; and in a day when there is so much that is sloppy and slipshod in letters, it must be admitted that one is rather the happier for Mr. James's work, whether he sacrifices everything to his art or not. "The Awkward Age" shows also that such recent diversions as "In the Cage" and "The Turn of the Screw" are by no means indicative that the fastidious taste of the author has been permanently abandoned for the purpose of meeting an alleged perversion of the public taste. All of the qualities which have compelled an admiration, even if they could not force an appreciation, of Mr. James's writings permeate this latest story from his pen. It has all that wonderful perception of those little traits of character which escape the eye of the ordinary observer, but which, when presented by the author, seem salient, for which Mr. James has hitherto been noted; it has all of Mr. James's exquisite and subtle humor, all of his trenchant, searching criticism of conventions, but it is chiefly the art of it that appeals, and when one has done with it one talks not of the complications of Vanderbank and Longdon, of Mr. and Mrs. Brookenham and their children, of "The Duchess" and Lord Petherton and "Mitchie," but of Henry James and his art. The work is as brilliant as anything Mr. James has ever done, but one cannot exactly say of it, as was said of one of his former productions by one of our foremost critics—and Mr. James's chief American compeer in the realistic school—that "the theme is made literature without ceasing to be life." The "literature" of it cannot be denied. The life of it seems so unutterably hard, and unsweet, and cynical that one does not feel inclined to discuss it from this point of view. It may be that as Mr. James's characters undoubtedly conceal a deal of deep feeling beneath a constantly running stream of cleverness, the real life depicted in the novel is overshadowed by the never-failing brilliancy of the author. The art is there. If there is a strain of real life beneath it all, one reader at least is so dazzled by the art that he sees this rather than the realities to which the art is devoted. One reads Mr. James not so much for what he says as for how he says it, and in the "Awkward Age" there is not only nothing that disappoints, but every quality that has hitherto made Mr. James acceptable to those who like his work.

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"The Capsina." By E. F. Benson.

It is not often given to a writer to live down the memory of a successful book. In this respect Mr. E. F. Benson is a very fortunate person. It would have been a very sad fate for a worthy and talented son of a revered personage to have his name go down to posterity as nothing more than the author of "Dodo," a novel whose qualities were quite aptly to be inferred from its name, and whose virtues as a book to be widely circulated lay not so much in its intrinsic merit as in one of those inexplicable moods of untaste into which the public occasionally allows itself to enter. Ordinarily Mr. Benson would not have needed to live down the success of his "Dodo," for ordinarily it would not have appealed to any appreciable portion of the mass, and would speedily have sunk into unremembrance. But it happened to appear at a time when there were a great many causes contributing to its success. Certain persons, supposed to be the sources of the author's inspiration, were at the moment very much in the public eye; the alleged original of Dodo was a young person whose unconventionalities had already appealed strongly to the British paragrapher — in short, "Dodo" sprang forth from the press very much like Juno from the head of Jove—a complete success. Fortunately, however, its author was young, and his indiscretion has been to all intents and purposes forgotten. Furthermore, even one who remembers the glib superficiality of "Dodo" is disposed to forget and forgive the error in contemplation of



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the really excellent work of the author in the later period of his development. In "The Vintage," a story of the Greek war of independence, Mr. Benson showed himself quite equal to the serious task of the historical romancer. Mr. Benson's narrative "The Vintage" was not only of absorbing interest as a story, but had the added virtue of being in every respect historically correct, for, without instituting any comparison between the two men, just as one will find in one of Dumas's most seemingly impossible romances a scrupulous regard for the real facts of history, so has Mr. Benson's work in "The Vintage" stood the test which the scholar exacts. The same is true of his later narrative, *The Capsina*, which, as a whole, one may pronounce a better story even than "The Vintage." The fact that the heroine is the most heroic figure in the story is, to begin with, an appealing situation; and that she is a womanly woman despite her heroic mould results in the complete disarming of the most ardent advocate of "The Domesticization of Woman." There is a happy blend in "The Capsina" of romance and of history and of realism, and the author is to be congratulated upon having produced a book which is a distinctly valuable contribution to the literature of the day.

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"The Jacksonian Epoch." By Charles H. Peok.

It has long been a popular superstition that history has a way of running in cycles, and is more apt than not, at intervals of varying length, to repeat itself. It is interesting to note, as bearing upon this point, certain similarities of detail between the slight unpleasantness we have just been enjoying with Spain, and the Florida campaign, with which the author of *The Jacksonian Epoch* opens his brilliant narrative of that wonderful period of our national development. It was then, as now, nothing less than Spain's inability, not to say unwillingness, to deal competently with her own problems of government that plunged the United States into a war which, as the event showed, was of a more far-reaching political importance than the mere differences of the moment would have suggested. And precisely as in our own recent trouble the question of liberating the Cubans from the yoke of Spain was obscured by the larger questions which Dewey's guns may be said to have popped, so the Dewey-like independence of the hero of New Orleans infused complications into the situation which far transcended the mere question of the suppression of the lawless element in Florida.

It is not without amusement, too, that one finds the same lofty ideals insisted upon then in certain political quarters that have not been wholly inconspicuous in the more recent difficulty. Clay raised the cry of imperialism then, as it has been raised to-day, save that in that case there was a "Man on Horseback." The same fears were expressed that there was somewhere "a rock upon which the republic was to split"; the United States was "the only bright spot which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West to enlighten and animate and gladden the human heart"; the "eyes of the world" were then, as now, upon us, and, after our usual self-sacrificing, purely disinterested fashion, we were fighting "a great moral battle for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind." In certain of its aspects this Florida campaign might have been called a full-dress rehearsal of the incident now supposed to be closed.

In his preface the author calls his book "an attempt to accomplish two objects: a critical survey of the political history of the United States, particularly in its parliamentary phase, from the Presidential candidacy of Jackson to the accession of Tyler, with a preliminary review of the preceding period beginning with the origin of the War of 1812; and to exhibit the influence of the men who shaped events. The first permits a rapid and independent treatment of the subject from a new point of view; and the second, the introduction of the personal element, which gives to history its keenest interest and its greatest charm.

"The epoch treated," the author very properly says, "is the most suggestive and dramatic in our history. It marks the full development of American political methods, and possesses the most distinguished galaxy of public men ever brought together on the political scene in this country. General histories, however useful and excellent, subordinate men, and biographies either magnify individuals beyond their influence and importance, or do not adequately portray their contemporaries and the general perspective. This book, therefore, is an effort to combine and symmetrize both historical elements in order to present a true and lifelike picture of a most animated political epoch."

"The attempt" has been a very successful one. The author's style is pleasing, and his treatment of the various phases is comprehensive and lucid; and the volume may be said, in view of our present problems, to be not only a valuable but a timely contribution to historical literature.

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"An Incident, and Other Stories." By Sarah Barnwell Elliot.

Miss Elliot's admirers will be glad indeed to receive the added evidence of her charm as a writer of short stories that is to be found in her collection *An Incident, and Other Stories*. Like Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Stuart, Miss Elliot is a keen observer of life, and has to a marked degree a talent for reproducing vividly such scenes and phases as have come within her experience. Her stories have the charm of a subtle humor which latterly we have come to look for among women writers, as well as among the more or less womanly of our men who write. She is keen, alert, and at times vivacious, and in the collection under consid-



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eration all of her pleasing traits are conspicuously present.

There is but one note of regret to be sounded in a review of this book, and that note is bound up wholly in the three final lines of the opening story—a strong story, and written with manifest strength of purpose. It is, too, the story which gives its name to the collection, and must therefore be considered as, in the author's estimation, the dominant story of the whole. The final three lines to which we refer read as follows: "And the teacher went away, wondering if her work—if *any* work—would avail; and what answer the future would have for this awful problem."

This after having described the criminal instinct of one negro, who fortunately failed. There are criminal negroes, no doubt. But why, because of this particular negro's vicious nature, despair of the teacher's work? Are all negroes vicious? Indeed, are there not degenerates among the pale-faces? If one chose to delve in the unspeakable, might not one instance cases of depravity among the so-called civilized which no doubt present an "awful problem"? And must the teachers of morals to the pale-faces despair and wonder if any work will avail? Frankly, the writer of these notes thinks not. And especially with reference to the negro. The problems presented by white men are infinitely more perplexing than those presented by the negro, whose possibilities and whose limitations we know as exactly as we know mathematics. Of course there are negroes of vile mind. Equally certain it is that there are white men of vile mind. There is the *norm* of everything, and there are also the extremes. The wise man, as well as the wise woman, desiring to move communities, bases his, or her, conclusions on the norm, not on the extreme.

We very much doubt that Dr. Frissell, who has succeeded General Armstrong at Hampton, or Mr. Booker Washington at Tuskegee, or any of the sincere educators of the negroes throughout the South, will read Miss Elliot's last paragraph with appreciation, and for the simple reason that they know intimately of, and are devoting their lives to, a phase of American life of which Miss Elliot despairs.

It is pleasant to turn from "An Incident" to the other stories in Miss Elliot's book. These show a less despairful and more judicious note. The art of "An Incident" is as strong in the succeeding stories as in the regrettable first, and one has no hesitation in commending them to the reader.

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"The Martyrdom of an Empress."

It sometimes happens, not often enough, perhaps, that without the intervention of a Mühlbach, but through the more reliable testimony of a friend, we get in literature a biography which might well have been a romance. Not long ago, when the Browning Letters were noted in these pages, something was said about the similarity between the work in hand and a story which was merely fiction—a love-story. We have now to consider a narrative, historical in its import, which seems similarly to take on some of the qualities of the romantic style of historical fiction in which Mühlbach appears even as yet to have excelled all others. The author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* may or may not be a practised hand at the writing of fiction, but she brings to bear upon the extraordinarily eventful and saddening life of her subject a sense of light and shade which is not without its dramatic effect, and one who reads is for a moment unable exactly to classify the result. Those who have kept themselves well informed as to the personages of the European courts are familiar with the trials and tribulations of the late Empress of Austria. These are not disposed to find fault with a life of this beautiful and, above all, womanly woman, which describes itself as a martyrdom. Her death, tragic as it was, was in no sense a martyrdom, since she was murdered without cause, was sacrificed for no principle; but her life was another story, and if ever living was martyrdom, Elizabeth of Austria was a martyr. Apart from the early days when life was sweet and hopeful and full of power and grandeur, the days of this modest, sweet, unassuming woman were filled with sorrow as deep as it was undeserved, and one is glad to find the story of her life told by a biographer who is able to consider her as a woman rather than as the Empress of a great but somewhat uninfluential people. The reward of her life is the meagre one which comes from a world-wide appreciation after death. Having suffered both politically and in her domestic relations, having sustained losses in her lifetime which might well fill a mother's heart with despair, since with these came not only a sense of bereavement, but of humiliation; and having at the end fallen unoffending beneath the knife of an irresponsible assassin, a universal acknowledgment of her virtues is a futile compensation. Yet, when all is said and done, this is all that any one works for in life, and if the memory of Elizabeth of Austria may be kept alive by those who knew her as a woman rather than as a queen, it may perhaps be said that this was what she would most have wished for, and that, seeing the results, she would have been satisfied that with all her wealth of woe she had not lived in vain.

From this point of view the work of the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" is sure to find appreciation. Historically, one may not speak of its worth. A sufficient time has not elapsed since the tragedy, and one needs to see personages in perspective before one may adequately judge of them from the point of view of history. As an appreciation of the life and influence of an admirable woman, the work may be welcomed. As judicious biography or as history, it has yet to be judged.



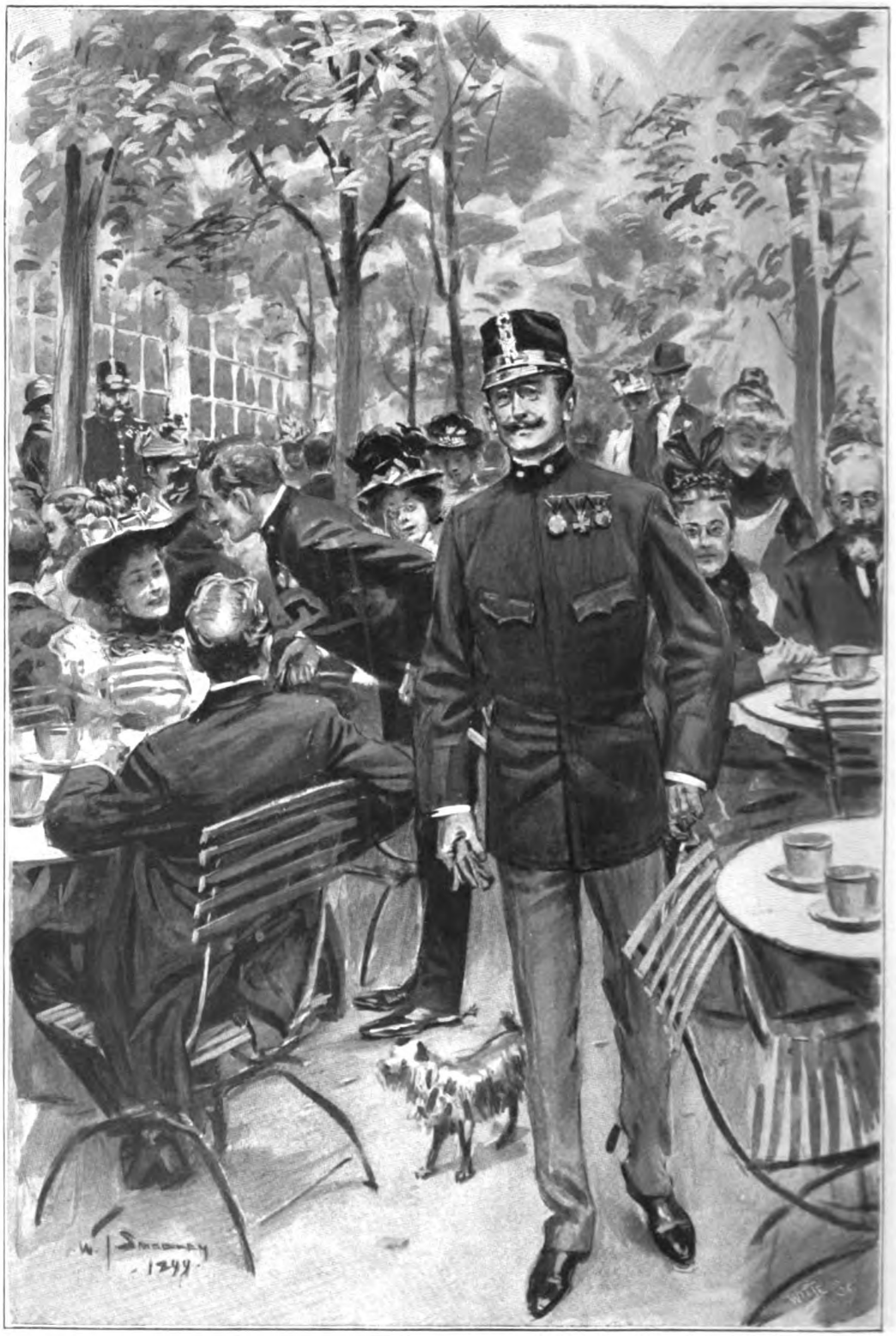
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See "Their Silver Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells.

"THERE WAS NO ONE SO EFFECTIVE AS THE AUSTRIAN OFFICERS."

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# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

## IV.—SANTIAGO.

### THE LAND FIGHT.

THE American navy was ready, as ships of war must always be, and when the President signed the Cuban resolutions, the fleet started for Cuba without a moment's delay. With the army, the case was widely different. Congress had taken care of the army in a spasmodic and insufficient manner, consistently doing nothing for it except to multiply civilian clerks and officials of all kinds, who justified their existence by a diligent weaving of red-tape and by magnifying details of work, until all the realities of the service were thoroughly obscured. Thus we had a cumbrous, top-heavy system of administration, rusted and slow-moving, and accustomed to care only for an army of 25,000 men. The note of war rang out. An army of 200,000 volunteers and 60,000 regulars was suddenly demanded, and the poor old system of military administration, with its coils of red-tape and its vast clerical force devoted to details, began to groan and creak, to break down here and to stop there, and to produce a vast crop of delays, blunders, and what was far worse, of needless suffering, disease, and death, to the brave men in the field. Thereupon came great outcry from newspapers, rising even to hysterical shrieking in some cases, great and natural wrath among the American people, and much anger and fault-finding from Senators and Representatives. Then came, too, the very human and general desire to find one or more scapegoats and administer to them condign punishment, which would have been eminently soothing and satisfactory to many persons—just in some cases, perhaps, unjust in most, but in any event of little practical value. There was undoubtedly a certain not very large percentage of shortcomings due to individual incapacity, which should have been rooted up without regard to personal sensibilities. But the fundamental fact was that the chief predominant cause of all the failures, blunders, and needless suffering was a thoroughly bad system of military administration. An inferior man can do well with a good system, better than a superior man with a bad system, for a good administrative organization will go on for generations sometimes, carrying poor administrators with it. But a really bad system is well-nigh hopeless, and the men of genius, the Pitts, the Carnots, and the Stantons, who, bringing order out of chaos and strength out of weakness, organize victory, are very rare, and are produced only by the long-continued stress of a great struggle, and after bitter experience has taught its harshest lessons. At the outset of our war we had a bad system, and men laid the blame here and there for faults of system and organization which were really due to the narrowness and indifference of Congress, of the newspaper press, and of the people, running back over many years. To-day the system stands guilty of the blunders, delays, and needless sufferings and deaths of the war, and war being over, reforms are resisted by patriots who have so little faith in the republic that they think an army of 100,000 men puts it in danger, and by bureau chiefs and their friends in Congress who want no change, for reasons obvious if not public-spirited.

Thus much by way of preface, essential to the comprehension of even the barest

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SOLDIERS OF THE CUBAN ARMY.
From a photograph taken at the time of the landing of the American army.

outline of our military operations in the war of 1898, and to make clear not merely why there were shortcomings, which any account must notice, but also the fact that the wonder of it all lies not in the blunders and failures of organization, but that the indomitable energy and force of the American people made the rusty, clumsy machine work in some fashion, and that the ability and bravery of American officers and soldiers brought unbroken victory out of such conditions.

On April 23, 125,000 volunteers were called for, and a month later, on May 25, 75,000 more. It was soon found that it was one thing to call out volunteers, and quite another to make them into an army, which, strangely enough, appeared to surprise the country. Even the mobilization of the regulars was not rapid, and the middle of May had passed before they were assembled at Tampa. By the beginning of June, however, the regulars were gathered: but of all the volunteers, slowly mustering in different camps and in various stages of unreadiness, only three regiments were sufficiently prepared to join the forces at Tampa. These three were the Seventy-first New York, the Second Massachusetts, and the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. It was to this army of regulars and volunteers that the government turned when it became evident that troops were needed at Santiago, and the command of the expedition was given to General Shafter, a brave Michigan soldier of the war of the rebellion and an officer of the regular army.

On the night of June 7 orders came from Washington that the army should leave the next morning, and then came a scene of vast confusion. The railroad tracks were blocked for miles with cars filled with supplies tightly shut by red-tape, at which men unused to responsibility and to the need of quick action gazed helplessly. The cars not only kept the supplies from the army, but they stopped movement on the line, and hours were consumed where minutes should have sufficed in transporting troops from Tampa to the Port. Once arrived, more confusion and a widening of the area of chaos. No proper arrangement of transports—no allotment at all in some cases, and in others the same ship given to two or three regiments. Thereupon much scrambling, disorder, and complication, surmounted at last in some rough-and-ready fashion, and the troops were finally embarked. Then came orders to delay departure. There was a false report brought of a Spanish cruiser and torpedo-boats seen by the *Eagle* and *Nashville*. Admiral Sampson put no faith in the report, guessed accurately that the *Eagle* had been misled in the darkness by certain ships of our own; but unfortunately he was at the other end of the line, and in the United States the false but definite report of hostile ships was accepted, and the army waited, sweltering on board the crowded transports, many of them lying in the canal or channel near the wharves,

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which was festering with town sewage. A very heavy price this to pay for a mistaken vision of the night, and for hasty acceptance of its truth. But the long hot days, laden with suffering and discomfort to the troops, finally wore by, and at last the transports, on June 14, made their way down the bay, pushed on the next day, were joined near Key West by some dozen ships of war as convoy, and then on the 16th were fairly on their way to Santiago. Far pleasanter this than broiling in Tampa Harbor, and the spirits of the troops improved. Yet the movement, so infinitely better than the hot, still waiting, was deliberate enough. Some of the transports were very old and very slow, and as they set the speed, the fleet crept along at about eight knots an hour over a sapphire sea, with beautiful star-lit nights, and glimpses by day of the picturesque shores and distant mountains of Cuba. On Sunday, June 19, they were off Cape Maisi, and at daybreak the next morning they came in sight of the waiting war-ships and of Santiago Harbor. Then came consultations between General Shafter and Admiral Sampson and the Cuban generals Garcia and Castillo. The plan of capturing the Morro and the other entrance batteries, as the admiral desired, so that the mine-field could be cleared and the fleet go in, destroy the Spanish cruisers, and compel the surrender of Santiago, was abandoned. General Shafter decided to move directly upon the city, and orders were given to make the landing at Daiquiri. The army had neither lighters nor launches. They had been omitted, forgotten, or lost, like an umbrella, no one knew exactly where; so the work of disembarking the troops fell upon the navy. Under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, the landing began, and was effected without any resistance from the enemy. On an open coast, without any harbor or shelter, with nothing but an iron pier so high as to be useless, smoothly, rapidly, efficiently, through a heavy surf, on the beach and at an unfloored wooden wharf, the boats and launches of the navy landed 15,000 officers and soldiers, with a loss of only two men. It was a very excellent piece of work, thoroughly and punctually performed, exciting admiration among foreign onlookers, who had just beheld with amazement the performances connected with the embarkation at Tampa.



GENERAL GARCIA AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL LUDLOW.
Taken during their conference at the time of the landing of the American army.

The next morning General Wheeler, commanding the division of dismounted cavalry, under direct orders from General Shafter, rode forward, followed by two squadrons of the First volunteer cavalry, and one each of the First and Tenth regular cavalry. When General Wheeler reached Juraguacito, or Siboney, he found that the Spaniards had abandoned the block-house at that point, retreated some three miles toward Sevilla, and there taken up a strong position, their rear having been engaged by some 200 Cubans with little effect. By eight o'clock that night the cavalry division had reached Siboney, and General Wheeler, after consultation with General Castillo, determined to advance and dislodge the en-

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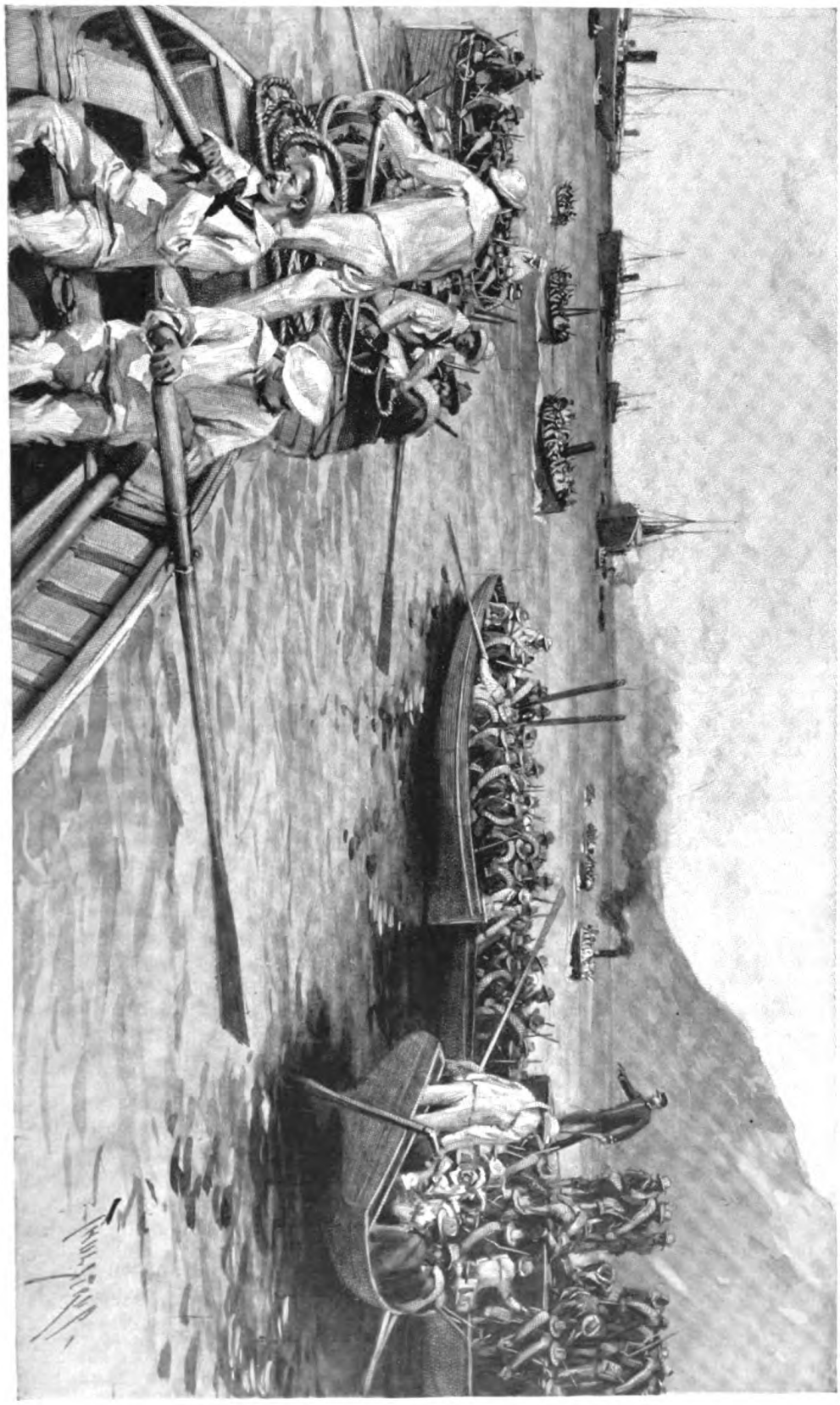
emy lying between the Americans and Santiago. The next morning before daylight the movement began. The troops marched along two roads, which were really nothing more than mountain trails. The First and Tenth regular cavalry, under the immediate command of General Wheeler, and General Young with Hotchkiss guns, marched by the main or easterly road to Sevilla. Along the westerly road went the First volunteer cavalry, nearly five hundred strong. This regiment, enlisted, officered, disciplined, and equipped in fifty days, may well be considered for a moment as it moves forward to action only two days after its landing. It is a very typical American regiment. Most of the men come from Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, where the troops were chiefly raised. There are many cowboys, many men of the plains, hunters and pioneers and ranchmen, to whom the perils and exposure of frontier life are a twice-told tale. Among them can be found more than twoscore civilized but full-blooded Indians—Americans by an older lineage than any of those who were fighting for the domination of the New World. Then there are boys from the farms and towns of the far-western Territories. Then, again, strangest mingling of all, there are a hundred or more troopers from the East — graduates of Yale and Harvard, members of the New York and Boston clubs, men of wealth and leisure and large opportunities. They are men who have loved the chase of big game, fox-hunting and football, and all the sports which require courage and strength and are spiced with danger. Some have been idlers, many more are workers, all have the spirit of adventure strong within them, and they are there in the Cuban chaparral because they seek perils, because they are patriotic, because, as some think, every gentleman owes a debt to his country, and this is the time to pay it. And all these men, drawn from so many sources, all so American, all so nearly soldiers in their life and habits, have been roughly, quickly, and effectively moulded and formed into a fighting regiment by the skilful discipline of Leonard Wood, their colonel, a surgeon of the line, who wears a medal of honor won in campaigns against the Apaches; and by the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt, their lieutenant-colonel, who has laid down a high place in the administration at Washington and come hither to Cuba because thus only can he live up to his ideal of conduct by offering his life to his country when war comes.

These Rough Riders, as they have been popularly called, marched along the westerly trail, so shut in by the dense undergrowth that it was almost impossible to throw out flankers or deploy the line, and quite impossible to see. And then suddenly there were hostile volleys pouring through the brush, and a sound like the ringing of wires overhead. No enemy was to be seen. The smokeless powder gave no sign. The dense chaparral screened everything. Under the intense heat men had already given way. Now they began to drop, some wounded, some dead. The Rough Riders fire and advance steadily, led onward by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. A very trying place it was for perfectly new troops, with the burning tropical heat, the unseen enemy, the air filled with the thin noise of the Mauser bullet. But there was no flinching, and the march forward went on.

Along the eastern road the regulars advanced with equal steadiness and perfect coolness. They do not draw the public attention as do the volunteers, for they act just as every one expected, and they are not new, but highly trained troops. But their work is done with great perfection, to be noted in history later, and at the time by all who admire men who perform their allotted task in the simple line of daily duty bravely and efficiently. Thus the two lines moved forward constantly, along the trails and through the undergrowth, converging to the point at which they aimed, and Colonel Wood's right flank finds the anticipated support from the advancing regulars. The fire began to sweep the ridges and the strong rock forts on the ridge. Spaniards were seen at last, apparently without much desire to remain in view; the two columns pressed forward, the ridge was carried, the cross-road reached, and the fight of Las Guasimas had been won.

There was no ambush or surprise about it, as was said by some people in the first confusion, and by others later without any excuse for the misstatement. The whole movement was arranged and carried out just as it was planned by the commanding general of the division. It had been

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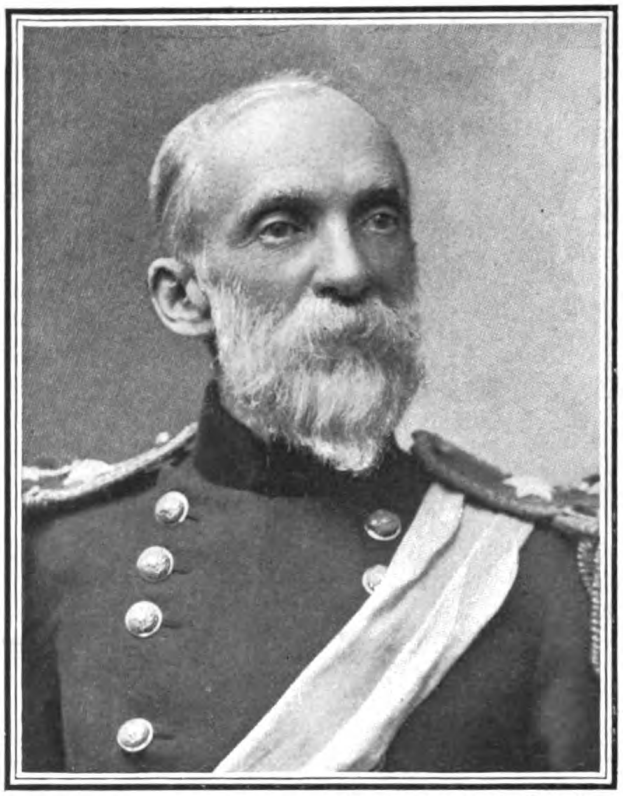


THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT DAIQUIRI.

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Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont.

JOSEPH WHEELER.

a hot skirmish, and victory had come to the steady American advance, unchecked by the burning heat, the dense, stifling undergrowth, and the volleys of an unseen enemy. That night the Spanish soldiers said in Santiago: "Instead of retreating when we fired, the Americans came on. The more we fired the more they advanced. They tried to catch us with their hands." The Spanish official report stated that they had repulsed the Americans and won, but as they had only 4000 men, and the Americans 10,000, they had retreated, which was, perhaps, to the Spanish mind, dwelling these many centuries among mendacities, and thereby much confused, a satisfying explanation. The plain truth was that the entire American force amounted to 964 officers and men. The Rough Riders suffered most severely, having 8 killed and 34 wounded. The regulars lost 8 killed and 18 wounded. The Spanish accounts give their own force in various figures from 4000 down to 1400, the last statement being made long after the battle, when the number of Americans who had defeated them could no longer be concealed. A comparison of their varying statements and all the best evidence make the Spanish troops engaged not less than 2800.* Forty-two Spaniards were found dead on the field; 77 were reported in the Santiago newspapers the next day to have been killed, and after the surrender General Toral admitted to General Wheeler a loss of killed and wounded of 265 at Las Guasimas and in the brushes with the Cubans of the two preceding days.

This action, in which, in less than an hour, American regulars and volunteers had driven a Spanish force nearly three times their number from a strongly intrenched position on high ground, put the army in high spirits. It also encouraged the mistaken idea which Admiral Sampson had expressed at first, and which General Shafter apparently held to firmly, that the soldiers of the United States had nothing to do but to press forward, drive the Spaniards from them, and take the town in forty-eight hours. If the Americans had gone on at once, there is every reason to believe that they might have gone through successfully to the city itself. But to take the town in forty-eight hours in the first advance was one thing, and to attempt to take it after a week's delay on the forty-eight-hours' plan was another and widely different business. In a short time it was to be proved that a strong line of defences, constructed for the most part while the advance began at Las Guasimas was checked, lay between the Americans and Santiago, and that the Spaniards, after their fashion, would fight hard and stubbornly under cover of intrenchments and blockhouses. Nevertheless, it was with such views prevailing that the army finally moved forward. Lawton's and Chaffee's

* General Wood, who later as Governor of Santiago had ample time and opportunity to make careful inquiries, states that the Spanish force at Las Guasimas amounted to 2850 men.

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brigades came up to the front the day of the fight at Las Guasimas, and the other troops advanced during the following days to the high ground around Sevilla, which the victory of the cavalry division had brought within American control. During three days there seems to have been great confusion in the movement of troops, and still more in the transportation of supplies. The narrow trails, bad at the best, were soon torn up by wagons, and were choked by the advancing regiments, which moved with difficulty. The army stretched back for three miles from El Pozo, where an outpost was stationed, and whence could be seen the Spaniards hard at work, the line of intrenchments and rifle-pits lengthening continually along the hills of San Juan, and the defences of El Caney constantly growing stronger. Yet during these days of waiting no battery was brought to El Pozo to open on the Spanish works, no effort was made to interfere with the enemy in strengthening his position, which meant the sacrifice of just so many more lives by every hour that it went on unimpeded. There was no attempt during these comparatively unoccupied days to make new roads through the forest and undergrowth, so that the troops could emerge all along the line of woods instead of in dense narrow masses from the two existing trails. There were officers who saw, knew, and suggested all these things, but they were not done. So, too, the valley or basin which lay between the heights we held and the heights of San Juan remained silent, unpenetrated, unexplored. There does not appear to have been any reconnoitring done at all, except by General Chaffee, who, with the skill and coolness of an experienced Indian-fighter, explored the ground in front of his command thoroughly, even to the Spanish lines at El Caney, a village lying toward the northeast of Santiago, and very strongly defended by block-houses and a fort.



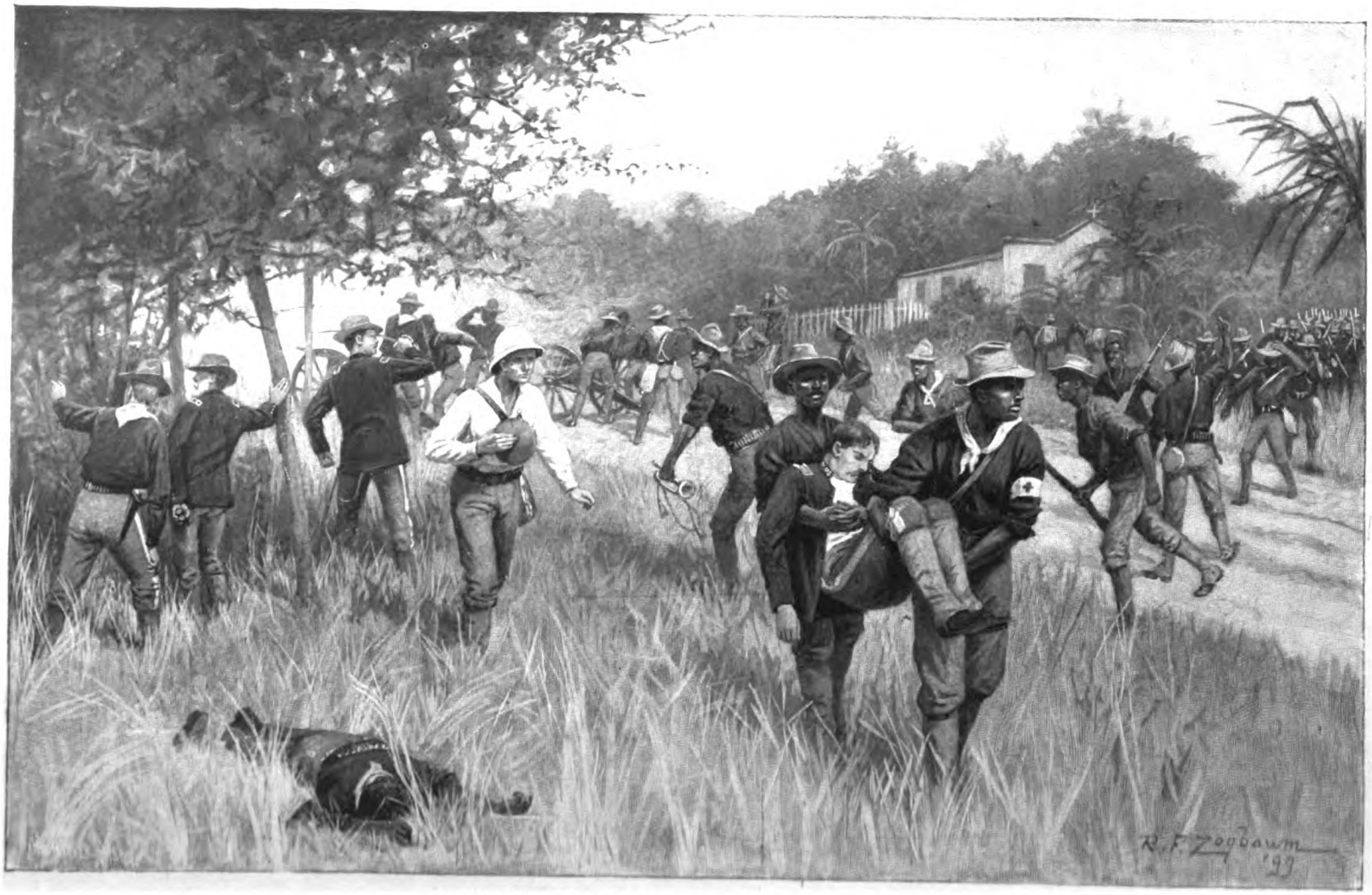
WILLIAM R. SHAFTER.

It was at this point, finally, that it was determined to make an attack, and this was, so far as can be judged, the only operation that was planned beforehand. All the rest of the fighting which ensued came about largely by chance. The movement against El Caney was intrusted to Generals Lawton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, brave, skilful, and gallant soldiers, in command of the Second Division, with the addition of an independent brigade under General Bates, in all a trifle over six thousand men. The plan was that they should capture El Caney, which it was calculated would consume about half an hour to an hour, and then, swinging to the left, cut off and take in the flank the Spaniards on San Juan hill, against which the main army was then to move in direct assault. So, on the afternoon of June 30, the order came at three o'clock that the whole army was to move at four, and then began a slow advance as the troops crushed and crowded into the narrow trail. Part of Lawton's division got off first, then the rest, and they all marched on silently during the night, making their way over the ground General Chaffee had reconnoitred through woods and underbrush. By dawn they were in position, and it was arranged that Chaffee's brigade was to attack from the north and east, and Ludlow's from the south and west, and so carry the position. But to

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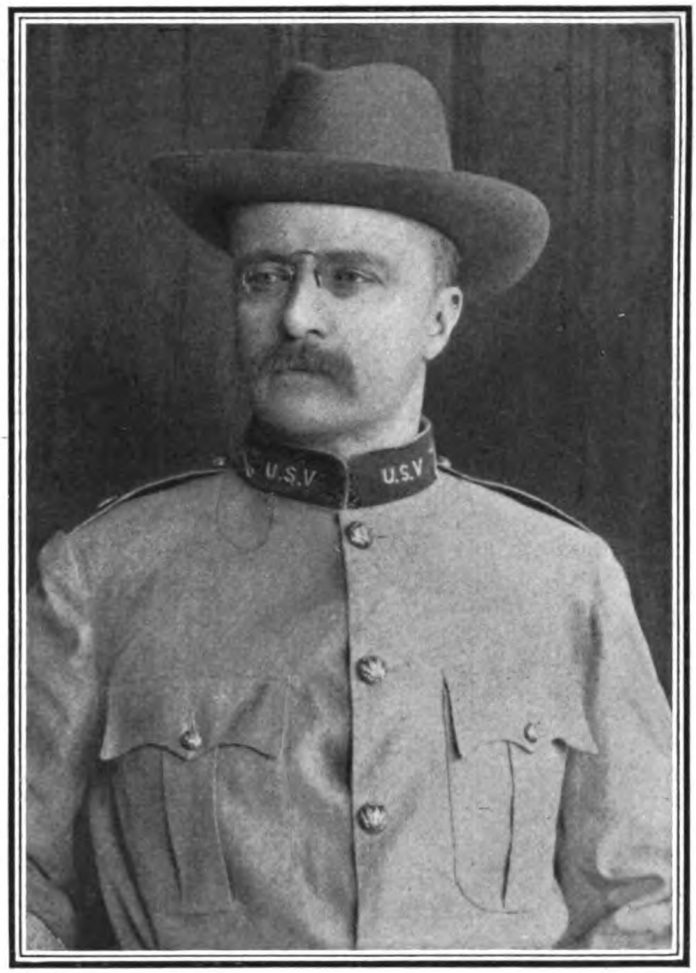
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THE HOTCHKISS BATTERY IN ACTION AT LAS GUASIMAS.

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take a strongly fortified town with infantry quickly and without needless loss it is absolutely essential to clear the way by a powerful and destructive artillery fire. For this all-important object the division had only Capron's battery of four guns, so absurdly inadequate to its task that the fact need only be stated. This meagre battery opened on the fort at El Caney with a deliberate fire at half past six, producing little more effect than to very slowly crumble the walls. Moreover, the battery was not only grossly inadequate, but it used black powder, and immediately established a flaring target to an enemy entirely concealed and perfectly familiar with the ranges. Why were there no more guns? Why were they left at Tampa or in the transports? The fact requires no committee of investigation to prove it, and somebody was responsible for the scores of men shot at El Caney because there were only four guns there to open the way. Why was the powder black, so that a target of smoke hung over the American position after every discharge? Any smokeless powder was better than none. Even poor, broken-down Spain had smokeless powder for artillery. Why did we not have it? While the War Department had been passing years in trying to find a patent powder just to its liking, our artillery was provided with black powder and went to war with it, and men died needlessly because of it. No need of a committee to establish this fact, either. Who was responsible? One thing is certain—a system of administration which is capable of such protracted inefficiency is little short of criminal, and the Congress and the people who permit such a system to exist, now that it has been found out, will share in the neglect for which men's lives have dearly paid if they do not promptly remedy it.




THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

But these reflections did not help matters at El Caney that July morning, and the feeble battery and the slow fire and the target-smoke soon disposed of the pleasant headquarters plan of taking the village in the course of an hour. There was nine hours' savage work ahead before the desired consummation could be reached. The Spaniards, although without artillery or siege-guns, numbered about eight hundred men; were entirely protected and under cover in a stone fort, rifle-pits, and strong block-houses; knew perfectly and accurately all the ranges; could not retreat without rushing on destruction after our troops surrounded them—a sharp incentive to desperate resistance. So, while the slow artillery fire went on, the infantry began to suffer se-

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riously from the deadly Spanish fire. They worked their way forward, creeping from point to point, but it was very slow, and equally costly. At half past one the situation looked badly. The Americans were holding their own, but losing far more heavily than the Spaniards. An order from General Shafter at this moment to neglect El Caney and move to the assistance of the troops at San Juan must have seemed like a grim satire, and was disregarded. But the evil hour had really passed. The artillery fire was quickened, and the fort began at last to go rapidly to pieces under the steady pounding. Colonel Miles's brigade joined General Ludlow in pressing the attack on the south; and then at last General Chaffee, whose men had been enduring the brunt of the fight, gave the order to storm, and the Twelfth Regiment sprang forward at the word, eager for the charge. Up the ravine they went to the east side, then swung to the right, broke through the wire fences, rushed upward to the top of the hill, and the fort was theirs. The enemy who had fought so stubbornly at rifle range could not stand the American rush; they had no desire to be taken "by the bare hands." The price paid had been heavy, but the dearly bought fort, in the words of an eye-witness, was "floored with dead Spaniards," a grewsome sight. Yet, even as the wild cheers went up, it was seen that they were still exposed, and a heavy fire came from the block-houses. Lining up in the fort, the Americans poured volley after volley into these other strongholds; and the other brigades pressing home their charge, the Spanish gave way, even retreat seeming less hopeless now than resistance, and fled from the village, dropping fast as they went under the shots of Ludlow's men. By four o'clock the firing had died away, and El Caney, at a cost which proper artillery would have greatly reduced, had been won by the unyielding, patient gallantry of the American regular infantry.

The Spaniards had less than a thousand men at El Caney, but they were under cover, strongly fortified, and knew the ranges. Shut in, desperate, and almost surrounded as they were, they appeared at their best, and fought with a stubborn courage and an indifference to danger which recall the defence of Saragossa and Gerona. Worthless as the Spanish soldiers have too often shown themselves to be, behind defences and penned in by enemies, they have displayed a fortitude worthy of the days, three centuries ago, when the infantry of Spain was thought the finest in Europe. Of this esteem El Caney offered a fresh and brilliant illustration. The Spaniards lost nearly five hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, much more than half their number, and among the killed was the commander, General Vara del Rey, his brother, and two of his sons. On the American side the killed numbered 4 officers and 84 men; the wounded, 24 officers and 332 men—the loss falling chiefly on Ludlow's and Chaffee's brigades, comprising the 4000 men who were actively engaged throughout the day. The force was composed entirely of regulars, with the exception of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, in Ludlow's brigade. These volunteers, never in action before, behaved extremely well, coming up steadily under fire, and taking their place in the firing-line. But the moment they opened with their archaic Springfields and black powder, which they owed to the narrow parsimony of Congress, and to the lack of energy and efficiency in the system of the War Department, they became not only an easy mark for the Spanish Mausers, but made the position of more peril to all the other troops. In consequence of this they had to be withdrawn from the firing-line, but not until they had suffered severely and displayed an excellent courage. The lack of artillery and the black powder made the assault on El Caney a work to which infantry should not have been forced. Yet they were forced to it, and supported by only four guns, but splendidly led by Lawton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, they carried the position at heavy cost by sheer courage, discipline, and good fighting, manifesting these great qualities in a high degree, and one worthy of very lasting honor and remembrance.

Lawton and Chaffee and Ludlow had gone to El Caney with a well-defined purpose. It is difficult, even after the most careful study and repeated reading of the official reports, to detect any plan in the movements of the rest of the army. The troops had been moved up the narrow trail the night before, and at seven in the morning Captain Grimes's battery opened

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THE CAPTURE OF EL CANEY.

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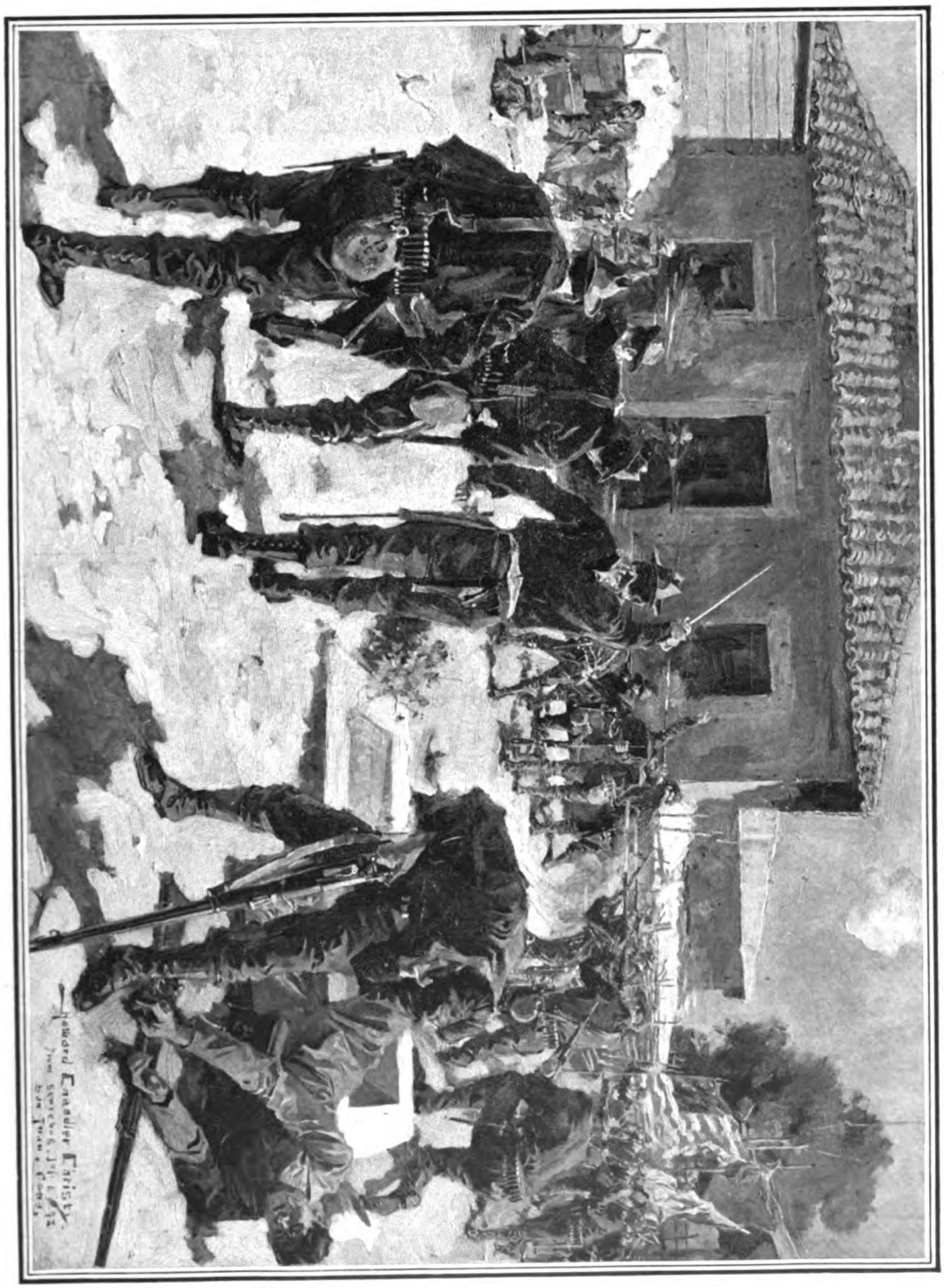
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from El Pozo hill. Black powder again, and a magnificent target, so that the Cubans in the farm-house, Rough Riders in the yard, and the First and Tenth cavalry, all thoughtfully massed by some one in the immediate neighborhood of the battery, where they could be most easily hit, began to suffer severely. Then the two brigades of the cavalry division, the First, commanded by Colonel (now General) Wood, leading, moved down the road to Santiago. When the Rough Riders reached the ford of the San Juan, they crossed and deployed in good order. Then a captive observation-balloon was brought along and anchored at the ford where the troops were crossing and massed in the road. As one reads the official statement of this fact, comment and criticism alike fail. That such a thing should be done seems incredible. The balloon simply served to give the Spaniards a perfect mark and draw all the rifle and artillery fire to the precise point where our men were densely crowded in a narrow road. Fortunately the balloon was quickly destroyed by the enemy's fire, but it had given the place and the range, and there the troops remained for nearly an hour, exposed to heavy fire from the forts and block-house, and from guerillas in trees, who here and elsewhere devoted themselves especially to picking off surgeons, wounded men, and Red Cross nurses. There the men remained, dropping under the shots of the Spaniards, able to do nothing, waiting orders. No orders from headquarters came; the situation was intolerable; retreat meant not only defeat, but useless and continual exposure to a slaughtering fire. No other resource remained, except to take rifle in hand and, with infantry alone, carry strong intrenchments and block-houses, defended by well-covered regulars supported by artillery. Still no orders, and at last the division, brigade, and regimental commanders acted and ordered for themselves. Colonel Roosevelt led his Rough Riders forward from the woods, and asking the men of the Ninth to let him pass through, the regiment of regulars rose and followed him, and then the whole cavalry division went out and on up the first hill, where there was a red-roofed farm-house, whence they drove the enemy. A pause here, a taking breath, exposed all the time to a heavy fire from the strong main intrenchments now in plain view. Again Colonel Roosevelt calls on his men, starts, comes back because they had not heard, and off they go again over the long space, more than half a mile, which separates them from the Spanish post. The line of blue figures looks very thin and very sparse to those who are watching it. It seems to move very slowly. But it is moving all the time. Men stagger and drop, but the line goes on and up. It nears the top, the Spaniards break and run, and the cavalry division—six regiments—all mingled now, finds itself with the heights carried, and the intrenchments on the right in its firm but tired grasp. With it has gone the Gatling battery under Captain Parker, who has kept his guns right at the front, a powerful ally and support in these trying moments. Colonel Roosevelt, who rode at first, has left his horse at a wire fence, and now finds himself the senior officer present and in command of all that is left of the six gallant regiments, having led dauntlessly and unhurt one of the most brilliant charges in our history.

Meantime over on the left the regular infantry are repeating against the fort of San Juan—the strongest of all the Spanish positions, and on a larger scale—the splendid work of the dismounted cavalry. This division, consisting of eight regiments of regulars and one of volunteers, was admirably commanded and led by General Kent. They moved up the road on the afternoon of June 30, and started again early on the next morning as soon as Captain Grimes's battery opened at El Pozo, with the First Brigade, under General Hawkins, in the lead. Their orders were to keep their right on the main road to Santiago. They too were held back by the crowd in the narrow trail, and still further delayed by waiting for the passage of the cavalry division, who were given the right of way. As they began at last to advance slowly they too came under the Spanish fire, they too received the punishment brought upon the army by the luckless balloon, and thus crowded together, at a halt almost, suffered severely. The enemy's fire steadily increased, the shrapnel poured in where the balloon had marked the position, and the sharp-shooters in the trees busied themselves, as they were doing already with the cavalry division. General Kent

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THE CAPTURE OF THE BLOCK-HOUSE, SAN JUAN.

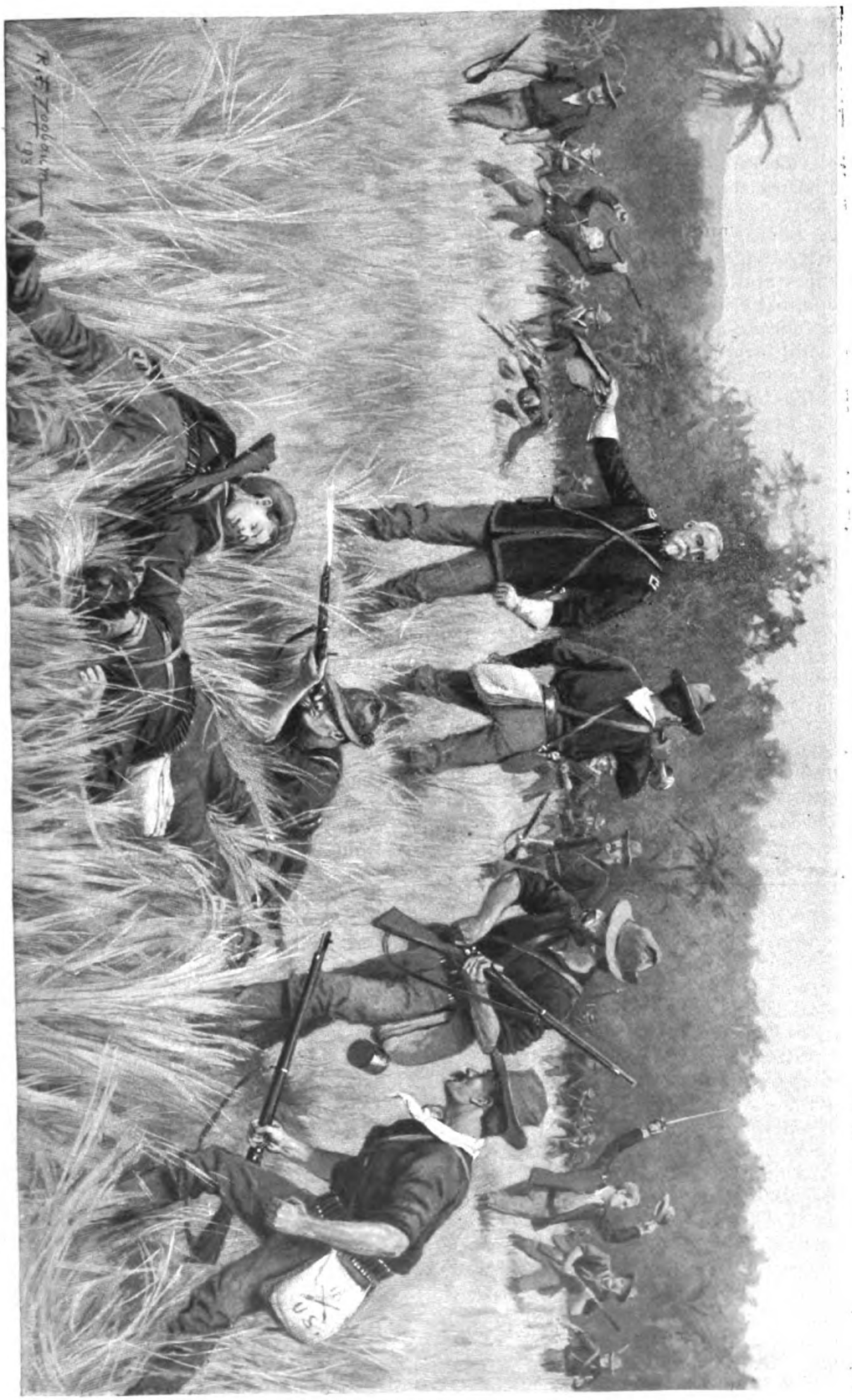
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attempted to send the Seventy-first New York through a by-path, so as to bring them out in their proper position with the First Brigade, but when they came under the heavy fire of the enemy the first battalion broke, and were only held from a panic by the exertions of General Kent's staff-officers. The other two battalions remained steady, for the regiment was of first-rate material, and the trouble arose from their being badly officered. In the end they rallied, and many went forward in the final charge with the regulars, notably the company under the gallant lead of Captain Rafferty. But at the moment the confusion in the New York regiment still further checked the already impeded advance. The First Brigade had gone on without the volunteers, and the Third Brigade was hurried forward by General Kent into the blocked road, and finally pushed through the New York regiment. As they came out and crossed the lower ford Colonel Wikoff was killed, and two lieutenant-colonels who succeeded him in command of the brigade were quickly shot down, all in the course of ten minutes. Yet nothing could shake the nerve or break the discipline of this splendid brigade. Following orders, making all the formations, operating in companies, battalions, and regiments, on they went through the heavy undergrowth, waist-deep through the streams, and across barbed-wire defences. Nothing could break them as they went steadily and fiercely onward. The Second Brigade, finely led by Colonel Pearson, was pushed through in the same way beneath a galling fire, out of the narrow trail and across the ford. Two regiments of Pearson's men went to the support of the Third Brigade, one to that of the First. Meantime the Third Brigade, connecting with the First on the right and sweeping round through a heavy fire, turned the enemy's right, and shared with the First in the assault. On they went up a steep hill 125 feet above the level, tangled with barbed wires, and crowned with deep trenches and the strong brick fort of San Juan. No artillery to help them. Regular infantry, rifle in hand, were going to take this high and heavily fortified position. Steadily and quickly they went at it, General Hawkins, a noble figure, white-haired, and with all the fire of youth in his gallant heart, leading the charge at the head of his two regiments. To those who watched, it seemed to take a long time. But it was twenty minutes past twelve when the Third Brigade followed the First out of the death-trap in the woods, and at half past one the steady, strong-moving mass of infantry had cleared an outlying knoll, crossed the valley, scaled the rough steep hill, and with Hawkins at their head, and the men of the Third Brigade sweeping up on the left, stood triumphant on the crest, where they fell to intrenching themselves, and sent the Thirteenth Infantry off to support the cavalry division, while the Twenty-first Regiment pushed on 800 yards farther and took an advanced position. Altogether a very splendid feat of arms, very perfectly performed.

At only one point did the forward movement of July 1 fail. General Duffield, in command of a brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, was to move along the coast and take the Spanish position at Aguadores. He advanced under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, which shelled the forts and signalled again and again that they were entirely cleared. But General Duffield, reaching a stream about one hundred feet wide, and finding the railroad bridge destroyed, stopped, considered the situation, and decided to go no farther. The regiments, so far as is known, were of most excellent material, brave, and quite ready to fight, but although supported by the ships, General Duffield stopped at the stream, and that seems to be all that can be said, except that he had two men killed and fifteen wounded.

The battle of San Juan, as it is called, consisted really of two detached attacks on the hill of that name and the separate action of El Caney. There were 6464 officers and men at El Caney, and 7919 engaged at San Juan, apart from the small brigade (323 all told) of light artillery. There were among them three regiments of volunteers, but the Second Massachusetts, after suffering severely, had to be withdrawn from the firing-line on account of its black powder, and the Seventy-first New York was only partially engaged. Deducting these two regiments, there were 12,507 officers and men engaged, including, of volunteers, only the Rough Riders, who, like the regulars, were armed with modern magazine rifles, and

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GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS AT SAN JUAN.

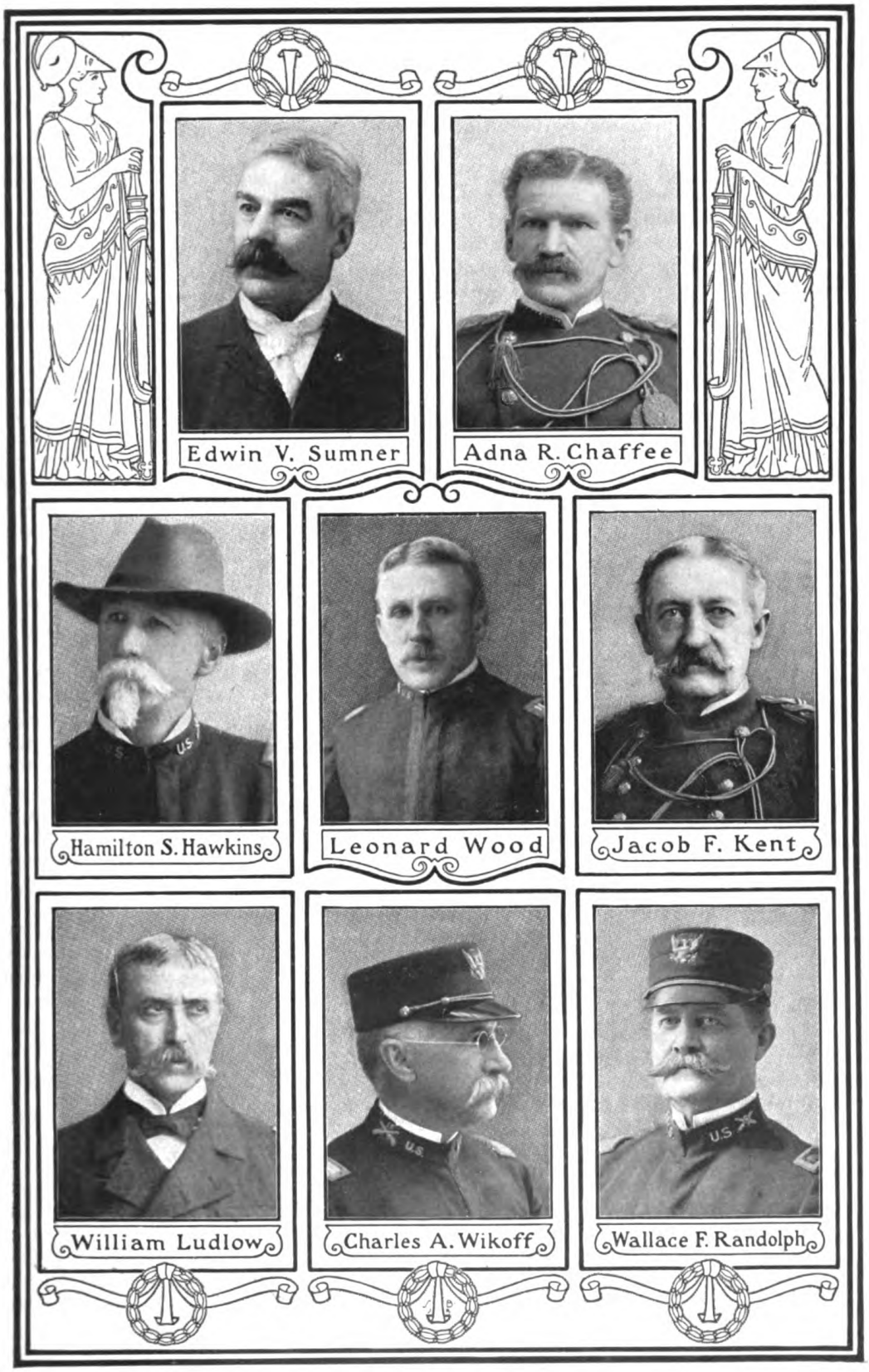
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who showed themselves on that day the equal of any regulars in desperate fighting; but they numbered only 583 of the more than 12,000 men brought into action. The battle of San Juan, therefore, was pre-eminently the battle of the American regulars, of the flower of the American standing army. With scarcely any artillery support, armed only with rifles, they were set to take heights and a village strongly held by regular soldiers and defended by forts, intrenchments, batteries, and a tangle of barbed-wire fences. This is something which the best military critics would declare well-nigh impossible and not to be attempted. The American army did it. That is enough to say. They lost heavily, largely through the awkward manner in which they were crowded and delayed at the start. There were 21 officers and 220 men killed, and 93 officers and 1280 men wounded, the percentage of officers being remarkably high, except at Aguadores, where none were injured. On the Spanish side it is almost impossible to get any figures of the slightest value, even their official reports being filled with obvious falsehoods and contradictions. General Wheeler gives the number at El Caney as 460; the official Spanish report puts it at 520, of whom only 80 returned unwounded. Captain Arthur Lee, of the British army, who has written by far the best account of El Caney, says there were somewhat less than 1000 Spaniards in the works, and that at least half were killed and wounded. As his estimate of the losses agrees with the Spanish report, I have accepted it. The Spanish statement of the force at El Caney is so absurd, on their own statement of losses, that Captain Lee's dispassionate estimate of the total force must also be accepted. The case at San Juan is much more difficult. According to Lieutenant Muller y Tejeiro, quoting what professes to be official reports, there were only 3000 men defending Santiago, including the sailors, and only 250 men at San Juan heights. This is so grotesquely false that it is easy to throw it aside, but it is not easy to reach the truth. Muller gives 520 men at El Caney and 250 at San Juan, and in one place gives the total killed and wounded as 593, and in another as 469, both manifestly absurd losses for 770 men. The Spaniards said that they had 4000 men at Las Guasimas, and really had 2800, which hardly coincides with the statement that there were only 3000 men in the city. Deducting Escario's force, which came in on July 2, there were 13,000 rifles, Mausers and Remingtons, surrendered in Santiago city when it capitulated, which indicates a total force of that number, unless we assume that each of Lieutenant Muller's 3000 soldiers carried four rifles. As a matter of fact, the Spaniards had 12,000 to 13,000 men in Santiago; they had over 9000 along the line of defences on the east side confronting the Americans*; and the works at San Juan were strongly held by at least 4000 men, as stated by Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, a thoroughly trustworthy witness. Their actual losses it is not easy to detect through the clouds of falsehood in the official reports; but as we know that they were heavier than the American at El Caney, and much heavier at Las Guasimas, we may safely assume that the case was nearly the same at San Juan, although they had all the advantage of cover and position. It is certain that when the city surrendered they had more men in hospital than the Americans. The Spaniards stood their ground bravely, fired heavily in volleys, and bore their punishment unflinchingly, but nowhere did they face the American rush and onset when they came close upon them. It was a hard-fought battle, and both sides suffered severely, but the steady and irresistible American advance won.

There was no rest for the men who had climbed the steep sides of San Juan. Worn and weary as they were, they went to work to make intrenchments, and with scant food—Colonel Roosevelt's men feeding on what the Spaniards had left behind—they all toiled on through the night. At daylight the Spaniards attacked, opening a fire which continued all day. Yet, despite the fire and the drenching rain, the men worked on, and the new intrenchments, now frowning down toward the city, grew and lengthened. At nine o'clock in the evening another attack was made by the Spaniards, and repulsed. The losses on the American side during this fighting on the 2d were not severe, as they were protected by breastworks, and the Spaniards were utterly unable to take the hill they could not hold, from the men who had driven

* General Wood puts the number of men on the whole eastern line of defences at 9600.

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them from it when they had every advantage of position. Nevertheless, the situation was undoubtedly grave. With 3000 men only on the extreme ridge at first, we were confronted by 9000 Spaniards. Our men were exhausted by battle, marching, and digging. They were badly fed, transportation was slow, and supplies scarce, and they were at first unsheltered. Under these conditions some officers thought and urged withdrawal, while General Wheeler, backed strongly by many of the younger officers, opposed any such movement. The spirit which carried the heights of San Juan held them, but to General Shafter, away from the front and the firing-line, the voices of doubt and alarm came with effective force. During the day he fluctuated from doubt to confidence. He wanted Sampson to try at once and at all hazards to break in, and he proposed to General Wheeler to move against the entrance forts of the harbor, thus giving a tardy adhesion to the wise plan of Sampson and Miles, which he had abandoned. Early on the morning of July 3 there came a despatch from him, written under the first depressing influences, to the War Department, saying that he had Santiago well invested, but that our line was thin, the city strongly defended, and not to be taken without heavy loss; that he needed re-enforcements, and was considering withdrawal to a position which an examination of the map showed to mean a retreat to the coast. This news—the first received in twenty-four hours—came upon those in authority at Washington with a depressing shock. General Shafter was urged to hold the San Juan heights, and in a confused hurry every effort was made to get together more transports—none having been brought back from Santiago—and drive forward the departure of troops. It was the one really dark day of the war, and the long hot hours of that memorable Sunday were heavy with doubt, apprehension, and anxiety.

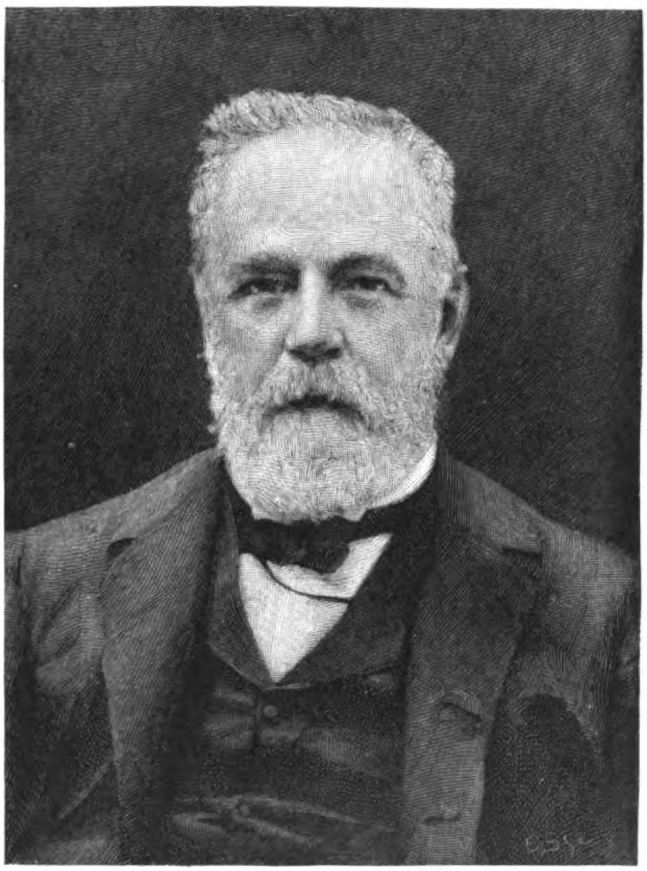
### THE SEA FIGHT.

Yet by one of the dramatic contrasts which fate delights to create in human history, at the very time when the Shafter despatch was filling Washington with gloom, the sea-power of Spain was being shot to death by American guns, and her ancient empire in the West Indies had passed away forever. It matters little now why Cervera pushed open the door of Santiago Harbor and rushed out to ruin and defeat. The admiral himself would have the world understand that he was forced out by ill-advised orders from Havana and Madrid. Very likely this is true, but if it is, Havana and Madrid must be admitted to have had good grounds for their decision. It did not occur to the Spaniards, either in Santiago or elsewhere, that the entire American army had been flung upon El Caney and San Juan, and that there were no reserves. Their own reports, moreover, from the coast were wild and exaggerated, so that, deceived by these as well as by the daring movements and confident attitude of the American army, they concluded that the city was menaced by not less than 50,000 men. Under these conditions Santiago would soon be surrounded, cut off, starved, and taken. It is true that Admiral Cervera had announced that if the Americans entered Santiago he would shell and destroy the city, and he would probably have done so, with complete Spanish indifference to the wanton brutality of such an act. But it is difficult to see how this performance would have helped the army or saved the fleet. With the American army on the heights of San Juan, and extending its lines, the ultimate destruction or capture of the entire squadron was a mere question of time. The process might be made more or less bloody, but the final outcome could not be avoided, and was certain to be complete. On the other hand, a wild rush out of the harbor might result possibly in the escape of one or more ships, and such an escape, properly treated in official despatches, could very well be made to pass in Spain for a victory. In remaining, there could be nothing but utter ruin, however long postponed. In going out, there was at least a chance, however slight, of saving something. So Cervera was ordered to leave the harbor of Santiago. He would have liked to go by night, but the narrow entrance glared out of the darkness brilliant with the white blaze of the search-lights, and beyond lay the enemy, veiled in darkness, waiting and watching. The night was clearly impossible. It must be daylight, if at all. So on Sunday morning at half past nine the Spanish fleet with bottled steam came out of the harbor

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with a rush, the flag-ship *Maria Teresa* leading; then the other three cruisers, about 800 yards apart; then, at 1200 yards distance, the two crack Clyde-built torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*. As Admiral Sampson was to meet General Shafter that morning at Siboney, the *New York* had started to the eastward, and was four miles away from her station when, at the sound of the guns, she swung round and rushed after the running battle-ships, which she could never quite overtake. It was a cruel piece of ill fortune that the admiral, who had made every arrangement for the fight, should, by mere chance of war, have been deprived of his personal share in it. Equally cruel was the fortune which had taken Captain Higginson and the *Massachusetts* on that day to Guantanamo to coal. These temporary absences left (beginning at the westward) the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and the two converted yachts *Gloucester* and *Vixen* lying near inshore, to meet the escaping enemy. Quick eyes on the *Iowa* detected first the trailing line of smoke in the narrow channel. Then the *Brooklyn* saw them, then all the fleet, and there was no need of the signal "enemy escaping," which went up on the *Iowa* and *Brooklyn*. Admiral Sampson's order had long since been given: "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore." Every ship was always stripped for action, each captain on the station knew this order, his crew needed no other, and the perfect execution of it was the naval battle at Santiago.

The Spanish ships came out at eight to ten knots' speed, cleared the Diamond Shoal, and then turned sharply to the westward. As they issued forth they opened a fierce, rapid, but ill-directed fire with all guns, which shrouded them in smoke. The missiles fell most thickly perhaps about the *Indiana* and *Brooklyn*, the two ships at the opposite ends of the crescent line, but seemed also to come in a dense flight over the *Oregon* and the rest. Around the *Indiana* the projectiles tore the water into foam, and the *Brooklyn*, which the Spaniards had some vague plan of disabling, because they believed her to be the one fast ship, was struck twenty-five times, but not seriously injured. The Spanish attack, with its sudden burst of fire, was chiefly in the first rush, for it was soon drowned in the fierce reply. The American crews were being mustered for Sunday inspection when the enemy was seen. They were always prepared for action, and as the signal went up the men were already at quarters. There was no need for Admiral Sampson's distant signal to close in and attack, for that was what they did. The only disadvan-



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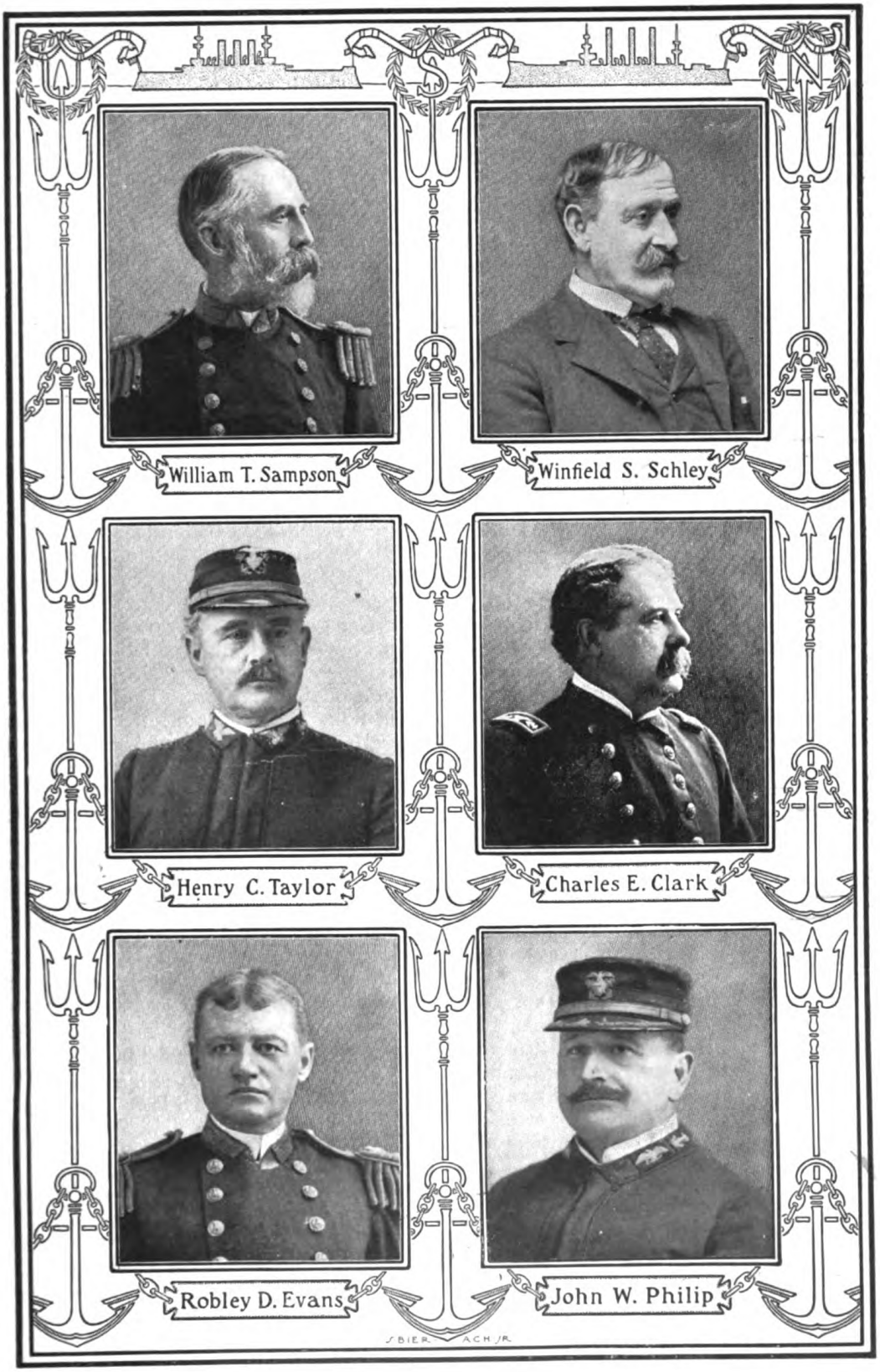
PASQUALE DE CERVERA.

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tage at the outset was that they were under low steam, and it took time to gather way, so that the Spaniards, with a full head of steam, gained in the first rush. But this did not check the closing in, nor the heavy broadsides which were poured upon the Spanish ships as they came by and turned to the westward. Then it was that the *Maria Teresa* and the *Oquendo* received their death-wounds. Then it was that a 13-inch shell from the *Indiana* struck the *Teresa*, exploding under the quarter-deck; and that the broadsides of the *Iowa*, flung on each cruiser as it headed her in turn, and of the *Oregon* and *Texas*, tore the sides of the *Oquendo*, the *Vizcaya*, and the flag-ship. The Spanish fire sank under that of the American gunners, shooting coolly as if at target practice, and sweeping the Spanish decks with a fire which drove the men from the guns. On went the Spanish ships in their desperate flight, the American ships firing rapidly and steadily upon them, always closing in, and beginning now to gather speed. The race was a short one to two of the Spanish ships, fatally wounded in the first savage encounter. In little more than half an hour the flag-ship *Maria Teresa* was headed to the shore, and at quarter past ten she was a sunken, burning wreck upon the beach at Nima Nima, six miles from Santiago. Fifteen minutes later, and half a mile farther on, the *Oquendo* was beached near Juan Gonzales, a mass of flames, shot to pieces, and a hopeless wreck. For these two, flight and fight were alike over.

At the start, the *Brooklyn*, putting her helm to port, had gone round, bearing away from the land, and then steamed to the westward, so that, as she was the fastest in our squadron, she might be sure to head off the swiftest Spanish ship. In the lead with the *Brooklyn* was the *Texas*, holding the next position in the line. But the *Oregon* was about to add to the laurels she had already won in her great voyage from ocean to ocean. With a burst of speed which astonished all who saw her, and which seemed almost incredible in a battle-ship, she forged ahead to the second place in the chase, for such it had now become. The *Teresa* and *Oquendo* had gone to wreck, torn by the fire of all the ships. The *Vizcaya* had also suffered severely, but struggled on, pursued by the leading ships, and under their fire, especially that of the *Oregon*, until, at quarter past eleven, she too was turned to the shore and beached, at Asseraderos, fifteen miles from Santiago, a shattered, blazing hulk. Meantime the two torpedo-boats, coming out last from the harbor, about ten o'clock, had made a rush to get by the American ships; but their high speed availed them nothing. The secondary batteries of the battle-ships were turned upon them with disastrous effect, and they also met an enemy especially reserved for them. The *Gloucester*, a converted yacht, with no armor, but with a battery of small rapid-fire guns, was lying inshore when the Spaniards made their break for liberty. Undauntedly firing her light shells at the great cruisers as they passed, the *Gloucester* waited, gathering steam, for the destroyers. The moment these boats appeared, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, unheeding the fire of the Socapa battery, drove the *Gloucester* straight upon them at top speed, giving them no time to use their torpedoes, even if they had so desired. The fierce, rapid, well-directed fire of the *Gloucester* swept the decks of the torpedo-boats, and tore their upper works and sides. Shattered by the shells from the battle-ships, and overwhelmed by the close and savage attack of the *Gloucester*, which fought in absolute disregard of the fire from either ships or shore, the race of the torpedo-boat destroyers was soon run. Within twenty minutes of their rush from the harbor's mouth the *Furor* was beached and sunk, and the *Pluton* had gone down in deep water. At the risk of their lives the officers and men of the *Gloucester* boarded their sinking enemies, whose decks looked like shambles, and saved all those who could be saved. There were but few to rescue. Nineteen were taken from the *Furor*, 26 from the *Pluton;* all the rest of the 64 men on each boat were killed or drowned. It is worth while to make a little comparison here. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were 370 tons each, with a complement together of 134 men. They had together four 11-pounders, four 6-pounders, and four Maxim guns, in addition to their torpedoes. The *Gloucester* was of 800 tons, with 93 men, four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and two Colt automatic guns. The Spanish ships were fatally wounded probably by the secondary batteries of the battle-ships, but they

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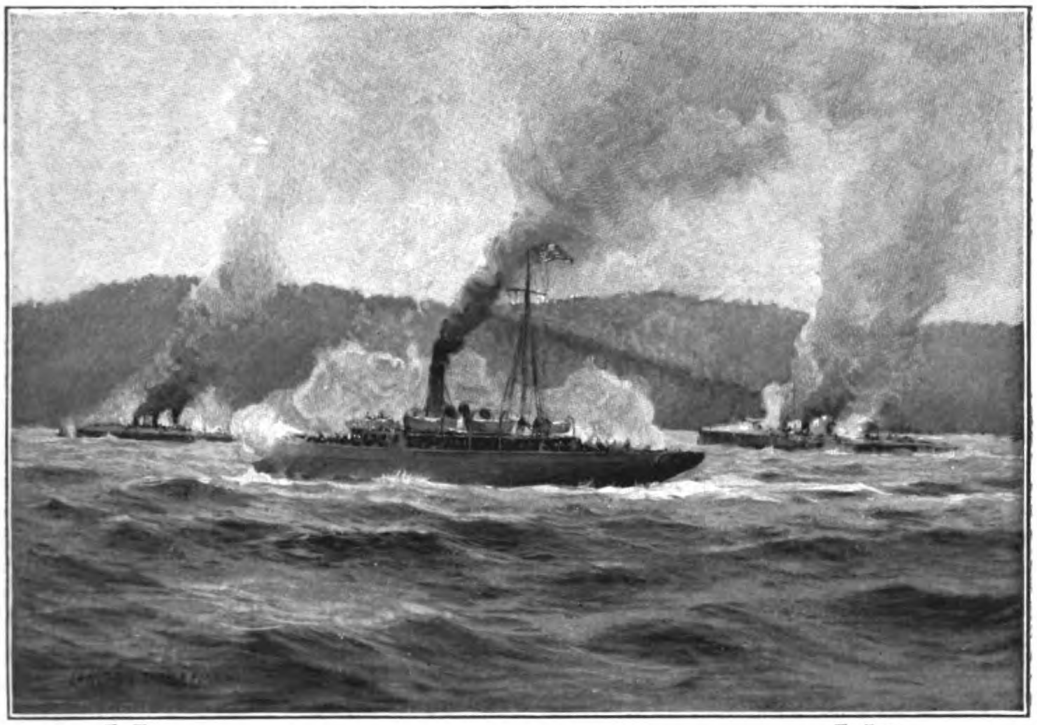

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were hunted down and destroyed by the *Gloucester*, which, regardless of the fire of the Socapa battery, closed with them and overwhelmed them. There is a very interesting exhibition here of the superior quality of the American sailor. The fierce, rapid, gallant attack of the *Gloucester* carried all before it, and showed that spirit of daring sea-fighting without which the best ships and the finest guns are of little avail, and which has made the English-speaking man the victor on the ocean from the days of the Armada.

When the *Vizcaya* went ashore at quarter past eleven, only one Spanish ship remained, the *Cristóbal Colon*. She was the newest, the fastest, and the best of the squadron. With their bottled steam, all the Spanish cruisers gained at first, while the American ships were gathering and increasing their pressure, but the *Colon* gained most of all. She did, apparently, comparatively little firing, kept inside of her consorts, hugging the shore, and then raced ahead, gaining on all the American ships except the *Brooklyn*, which kept on outside to head her off. When the *Vizcaya* went ashore, the *Colon* had a lead of about six miles over the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, which had forged to the front, with the *Texas* and *Vixen* following at their best speed. As the *New York* came tearing along the coast, striving with might and main to get into the fight, now so nearly done, Admiral Sampson saw, after he passed the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, that the American ships were overhauling the Spaniard. The *Colon* had a contract speed five knots faster than the contract speed of the *Oregon*. But the Spaniard's best was seven knots below her contract speed, while the *Oregon*, fresh from her 14,000 miles of travel, was going a little faster than her contract speed, a very splendid thing, worthy of much thought and consideration as to the value of perfect and honest workmanship done quite obscurely in the builder's yard, and of the skill, energy, and exact training which could then get more than any one had a right to expect from both ship and engines. On they went, the Americans coming ever nearer, until at last, at ten minutes before one, the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* opened fire. A thirteen-inch shell from the great battle-ship, crushing her way at top speed through the water, fell in the sea beyond the *Colon;* the eight-inch shells of the *Brooklyn* began to drop about her; more big shells from the *Oregon* turret followed; and then, without firing another shot, the Spaniard hauled down her flag and ran at full speed ashore upon the beach at Rio Tarquino, forty-five miles from Santiago. Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn* boarded her, received the surrender, and reported it to Admiral Sampson, who had come up finally just in time to share in the last act of the drama. The *Colon* was only slightly hurt by shells, but it was soon found that the Spaniards, to whom the point of honor is very dear, had opened and broken her sea-valve after surrendering her, and that she was filling fast. The *New York* pushed her in nearer the shore, and she sank, comparatively uninjured, in shoal water.

So the fight ended. Every Spanish ship which had dashed out of the harbor in the morning was a half-sunken wreck on the Cuban coast at half past one. The officers and men of the *Iowa*, assisted by the *Ericsson* and *Hist*, took off the Spanish crews from the red-hot decks and amid the exploding batteries and ammunition of the *Vizcaya*. The same work was done by the *Gloucester* and *Harvard* for the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa*. From the water and the surf, from the beaches, and from the burning wrecks, at greater peril than they had endured all day, American officers and crews rescued their beaten foes. A very noble conclusion to a very perfect victory. The Spanish lost, according to their own accounts and the best estimates, 350 killed or drowned, 160 wounded, and 99 officers and 1675 men prisoners, including, of course, those on the *Furor* and *Pluton*, as already given. The American loss was one man killed and one wounded, both on the *Brooklyn*. Such completeness of result and such perfection of execution are as striking here as at Manila, and Europe, which had been disposed at first to belittle Manila, saw at Santiago that these things were not accidental, and considered the performances of the American navy in a surprised and flattering, but by no means happy, silence. At Santiago the Spaniards had the best types of modern cruisers, three built by British workmen in Spanish yards, and one, the *Colon*, in Italy, while the torpedo-boat destroyers were fresh from the Clyde, and the very last expression of

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*The Pluton.* *The Furor.*

THE "GLOUCESTER" AND THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOATS.
The *Furor* is in a sinking condition, and the *Pluton* is heading for shore.

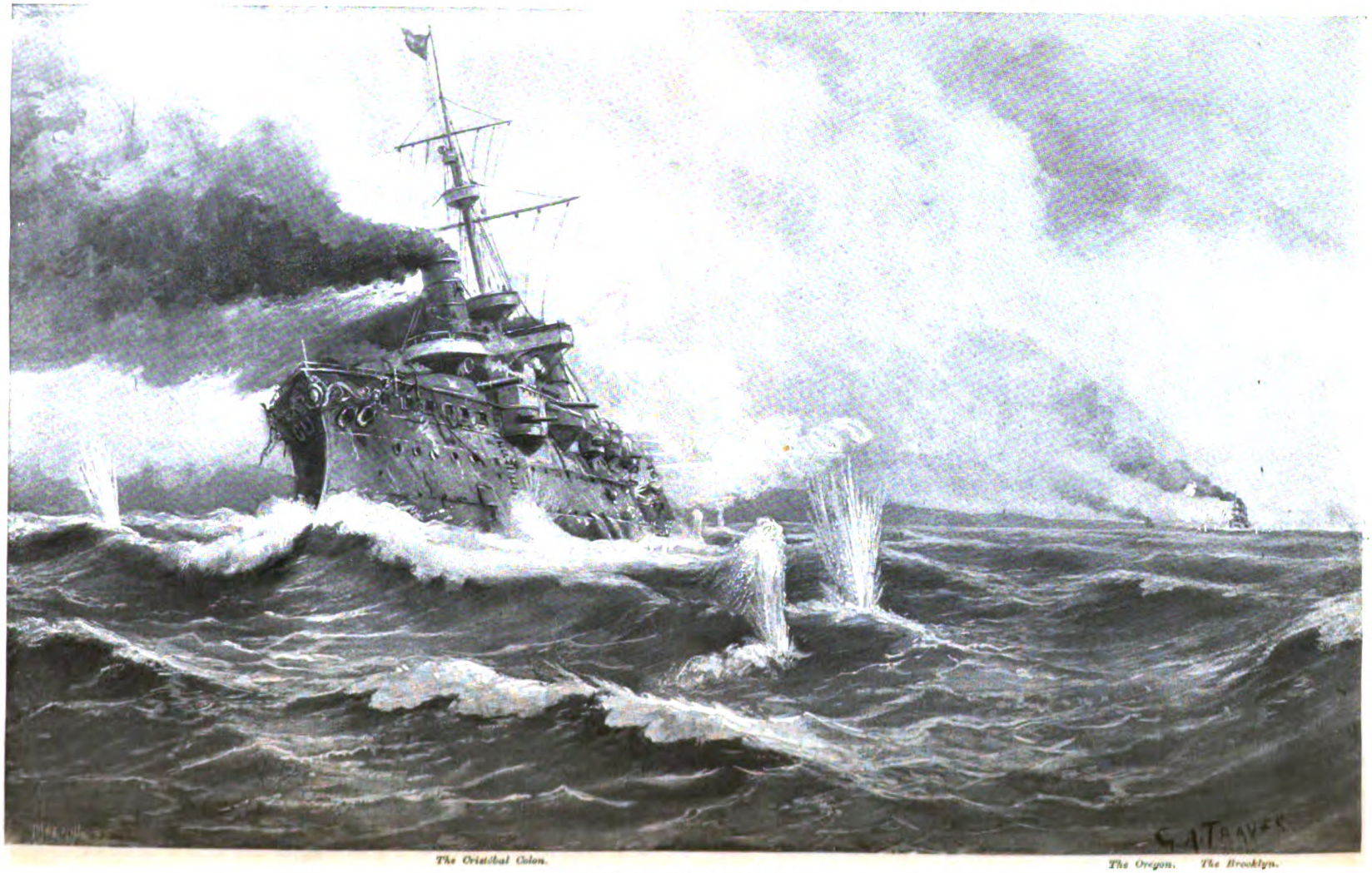
English skill. The American ships were heavier in armament and armor, but much slower. The Americans could throw a heavier weight of metal, but the Spaniards had more quick-fire guns, and ought to have been able to fire at the rate of seventy-seven more shots in five minutes than their opponents.* According to the contract speed, the Spanish cruisers had a great advantage over all their American opponents, with the exception of the *Brooklyn*, and of the *New York*, which was absent. If they had lived up to their qualities as set down in every naval register, they ought to have made a most brilliant fight, and some of them ought to have escaped. They also had the advantage of coming out under a full head of steam, which their opponents lacked, and yet in less than two hours all but one were shattered wrecks along the shore, and in less than two hours more that one survivor had been run down and had met the same fate. It is no explanation to say, what we know now to be true, that the *Colon* did not have her ten-inch guns, that the *Vizcaya* was foul-bottomed, that much of the ammunition was bad, and the other ships more or less out of order. One of the conditions of naval success, just as important as any other, is that the ships should be kept in every respect in the highest possible efficiency, and that the best work of which the machine and the organization are capable should be got out of them. The Americans fulfilled these conditions, the Spaniards did not; the *Oregon* surpassed all that the most exacting had a right to demand; the *Colon* and *Vizcaya* did far less; hence one reason for American victory. It is also said with truth that the Spanish gunnery was bad, but this is merely stating again that they fell short in a point essential to success. They fired with great rapidity as they issued from the harbor, and although most of the shots went wide, many were anything but wild, for the *Brooklyn* was hit twenty-five times, the *Iowa* repeatedly, and the other ships more or less. When the American fire fell upon them, their fire,

* See the admirable article in *Harper's Magazine* for January (p. 291) upon the "Naval Lessons of the War," by H. W. Wilson, author of "Ironclads in Action."

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*The Cristóbal Colon.* *The Oregon.* *The Brooklyn.*

THE LAST OF CERVERA'S FLEET

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as at Manila, slackened, became ineffective, and died away. Again it was shown that the volume and accuracy of the American fire were so great that the fire of the opponents was smothered, and that the crews were swept away from the guns. The overwhelming American victory was due not to the shortcomings of the Spaniards, but to the efficiency of the navy of the United States and to the quality of the crews. The officers and seamen, the gunners and engineers, surpassed the Spaniards in their organization and in their handling of the machinery they used. They were thoroughly prepared; no surprise was possible to them; they knew just what they meant to do when the hour of battle came, and they did it coolly, effectively, and with perfect discipline. They were proficient and accurate marksmen, and got the utmost from their guns as from their ships. Last, and most important of all, they had that greatest quality of a strong, living, virile race, the power of daring, incessant dashing attack, with no thought of the punishment they might themselves be obliged to take. The whole war showed, and the defeat of Cervera most conspicuously, that the Spaniards had utterly lost the power of attack, a sure sign of a broken race, and for which no amount of fortitude in facing death can compensate.

No generous man can fail to admire and to praise the despairing courage which held El Caney and carried Cervera's fleet out of the narrow channel of Santiago: but it is not the kind of courage which leads to victory, such as that was which sent American soldiers up the hills of San Juan and into the blood-stained village streets of El Caney, or which made the American ships swoop down, carrying utter destruction, upon the flying Spanish cruisers.

Thus the long chase of the Spanish fleet ended in its wreck and ruin beneath American guns. As one tells the story, the utter inadequacy of the narrative to the great fact seems painfully apparent. One wanders among the absorbing details which cross and recross the reader's path, full of interest and infinite in their complexity. The more details one gathers, puzzling what to keep and what to reject, the denser seems the complexity, and the dimmer and more confused the picture. The historian writing calmly in the distant future will weave them into a full and dispassionate narrative; the antiquarian will write monographs on all incidents, small or large, with unwearying patience; the naval critic and expert will even now draw many technical and scientific lessons from everything that happened, and will debate and dispute about it, to the great advantage of himself and his profession. And yet these are not the things which appeal now, or will appeal in the days to come, to the hearts of men. The details, the number of shots, the ranges, the part taken by each ship, the positions of the fleet—all alike have begun to fade from recollection even now, and will grow still dimmer as the years recede. But out of the mist of events and the gathering darkness of passing time the great fact and the great deed stand forth for the American people and their children's children, as white and shining as the Santiago channel glaring under the search-lights through the Cuban night.

They remember, and will always remember, that hot summer morning, and the anxiety, only half whispered, which overspread the land. They see, and will always see, the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; every ship rushes forward, closing in upon the advancing enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the *Gloucester* firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo-boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the *Indiana*, the *Iowa*, and the *Texas;* there is the *Brooklyn* racing by to head the fugitives, and the *Oregon* dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front, and leaving her mark everywhere as she goes. It is a captains' fight, and they all fight as if they were one man with one ship. On they go, driving



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through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and the men of the victorious ships perilling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the *Gloucester*, as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight to avenge the *Maine*. We hear Philip cry out: "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral to seaman, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

And far away along the hot ridges of the San Juan heights lie the American soldiers, who have been fighting, and winning, and digging intrenchments for forty-eight hours, sleeping little and eating less. There they are under the tropic sun that Sunday morning, and presently the heavy sound of guns comes rolling up the bay, and is flung back with many echoes from the surrounding hills. It goes on and on, so fast, so deep and loud, that it is like continuous thunder filling all the air. A battle is on; they know that. Wild rumors begin to fly about, drifting up from the coast. They hear that the American fleet is coming into the harbor; then for an hour that it has been defeated; and then the truth begins to come, and before nightfall they know that the Spanish fleet is no more, and the American soldier cheers the American sailor, and is filled anew with the glow of victory, and the assurance that he and his comrades have not fought and suffered and died in vain.

The thought of the moment is of the present victory, but there are men there who recognize the deeper and more distant meanings of that Sunday's work, now sinking into the past. They are stirred by the knowledge that the sea power of Spain has perished, and that the Spanish West Indies, which Columbus gave to Leon and Castile, shall know Spain no more. They lift the veil of the historic past, and see that on that July morning a great empire had met its end, and passed finally out of the New World, because it was unfit to rule and govern men. And they and all men see now, and ever more clearly will see, that in the fight off Santiago another great fact had reasserted itself for the consideration of the world. For that fight had displayed once more the victorious sea spirit of a conquering race. It is the spirit of the Jomsberg Viking who, alone and wounded, springs into the sea from his sinking boat with defiance on his lips. It comes down through Grenville and Drake and Howard and Blake, on to Perry and Macdonough and Hull and Decatur. Here on this summer Sunday it has been shown again to be as vital and as clear as ever, even as it was with Nelson dying at Trafalgar, and with Farragut and his men in the fights of bay and river more than thirty years before.

# THE CIVIL SERVICE AND COLONIZATION.

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

WHEN the completed Constitution was before the Federal Convention and many hesitated to sign, Dr. Franklin remarked, "There is no form of government that may not be a blessing to the people if it is well administered." This was said at a time when the safety of the state was believed to depend upon the form of its government. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness must be measured out according to a formula. The old form, the monarchical, had failed; the new one, the democratic, promised better things. To-day, the common test in America of the honesty of an administration, whether town, county, State, or national, is whether the funds which have passed through the hands of public officials during their term have been accounted for. If a dollar has been collected and a dollar spent, and

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the records show an account of the transaction, we are wont to say that we are enjoying government honestly administered.

We keep our eye on the public ledger rather than on the service which the ledger account has done. To pass judgment on the wisdom or folly of the result of the expenditure seems to call into play quite a distinct set of political muscles. That is an economic question, a personal question, a party question, a wholly distinct question, usually, from that of public honesty. In brief, we think more of the book-keeping account of public moneys than we do of the results of their expenditure. There are several explanations of this. The wealth of the country has been quickly produced and is often recklessly used. But another cause, or body of causes, is strictly due to the form of our government, which sets the wise and the foolish official, in turn, in the same seat, and asks fewer questions than it might, because the questioner himself may have aspirations for the seat. We pay the penalty of our political form, though we seldom confess it—probably never in a political campaign, but occasionally in books and magazines.

The administration of government presumes at the start a body of principles and a fixed public policy. We have the principles, but not the policy. Our whole political concept has been much against such a policy. The expectation to hold office sharpens the tongue, but, in the long-run, it supplies guarded phrases. As a practical result, the American people do not identify the civil service with any one political party. They have never held any party strictly to a civil service account. That service, to most voters, is an academic affair, discussed in an eminently able way by earnest people, but between these and the men who control and fill the offices there is a great gulf which the public has thus far shown slight disposition to bridge. References to the civil service in party platforms have been heard, as it were, with a wink of the eye. Nobody has been deceived. The ineffaceable individualism which our democracy encourages sneers, at least while in its provincial state, at the suggestion of academic tests, exclusively, for the civil service. Is it not service enough that a man brings a hundred votes to you, or a hundred thousand? Does not every American know the truth of the old saying that in politics two times two are sometimes five?

The revolt from executive supremacy inaugurated in the eighteenth century has become a condition of the modern mind. Hamilton and his contemporaries pointed out frequently that in republics the tendency is towards the constant aggrandizement of the legislative, and the American people have not yet made serious effort to check this tendency. One serious practical effect of this tendency is the inevitably inefficient administrative of republics in general, and of ours in particular. A highly efficient administrative means a strong executive, which is conspicuously lacking in our civil system. It is something of a mistake to accuse the Americans of making a fetich of the national Constitution. Doubtless the popular notion of the instrument itself is not unlike that estimation in which sailors hold the compass when the ship is on its course. But the real object of American political faith is the form of government we have. It is not a parchment, a written constitution, but a way of doing the public business, that the American accepts as the best in the world. Its defects are virtues of a negative kind. Chief of its defects, and undoubtedly inseparable from the form, is the weak administrative it gives, as compared with other systems of government now in force. To an American, bureaucracy is intolerable. It signifies a permanent office-holding class, and Americans never forget that their form of government affords a method of vacating any office for cause, and sometimes without cause. If the national Constitution were to be revised to-day, undoubtedly Federal judges would be elected for a term of years, instead of being, as now, appointed for good behavior.

Wise men have long known that our civil service—and by that we understand what for lack of an established term we may call the administrative department—is defective. The cost of conducting public business, such as, in France and Germany, falls upon bureaus and administrative officials, is, with us, politically infinite. That business is literally an endless job. The public elect men to office, and thus favor them with an opportunity, perhaps the opportunity of their lives. Seldom, indeed, do men long in public service accumulate a fortune. They

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often spend one. Americans are rather callous as to the morality of their public servants, doubtless because as a people they are generous, forgiving, and forgetful. This national trait is itself an obstacle in the way of efficient administration.

The commercial instinct, strong in the Anglo-Saxon, is highly developed and assiduously cultivated in America. An American soon refuses his support to an enterprise that does not pay. Herein lies the hope of the civil service. Thus far, though we have developed world-markets, we have been, politically, a domestic people. Our history has not crossed the sea until recent days. Our so-called isolation has cost us dear, because we have not learned economy in civil administration by actual competition with older and more experienced nations. Practically, the public domain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has presented no lines of serious resistance. The Indian tribes have melted away at the approach of civilization. Slavery has already become an event in our history. The civil war has already passed into a long perspective, and to each generation it seems to fade away into a remote and difficult past.

"Asia for trade and profit" is now the cry, and party differences and cultivated prejudices vanish as the flag of our merchant marine gleams on the horizon of the Orient. This is novel, sudden, tempting, and also disturbing. Whether as a people we at heart believe that we are laboring to lift suffering humanity to a nobler plane is a delicate question. The excuse for exploring and occupying America four centuries ago was primarily to convert the heathen tribes to Christianity, and the farce ran on till Georgia was founded, in 1733, when the travesty ceased, and the colonists were plainly instructed to conquer, destroy, and occupy. The Anglo-Saxon has not easily acted the part of the altruist among less civilized nations. Our treatment of the negro has not been so altruistic as to wholly persuade us that we shall do better by the tribes dwelling on the Philippines. But in dealing with peoples who politically are to be treated as colonies—whatever their stage of civilization—and with peoples inhabiting distant islands lying in a zone with which as a people we are not familiar, we will be obliged to utilize our form of government on its administrative side. Administration consists largely in doing things for people that they will not or cannot do themselves. Congress may be as capable to legislate for a distant colony as Parliament would be, and the President as capable to execute the law as the Queen of England; our courts may be as competent to pass on a colonial question as any courts in England; and yet we may fail to govern colonies successfully, because our administrative service is defective. A fixed colonial policy is unknown to us, because we never had colonies. Much has been said of the analogy between a Territory of the United States and a colony, but people know that the comparison is somewhat academic. Puerto Rico has never been like Ohio, Alabama, or Washington while in the Territorial condition. Even if the form of government for Puerto Rico were made the same as that which has prevailed at any time in any of our thirty-five Territories—thirty-two of which have become States—public business in the island would never be conducted as it was, or is, in any of them. "Race," said Disraeli, "is the key to history;" it certainly is the key to colonization.

Necessity gave us our present form of government. John Adams says it was "grinding necessity." Will necessity give us a well-equipped civil service in every department of government, and especially in our foreign and colonial contacts? The equipment goes further than a knowledge of another language. It means more than an academic outfit of economics, history, and social science. It even transcends a willingness to draw a salary and reside for a time at Honolulu or Manila. Our diplomatic service has often shown masterful management, and has never fallen into absolute incompetency. Yet we have never had a body of trained diplomats. The effect of our success in diplomacy has been somewhat unfortunate. It has tended to develop a fatuous popular notion that nothing need be done to improve the service. Many Americans are confident that Dr. Franklin was the first great diplomat the world ever saw, and that any American who finds himself ambassador will always rise to the occasion. The cables strengthen this illusion, and doubtless it will survive till the end. The late Peace Commission at Paris did not disappoint the Americans.

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How could it while they number 70,000,000, and the American members spoke after Manila and Santiago?

The diplomatic corps is not within the civil service, however, and its individual members are not likely to be incompetent men. The new test of our civil service will come on the military and industrial side. The country had ten years' experience with provisional governments after the civil war. The subject is far too great to be set aside with a sentence, but yet a sentence must suffice. However successful, from a military point of view, was the Congressional policy of reconstruction, it was not considered a success by the people of the States under its power. Their long, earnest, and constant expostulation against the policy was its violation of the accepted principle of our government—that the military shall be subordinate to the civil authority. Complaint of this kind cannot at present come from any people whom the United States may choose to treat as a colony. They have never known the independence of an American State. The problem of the civil service in distant colonies, ever accustomed to military rule, is therefore much easier than if the United States were to acquire a domain like Canada, whose people are as familiar with self-government as we ourselves. The military power which may be sent to possible colonies will have to deal with a people, or groups of people, in a chronic state of rebellion. The history of the Indians may here prove a precedent. However, this is improbable, because immigration to the tropics from the temperate zone has never exterminated a people as immigration west exterminated the Indian tribes. If, at the time of the abolition of slavery, all the negroes in the country had been transported to a tropical land, as Lincoln and many others favored—though as a voluntary migration—and the race had left us to a man, taking up its abode on islands in the Caribbean Sea, what sort of a protectorate would our government have assumed over them? Undoubtedly a military administration would have been established, and possibly might have continued to this day.

England has lost no important colony since 1776. Since that time a large part of the less civilized world has been under her colonial training. The effect has been the extension of English markets, but not exclusively, for the English colonies trade with the whole world. Our form of government is weakest in the very elements which have distinguished the whole colonial policy of England. The English executive, however weak as compared with the legislative in England, is much stronger than the legislative in the practical administration of colonial affairs. For example, our form of government is incompatible with such an office as that of Governor-General of India; yet it is quite demonstrable that this exalted office, with all its royal powers, is essential to the permanency of English rule in India. The question may then be asked, Are we bound by our form? Is it not possible that our interpretation of government, even of the popular type, has been provincial, or at least Western-continental, and not applicable to a world-policy? Can we not develop an administrative system, even of the kind characteristic of a constitutional monarchy, and carry it out without disturbing our republican form at home?

Americans who have been accustomed to think that the Constitution of the United States is the most perfect piece of work struck off by the hand and brain of man at one stroke will be shocked at these questions. Their countrymen who believe that the fathers were only opportunists will construct an answer. Some will find it already given by Lincoln in his most famous Cooper Institute speech, in 1860, and, like Lincoln at that time, will "guard a little against being misunderstood." "I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience, to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive and argument so clear that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand." This, plainly, is the comfortable doctrine of opportunism. The issue which Mr. Lincoln was discussing in 1860—the exclusion of slavery from the Territories — involved, it was then thought, as serious changes in American government as, it is now thought, may be involved by the entrance of the American people into a colonial

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policy. All the crises in the lives of nations, it may be said, have not yet occurred. The capacity of our form of government to adapt itself to a colonial policy has not been tried. Whatever administrative policy proves practicable will undoubtedly be pronounced by Americans to be of a type consistent with our traditional form of government. Yet it promises to reconstruct our civil affairs as radically as the industrial necessities of the nation in 1860 reconstructed the suffrage and the basis of representation.

The civil service which must emanate from the application of a colonial policy will strengthen the executive rather than the legislative department of our government. Had the thirteen States carried subordinate colonies with them into revolt in 1776, our form of republican government would have known from the first a distinct yet co-ordinated civil service, whose rules of procedure would have composed our system of administrative law. If America now becomes a colonizing power, it may demonstrate, before the twentieth century closes, that it is possible to have a republican form of government whose executive and administrative are as strong, relatively, as these parts in a monarchy, and yet that the essentials of the republican form continue with undiminished power. The question of a highly efficient civil service, especially in our foreign and colonial contacts, involves far more than academic tests, the distribution of the spoils of party, or the installation of an office-holding class. It goes to the roots of our political system, and again compels decision and choice between two methods of conducting public affairs—the modern monarchical and the modern republican. More than this. Franklin's test—a well-administered government—must be the test to which the civilized world shall at last come in making up its choice.

The republican form has always halted at the edge of barbarism. It makes too heavy demands on men to prosper among any barbaric people. Probably the majority of Americans who have thought of the matter believe that the principles of our government are of universal application. Doubtless also many Americans believe that our political form possesses latent and inexhaustible virtues which need only contact with other races to transform them into self-governing and prosperous communities. Our local traditions lean this way. Our continental optimism is vigorous enough to cross oceans and ignore racial bounds. Our commercial precedence and fertile invention, our practically instantaneous military and naval successes, not wholly without surprise to ourselves, though no serious defeats were anticipated, have impressed the national confidence yet more deeply. Americanism at home and abroad was never more intense than to-day. The press of the country has not refrained from pointing out that as a people we are equal to any demands that may be put upon us. The moral value of such confidence is inestimable. It is a virtue which in past times has carried on the work of civilization; indeed, it is essentially the life of human progress. Because our self-confidence is so great, we, as a people, will not hesitate to adapt our republicanism to monarchical methods whenever necessary. Our written constitutions will not be suffered to stand in the way. Whatever civil service is demanded in ruling subordinate races within our jurisdiction, that service will be construed as in harmony with the republican form.

There remains the final test of administration—a fixed public policy at all points of colonial contact. Our political methods at home have obeyed no such fixed policy. Rather have they been distinguished by the ebb and flow of parties. The hard experience that comes to nations that maintain a colonial policy will not pass us by. It need not be hoped that the American people will abandon their policy of domestic civil service, wasteful as it is, until the economies of administration are forced upon them by grinding necessity. Old and stable nations are forced to be economical. Here lies a hint. We must grow into an efficient civil service. When the public is convinced by economic necessity of its value, it will undoubtedly become as efficient under our republican form of government as it is with the nation whose colonial experience to-day is widest and most authoritative.

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# LOVE AND DEATH.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

TWO, from the Heights of Quiet,
  Come, one day, to men;
Two, Love and Death, come hither,
  Come once, and not again.

I turned, looked every whither,
  Nothing could I see;
But as the High God liveth,
  One came from Him to me.

She came with touch and odor
  Of a summer breath;
Came as shall come the other,
  The second angel, Death.

Swiftly my soul unfolded,
  Flashed, and reached awide;
It drank the pouring glory
  Of Heaven's summertide.

I reckon not the seasons,
  The years that fall and flow;
Life filled her cup and spilled it,
  That hour long, long ago.

Since, none has met me seeking
  Up and down the ways;
Love comes no more forever
  In all the coming days;

And, surely, he shall find me,
  Whether I rest or roam,
The other—kindly angel!—
  Come to take me home.

# A SKETCH BY MACNEIL.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WE had to laugh. I chuckled all day, it was all so quaint. But I don't see how I can tell you, because you don't know MacNeil, which is necessary.

In a labored way, MacNeil is an old frontier scout with a well-frosted poll. He is what we all call a "good fellow," with plenty of story, laugh, and shrewd comment; but his sense of humor is so ridiculously healthy, so full-bloodedly crude, that many ceremonious minds would find themselves "off side" when Mac turns on his sense of jollity. He started years ago as a scout for Sheridan down Potomac way, and since then he has been in the Northwest doing similar duty against Indians, so a life spent in the camps and foot-hills has made no "scented darling" out of old man MacNeil. He is a thousand-times hero, but he does not in the least understand this. If he could think any one thought he was such a thing he would opine that such a one was a fool. He has acted all his life in great and stirring events as unconscious of his own force as the heat, the wind, or the turn of tide. He is a pure old warrior, and nothing has come down the years to soften MacNeil. He is red-healthy in his sixties, and has never

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seen anything to make him afraid. The influence of even fear is good on men. It makes them reflective, and takes them out of the present. But even this refinement never came to Mac, and he needed it in the worst way.

So that is a bad sketch of MacNeil.

A little bunch of us sat around the hotel one day, and we were drawing Mac's covers of knowledge concerning Indians. As the conversation went on, Mac slapped his leg, and laughing, said, "The most comical thing I ever saw in my life!"

"What was that, Mac?" came a half-dozen voices, and Mac was convulsed with merriment.

"The last time the Piegans raided the Crows I was out with the First Cavalry. We were camped on the Yellowstone, and had gone to bed. I heard an Injun outside askin' about me, and pretty soon Plenty Coups comes in, sayin' the Piegans had got away with a good bunch of their ponies, but that they had found the trail crossing a little way down the river, and Big Horse and a war-band of Crows was layin' on it, and they wanted me to go 'long with them and help run it. I didn't have anything but a big government horse, and they ain't good company for Injun ponies when they are runnin' horse-thieves; besides, I didn't feel called to bust my horse helpin' Injuns out of trouble. There had got to be lots of white folks in the country, and they wa'n't at all stuck on havin' war-bands of Injuns pirootin' over the range. The Injuns wanted me to protect them from the cowboys, 'cause, you see, all Injuns look alike to a cowboy when they are runnin' over his cows. So Plenty Coups says he will give a pony, and I says, 'Mr. Injun, I will go you one.'

"I fixed up sort of warm, 'cause it was late in the fall, and threw my saddle on the pony, and joined the war-band. It was bright moon, and we ran the trail slowly until morning; and when it come day we moved along Injun fashion, which ain't slow, if you ask me about it. We kept a-pushin' until late afternoon, when we saw the Piegans, about seven miles ahead, just streakin' it over the hills. My Injuns got off their ponies, and, Injun fashion, they stripped off every rag they had on except the G-string and moccasins. This is where them Injuns is light-minded, for no man has got any call to go flirtin' with Montana weather at that time of the year in his naked hide. Old man Mac stands pat with a full set of jeans. And then we got on them ponies and we ran them Piegans as hard as we could lather till plumb dark, when we had to quit because we couldn't see. We were in an open sage-brush country. Well, it got darker and darker, and then it began to rain. I sat on my saddle and put my saddle-blanket over my head, and I was pretty comfortable. Then it began to rain for fair. Them Injuns stamped and sung and near froze to death, and I under the blanket laughing at them. 'Long 'bout midnight it began to snow, and them Injuns turned on the steam. The way they sung and stomped round in a ring tickled me near to death. The snow settled round my blanket and kept out the cold in great shape. I only had my nose out, and when it began to get gray morning I had to just yell to see them Injuns out there in five inches of snow, without a rag on, hoppin' for all they was worth. You talk about shootin' up a fellow's toes to make him dance; it wa'n't a circumstance. Them Injuns had to dance or 'cash in.' I have seen plenty of Injun dances, but that dance had a swing to it that they don't get every time.

"We got on the ponies and started back through the falling snow, tryin' to locate them annuity goods of theirn. 'Course we lost the Piegans. We lost ourselves, and we didn't find them clothes till afternoon, 'most eighteen miles back, and then we had to dig them up, and they was as stiff as *par-flèche*. Them was a funny bunch of warriors, I tell you.

"We found an old big-jaw* steer which some punchers had killed, and them Injuns eat that all right; but I wasn't hungry enough yet to eat big-jaw steer, so I pulled along down to the railroad. I got a piece of bread from a sheep-man, and when I got to Gray Cliffs, on the N. P., I was 'most frozen. My feet and knees were all swollen up.

"Whenever I gets to thinkin' 'bout them bucks jumpin' around out there in the snow all that night, and me a-settin' there under the blanket, I has to laugh. She was sure a funny old revel, boys."

And we listeners joined him, but we were laughing at MacNeil, not with him.

* A cattle disease.

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"THIS IS WHERE THEM INJUNS IS LIGHT-MINDED."

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# Keeping House in London

by Julian Ralph

IT is said that by staying at Balmoral Castle longer each year than at any other of the royal residences, Queen Victoria has spent the greater part of her reign in Scotland. She has for many years endeavored to avoid sharp changes of climate as much as possible, and therefore has spent the summer in Balmoral, the winter in France, and the more moderate intervening seasons at Windsor or Osborne, with an occasional few days at Buckingham Palace in London. We wonder how she can enjoy forever changing her abode, but there is nothing extraordinary about it to the well-to-do folk in London, for they too live here a few weeks and there a few weeks—now in London for the "season," now in Scotland for the shooting, then in the country for the Christmas holidays, and finally in the south of France for the late winter and early spring. A week at Ascot or Henley still further breaks up the year of unrest.

This mode of life of the fashionable world throws a multitude of furnished houses upon the market at all seasons of the year. It has developed a class of almost professional home-renters—often West End widows who cannot afford to entertain—so that there is a plenty of houses to be had even in the season. Whoever lives in London soon learns how widespread is the Englishman's habit of renting his home when he does not need to use it himself. We find one friend living in a lord's flat, another in the house of a general on duty in India, and, at different seasons, others in the town houses of families who are at their country places, or on the Riviera, or "down" in the north shooting. Some of these houses are crammed with curios and special bric-à-brac collections of great value, some are like galleries, so full are they of beautiful pictures, and still others are furnished as was one I visited last week, by a collector of carved oaken furniture and ancient house appointments, who had succeeded in fully equipping his home with useful relics of past ages, even down to the table-knives, the cups and platters, and the bedroom paraphernalia.

I have been in no city and in no part of the world where civilized white people are as nearly nomadic as the fashionable folk of London. I have rented two flats and a house in the West End, and each time have had hundreds to select from. I have several times come upon a family snugly boxed in their own home, and have had them discuss their readiness to turn out at once, or to wait upon my pleasure, but I never heard a complaint of having to move, or the hint of a desire

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to remain settled and at ease. Yet it is only a small proportion of the West End residences that are rented out, for I notice that the mansions of the really rich are to be seen lifeless, with their blinds down, in charge of care-takers, whenever the great folk who own them are not in town.

What we call the real-estate agent here calls himself an estate agent, and usually adds the words "surveyor and valuer" to his principal title. These men charge a small commission on the rent, a fee from both parties for drawing up the lease, and another fee for making an inventory of the furniture, appointments, and fixtures of the house. The lessee has his own man, or agent, if he is wise, but, at any rate, must employ some one to make for him a separate inventory of the contents of the house. When you lease a London house it is the business of your inventory clerk to be very active and sharp in detecting and recording every crack and nick in the glass and china, every scratch and chip in the furniture, and every mark of stain or burn in the linen, while the clerk for the landlord follows him about discovering nothing for himself, indifferent to everything except verifying and setting down what your clerk points out. When you give up the house it is your clerk who is passive and listless and unconcerned, but the landlord's clerk, who before seemed so dull and sleepy, is now become a hawk-eyed, ferret-nosed, veritable sleuth in scenting dilapidations.

If your man says, "We were obliged to put down a new stair-carpet here because the old one was too shabby," or, "We are leaving a dozen claret-glasses more than we found," or, "We paid two pounds to have this ceiling cleaned," he replies, "What's the use of telling me those things? I'm only after damages. This door has sagged and needs to be put in plumb again. I shall have to make an entry of it." Perhaps—and this actually happened—your man says that he will give his word the door sagged in the same way when the house was turned over. Then the landlord's man replies, "Perhaps it did, but as you did not call attention to it then, down it goes against you now." In all old countries—in England as well as in China—the main chance is studied as a science. We Americans are the only people I know who disregard small change and waive little advantages in a large and poetic way. I have even had a strong suspicion that shrewd landlords in London, who count upon profit in the "dilapidations" bill, often tip their estate agent's clerks to render them extra zealous. That warped door to which I have referred was entered in a bill against a friend of mine at £2, and I have had a chip in the leg of a kitchen chair charged to me. My effort has been to leave each property I have leased in better condition than I found it, and this worked so well when I rented a house of a gentlewoman



AN ENGLISH WINDOW.

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THE POSTMAN.

that she cancelled the charge of two dollars and a half for damages to china, which was all that the agent debited me with; but on leaving the house of a professional renter, where I had spent many pounds in renewals and improvements, I got a ridiculous dilapidations bill of six pounds. Indignant, I went to an estate agent for advice. "Oh," said he, "this is all in the business. Her agent will 'do' you if you let him, but if you tell him he must make his claim good in court, he will be well content with a pound or two." This proved to be the case.

A lease is called an agreement for letting, and must be looked at very carefully before being accepted, else one may learn that "six calendar months" means so many months of four weeks each, and that he has lost a clear fortnight by not knowing the meaning of the phrase. Once, when I leased an office in London for a year, I gave notice at the end of the term that I would not renew the bargain, and was informed that I had taken the premises for two years. My solicitor told me it was true, that my lease read "at the rate of £—— for one year from ——, 1896, and following years at a similar rental," and that, under a ruling of the courts, when a declaration of leasehold for a year is followed by the phrase "and following years," it is a lease for two years. The charge for making out or drawing up a lease is about seven dollars, and for taking an inventory of the contents of a house is two guineas (ten dollars) a day. Here is a letter which throws light on the charges and methods of estate agents:

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly let us know who will represent you in the matter of the inventory? One of our clerks will be acting for Mrs. ——, and if you would like us to do so we could send a second to act on your behalf. Our fee for this would be £2 2 0—that is, £1 1 0 on each of the two occasions. When sending us a cheque for the first instalment of rent, will you kindly add the agreement fee of £1 3 6? Please return agreement, executed, as soon as possible.

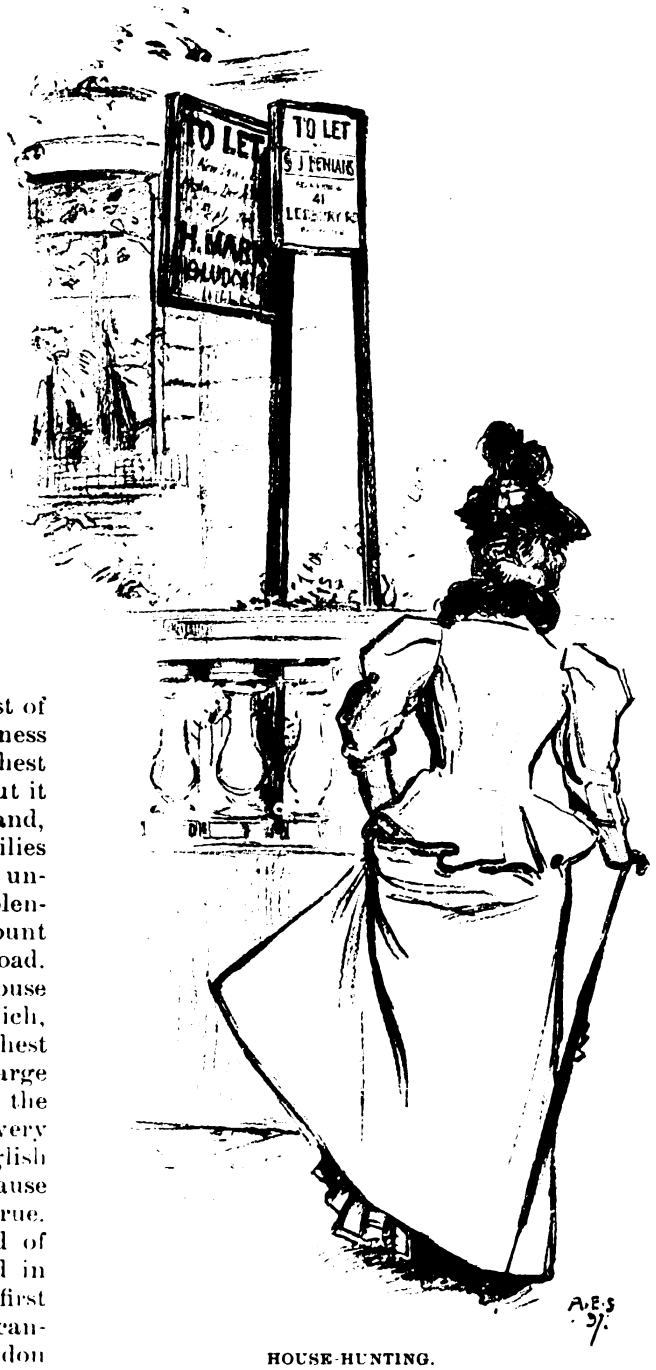
This referred to the letting of a flat. Only a day is consumed in making such an inventory; but for the house containing twenty rooms which I leased six months later two days' work was necessary on the inventory both at the beginning and end of the term. A two-shilling-and-sixpenny postage-stamp (sixty-one cents) is put upon each copy of a lease to make it binding.

I am told that after you move into a house in London the police find out who and what you are as quickly and as surely as in Paris, but in London you never know that the government has interested itself in you, whereas in Paris you must report yourself to the police upon a blank form provided for the purpose, even though you are a mere tourist stopping for a night at a hotel. If an American

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rents an unfurnished house in London he has to pay all the parish rates, but the custom when furnished houses are rented is for the agreement of letting to contain a proviso that "the landlady agrees to pay the original rent, as also to pay all existing and future rates, taxes, assessments, and outgoings chargeable upon the premises, and to keep the same in good and tenantable repair." But no matter where or how a foreigner lives in England, he must pay the income tax of eightpence on the pound (sixteen cents on five dollars) if he stays long enough for the government agents to discover and come down upon him. It is useless to plead American citizenship, or even to prove that every penny of your income is derived from America.

A furnished house in London does not include bed or table linen or plate, unless these are especially arranged for, in which case the landlord sometimes leaves all his plate and linen, and sometimes portions out what is necessary for the number of persons you have to provide for. In one of my experiences solid silver and plated ware was left out for my family, and all the rest of the landlady's splendid store of silver was left in the house in a huge chest, the presence of which kept most of the household in a state of nervousness for six months. I speak of a large chest full of silver as a "splendid store," but it would not be so considered in England, where each generation in the old families adds to the collection of its ancestors, until it has come to pass that there are plenty of persons unknown to fame who count their silver literally by the van-load. When you have got a London house you find that you have a home which, first of all, is comfortable in the highest degree, and that, as a rule, is the large and roomy product of centuries of the study of house-building. I expect every travelled reader to say that an English house cannot be comfortable, because there is no way to heat it. That is true. The English heat themselves instead of their houses. They keep their blood in vigorous circulation by exercise. At first we non-walking Americans think we cannot endure the chilliness of a London house, but after a while, because we get used to the new condition, because the really cold days are few, and because we learn to keep warm as the English do, by exercise and by wearing warm woollen clothing, the discomfort becomes less and less important in our eyes. We huddle before the ineffectual grate on the coldest days, and the rest of the time content




HOUSE-HUNTING.

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ourselves with the little warmth we get. Therefore I repeat that a typical English house, in city or country, makes the most comfortable home man has yet devised—when taken with its accessories.

The first reason why rich Americans leave home to live in England is because social conditions there are fixed and reliable, and because rich and poor alike do as they please there with a degree of liberty that is unknown anywhere else on the globe. It is true that certain rich men and noblemen take advantage of this liberty and shut themselves in their parks to spend Sundays in feasting, riding, dancing, and out-door sports of lively and noisy kinds, and that no one knows it at the time except their servants; or, if others do, no one cares except the strictest Sabbatarians, who may be shocked by it, and yet have learned that there every man's conscience is his own constable. On this account it is said by some narrow-minded critics in America that our rich who stay in England do so because they can give Sunday concerts on a lawn beside the Thames, or can dance and enjoy music-hall talent in their country houses; but that is too microscopic a definition of the liberty of which I speak, and too discreditable to our emigrants for me to adopt it. It is simply a fact that must be thrown into the balance with the rest of the conditions — this amazing freedom, this absence of a prying press with its defilement of the privacy of men's homes and lives, this making the home a castle, and enclosing every garden with a high stone wall. It makes a grand contribution to comfort, certainly, but I think quite as important a factor is the contentment of the masses. This also can be distorted by those who are angry at finding a variety of tastes among seventy millions of American minds. It can be said of all the transplanted Americans that they stay there, as one of them says he does, "because in America any man who has the means rides in a Pullman car, but in England third-class folks are content to travel with their own kind in third-class cars." But I think that I, who am in England because I am paid to work there temporarily, have a broader view of the whole question. This state of rest and popular content which we, who are all alike ambitious to better ourselves, would deprecate at home, is a state we may enjoy if we find it ready at hand in other lands, and out of it has grown up in England a peculiar order of household servants, the like of which not even our Southern folk have ever known, for the English servitor cannot be likened to the talkative, noisy, emotional, familiar negro, who demands a place in the family he serves.



FLOWER GIRLS.

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I rank the house-maid of England above every other British product. The English like her best when she is tall, big-boned, and square-sided, and I prefer the rounded, rosy type of middle height; but whatever her build, she is certain to be uniformed in neat starched linen, with a fluted white cap and a snowy apron, whose shoulder-straps and bows and streamers greatly enhance her picturesqueness. She is forever willing, forever cheerful, unvaryingly respectful without servility, and phenomenally honest and self-denying. She moves promptly in soft slippers and in silence, and she not only knows how to perform scores of little services that swell the mere delight of living—she also does them of her own accord (or from the promptings of tradition and usage), without any worse emotion than the pleasure of doing well that which her hands find to do. To see her prepare a bath is to enjoy a work of art. To give her charge of your clothing and your bed-chamber is to discharge your mind of them both, except as you find them the sources of incessant satisfaction by reason of the reliable, almost mysterious readiness of both for whatever you want of them. To note the polish of the glass and silver ware, the neatness of the table-linen, and the cleanliness that follows in her path, is to yield her ungrudged honor. To have her bring you your breakfast, your *Times*, and your hassock, and stand and watch your hands and eyes that she may come as near as can be to anticipating your wants, is to comprehend a great part of the comfort of an English home. There is no sense in fearing to express one's delight with good servants. It is no aristocratic, nor is it an unworthy sentiment, because we are nearly all servants, from the President down—servants of our directors, our clients, our patients, our constituents—of somebody, or everybody, as the case may be; and as the most successful of us knows that he owes his success to hard and cheerful and skilful work, so has he, and so I have, a right to long for and to like the same skill and willingness and pride in their work from those who work for us.



THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

English servants work for just half the wages we pay ours, but it takes two to do what one does at home. As a rule, all work in England is performed by from two to four times as many hands as with us. Even the beggars and street fakirs usual-

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THE HOUSE-MAID.

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ly go in couples. There is no fixed rate of pay for servants in England or America, but excellent chamber-maids and waitresses are to be had by the thousands for eight dollars a month—£20 a year—and plain cooks ask about £5 more. A plain cook calls herself a cook; one of better grade, skilled at making sauces, gravies, and puddings, calls herself a "professed cook." A waitress is so called, and a chamber-maid is a chamber-maid; but a girl willing to do the work of either or both calls herself a "good general." If you have children, you will find it difficult to get along without a separate servant to fetch their meals to the nursery or school-room, and wait upon them and their governess there. If you have a large house, you are almost obliged to have a scrub-woman in once or twice a week, and her you call a char-woman. In every complete household there must be a man-servant of your own, or an arrangement with a man in the neighborhood, to do the heavy work of coal-carrying, ash-barrel-moving, and the handling of trunks and heavy things generally. A righteous law forbids your ordering your women-servants to clean your windows, which, in sooty London, require cleaning at least once a fortnight. Therefore your man does that, or, more commonly, you arrange with one of the window-cleaning companies to keep your windows clean for twopence a window, once in every so often.

I never knew how many persons were dependent upon me as a householder in London until we found our American friends all discussing what Christmas boxes they were going to give last year. These presents are made on boxing day—the day after Christmas. There are now no actual boxes connected with the ancient institution, though whatever you give to a dependent, whether it be a sixpence, or a gown, or a ton of coal, is called a Christmas box. We found that for our women-servants the most acceptable gifts were materials for new print or black dresses, and for caps and aprons, together with what handkerchiefs or gloves or cologne we cared to add; these being in addition to a golden sovereign in each case. The man got a money present and a new pipe and plenty of tobacco. But being troubled for want of knowledge to whom to give outside the house, and how much to give to each person, we applied to our cook, who was our guide in all things eccentric and unknown.

"I think," said she, "if you give the water-cock, the dustman, the gardener, and the lamp-lighter each a shilling, two shillings and sixpence to the postman, and two shillings each to the char-woman, the baker-boy, the grocer-boy, the butcher-boy, the paper-boy, the milkman, and the laundry-boy, that will be all that is necessary."

"Who is the water-cock?" she was asked.

"He is the man who is called in to turn the house supply of water on or off if you need it done during repairs."

"But we have never employed him."

"No, but you may have to, and he expects a box."

"Why give anything to the lamp-lighter? He is a public servant."

"Because, if you don't, he simply will not light the gas-light nearest you in the street, and you'll have to complain to the vestry, or the county council, or somebody, and have a lot of bother."

It was the same with the gardener. Our garden was a park, common to a block of houses, and we could not obtain any special service from the gardener, yet it was best to "box" him. The dustman was of course the person we call the ash-man. When the postman—that is to say, the letter-carrier—came, he carried a little book instead of the usual bag of letters. He took his half-crown (sixty-one cents) very thankfully, but on opening his book to credit us with the gift he made a discovery. "Oh, I say," said he; "I beg pawdon, but last year this 'ouse gave three bob." A "bob" is a shilling in the slang of the people.

"My mistress only allowed half a crown for you," said the maid. "I don't think it's anything to her what other families has given."

"Yes, miss; thank you, miss," said the postman. "But would yer mind arskin' 'er for the hother sixpence, as hotherwise I'll 'ave ter report myself short, an' make a hexplanation 'ow it came abaout."

We found that he was merely collecting for a general Christmas-box fund, to be divided among all the men of the branch of the post-office where he worked.

At my office in "the City," I was expected to "box" the office-boy and char-



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woman, the telegraph-boys, messenger-boys, and the postmen. I kept in mind the doleful tale of an American friend in charge of one of the great press associations. He employed a great many boys, and either gave them nothing or too little—I forget which. As a result, nothing went right afterward where the boys were concerned. The annoyance was so ingeniously planned that it was impossible to prove that it was deliberate. He suffered for months, until he gave the boys all that they thought they should have had in the first place. I passed boxing day very smoothly, but a week later a second postman came to the outer office for a Christmas box. I called him to my desk and said that I had discharged my debt to the postmen a week before. He begged to differ, and I insisted I was right.

"I think, sir," said he, "that you only gave to the home postman, and I am asking for a box for the foreign postmen."

I had not been warned of this double demand, but as most of my letters were foreign, perhaps it was just.

A great many Americans, especially the tourists, who give tips six times too large, cry out loudly against the tipping practice over here, and I at first set out to be another miracle-worker, like the Danish king who tried to restrain the ocean tide by a command. But after a time it became evident that of what tipping there is in excess of that in the older and larger cities at home, most of it is trifling, and is the cost of excellent service very cheaply got. I came to see that proper tips are very small, that tips correctly apportioned make living delightfully smooth and easy, that where tips are relied on they are necessary to the existence of the recipients, and, finally, that to give the right tip—no matter how small it is—is to give complete satisfaction, whereas to overtip proclaims one a greenhorn, or a spendthrift, and leads to extortionate demands. An Englishman who knows that his cabby must raise thirty shillings to pay for his cab each day before a penny of his takings is his own, gives an extra twopence over his fare as a kindness; and when he gives two coppers to a railway porter for carrying a trunk, or threepence to a guard for getting him a compartment all to himself, or to a vagrant who gets him a cab on coming out of a theatre into the rain, he feels that he pays for value received.

Tipping goes too far in some directions, so that I have felt shame for the manhood that has stooped to demand it. Once I was having a telephone put up in a hallway just outside my study. As I looked on while the workman was doing the job, I was pleased to think how very like an American he was in the quickness and dexterity with which he worked, and in the brightness and alertness of his mind. An hour later the instrument was in place, and the man came into the study to tell me so. Without turning from my writing, I called out that this was welcome news, and that I was sure he had done the work well. In another three or four minutes I was conscious that the man was still standing in the room behind me.

"Hello!" said I. "I thought you had done your work and gone."

"I've made a good job of it, sir."

"I'm sure of it. Thank you. Good-by."

"Well," said he. "Ahem—don't you think I ought to have something?"

"Oh!" said I, surprised and shocked at the want of pride that allowed this from a skilled workman whose calling and skill commanded respect. "What would you like?"

"Well, I think it 'd ought to be worth a wetting, sir."

That meant a drink of whiskey. I was new to England then, and I gave it to him, clumsily, with an awkward feeling because he had proved himself a beggar. Six months afterwards I would have given a sixpence in such a case, or turned the man over to the servants to be "liquored up." But I was getting on with European ways, for I remembered that only a month before, when a man put up some curtains in my office, and bluntly asked for "something for the job, sir," I lectured him on his lack of self-respect, and gave him nothing else. In nothing do Americanism and Europeanism jar as in such encounters, where the American thinks the other man should be as proud as himself, and the European fails to meet that standard. Yes, there is one other situation just as jarring, and that is when an American meets an Englishman who thinks himself a superior being. The talented Lady —— once boasted that she had read *The Child of the Jago*, and that though many persons thought it strange, nevertheless she felt a curiosity to learn something about the poor and lowly.

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She asked if I thought this unnatural. "Why, no, indeed!" said I. "We should want to know everything about our own kind. The London crowds are composed of the same flesh-and-blood creatures as yourself, only they are less artificial. By knowing them you understand yourself better, because they and you have the same emotions, appetites, and impulses, but you govern yours, while they turn theirs loose." The noble lady turned a formidable lorgnette upon me. Then she gasped, and then she laughed. "Dear me!" said she. "How very extraordinary you Americans are!"

To this day I cannot feel kindly toward the men and boys who leap to the curb to open a cab door for me, as if I was an armless man and had not learned to turn the handle with my feet. I feel a sinking at the stomach over the poor wretches—often bearded, middle-aged men with the débris of better days about them—who run after my cab for miles when I am coming back from the Continent, and they see my trunk on top and know that it will need lifting down and carrying in when I reach my home. The little boys who turn cart-wheels beside my carriage going to Richmond or Kew simply nerve me to keep my pennies, in the hope that their dangerous and degenerate calling may prove profitless and be abandoned. But it is different with the cab-chasers. Sometimes three or four at a time are in full cry after my cab, each hoping to tire out the others. It is impossible not to pity the winner, accept his services, and fee him well.

Just before Christmas—as long as three weeks before—beggars multiply fivefold in London, and daily grow more and more importunate as Christmas approaches, until, during the last week, one grows used to turning into one's front doorway and finding five or six little boys and girls, of a better grade than most beggars, with their noses flattened against the panel of glass, singing a holiday carol. At the same moment perhaps a band of adults will be roaring a whiskey-saturated melody at the back of the house against the park railing. Gaunt women and bloated ones thrust out their hands at passers-by with a command to "remember Christmas, sir," and, like all London beggars, touch hands to heads deferentially whether they get anything or not. At other times I do not find so very many plain and simple beggars in London as many of my tourist compatriots discover. I do not think there are more to the square acre than in New York; but then I am singular also in not observing such amazing squalor and poverty here as my American friends bewail; indeed, I have never seen any district in London to compare with Sullivan Street, Mulberry Bend, and certain bits of Cherry Street, though I don't pretend to have looked for them, or that they may not exist. This I will say—they are not in Whitechapel. There are unquestionably many more Londoners who solicit pennies from pedestrians, and time was that I should have considered them beggars; but the English have corrected my understanding of the term, so that I am given to know, even by those who do the soliciting—and who should know better than they?—that no one is a beggar who offers or thrusts upon you something in return for what he asks. I have heard a policeman accuse a prisoner of having begged after being warned not to do so. The prisoner was indignant, and said: "I was not begging, your Worship. I was singing, and I gave a song before ever I held out my hand for a copper." The magistrate took his view of the case, and bade him go free. Wherefore I take it that the men, women, and children who offer shoestrings, pencils, hand-organ tunes, vocal music, sleight-of-hand, contortionist, and burnt-cork performances in the gutters are to be ranked as small traders or petty merchants—though not, of course, of the same rank as the flower-girls, and certainly not of the proud standing of the cats'-meat men, who have fixed routes and regular customers, and who inherit their business from bygone ancestors, or sell it, with its fixtures and good-will, as one may sell a railway or an opera-house.

Immediately after beginning housekeeping in London, the family was astonished to find a strange man wandering about from bedroom to drawing-room, in the boldest, most matter-of-fact way. He was merely the clock-man, engaged by the year to wind the principal clocks in the house and to keep them in order. He came on every Thursday, and charged two guineas a year for attending to four clocks, or two dollars and a half for each clock. Then, on another day, early in the morning, we heard the vigorous, confident

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touch of a strange and masculine hand upon the piano we had rented with the house. He was the piano-tuner from the piano-maker's, arranged for when the instrument was purchased, who came once in six weeks, I think, and for whose services a small check was sent every year to the piano-maker's. On still another day we had a call from a man who said he looked after the garden—this was not in the house with the park behind it, but in another place—and weeded it, and trimmed the hedges, and mowed and rolled and seeded the lawns, for four shillings and sixpence a day, or a dollar and ten cents. After that we had the satisfaction of seeing him at times attended by a second man, whose business it was to get himself into a rope harness and drag a twelve-inch lawn-mower over the grass, while the boss gardener held the handle.

It takes two men to manage a twelve-inch lawn-mower in England, though I used to think that pushing an eighteen-inch machine over my lawn in New Jersey was a very light and agreeable form of exercise. But then scores of times I have seen, from English car windows, three and even four horses—strapping Norman draught-horses, too—hitched to an ordinary Yankee-like plough on soft level farm-land in Kent and Surrey. To continue with the contributions to comfort, there must not be forgotten the rotund yet statuesque porter of my West Kensington flat, who confided to his patrons that he had been butler to a duke, and could show a "character" written by the duke's managing man, and that whenever they were giving a dinner or entertaining in any way, he would wait on table—for a dollar and a quarter (five shillings) if the guests were few and "broke up" early, or for seven shillings if they were many and did not hurry away. Fancy having a duke's butler, ready to turn on like a hot-water tap, only when wanted, at, say, $1 75 a fortnight! There are such men, skilled and impressive, to be had everywhere in London by those who do not keep one of their own.

This ex-butler carved the meat and birds in the kitchen, but he got the housemaid to bring the dishes to the serving-table beside the dining-room door, and he had the waitress in to help him serve the dishes. He may have busied others, for aught I know. The English work-folk are all geniuses at dividing labor. They know this in England, where some very wise and able public men have declared to me that if we instituted free trade, the English could not compete with us. We would drive them before us out of the markets of the world. When our statisticians and labor-organizers quote the wage of English laborers and artisans to show that labor is pauperized abroad, they may impress those who do not know the conditions that accompany those wages. Not to know is to be unable to conceive how comparatively easy a time a British laborer has, or how generally true it is that two, if not three, men perform the work of one in America. Let the tourist who has travelled in England recall how the workmen are dotted and sprinkled along the lines of the railways, and how many men are seen hanging about even the smaller railway stations. And everywhere every workman of every grade seems to divide his time between his work and getting tea and smoking his pipe. A short time ago the landlord sent some masons to furbish up the brick pillars of my door porch. The men came at about half past eight o'clock in the morning, and at ten o'clock I thought they had gone away without doing any work. This did not surprise me, for, as a rule, work-folk put off a job interminably, and when at last they present themselves they usually say that they have come to see what is needed, and will actually do the work on another day; but in this case they were in the kitchen arranging for hot water for their tea. They knocked off for tea again early in the afternoon, and at least twice in between their tea-drinkings I saw them seated in the doorway enjoying their pipes.

The English are a much less nervous, more even-tempered, patient people than we, and their work-folk give them plenty of opportunity to practise these virtues. The service in the large department stores is like that at home—brisk, prompt, and ready to meet any want—but it is very different in the smaller shops. Wherever men tinker, mend, make, or trade in a small way, they are maddening to deal with. There is an American woman in London who, after repeated disappointments, at last got a plumber into her house to look at a leaking pipe. She turned the key in the door and pocketed

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it. "Now," said she, "I've got you here at last, and I mean to have you do this work. You can send for tools and help by one of my maids, but out of this house you don't go until this pipe is repaired." It seems to me that the cobblers and menders of every sort are always annoyed by a call for their services. They do not resent it; they are polite enough. But they adopt a troubled expression of face, and put you off a day or a week, and talk of being dreadfully rushed, though you may have come upon them smoking and reading a paper in the doorway. It is that they are slow and easy-going, and dislike being hurried. But one comes in time to be used to their delays. There even comes a time when an American adapts himself to the slow gait, long stops, and infrequent trains of the London underground, and can set out into the great world of the metropolis on a 'bus with the same philosophy that a passenger by a sailing-vessel waits upon wind and tide.

In what is to be said here of one experiment in keeping house in London it should be made clear that though one of the houses in which the trial was made was a large one, it was kept with no more servants than a newspaper correspondent, obliged to entertain his fellow-countrymen abroad in a modest way, could afford to employ. There was a cook, a waitress and parlor-maid, and a house-maid. To this resident corps, so to speak, were added the English features of the char-woman, who came to scrub the floors and wipe the paint once a week, and to help in the kitchen when there was a dinner party on; the ex-butler on occasion, the man of the neighborhood to do the heavy lifting, the laundress who "took in washing," and the gardener. The house was peculiar in some of its features. Down in the basement were the kitchen in the back, the great box-room (or store-room, as we say) in the middle, with the pantry beside it, and the "servants' hall"—where they rested and received company—in the front. The ground-floor began with the morning-room by the front door, the completely appointed wash-room, the smoking-room, and then the dining-room, which took up half the length and the entire width of the house. The drawing-rooms monopolized the entire first story, excepting the hallway and a nondescript place on a half-landing off the hall—a sort of vestibule with tiled floor, with windows on two sides, and with no *raison d'être* except the display of potted flowers upon many pillars and stands. It was a pretty ornament, and was put there because there were few flowers in the park behind the house. Be he rich or poor or wise or great or drunken, the Englishman will have flowers about him. One window of this vestibule opened into a small hot-house (or glass house, the English would say) for reviving and developing plants. Above were three stories cut up into small rooms—a school-room, a sewing-room, a bath-room, and the rest all bedrooms. There are plenty of London houses without bath-rooms, and even in this house were many large tin tubs for those who preferred to take the morning plunge in their bedrooms, and for the servants. The servants' rooms were on top of the house, and were many and small and shabby; in fact, the higher up stairs you went the worse the house looked, so that it was hard to believe that the drawing-room or dining-room and the cook's bedroom were under the same roof, or even in the same quarter of London. After a great deal of house-hunting in England, I think there was nothing strange about that.

The typical Englishman pretends nothing, boasts of nothing, thrusts nothing on any one. He demands that time and patience be spent in discovering his merits and the attractions of his family and home. The outside of his house is like himself—plain, unassuming, a trifle repellent. The most splendid domestic quarters in England hide behind plain, raw brick walls, often sooty, and perhaps gnawed into by time and the elements. But in-doors the English do put a best foot forward in this respect, that their common or company rooms will often be elaborately appointed, heaped with choice bric-à-brac, and decked with the beautiful wall coverings and hangings in the making of which (and of furniture) they lead the world; and yet the bedrooms will be meagrely furnished, if not shabby. English children and servants appear to be especially badly cared for in this respect. It needs an American woman—and not a man—to tell all Europe how lovingly and proudly we house and clothe and deck our children, and especially what care and taste and money we lavish upon the bedrooms and the *lingerie* of our little girls. If what I have noticed is typ-

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ical and what I've been told is true, the tender English girl is dressed and sheltered more like a nun than like the pet and pride of the household. And when we come to consider the care of the English servants, the contrast is even greater. To have a door in London opened to you by a neat maid in starched and snow-white regalia, whose face and hands are as clean as her ribbons and collar, and then to be shown the almost squalid poverty of her quarters, is to send you away wondering how her neatness and pride are kept up, and why such qualities are not better rewarded. She and one or two others are apt to be huddled in a small chamber with tattered wall-paper splotched with stains. She has a shabby iron bed, a bit of torn and dirty carpet beside the bed upon the otherwise bare floor, a cheap disfigured wash-stand — perhaps only a chair to serve as one—and her bag and boxes in place of a bureau.

But caste is a genuine and substantial institution in England, and the servant is a servant, was, in all likelihood, born of servant parents, and certainly never expects to be of any higher rank. Marriage is her ambition, but not her way out or up. She does not expect it to raise her social status, which, in a word, does not trouble or weigh with her at all. English servants do not share the food that is provided for the family. They put up with tea and bread and butter for breakfast, but will take coffee and bacon if they can get them—which is the case in few houses. For dinner—well, in a case within my knowledge, where a parsimonious mistress was unjust to her servants—they demanded the regular fare of servants in London, which they said was boiled meat, two vegetables, and pudding. It is a very strange thing to the average American to learn and to feel that whatever is not used at his table is saved in the pantry, to go down there late some night when all the restaurants and clubs are closed, and to find that a dozen strawberries, a slice or two of cake, and a sixteenth portion of a delicious dish of dessert have been untouched, that the joint you carved at dinner is precisely as it was when you sent it away, and that even the cream that was left and will spoil before morning has been set aside as *tabooed* to the servants. They are most content when allowed to live quite separately from the family. After more than one formal dinner I have seen the champagne still standing, flat and dead, in the bottles, and the sherry and port marking the same point which they reached in the decanters when taken from the table. I have had the curiosity to test this once or twice, and twice unkind necessity has sent me foraging in my own kitchen late at night, with the results that are here stated.

But the house referred to in this paper had no servants, in the English acceptance of the word. Quite close to it were houses not very much larger where there were fourteen or fifteen servants, and in one establishment twenty-two. An American friend of mine, curious in such matters, told me one day what he had learned about the servant retinue in a large house where both of us were guests. In that house fifteen servants waited upon three in family. My friend said that he was told that the principal business of most of the lower servants was waiting on the upper ones. The butler was the head of the servants' hall, and he and the housekeeper and the mistress's maid were always addressed as "sir" and "ma'am" by the others. The lower servants prepared the food for the servants, and set the table—always spread in the servants' hall. All sat down together, the butler at the head of the table, the housekeeper at his right, and the lady's maid on the opposite side. The law of such a hall declared that not a word might be spoken at meals by any one except the butler, who in that house never spoke — though there were said to be butlers who spoke occasionally to the housekeepers when at meals. Is this not all deliciously funny—a sober burlesque of life abovestairs? The page, or buttons, waited on all. The valet of a visiting nobleman always sat "up top" beside the butler. Dinner consisted of roast meat or boiled meat, two vegetables, bread, pudding, and beer for those who did not take their beer allowance in cash. No one was allowed to ask for a second serving of anything. When the first of the two courses was finished, the butler, housekeeper, and maid withdrew to the housekeeper's room, where they were served with sweets. The lower servants remained at the pudding, which the house provided. The three upper servants always had something especially prepared for them at every meal, as, for instance, at breakfast the other servants had bread,

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butter, coffee or tea, and one boiled egg apiece, but the heads of the hall each had a rasher of bacon and two eggs cooked how they pleased. Such was the gossip about one really considerable London mansion. And then to think of that butler marrying and becoming a house porter in a flat-house, as so many butlers do, and getting back to the shadow of his former throne and the stale perfume of the flowering-time of his career by hiring himself out to wait on ordinary folk at five shillings a night!

And now what do we eat when we keep house in London—we who are not restricted to one meat, two vegetables, beer, and pudding? Very plain food, to tell the truth, but very good food, nevertheless. To appreciate the fare of England one needs to go to France and eat if only for a little while the delicious dishes served at the best hotels; then we shall reach the frame of mind of the proprietor of that great Saratoga hotel who told me that once a week he went to the house of his head porter and feasted upon corned beef and cabbage, counting it the best meal of the week, because he was so tired of the fancy cooking at his hotel. Just in that mood I have rushed back from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or delightful Buda-Pesth, eager to return to my own table in London and enjoy an English dinner of soup, fish, joint, and pudding, each course of the plainest, but well cooked, honest, and substantial. The meats sold in the West End of London are the tenderest and sweetest in all the world. The beef is from Chicago or Canada, and the mutton hails from New Zealand or Australia, for the most part, but it is vastly the better for having come so far. The tenderness that the beef acquires is marvellous, and the delicacy and sweetness of the mutton are not to be described in words. Although soup and coffee in English hotels and restaurants are things to flee from, yet it is possible to educate an English cook to make both well, therefore these are good where they are required to be properly made. England's farms are largely non-productive and generally non-profitable, and her truck-gardens cannot provide what London requires. The English season for each fruit and vegetable is neither early enough nor sufficiently long for the gourmets of a metropolis. The consequence is that the London folk get the choicest fruits, vegetables, and dairy products of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and France whirled over to them fresh every day. The average English cook, got at a lady agent's or a registry-office for one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year (twenty to twenty-five pounds), can cook each familiar thing separately as if she possessed a heaven-born genius. Ask her to put any two things together, and she fails like an African king who sets up to whip a British army. She will not savor any dish, except upon pain of dismissal, and if you command her to put even salt and pepper in her cooking, she does it, but always under protest, and in the belief that you are corrupting her. The English season their food when they have it served to them; but we, who get our cooking knowledge from France and Germany and Italy, know very well that this cannot be done; it is not the same thing.

An English cook's puddings will prove the greatest surprise to her American employers, they are so many, so different, and so delicious. Our first cook showered upon us one unbroken stream of unvaryingly good puddings every night for more than a year, and they were so varied that we never seemed to have the same kind twice. They were fruit puddings—dried fruit and candied fruit—preserve puddings, boiled puddings, and a range of puddings that were indescribable, but very delicate, complex, and good to happen upon. With nine in ten of these creations she sent in plain thick cream as a sauce. That sounds commonplace and a trifle tiresome; but try it, all who do not know that there is no sauce like it for sweet things, and that it never comes amiss. Of course, being American, we longed for pies, and never got any, for there are not even the tin plates in which to cook them in all Great Britain. An American grocer in Piccadilly makes life not only possible, but delightful, to the Yankees in exile there. He sells maple syrup, buckwheat, sweet pickles, pop-corn (and corn-poppers), Chicago canned meats, tomato catsup, and a host of American specialties not elsewhere obtainable in England—the triumphant and glorious list being led by canned sweet-corn, of which the English are in blank ignorance—but, alas! he does not sell pies. Our delicious oysters are on sale at Whiteley's and at Harrod's stores

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at a shilling a dozen, cold and fresh and in the shell, whereas the native coppery oysters cost a dollar a dozen, or four times as much. Ours appear to be sent over as ballast, but they are just as welcome as if they came in the President's yacht.

In the midst of all their plain fare the English rise to sublime heights in the devising of sandwiches for afternoon tea, for picnics, and for luncheons. Every one who has been to England knows what mountains of sandwiches they will prepare for even two ladies who are going boating or on a short railway journey, but not every one of my readers is aware of the exquisite kinds they include in their category, as, for instance, cucumber sandwiches, and lettuce ones, and ones filled with lettuce salad or plain undressed "mustard and cress"—the bread being always cut very, very thin, and the butter being the best.

The English breakfast is a very stupid, narrow, and tiresome institution. It is a stereotyped monotony of tea, bacon—or bacon and eggs—and marmalade. Even such a divergence as oatmeal—or porridge, as they call it—is rare and uncertain, and I do not happen to know an English home or hotel where fruit is served in the morning, as with us. With their tea and bacon they have none of our hot breads or pancakes—for which they may thank their North Star. In place of these they eat sweetened breads of various sorts, known as scones, Sally-Lunns, and a delicious toasted and buttered, mildly sweet form of bread called tea-cakes. To these wholesome breads they add those peculiarly British long-range, death-dealing, missiles known as crumpets and muffins. And everywhere in England dry toast is served at breakfast.

Though their candies are such that they are not fond of them—primitive and hard and unattractive even to themselves—they yet are more given to eating other sweet things than we who are a candy-loving people. At breakfast they must have their sweetened breads and marmalades and jams. At luncheon they have jam again, and a wide range of tarts and cakes. There is no afternoon tea without cake on the tray, and at dinner they finish with puddings and other sweet dishes, often cloyingly sugared. I do not think I need to say that afternoon tea is as regular a meal as any other, or that it cannot be escaped, no matter who you are, what your station, or where you try to hide from it. It is served in shops, work-places, lawyers' offices, banks, and newspaper-offices, and both in business and domestic life it serves one excellent purpose in bringing people together to discuss their affairs under easy and pleasant conditions. Even the men and women who are afoot at tea-time, which is half past four to five o'clock, crowd the multitudinous tea-shops of the Lyons, the Express, or the Aerated Bread companies, and in such hosts that though three of these shops, each taking up an entire building, stand shoulder to shoulder in Piccadilly, it is often impossible to get a seat in any one of them when the tea hour comes. In your own house the custom is made a pretty one. If there is company, the tea is served in the drawing-room; otherwise, in the dining-room. It is brought in by a picturesque maid in cap and apron and strings, bearing a great shiny tray whereon are the silver teapot, cream-jug, and sugar-bowl, all set about with delicate china cups and saucers, and dishes of thinnest sandwiches and cut cake. Every member of the household is waiting and listening for it, or hurrying to it from out-of-doors, and around the steaming shrine all gather—old and young and invalid and lusty alike—to rest half an hour, and gossip together of what each has been doing or planning or hearing since they last met at breakfast or at luncheon.

To explain why the cost of living is higher than with us—though it is the popular belief in America that it is cheaper there than at home—would require a chapter. Living, in a word, is cheaper for the English poor than for our own, and dearer for the well-to-do than in America, because there are here two standards of living. The unit of value for the well-to-do in England is the sovereign, or the five-dollar piece, whereas our American unit of value in housekeeping and practical affairs is a dollar. The unit of value with the English poor is a sliding standard that runs from a penny down to a farthing, just as in America it is a nickel. No American of middle circumstances who has made his home in London will dispute my statement that it costs more to keep a family there than it does at home. Men's clothing, wines and liquors, servants, flowers, and a very few minor articles are cheaper in England,

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but these advantages are offset by the higher cost of all other necessaries. The cheapest cut of beef is twenty-five cents a pound, the best fish sell for as high as fifty cents a pound, butter is thirty cents a pound, coffee is forty cents, strawberries never go lower than eight or ten cents a basket, and good small fruits generally are very much dearer. Peaches are a quarter of a dollar apiece, milk is eight cents a quart, cream is fifty cents a quart, oysters fetch a dollar to a dollar and a half a dozen, bread is about as cheap as at home, loin of pork is twenty-five cents a pound, the cheaper mutton (from New Zealand) is twenty cents a pound, and English mutton fetches seven cents more. These are all West End prices, but they are not high prices. They are the quotations of a very careful buyer. Then, again, the requirements of maintaining a middle station in London with one's friends and visitors add greatly to the cost of housekeeping in servants, flowers for the table, wines, elaborate desserts, and the general expense of formal dining, for the punctilious formality of drawing-room manners demands an equally high and formal standard of living.

# LOVE'S WOUNDS.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

Not love for me—not love!
Hate I will have, with fierce hot breath,
Sin whose sweet wine holds dregs of death,
Ambition with its stinging goad,
And tottering Toil, with leaden load;
Fear with its shuddering serpent-hiss,
Cold Treachery with its Judas-kiss:
A bosom-thorn though each should prove,
More deep, more sharp the mortal stab of Love!

Love holds a two-edged sword;
And for each happy hour she brings,
Each kiss where rapt remembrance clings,
Each thrilling thought, each tender word,
Seven times she pierces with that sword.
Canst bear Love's wounds, O high of heart?
None answers, who hath known their smart;
They only pledge, who weigh not Love with loss,
Their hearts to drink her cup and bear her cross!

No, not the wounds of Love!
That adds, for every hurt she heals,
A subtler sting than that she seals.
Love lays on Guilt a deeper stain;
Gives Death his last supremest pain;
When he hath raised his hand to part,
Love wields the sword that cleaves the heart;
Love, save for Death, were sweet, ah sweet!
Dear, but for Love, the coming of Death's feet!

So I will go my way;
And when Love passes, turn my face,
Lest I should stay for one embrace:
Sad, that I may not be more sad;
Strange, that men may not see me mad;
Lonely, that I may tremble less
In the last awful loneliness.
From stone to stone, how brief the mile!
What if a craven heart go cold a while?



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# CATHERINE CARR.

BY MARY E WILKINS.

THE ninth day of August, 1814, was hot and sultry on the Connecticut coast. Ever since morning, old Madam Carr, Catherine's grandmother, had been presaging thunder-tempest. Sitting on the north porch, knitting an interminable length of silk stocking, she had sniffed the charred dust of the field-grass consuming beneath the fierce sun, as in a very *auto-de-fe* of nature, and turned keen old eyes of suspicion upon the northwest horizon, where the thunder-storms were wont to brew. All day the northwest had been vague, as with dregs of color instead of cloud, for all the purple-blue of the intense sky seemed to have settled there. "There will be a thunder-tempest before night," said Madam Carr, in her deep voice, almost a bass, coming unexpectedly from a slender old throat swathed in folds of delicate lace.

"Yes, grandmother, I think so," responded Catherine.

She was dressed in some thin stuff of an indeterminate pattern of purple stripes and garlands of pink flowers, faded and darned profusely, as was her lace tucker. Everything in the old Carr mansion was only held from the collapse of age by the timely stitches of thrift. Madam Carr's black satin was actually embroidered by her own cunning fingers in a rose pattern to conceal the threadbare places, and her black lace mittens were almost gone as to the original weave. Madam Carr always wore her black lace mittens of an afternoon, as ladies had been accustomed to do when she was young. She had come of a fine old English family which had not sought the New World at all until the colonies were nearly fledged for independent flight. There had been wealth and state in the daily life of Madam Carr, although now she lived in actual poverty with her granddaughter Catherine. The Carr estate had dribbled away through improvident fingers, until there was little left except the old mansion on the outskirts of the village, and a few acres of scanty pasturage, and a wood-lot or two. Catherine had a brother, two years older than herself, who might retrieve the family fortunes, but he was fighting in Perry's squadron against the British, and his grandmother had little to say of him. Madam Carr was a Tory born and bred, and, if she had her way, would have set up the throne of England at the Capitol with no delay. She prayed in her closet for the English arms, and never asked if Catherine had heard from young Harry Carr, though she loved him well, and though she knew that his scanty pay, sent home as regularly as might be, kept her and her household alive. Catherine herself, from her early training, was not as true a daughter of the republic as she might have been in her principles, and had striven as best she might to dissuade her brother Harry. "Go fight for the one true country and the one true government," said she, with that gentle imperiousness which folk said was like her grandmother's, and became her well, but Harry would not listen.

"They have ground us into the dust," he declared, fiercely, "and now we will arise and let them see the stuff we are made of."

"'Tis British stuff," argued Catherine.

"British stuff grafted on to a tree of the West, till 'tis the noblest fruit of the whole earth," said Harry Carr, and was off in his blue uniform.

Catherine wrote to him, though her disapproval was still active. Catherine looked as her grandmother had looked when she was a girl. She was small and fair, with a face as round and innocent as a child's; but she bore herself like a queen, and had, at times, a severity of manner which no one, not even her grandmother, gainsaid. Catherine Carr had been sought in marriage by one Captain Miles Wadsworth, of the blood of the Wadsworth who had hidden the charter of Connecticut in the hollow tree.

Catherine had accepted him, and he had for some six months visited her as her acknowledged lover; then there had been high words, none but they two knew over what, and Captain Miles had sailed away in his ship, *The Commonwealth*, to Liverpool. That was during the year before the war, and Catherine had not

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heard a word from her lover since. If she grieved for him, nobody knew. Now and then a swain with courting intent rode over from Stonington to see this damsel with a fair face, and good blood in her veins, though no gold in her purse, but she would have none of him.

"Catherine will never be wedded," said Madam Carr, "but no one need scorn her for it, since 'tis not for lack of chances. 'Tis an honorable estate, when it comes with choice, and has been held by many a woman of our family." If the truth had been told, Madam Carr somewhat regretted that she had not held that estate herself. She had been a true and faithful wife to her husband, now dead some twenty years, but she had not been in love with him, and he was in her memory but an additional shadow cast by her fleshly life. She had been a Carr herself, having married her own cousin. She looked with favor on Catherine remaining in her single blessedness. "There is freedom and dignity in it, child, let them say what they will," said she, "and the old place will feed you as long as you live."

Catherine Carr led her life of peaceful monotony of industry, and seemed content enough, though she was young and there was warm blood in her veins. The days for three years had dawned and dimmed with no change, except their own variety of eternity, but now this ninth day of August was to hold enough to spice a lifetime.

Catherine, when she waked that morning, had felt a strange quickening of her pulses, and a turmoil of her whole mind, both as to its memories and its imagery of the future. An electrical ferment of storms and upheavals of present harmonies seemed to be in her little sphere of life, as well as in the greatness of nature. "There will be a thunder-tempest before night," said Madam Carr. "Something will happen before night," said Catherine Carr, but only to herself. All the forenoon she and old black Sylvy had been putting up little pots of currant jelly and jam. Her finger-tips were still rosy with the currant juice, though she had rubbed them well. She sat that afternoon with her grandmother on the porch and darned a petticoat of fine red damask which had belonged to her mother.

"I remember well when your mother first wore that; she had just turned sixteen," said Madame Carr. "It is a handsome color, though not for this time of year."

"The people of this country like it not overwell, at this time of year or any other," said Catherine, with a laugh, referring to the red coats of the British soldiers. Catherine's laugh had a nervous ring, her delicate face was strained and tense, her blue eyes almost black. She kept turning an ear this way and that, as if listening; she glanced often at the road, visible through the lilac shrubbery in the front yard; all at once Catherine's whole face lightened and sharpened with attention like a hunting dog's. She heard a noise like the feet of a swift runner; then she saw one man, then another, and another, come pelting up the road; then a stout woman laboring behind with heavy joltings of hips like the panniers of a donkey. Catherine recognized them for the landlord, his wife and son and man-servant, from the tavern a half-mile below. The tavern was a small hostelry of none too good repute, serving mainly as a resting and carousing place for sailors, for there was a good anchorage at that point. Catherine ran out around the corner of the house, through the lilacs, to the road, and her grandmother, knitting-work in hand, went after her, nearly as agile as she.

"What is it?" called Catherine, and her face was pale; for those were troublous times on the coast, with an enemy on the seas. The woman answered her, though she was scantest of breath.

"The British! The British!" she gasped out.

Catherine ran after her, grasping her arm, and keeping alongside easily. "Are they come? Are the British come?"

"Their ships are off yonder, four of 'em, and a boat from the biggest—a-comin' —a-comin' ashore. Let go! let go!"

"Are the men going to Stonington to warn the town?"

"No; the town will be all in a light blaze in a half-hour. We be goin' to the swamp, where they can't find us. Best you and your folks go too, Catherine Carr. Get your teaspoons an' come. I have my half-dozen in my pocket. Let go! let go!"

With that the woman, the wife of John Tabb the tavern-keeper, wrenched away her arm, and was on with the rushing men.

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"Oh, go to Stonington! go to Stonington! to warn the town!" cried Catherine, after them; but John Tabb pelted on with his stubborn face as if he did not hear.

"Go to Stonington! go to Stonington, Mr. Tabb!" shrieked Catherine. But John Tabb went on with a steady rush, like a panic-stricken ox, and they were all out of sight.

Catherine ran back to her grandmother, standing pale, but with a certain air of tremulous triumph, at the house gate. "We have nothing to fear, Catherine," said she. "There is no need for women of the Carr family to fear anything from British soldiers."

"I am not afraid," said Catherine, proudly, "but the people in Stonington will have no time to defend the town. Grandmother, I am going to warn them."

"You will not go one step," declared Madam Carr. "The British will give them notice in time to remove the women and children; the men will stay and fight. What more would you?"

"There will be no time to strengthen the earth-works."

"Let them fall, then! What you are thinking of, Catherine Carr, is Miles Wadsworth's father and mother, and sister Pamela."

Catherine went rosy red, and ran, with her grandmother calling vainly after her, through the house to the garden. It was in her mind to cross to the fields from the garden, and then to run through them to a point farther up the road, that being considered a shorter way.

Catherine hurried through the old garden, overrun with box in sinuous green windings, under the arches of ancient rose-trees. Black Sylvy's eyes rolled white with childlike wonder and terror from the shadowy kitchen window. Catherine ran down the main garden path, between the humping rows of box. She climbed the wall at the rear, and had just set foot on the sun-baked grass of the field when she gave a choking cry and started back. Captain Miles Wadsworth was coming toward her, running weakly, as if he were about to fall, flinging out with uncertain knees like a drunken man. His face was darkly flushed, though it had grown so thin that one who did not know it as well as her own might not have recognized it, and he kept one hand pressed hard against his side.

For a second Catherine felt as if she were in a dream, and as if it were her eyes awaver with sleep which gave this dream man his wavering gait; then she sprang forward. "Miles! Miles!" she cried out, and caught him by the arm; and he leaned against her shoulder, and would have fallen except for her. "How came you here? What is the matter? Oh, Miles!" she cried, trembling and supporting him, and forgetting that there had ever been enmity between them.

"The British! Alarm the town!" gasped out Captain Miles Wadsworth.

"Miles, have you escaped from the British ships?"

"Yes. Sweetheart, hurry; I can go no farther. I swam ashore, and the sun heat —and—I have had a wound in my side. Go, go!"

"Miles, if they find you, you will be shot."

"Never mind me, Catherine. Run to the town!"

"And a boat-load is coming to the anchorage at the tavern," cried Catherine in a frenzy. "They will find you here; they will stop and search the house; 'tis you they are after, Miles."

"No, I—overheard—they will—bombard Stonington in an hour. Go, Catherine."

"They will stop and search, and if they find you, they will kill you, Miles."

"As well one time as another, Catherine," replied Captain Miles Wadsworth, faintly, with a little bitterness of sadness. "I have no sweetheart and no ship, and my old father and mother have another son and will not miss me. I must die for my country, which alone has any need of me, and as well now. Run to Stonington, Catherine, for ten minutes on the earth-works may mean victory and the salvation of the town. Leave me where I am, and go."

But Catherine Carr, with her mouth set hard, was already urging the young man toward the house, though he continued to beg her not, almost piteously. "Catherine, for your life leave me and go," he begged, stammering and stumbling, for the pain and dizziness in his head were great, and his feet met the ground with strange shocks. Captain Miles Wadsworth was nearly spent with exhaustion from the heat and the stress and anxiety of his escape, being also weakened in health by anxiety of mind, and a bullet

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"HE KEPT ONE HAND PRESSED HARD AGAINST HIS SIDE."

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wound received some time since in his side. His good ship the *Constitution* had been captured by the British on the high seas before the war had begun, and he himself impressed into service in the British navy. That morning, having discovered that messengers were to be sent to warn Stonington and give her an hour to remove the inhabitants, he had jumped overboard and swum ashore; but on reaching the land he had sunk down exhausted, and lain there he knew not how long.

Catherine half dragged, half bore him into the house, to the bedroom out of the cool north parlor, and forced him gently upon the bed, on which he sank, gasping faintly, for his strength was almost spent.

Madam Carr stood in the entry as they passed, and black Sylvy's eyes rolled white over her shoulder. "Who—who—?" demanded Madam Carr, and her face was as pale as her darned laces. She did not know Miles Wadsworth with his emaciated figure and his thin flushed face.

Catherine answered not a word till she had laid Miles on the bed and come back panting. "Fetch cold water from the well, and a towel, quick," she ordered Sylvy, imperatively, then ran to the cupboard in the south room for a glass of cordial; but Madam Carr caught her by the arm. "Who is it, Catherine Carr?" she demanded.

"Miles—it is Miles; let me go."

"How comes he here?"

"He has escaped from the British. Let me go, grandmother."

"They will shoot him if they find him here."

"They shall not find him."

"I saw the gleam of their bayonets down the road before I came in. They are almost here. They will shoot him if they find him, Catherine Carr."

Catherine gazed at her grandmother with a face of pale desperation; then the color came back, her eyes flashed with sudden resolution and fun, and she gave one leap toward the north porch, where lay the red damask petticoat which she had been mending.

"Catherine, Catherine Carr, what are you going to do?"

Catherine made a swift notch with her scissors, then, with a fierce twitch of her strong young arm, rent the petticoat from belt to hem.

"Catherine, what are you doing? Are you gone mad?"

Catherine made no reply; she rushed to the fireplace, caught up the poker, and thrust it through the band of the damask petticoat, then scuttled up the winding spiral of the front stair, and hung out the red flag which she had improvised from the second-story window over the front door.

Madam Carr, all in a tremulous whir of silken skirts, stood at the foot of the stair; she thought that her granddaughter had lost her wits over the peril of her lover. "Catherine," she called, faintly, and as she called caught a scarlet gleam through the side-lights of the front door, heard the tramp of heavy feet, and the jingle of swords, then a great clatter of the knocker. Then she heard the voice of Catherine, who was waving the red flag from the window overhead—

"What do you want, gentlemen?"

A voice of inquiry sounded from without, and it was imperious, though somewhat tempered by admiration for Catherine's fair face, and respect for her gentle, fine-bred manners.

Then Madam Carr heard her granddaughter's voice again, gentle as ever, yet with a tone in it which she had never heard, and which seemed to show in a flash the girl to her as a stranger: "It is the flag of the small-pox, gentlemen. You can enter if you please, but you will do so at your peril."

There was a commotion among the redcoats; then the man's voice sounded again, with a quaver of consternation in it, "Who is ill, madam?"

And Catherine Carr answered, unfaltering over the first lie of her life, "My brother, gentlemen."

"A sailor has escaped from our ship this morning. Has one come here seeking shelter?"

"No, sir."

There was a confused murmur of voices; then the leading one was heard again: "I am despatched by the British commodore to give notice to the inhabitants of Stonington that the bombardment by his Majesty's ships will begin in an hour's time, and to warn them to remove to places of safety."

"Oh, I pray you, gentlemen," cried Catherine Carr—and if she was guilty of a bit of malicious humor in the midst of her terror and danger they did not perceive it—"I pray you, gentlemen, to assist me in removing my poor brother,

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THE IMPROVISED FLAG.

who is in the worst stage of the disease, to some place of safety before the bombardment begins."

Then the young officer, who had a face as fair and rosy as the ladies of whom he was a dear lover, answered in great haste: "There is no cause for alarm, madam; you are well out of range of our fire. There is no occasion to remove your brother, and it might do him great harm, since he is in such a state. I bid you good-day, and may the sad affliction which is upon your house spare your roses!"

Then Madam Carr heard the heavy tramp of retreating feet, and saw the vanishing swing of scarlet shoulders, and Catherine came down stairs, laughing.

Her grandmother, pale with anxiety and bewilderment, yet looked at her with asperity. "Laugh, if you can, at falsehood and disloyalty against your rightful country and ruler," said she, "but you know not if they will not return and shoot your lover in there, and you know not if he be not lying dead now with a sunstroke. You would laugh on the verge of the grave."

Catherine turned pale, and hastened into the north bedroom, where Captain Miles lay, with black Sylvy wetting his head with cloths wet in cold water, and crooning the while with a half-savage murmur of sympathy and love. Miles did not open his eyes as Catherine bent over him, and Sylvy shook her head warningly. In spite of his peril and anxiety, Miles Wadsworth had fallen into the repose of utter exhaustion.

Madam Carr beckoned Catherine out into the parlor. "What if they suspect, and stop on their way back—what then?" she whispered.

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"They will not stop when they are bound on such an errand," Catherine whispered back, but her forehead was contracted a little. Then suddenly her



"ONLY ONE MAN STOOD BELOW."

whole face lighted with the flash of her ready wit, and her mouth twitched, for so full of spirit was she that she had presence of mind to love the jest which sometimes rides abreast with danger. Out she ran to the kitchen, got a jar of the currant jelly which she had just made, and the porringer of paste which she had used for fastening the little circles of letter-paper over the jars, and was back in the bedroom. Then, while the black woman watched her in consternation, though she ceased not her cold-water applications, she made with soft and deft touches Captain Miles Wadsworth's handsome face resemble most hideously that of a small-pox patient.

When Catherine turned, after finishing her work, she saw her grandmother standing in the doorway, watching her with an expression which resembled her own. Full of perturbation and anxiety was Madam Carr's face, and yet there was a lift at her mouth corners which denoted something else. Suddenly she glided swiftly to the cupboard beside the chimney in the parlor, where they kept a small stock of domestic remedies, and displayed, with a shrewd narrowing of her eyes, a small vial to Catherine. "It is assafœtida, and, in case they return, it can be spilled on the floor for the evil smell of the disease," said she, and Catherine nodded, laughing again; but at that moment came a clattering knock on the front door, which caused them both to start and pale.

"They have come back," gasped Catherine, losing for the moment her courage; but her grandmother stood firm. "Go to the door," said she, "and fetch them in if they have a mind!" Then she went herself into the bedroom, ordered Sylvy away, and took her place at Captain Miles's head.

Catherine ran up the stairs, flung open the window, and brandished her ominous flag. Only one man stood below—a grizzled old king's veteran, with a square jaw, small eyes of stubborn defiance, and a face deeply dinted with the small-pox. In doubt and suspicion as to whether the deserter, or a body of the enemy and arms, might not be concealed in the house, this man, John Busby by name, had volunteered to return and face the pestilence.

"You will enter at your peril, sir," declared Catherine's sweet voice from the

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window. She had quite recovered herself; her eyes flashed, and her cheeks were as red as her flag.

When the caller declared gruffly his intention to enter, Catherine ran down at once and opened the door, and led the way to the bedroom wherein Captain Miles Wadsworth lay.

"I beg you, sir, to be quiet, and not disturb my brother, or his life may answer for it," said Catherine, softly; and the soldier made no answer, but trod on tiptoe, and barely stepped over the bedroom threshold. Indeed, he found one look and one breath enough. Madam Carr had spilled all the assafœtida as she proposed, and Captain Wadsworth's face in the darkened room was a hideous sight. Madam Carr had slipped the wet towel over his forehead and eyes, but the lower part of his face was exposed, and it looked, as John Busby reported, for all the world like a Christmas pudding. And as for the disease being small-pox—"Go there and draw one long breath," said John Busby.

John Busby retreated, fairly routed, though he knew it not, by the wit of two women, sturdy soldier though he was, and the gleam of his scarlet coat was soon out of sight on the Stonington road.

After he was gone, Captain Miles Wadsworth lay in such a peace of rest and slumber that it seemed almost like that of death, and Madam Carr ordered that he be left to himself. "He will do now," said she, "but we will leave his face as 'tis lest they come again, and he be shot, and we convicted of perjury."

She went out with her stately glide, but Catherine lingered, gave a swift glance around to make sure that she was not seen, then bent over the sleeping man and kissed him softly. Then she slipped out, all glowing with blushes, and looked at the tall clock on the stair landing. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. Catherine reckoned, standing there. "In about half an hour they will have reached Stonington and given warning," she reflected; "then they have to return to their ship. That will take near an hour longer, as they have computed. The bombardment will begin about the half-hour after six."

Suddenly the thought came to Catherine Carr, "If — if those messengers could be delayed two hours—one hour—only one half-hour—the people of Stonington might be able to save the town." For she remembered what her lover had said as to the value of even fifteen minutes for the strengthening of defences. Catherine Carr, a slim young figure, in her gown of faded purples and roses, stood with her fair alert face fronting the face of the clock as if it were the veritable one of time and eternity, in which she could find the eyelight of wisdom.

Then she threw back her head, her white throat swelled, and she gave a short laugh, which was to her gay undaunted temper the expression of resolution.

Catherine hurried out on the porch, caught up the remaining half of her red damask petticoat, and raced down the road.

Catherine hastened toward the tavern which had been so incontinently deserted, down the stretch of dusty road between the powdered thickets of gold and purple midsummer bloom. The sun rays beat over from the westward like the fierce arrows of retreating hunters, there were broadsides of heat from earth and sky, and every leaf and blade and flower had seemingly its own shot for the weary eye that beheld it, for it was one of the hottest days of the year. But Catherine had no thought of the heat as she sped along, being fully possessed with fiercest love and loyalty, not for her country—for as to that she was divided—but for her lover. She remembered Miles Wadsworth's anxiety for the safety of Stonington, and how he had risked his own life for that end, and rather than fire against his countrymen.

"Stonington shall be saved, Miles," she cried, exultantly, as she hurried along. She thought of the good folk whom she knew in the town, and how Miles Wadsworth's father and mother and sister dwelt there.

When she reached the tavern she saw the boat from the British frigate rocking on the blue swell, and to her great relief it was empty. Her fear had been lest a sailor or two were left in charge. She did not know that such was the case, and that they had been lured from their allegiance by the abandoned barrels of New England rum in the tavern, and were then therein, forgetful of friend and foe alike.

Catherine got a hatchet from the tavern wood-pile, and ran down the beach



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to the boat. She had a strong arm and wrist; she had soon cut a hole in the bottom of the boat, and severed the rope. All the time she was in deadly fear lest some one on the ships which swarmed aloof in the haze of the heat might spy her out with a glass. She had, to guard against that, brought the severed half of her damask petticoat and pinned it over her shoulders, that any watcher might take it for the red coat of England.

When her work was done, and she was hurrying up the road, she cast a glance back, to see the dim ships moving in a line toward a position more directly opposite the town, all except one, which lingered for the return of the boat.

"That boat will never return," thought Catherine Carr, "and they cannot bombard until they are sure that the first shot will not kill their own men."

Then she reflected—suppose she had scuttled the boat, how long would it take for the soldiers to signal the ship, and for another boat to be sent to them? It would take some time, certainly, but could she not delay them longer still? A spirit of utter daring and mischief seized the girl, and imaginations as extravagant as those of a child possessed her. She was of an exceeding nervous temperament, as finely responsive to all new conditions as a bird which slants its wings to every change of wind. Moreover, the intense heat of the day, instead of depressing her with slumbrous languor, had stung her to freer life. She had risen with higher and higher understanding and capacity to every new emergency of danger, until now she was in a fairly abnormal condition of activity, and barriers were as nothing to the leaping powers of her mind.

"I will delay the British ships longer still," said Catherine Carr.

Just before she reached her own house she saw a thick cloud of dust ahead, then horns tossed through it, followed by bounding red flanks and lashing tails. Then she heard the shrill scream of a fife, and knew that little Johnny Purdy was driving home the cows, playing the while on the fife on which his grandfather had played in the Revolution, and in which his soul delighted.

Catherine bounded forward and caught the boy by the arm. He stared at her in bewilderment, his fife still at his pouting lips. He and his widowed mother, living off the main road, had heard naught of the approach of the British.

Catherine talked fast; the boy's face kindled as he listened. He was a sunburnt lad of twelve, with ready blushes, but steady eyes.

When Catherine released him, bidding him hurry, he went forward with a leap, driving the cows at a furious rate, but his fife was still.

Catherine ran toward the house, and her grandmother met her at the door. "He is still asleep," she said. "Where have you been, Catherine Carr?"

"I have been to the British boat and scuttled it."

"They will shoot you for a traitor, and you are one," said Madam Carr, hotly, but her eyes snapped.

Catherine made no reply, but hurried up to the garret and got the two old muskets which her grandfather Carr had once used against the colonists.

"What are you going to do with the muskets? Is your brain turned?" demanded Madam Carr, when Catherine came down.

"Go to the door and watch, grandmother, and you will see," answered Catherine, running out with a musket over each shoulder, though they were of prodigious weight and length, and she could scarcely walk under them.

The country road was bordered with stone walls. Catherine laid her two muskets one over each wall, a little above the house, with their muzzles pointing up the road at a slight slant. Then back she went for some pokers and tongs and shovels, and even warming-pans with long brass-bound handles, which, seen in an uncertain light of gathering dusk, and also of storm, for that which had threatened all day was rolling high in the northwest, might well deceive the eyes of suspicion in a hostile land. All these she ranged over the stone walls, with the muskets at the ends nearest the town; and then came little Johnny Purdy, dragging painfully the enormous gun used by his ancestor of Plymouth against the Indians. That, when placed, seemed to project half across the road with its furious old muzzle; and though it could not be fired without such labor and preparation as were out of the question yet its look was an intimation of a far-reaching death.

Then Johnny Purdy, who was pale

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under his freckles, for his ancestral blood was surging high in his heart, went, according to instructions, his fife in hand, to a point some distance away in the fields, whence he could fly easily to cover of the woods; and Catherine Carr, with a tin pan and two sticks for a drum, stationed herself aloof on the other side of the road.

When the men from the British ship, with the young officer at their head, came down the road on their way to take boat, having warned the town of Stonington according to instructions, they saw to their dismay a gleaming file as of muskets projecting over either wall just before they reached the Carr house. The thunder-clouds were gathering fast, and there was a sallow twilight over the whole country. They doubted not that they saw at least twelve good muskets, six on either side of the road, forming a short but certain lane of death for the King's men to pass. They halted, and suddenly from the right came the shrill scream of a fife in the tune of "Yankee Doodle"; then the triumphant beat of a drum responded from the left. That meant, to the British, American re-enforcements in both quarters, and the impossibility of taking to the fields and skirting the muskets.

The men were brave soldiers as any in his Majesty's service, but a little pause before what seemed a certain march on death did them no discredit. Some time was spent by them in conference as to what course to pursue, some holding it was best to retreat on the town and seize a boat, some holding that since their flag did not protect them here it would not there, and they would either be cut in pieces, or held prisoners to prevent the bombardment.

And all the time the Stonington men were working for their lives at the earthworks, while the ancient, useless muskets and the pokers, tongs, and warming-pans pointed fiercely over the stone walls, above the Carr house, at the enemy; and the fife played on the right nearer and nearer, now this way, now that; while the drum sounded bravely on the left.

Finally the men from the British ship placed themselves shoulder to shoulder, levelled their guns, and made a rushing charge, as brave in spirit as that of the six hundred, though it was against a powerless enemy, and their bravery seemed to recoil upon themselves with a shock of mortification and ridicule.

After the bloodless passage between the bristling walls, there was a halt and hoarse shout, half of mirth, half of rage.

Catherine had fled like a deer through the garden into the house, and little Johnny Purdy had dropped into a misty hollow, where they might have searched all night for him in vain. There he lay low, shaking with exultant laughter, though the thunder-shower burst over him, drenching him to the skin, and pelting him as with bullets of water.

As Catherine entered the house there came a blinding blue flash, and a report like a whole broadside of artillery. Catherine rushed through into the south room, where her grandmother was. She was laughing, but her grandmother's look checked her.

"See what you have done!" cried Madam Carr, panting. "They are coming back here!"

Catherine looked out of the window, and there were the redcoats coming on a run. Their charge had carried them past, but they had turned as soon as they had collected their wits, and made for the Carr house. They hesitated no longer before that flying ensign of a dread pestilence. Either they, having just experienced such a scurvy trick, suspected the subterfuge, or, being so wroth with those who had mocked them, feared no danger, or else were minded to seek one moment's shelter from the fury of the storm, though that would have scarcely been to their credit, being on the King's service; but, whatever may have been the reason, they were coming.

Catherine Carr's brave heart and gay daring failed her utterly. "They—will —find him!" she gasped. This contingency had not entered her head, which was, after all, that of a child's, without enough retrospective distance to give her the best foresight.

Then it was that Madam Carr arose. "Be quiet, Catherine Carr, and do as I bid you, and I will save him," said she, and went straight across to the north parlor, with Catherine at her heels, though her knees shook so that she could scarcely step.

In the north parlor was a carved chest of precious Indian wood. It had been one of Madam Carr's wedding treasures, and held some of her most precious be-

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longings, her bridal gown and veil and satin shoes, and her dead husband's knee-buckles among them.

Madam Carr flung open the chest, and drew therefrom a parcel securely folded in a fine linen cloth, laid well under the others, for it was a contraband thing, and had been kept for years at the risk of disparagement to Madam Carr's loyalty.

She unfolded the parcel while the knocks of the British soldiers resounded through the house, and shook out the British ensign, which had been struck on a British man-of-war in the Revolution, and had fallen into her husband's hands, to be held sacred by him, and his widow after him.

In the bedroom, dark with the storm, Captain Miles Wadsworth was stirring in faint bewildered wise, awakened by the roll of the thunder and the clatter at the door. Madam Carr, holding the flag behind her, went into the room and up to the bed, Catherine following.

"The British are about to enter this house," said Madam Carr. "They will shoot you for a deserter if they find you here. Shut your eyes and lie still, and hold your breath, for your life."

Miles tried to speak.

"Do as I bid you, for your life," ordered Madam Carr. "Shut your eyes and hold your breath."

Captain Miles Wadsworth, borne down in his weakness by this onslaught of maternal will, closed his eyes. Then Madam Carr flung the British ensign over him as he lay there, and stood at his side, her head bowed as in pale and tearless grief, when the redcoats rushed into the room.

There was a sudden hush as they saw the still shape on the bed under the British flag, the stony grief of the stately old woman, and Catherine, who was weeping in good earnest, for her nerves had given way.

They all uncovered, and then the young officer gave the word to leave the room; but the old soldier John Busby spoke up in surly defiance of authority. "Sir," said he, "they have just served us one trick; this may be another."

"Silence!" cried the officer, with a side glance toward the weeping Catherine, and maybe an uneasy consciousness of the evil odor in the room—"Silence! The man under my command who respects not the dead covered by the British flag falls himself. March!"

The young officer gave one more admiring and passionate glance at Catherine. If he suspected aught wrong, he hid his suspicions from himself, and as he spoke he heard a signal-gun from his ship, and knew that there was no time to waste upon such play as this. Then he went out of the room, his men following.

The signal-gun from the ship was fired again as the redcoats hurried down the road, with the storm driving hard at their heels, and the lightning playing upon their scarlet backs like whips of fire.

The bombardment of Stonington was a good three hours late that night, and though continued until midnight, and with intervals for three days, and some property demolished, the town was saved, and finally the British fleet sailed away, leaving the American flag still floating over the ramparts.

To Catherine Carr the safety of the town, though she had striven so hard for it, was as nothing to that of her lover; but his rejoicing was somewhat tempered with mortification when he learned that he had been saved by the flag which was hostile to his country. "A traitor and a coward might have availed himself of such a means of safety," he said once, hotly; but Madam Carr faced him with stern indignation: "English you were born, and your forebears. English you will live and die, and those who come after you," declared she. "Blood is blood, and race is race, and you cannot change it, though you deny your King, and crown all your own unworthy heads. You will speak with an English tongue, and look askance at the rest of the world with English eyes, as long as you live. The English flag covered those who came before you from death and insult, and will cover those who come after you. It has saved your life now, and you have cause for honor and pride, and not shame." With that Madam Carr went out of the room, her head as high and stiff as if she bore the majesty of England upon it, and left Catherine and her lover alone in the north parlor. That was a year later, when peace was established and Miles's health quite restored, and he and Catherine were to be married the next day. Even then, Miles's sister Pamela, and Catherine's brother Harry, and some of her mates, were out in the fields gathering wild flowers to trim the old Carr house for the wedding.

Catherine Carr, who was strong in nat-

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ural feminine wiles for the soothing of man, and understood well how to inveigle him sweetly away from a bone of argument rather than allow him to pause to wrangle over it, simply remarked to Miles that breathing New England air for threescore years and ten had not changed grandmother Carr's old England heart, and old trees must lean their own way, and went on to tell him gayly of little Johnny Purdy's trepidation over bringing home the wedding-cake from Stonington, whither it had been taken to be iced, on his wheelbarrow, and how he had sighed with relief when he landed it safe at the door, having neither spilled it in the dust nor had it tasted by wasp or bee or boy.

Miles Wadsworth looked at Catherine's beautiful, laughing face, and thought no more then of how his life had been saved, since saved it was for so great happiness; but Catherine, with her head on her lover's shoulder, cast a mindful glance at the old carved chest in the corner which held the British flag.

# THE PRINCESS XENIA.*

## A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

BUT Christopher's adventures were not yet concluded for the night. He stepped into the great chasm of darkness that yawned upon those nether parts of Dreiburg, and began to move briskly and in good heart with himself towards the upper town. He had not gone fifty paces, however, when a black shadow leaped out of the night and confronted him under a gas-lamp. He had entirely forgotten the wretched Fritz, and yet here was that young man, jumped out of nowhere, barring his way, menacing and cloudy, in a heavy storm of passion.

"Now, sir," said he, "at last. I have no right to complain; but you have kept me so long," he added, with a *moue*. "Naturally one must expect the tediousness of lovers. But I'll warrant you that the time shall pass briskly enough for you this next half-hour."

"Ah, Herr Polnitz," exclaimed Christopher, recovering himself and stepping down from his philosopher's heights of fancy, "you will do me the honor to walk on with me? You are doing nothing? No?"

"A thousand devils on your insolence!" said the young man, raging. "You shall meet me now, to-night."

"Oh," says Christopher to himself, "so that's how the land lies!" and whistled thoughtfully. "Come, come, my dear sir," he said aloud, "if we are to fight, it need be no excuse for our brawling in the streets. If you will honor me with your company so far as my humble residence, I have no doubt that we can arrange affairs as we go, and pretty acceptably too."

Fritz bowed quite formally, being now, as he considered, taken upon his proper footing, and in all polite gravity; and the two men continued their walk through the solitary streets.

Reaching his inn, Christopher held open the door, and with a gesture invited Fritz to precede him. Somewhat reluctantly, and as if struggling with a passing suspicion, the German entered, and very soon was seated in an arm-chair in Christopher's sitting-room. "And now to business," he said, curtly.

"Quite so," assented Christopher; "and now to business." He pulled out a pocket-book and scrutinized the pages. "I will give you at once," said he, "the dates I have free. To-morrow, I fear, is very full. I can give you three in the afternoon. No, stay—I have overlooked it—I have an appointment with Captain von Ritter then. But—eleven I am due at the Palace. Ten—come—ten o'clock seems quite free. What do you say to ten?"

"Ten will suit me very well," returned Fritz, in some bewilderment at this cool display of his antagonist, as well as at the names he had mentioned.

"Very well, then; that's settled. Oh, by-the-way, swords or pistols?" inquired Christopher, blandly.

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"It is your choice, sir," said Fritz. Christopher shrugged his shoulders, and appearing by a gesture to decline the privilege, still interrogated the other with his eyes. "Oh, well, sir, swords," said Fritz, in some confusion. "Swords," repeated Christopher, making an entry in his pocket-book, which he thereupon closed with a snap. "And now that's off our minds, perhaps, Herr Polnitz, you will excuse me helping myself to a glass of wine," said he, "and perhaps you will do me the pleasure to join me?" he added, blandly.

He deftly drew the cork of a champagne-bottle, and before Fritz could find words for a reply, had filled a tumbler for his guest. Draining his own, he sat back and sighed. "I needed that, sir," he said. "I have been talking for the last four hours, I believe. And I have had an exciting pursuit in addition. Oh, by-the-way," and he broke off in an easy fashion, "now that we have fixed our arrangements for the little meeting to-morrow, let me understand what are we fighting about?"

This question, delivered with such an air of civil indifference, and yet with a certain touch of curiosity such as might characterize one that inquires the time, struck Fritz at once into confusion. He stammered, reddened, and finally calling up his resolution,

"You know very well, sir," he said, gruffly.

"Pardon me; no," responded Christopher, gently. "I believe that we fight about a lady; but—pray allow me your glass—I do not recall that any specific terms were given to the quarrel."

"I am not aware that they are necessary," returned Fritz, curtly, and falling back into his former demeanor.

"No, perhaps not," assented Christopher, musingly. "Yet it might have been an advantage to know why one was exposing one's life."

"I think, sir," said Fritz, hotly, being conscious of the irony of this retort—"I think you will consider the position in which I found you a sufficient justification. As a man of honor, there was no other course open to me than that I have taken."

"And yet," observed Christopher, smoothly, "as a man of sense, it might have been wise to consider the explanation offered."

"The circumstances argued too strongly, sir," stammered Herr Polnitz.

"True, the situation developed awkwardly," assented Christopher. "Won't you refill your glass, Herr Polnitz? I find this is the best wine I can get hereabouts. Allow me. This is my birthday," and he firmly though gently filled the tumbler to the brim. Fritz gazed at it in stupid dismay. The interview was taking a strange turn. He hardly saw his conduct properly determined for him.

"The facts were, nevertheless, as I stated them, sir," said Christopher, mildly. "Conceive the situation. I was hotly pursued, and seeing a lighted window, broke rudely in. The door was opened to my tap, as I have no doubt it has been often opened before to the rap of a more welcome visitor. For the rest, the sudden alarm, the voices in the house, Frau Wagner, your own footsteps—you can conjecture the confusion of mind of which I was the unwilling and unhappy cause."

"If this was as you say, sir," said Fritz, hastily, "the lady is much to be pitied."

"She is," said Christopher, "a thousand times. I owe her infinite thanks and infinite apologies, some sense of which I trust I expressed this night. I will make a point of calling to-morrow morning at"—he paused, dwelling on the words leisurely, but with no emphasis—"half past ten to renew my gratitude."

Fritz reddened, and to hide his blush raised the glass of champagne to his lips. "I think, sir," he said, "that perhaps we were hasty in our arrangement for to-morrow."

"As you choose," said Christopher, with nonchalance.

The young man's face twittered with emotions. "Let us say no more about it," he went on, awkwardly, and then, a quick burst of feeling lighting up his blunt features, "for, damn it, sir, I think you're a good sort, and I like you."

Christopher uttered a sigh of relief under his composure, for it had taken another hour's talking to get out of this trouble. "I am indebted to you for your good opinion," he said, courteously, "and, as you suggest, we will say no more about it. And now," he resumed, dropping his old manner, and speaking with more directness, and in a voice conspicuously alert, "tell me, Herr Polnitz, you are not a

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rich man?" The young man stared at him. "You have 5000 marks," continued Christopher, in a business voice.

"How the devil do you know that?" asked Fritz, in amazement.

"It is my business to know a good deal," answered Christopher, with a smile. "But come; you will understand I have no wish to offend, but if I can be of any financial help to you—temporarily—"

Herr Polnitz flamed swiftly into anger. "Ah," he said, "I see it all! You would buy my honor. Infamous!" and he rose to his feet with threatening gestures.

"Nay," said Christopher, suavely. "If that were so, it is the lady's honor I should have endeavored to purchase. Surely it is hers, and it is not for you to put a price on it."

This staggered Fritz, who was unable to resist the magnificent imperturbability of his host. Moreover, the retort seemed to him to be convincing.

"True," he stammered. "But—"

"Come, we will say no more about it for the present, then," said Christopher, with some impatience; "and now, if you will oblige me by finishing that bottle, as it is very late, I will make bold to offer my excuses and leave you."

As he spoke he rose, and Fritz having drained his tumbler for the third time, he ushered him to the door with ceremonious effusion. When the door of the inn closed, Christopher pulled aside the blind and peered out of his window. The night still lay black upon the town, but the bells near by struck the hour of two o'clock. A gusty light flared across the roadway and sprang upon the form of a man that stood implicit in the shadows. Christopher started back. He had recognized the figure of the President of the Convention of Weser-Dreiburg. He pulled the blinds down again, and retreated to his bedroom.

"Not if I know it," he said to himself. "I've made a pretty good beginning, but, after all, I must have my office hours, and whatever be your business, my friend, you must wait."

Christopher's first consideration in the morning was to review the events of the night. They had fallen so unexpectedly, and seemed to have committed him to such various performances, that he must needs take them carefully into his counsels. A very little thought put him in a cheerful frame of mind, for it appeared to him that the vicissitudes of his adventure had not been thrown away. Indeed, the longer he reflected the more satisfied he grew with his installation as Providence in the Grand-Duchy of Weser-Dreiburg. Over his coffee and his pipe he deliberated diligently and slowly formulated his plans. We have seen that up till now he had conceived no definite scheme upon which to exercise his ambition. But almost of accident he had chanced upon the clew for which he had been searching, and he resolved to carry the action boldly into headquarters. The three territories of Weser-Dreiburg, Erwald, and Salzhausen ran together almost conterminously, and, conceived as one, formed a tolerably large and compact body of country.

Christopher had no fancy for the German, and he had a nice distrust of the unifying possibilities of the Austrian. In any case, it pleased him to resolve that he would weld together these three states into one, set them up in the comity of Europe, and start them fairly and liberally upon their race among the more important nationalities of the Continent. This determination reached, he cast his mind about for the means, and first his imagination lighted on Captain von Ritter. He was in honor bound to fulfil his promise to Katarina, and he was the more disposed to do so that the Captain of the Body-Guards was likely to be a personage of whom he could make use.

"I must scrape acquaintance with this Captain," he said to himself, "and that's soon accomplished," with which thought he set down his pipe and lay back in his chair, given over to thought. Presently he sat up, drank what remainded of his coffee, and starting to his feet, put on his hat.

"All the same," he said to himself, following his own reflections, "I was served too well last night by chance. If I am anything of a player, I fancy I can arrange the figures myself. Henceforth I will keep these occurrences within my own control;" and he was making for the door, when suddenly it opened, and there stood before him, with a ceremonious and silent bow, Herr Kreiss, the President.

"I have availed myself of your kind invitation, sir," said the President, "that we should have a chat together. These things are better arranged informally, as the English have found."

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Christopher put down his hat. "By all means," he said, cheerfully. He had forgotten Herr Kreiss, but he was quickly aware of the advantages of this visit. "Pray sit down, and allow me to ring for some coffee for you."

The President took a seat hard by the untidy table, and his colorless and sombre eyes studiously surveyed the dingy little room. Then they came back to Christopher.

"I was glad to see that you got off last night," he said. "I watched until I saw you enter the inn."

"The devil you did!" thought Christopher. "I may find you inconvenient, my friend." But aloud he said, simply, "Thanks, sir, for your friendly offices."

"I will not deny," continued the President, plódding on with his English, "that I have come here with more suspicion than I entertained last night."

"That is right," assented Christopher, with an approving nod. "Better have it out. There is nothing like a frank confession and a candid explanation. I too have my doubts as to the advisability of my working with you."

The President stared at Christopher in astonishment.

"Oh, I dare say that they are not insuperable," went on Christopher, easily. "I have no doubt that with your assistance we shall be able to get round them. Still, I must be frank with you—there they are."

The tables had been so adroitly turned upon the President that he sat in some confusion of mind, his attention diverted upon Christopher's difficulties, and for the time being oblivious of his own.

"You cannot work with us?" he inquired, stupidly.

"Well," said Christopher, confidentially, "with you I have no question as to my course. But you are not alone, and, to be plain, you have some queer spirits in your company. See here! you are the core of a republican movement in the vitals of this Weser-Dreiburg. Good; it is by secret springs that the revolutions of societies are set in motion. I have no doubt that you can manipulate Weser-Dreiburg, but how about the neighboring states? I conceive you are not dull enough to expect this tiny territory to stand by itself, between two restless and ruthless mill-stones. They would grind you to powder between them. What then? Have you an affinity for the Prussian? Do you want the grenadiers flooded upon your pavements, and your wink construed into *lèse-majesté!* Or would you fall into the claws upon the other side, and add yet another to the heterogeneous scramble of peoples, fighting and cheating under the dual crown?"

"No, no," said the President, eagerly. "We are for Weiser-Dreiburg—one and indivisible—a republic, a commonwealth."

"And I ask you," said Christopher, calmly, "how you propose to keep your balance in the centre of this bloody arena. Why, even now the jaws of Germany are cracking on you, and even now is Austria's arm raised for a stroke!"

"Never, never!" cried the President, vehemently. "We are patriots. It is for that we take the authority from a weak man's hands. Yes, you are right. We cannot stand alone. I agreed with you last night. You have a statesman's mind, sir; you see far and well. It is right. We must have a wider base."

Christopher leaned forward and held out his hand, seizing the President's heartily. "You have solved my doubts," he said, warmly. "That word carries to my heart the assurance of your intelligence and good-will. A wider base! We must dredge Erwald and Salzhausen. But your companions—can you manage them?"

The President nodded cheerfully. "I can carry most of them. I will manage the rest. But there are obstinate heads amongst them—Bremner's, for instance. We must go cautiously to work. And that reminds me, Mr. Lambert," he said, suddenly altering his note, "you are in danger. It is unlikely that the convention will lose sight of the events of last night. No; you will be recognized."

Christopher made a gesture of indifference. "I have no fears for myself," he answered. "I shall see nothing of them. That shall be your job. Keep them in hand at all costs. Convert them to me if you can. But it is not essential, though it would be convenient. I shall not bother my head with details. I shall trust to you."

"What will you do yourself?" demanded the President.

"I will pull the strings, sir; I will fire the magazine. The movement shall look to me for its food and its designs. We—you and I—shall direct it; if with the

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consent of its members, well; but if not, then as a clandestine plan and with a private zeal."

The president regarded him with something of admiration in his cold eyes. "My God, sir," he cried, "you inspire me with hope! I begin to think we shall win!"

"I know we shall," said Christopher. "You shall carry your Convention with you in a campaign over the two borders. I perceive, Herr Kreiss, that you have a genius for organization. You shall exercise that, and around this heart of our revolution shall slowly concentrate the passions and sentiments of Erwald and Salzhausen. Our borders march together, and when the hour is ready, we shall strike."

"We shall strike," repeated the president, an emotion showing in his husky voice.

Christopher sat down to the table and pulled out a note-book. "This is the earnest of our compact," he said, and taking out ten thousand marks, he pushed them towards the president. "For the cause," he explained. "You see, sir, by this offer that I trust you."

The president picked over the notes slowly, a wonder dawning in his eyes; he sighed, and placed them in his pocket. "And you see, sir," he retorted, gravely, "that by my acceptance I trust you."

He got to his feet, when stirred by a recollection. Christopher stopped him. "By-the-way," he asked, "who is Captain von Ritter?"

"He is Captain of the Grand-Ducal Body Guards," replied the president, in surprise.

"I have my reasons for desiring to learn all about him," said Christopher. "You, perhaps, can assist me strategically."

"Certainly," responded Kreiss, quickly, and produced a note-book. "'Von Ritter, Albrecht Karl Sigismund, aged 33,'" he read. "'Now occupying the post of Captain to the Palace Guards, formerly Lieutenant in the Uhlans; descended from the well-known family of von Ritter; estates in Felzmeer. Believed to be impoverished; noted as a good duellist; a martinet in his troop; extreme loyalist; to be feared only in case of outbreak.' That, I fear, is all I have gathered so far," said the president, shutting his book. "But I have no doubt we can find out more particulars for you. Oh, stay! he has a great friend, Major Prage by name, who is celebrated in Dreiburg as a famous gambler."

"Is the Captain married?" inquired Christopher. The president shook his head.

"Engaged?"

"I have not heard so."

"And when is it possible to see this von Ritter?" pursued Christopher.

"He lodges in the Schloss," returned Kreiss. "But I am told that he breakfasts daily in the café upon the Leopold-strasse, much frequented by the military."

Christopher looked at his watch.

"He should be there now," he observed. "Come, Herr Kreiss, with your permission we will walk that way."

### CHAPTER V.

CHRISTOPHER paused with his companion at the door of the café, to which he had been guided.

"There," said the president, with some bitterness in his naturally calm voice—"there you will find the chief persons of our State. It is a house dedicated to the officers of the army. If you listen you can catch the clank of small-arms even from here. I understand they tuck them in betwixt their knees, and sit down to their peaceable soup. And to think that these soft-headed and hard-winded ninnies are absolute masters of us!"

"They are but the unintelligent machine," said Christopher, reassuringly, "kept very bright and shining to hold the eye of admiration, dazzling to young women, and strutting up and down in their accustomed places formally, like polished methodical piston-rods. They are troublesome if you get in their way, but"—he made a gesture with his fingers—"turn a tap, move a handle, and the vibration ceases, the ponderous cranks come to a pause—the machinery waits upon you."

"Ah," said the president with enthusiasm, "you measure them well. We shall stop the machine."

"We shall use it ourselves," corrected Christopher, and for some moments he contemplated with an abstracted eye the street now thronged with the bustle of full morning, and flecked with gay spring colors. Presently he came back to himself. "I hope you will do me the honor to breakfast with me," he said. And then,



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seeing the president hesitate, "I may want your help," he added.

The revolutionary bowed, and the two entered the café. The room was full of sunlight; it was small and neat, and several tables were crowded with officers. Amongst the uniforms Christopher noticed that one predominated—a blue coat frogged and faced with gold, with the vulture of the Geisenthurms emblazoned upon the collar. He took a seat close by the entrance at an unoccupied table, beckoned his companion to a neighboring chair, and surveyed the company with sharp and inquisitive eyes. The room was filled with people in uniform, and he noticed that some unfriendly countenances were turned upon them where they sat. But he called the waiter and gave his orders, all the time maintaining a strict scrutiny of his neighbors. Christopher treasured in his mind the appearance of the celebrated Captain von Ritter, and his search was soon rewarded, for in the quietest corner of the restaurant, and the centre of a tiny group of three, sat the man he wanted. He wore the blue uniform, which Christopher thus discovered to be that of the Grand-Duke's Body Guards. In every particular his photograph had done him justice. Fine-featured, cold, precise, blue-eyed, an air not so much of arrogance as of sufficiency dwelt about him. He spoke but seldom to his companions, and when he did so he showed a face untouched by a shadow of human feeling. His friends laughed and chatted; Captain von Ritter smiled distantly, and held himself erect and stiff, seeming to abstract himself from the noise and business of his surroundings. Christopher eyed him thoughtfully. He had boasted that the introduction would prove a trifling difficulty, yet now he began to have his doubts. His gaze wandered to the couple that made up the party. The one was a slight dark man of fifty or more, gray at the temples, and carrying a vivacious air of some distinction; the other was much younger, red and spacious, and with a formidable pair of eyes. One of these, thought Christopher, must be the Major, who, according to the president, was in some repute as a gambler. It was manifestly impossible to forthwith intrude himself upon these choice spirits in their familiar and private seclusion. Consequently he resolved that they should come to him.

He leaned forward to his guest. "Can you tell me which of those three is Major Prage?" he asked, in a whisper.

Kreiss stared, shook his head, and then, as if on a sudden thought, whipped forth his note-book and studied the pages.

"'Major Prage, Heinrich Theodor,'" he read in a clandestine voice, "'hair yellow, inclined to red'—um—'tall'—um—'approximately 35. . . .'" He looked up and put on his glasses, directing them at the group.

"I see. Thank you," said Christopher. "That is the gambler, is he?" And he summoned the waiter with a loud hisst. "Bring me a dice-box," said he. The waiter stared. "Bring me a dice-box," he repeated, calmly. The president opened his eyes, but made no remark. "Don't I speak plainly?" demanded Christopher, sharply.

The waiter begged his pardon and withdrew, consulting with a man who seemed the proprietor, in the distance. Presently he returned with the dice-box, which he set down before Christopher, placing it perfunctorily upon a thick saucer.

"Confound it! do you suppose I want to eat it?" asked Christopher. "Oblige me, Herr Kreiss," he went on. "Throw."

The president said nothing, but obeyed, his placid face showing no change. "Nine!" said Christopher, and taking the box himself, rattled and threw with a gesture of ostentation on the table. "Eleven!" he cried. An officer at the next table, arrested by the sound, twisted his chair and looked on. Christopher rose, and pushing back his chair, walked to the door. He stood some moments on the threshold, without his hat, watching the stream of passengers upon the footway. Presently he beckoned to a peasant who was trudging by, poorly clad, and of a cadaverous lankness.

"My man," said he, pleasantly, addressing the astonished fellow, "you look cold and hungry. Would you like a good meal?"

"That would I!" responded the peasant, eying his interrogator with increased surprise.

"Then," said Christopher, "fetch me up half a dozen like yourself to this door, and you shall fill your stomachs, I promise you."

With that he went back to his seat, leaving the poor man overwhelmed with his words.

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"It is your throw," said he to the president, sipping his Moselle.

The president cast the dice. "Twelve!" he cried. Christopher shook the box deliberately, and upsetting it upon the table, pored over the dice.

"Fifteen!" he said, and walked to the door again.

Outside a string of wretches waited open-mouthed upon the pavement. Christopher signalled the nearest with his finger. "Come in!" he said. "It is your turn."

The man obeyed, following sheepishly at his heels, and at the invitation of a gesture took his seat at the table. The waiter hastened forward, dubious and fluttering.

"Take this gentleman's orders!" commanded Christopher, and shaking his dice, threw again.

"I beat you once more," he observed to the president, and slipping to the door, called in the second of the peasants.

The president watched him thoughtfully, and a puzzled frown puckered on his forehead, but he said nothing. The dice fell once again, and this time they were counted against Christopher. He looked at his companion, who nodded, rose, and, with a perfectly impassive face, strode to the door. He returned at once, bringing in his train a third guest.

By this time the movements of the party, and the tossing of the dice, and the advent of these ill-clad and common people, had attracted the attention of the room. The proprietor, traversing the gangway of his restaurant, had made a hesitant step forward when the waiter obeyed Christopher's third summons, but paused and stood indecisive, now directing glances of uncertainty upon the table, and now inspecting the rest of the company with timidity. The dice fell, and Christopher made for the door.

"Pardon, sir," said the proprietor, obsequiously, who stood in the way. "But I fear we are becoming crowded."

"Oh, there's nothing like a crush," replied Christopher, heartily. "It will make us all the merrier," and straightway fetched in his fourth ragamuffin.

He observed from his place, while regarding the room with imperturbable indifference, that Captain von Ritter and his friends were pausing to stare at him. Again and yet again the box was turned, and on each occasion either Christopher or the president went forth, and returned with some evil-looking fellow. By this time the table was full, and Christopher seated one of his friends at the neighboring table. The officer, who had continued staring at him with eyes in which stolidity and astonishment were evenly commingled, started suddenly, and gave vent to an angry exclamation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Christopher.

The officer scowled at him, and Christopher picked up the dice-box.

Away in the corner the proprietor was talking earnestly with the companions of Captain von Ritter. As Christopher rose he came up, bowing, and displaying not a little agitation.

"Pardon, sir," he said.

"Oh, to be sure," cried Christopher. "We want some wine, gentlemen. What is it to be?"

The six ragamuffins regarded him with equanimous expectations.

"Good sparkling Rhine wine, sir," said he, and strode to the door. Returning with his new guest, he was met by the host, more smilingly embarrassed than before.

"Pardon, sir, but it will be obvious," said he, "that we are a little crowded."

"Oh, there's plenty of room," said Christopher, loudly, and seated the newcomer at a third table. The occupants withdrew their chairs in horror, throwing furious glances.

"The gentleman, sir," said the proprietor, pursuing him, "will perceive that this introduction is not welcome to —to the gentlemen."

"Say," said Christopher, speaking in English, and imposing upon his voice what he intended for a rude American accent, "what's your shop worth?" The proprietor opened his mouth. "Come, put a price on it. Shall we say one hundred thousand marks? I'll warrant that's outside the figure. Well, give me a pen."

He opened a check-book and held out his hand. But the proprietor, keeping an eye on him, swiftly retired and conferred with the occupants of von Ritter's table.

"This is noble!" whispered the president to Christopher. "This is indeed a triumph of the democratic principle. A glorious beginning for the new republic. You put heart into me."

"There's one more outside. I must

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have him in," said Christopher. "Toss and go for him. I'll keep these people in order."

The president obeyed with alacrity, a light shining in his cold eye. He was not yet half-way on his journey, however, when suddenly a murmur filled the café, surging into an angry volume of sound. Christopher got upon his feet and passed his eyes coolly from face to face.

"Proceed with your meal, gentlemen," said he, addressing his tattered guests in a clear and even voice. The thin, high-nosed, and expressionless face of the Captain of the Body Guards was steadfastly turned upon him. He perceived out of the tail of his eye the Major rise, whisper to his neighbor, and stalk forth from the corner. As he did so the president arrived with the last visitor; and Christopher sat down, picked a note-book from his pocket, and scribbled in it. He was waiting now for Major Prage, but ere that gentleman could reach him Christopher was tapped sharply upon the shoulder, and looking up, beheld a fierce face snarling at him out of uniform.

"Sir," said this new-comer, and his heels clicked together as he offered a ceremonious bow—"sir, permit me to say that I am incommoded."

Christopher gazed at him. "Are you?" he drawled. "Well, do tell!" and resumed his writing.

"Sir," said the officer, plucking again at his shoulder—"sir, I repeat, I feel myself incommoded, and I am at your service."

Christopher surveyed him slowly from the crown of his head to his spurs. "That so?" said he, in his American accent. "Well, I reckon so am I; and if I am incommoded again, I'll know what to do with you."

The officer changed color, his eyes darting fire. "Ach!" he said, "you will not give me satisfaction?"

"See here," said Christopher, laying down his pencil, and wearing the appearance of a man who has resolved to explain once and for all, "is this your show, or is it mine? If you won't get out of my light, I'll have the waiter carve you up."

Over the shoulder of the passionate soldier beamed the red face of the Major, who now intervened. "Am I to understand, sir," said he, in a soft and delicate voice, very incongruous with his somewhat bluff and gross aspect—"am I to understand that you refuse my friend Lieutenant Bläden's challenge? You will see for yourself that you have put an insult upon the company—an insult which I am sure you will admit there is but one way to redress."

Christopher set down his pocket-book with a sigh. "I perceive," said he, wearily, "that I shall have to knock you both down."

Major Prage straightened himself ever so slightly, and the gentle smile deepened in his strong red face. "May I have the honor, then, to transfer the obligations from my friend to myself?" he inquired, in his smooth voice.

Christopher looked him up and down, dispassionately meditative. "When I fight, sir," he drawled, "I fight from my hip pockets, and I use six chambers. We don't waste time over such slow means as cold steel on our side."

"It shall be what you will, sir," said the Major, politely.

"Personally I prefer a Gatling gun or a Maxim," said Christopher, in his drawling intonation.

Now it was evident that this piece of sarcasm did not escape the Major, for Christopher's bold assumption of this character had tended to degenerate into farce. The color receded from his face, but his voice still sounded softly on the ears.

"Ah, sir," said he, "then I perceive that I must take a quicker way to your dull wits," and as he spoke he raised his gloved hand.

Christopher, sharp as pouncing falcon, rose, and tapped his pencil on his enemy's forearm. The menace moved before him, imminent and deadly.

"Come, sir," he said, brusquely. "I ask you to consider. You are evidently a man of sense. I belong to a country where men are accustomed to use their fists. I think, moreover, I am stronger than yourself. At least I am more skilful in this way. I ask you what is the probability that you would yourself be kissing the floor within two minutes should you give way to a momentary pique."

The Major hesitated, and then dropped his hand. "You take me at a disadvantage," he said, angrily.

"On the contrary," said Christo-

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pher, cheerfully, "I will promise you your own terms. You would have me fight. But in what position do you think I am placed? You know nothing, and care less. Yet, as a reasonable man, must my private business be at the mercy of any chance stranger that chooses to be affronted by my actions? Still, I have promised you your terms, and you shall have them. Were you and I to meet, I presume that the victory would lie with the better swordsman. The gods that look on in smiling equanimity at this contest of ours are already in full possession of the issues. 'Tis no uncertainty for them; they know our respective merits, of which, I assure you, I am profoundly ignorant. Why then it seems to me that to push this contest to its certain end would be even most unsportsmanlike."

"I perceive in all this, sir, nothing of what I was to have—my own terms," replied the Major, sardonically.

"Why, yes," said Christopher, "I will fight, if you will. Or if you will, I will put the issue to the cold test of chance. Sir, I will fight, or rattle the dice against you," and he flourished the box before the soldier's eyes.

The stiff mask softened on the Major's face, and he smiled. "I see you trust a great deal to chance," he said.

"I've worshipped her all my life, sir," said Christopher, "and I find her a better mistress than certainty. But come; what say you?"

"The best of three!" exclaimed the Major, turning his attention to the box with interest.

Christopher bowed, and cast upon the cloth before him. "Six," he said. The Major took the box and smilingly shook it, throwing in his turn.

"One to you," said Christopher, dispassionately, and threw again. This time he won, and made his last throw with the same indifference.

The Major took the box greedily, and lingered affectionately over the shaking.

Christopher counted the points. "I win," he said; and then, looking on the soldier with a twinkling eye, "What did we toss for?" he asked.

The soldier started, and stared at him with a puzzled expression.

Christopher broke forth laughing. "I think, if you ask me, we tossed out of an inveterate habit, and no more," he said.

Prage echoed his laugh. "At least, sir," he said, pleasantly, "you have won. Have it what you will."

"Very well," said Christopher. "Then I shall take it that this triumph means I should have sent a bullet or a needle through your heart to-morrow morning."

"It is very likely, sir," replied Prage, courteously.

"In that case," went on Christopher, "I think we are justified in celebrating the obsequies of this engagement, and if you will join me—" He looked about the crowded table with a woful smile, and then returned to his adversary. "I begin to perceive that there was reason in your attitude. I declare, sir, I have some sympathy with you. I embarrass myself. But you will understand the eccentricities of a gambler. Still, I see a table vacant yonder."

"I hope you will honor me at my table, sir," replied Prage, magnificently.

"No, sir; I thank you; but you will remember you are a corpse," returned Christopher, gravely. "Yet, if I may use your space, and your friends will suffer me, we shall drink to your glorious resurrection."

"I will drink to that toast myself, sir," said Prage, gayly, and conducted his new acquaintance into the corner, where sat Captain von Ritter in company with the spare gray gentleman. "I must give you a name, sir," said the Major.

"Lambert, sir," answered Christopher, and with a great deal of ceremony the introductions were made.

"I am come," began Christopher, with a most graceful inclination of his head, "to offer my apologies, gentlemen, for an act which, undertaken rashly and at a hazard, I have since understood has incommoded you. I am a stranger here, and I do not yet understand your etiquette, which I have unwillingly transgressed in the execution of a little wager."

"Most handsome, sir," said Major Prage, heartily. Captain von Ritter leaned forward and whispered in his ear, and the Major nodded. Christopher caught the words "wealthy American."

"We have our strange etiquette, sir," said the third man, to whom Christopher had been introduced as Count von Straben, "and each man has equally his curiosity. If it is not a breach of good manners, I am all agog about that wager

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of yours. As for myself, as no apology was necessary to me, I naturally refuse to accept one," and he smiled very engagingly at Christopher.

"I trust, Count," said Christopher, promptly, "that your refusal will not extend to a glass of good wine. Captain von Ritter?"

The Captain bowed, with his cold placid eyes on the speaker. "I shall have great pleasure in the honor," he said, in somewhat guttural German.

The waiter was summoned and the wine ordered. The four raised their glasses. "The wager was a small one, Count," resumed Christopher, turning to that gentleman, "and not very elegantly conceived. It would be a long tale, for this is only part of it."

"You are an American, Mr. Lambert?" asked the Count, politely.

"Ah, sir, how could you determine that?" said Christopher, smiling. "It is my accent, no doubt."

"Your countrymen make a definite impression," responded the Count, showing his teeth in a pleasant smile under his gray mustache.

Captain von Ritter was stolidly regarding him with the air of the bureaucrat, Prage talked softly and continuously, and the Count sat silent and smiled and nodded, throwing quick glances from one to another. Presently his gaze wandered to the curious party which was still collected at Christopher's table, and the young man noticed the direction of his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Lambert," cried the Count, apologetically, "I am no longer young, but I am inquisitive. I was still wondering about that wager of yours." His smile was extremely pleasant, soft, and seductive.

"I am a gambler, Count," said Christopher, "a gambler by nature."

"You see," put in Prage, good-humoredly, "Mr. Lambert and I should get on very well together."

"Nay, sir," said Christopher, "we should be diamond cut diamond."

"Oh, Prage is a good gambler—that is, he loses very amiably," said the Count.

"I do not like losing," said von Ritter, moving his cigar from between his teeth, and speaking shortly but calmly.

"As for me," said the Count, laughing, "I fly into an internal passion when I lose. I cannot conceal my emotions. I fear I am fitted only for plain dealings."

"Ah, you would make no hand, then, at our national game," said Christopher.

"What is that, sir?" asked the Count, innocently.

"Poker," was Christopher's reply.

"Poker!" cried Prage. "Do you play poker?"

Christopher struck his hand on the table. "If I have come across a man who plays poker," he said, "I have not travelled across the continent in vain."

Prage laughed. "I think I can promise you a game when you will," he said, with suppressed eagerness in his voice.

"Done with you," cried Christopher, reaching forth his hand in the best American manner. Major Prage offered his address, and then Christopher rose suddenly. "Upon my soul, gentlemen," he said, "you have made me forget my duties as a host." A little genial titter ran round the table, and bowing ceremoniously, he turned away. Bending over the president, who still sat like a watch-dog in his chair, he laid a bundle of notes on the table. "Please be my paymaster," he said. "I have other business." And then lowering his voice into a whisper, "What do you know of a Count von Straben?"

The president shook his head.

"Find out what you can for me about him, and let me know as soon as possible," continued Christopher, in the whisper.

The president nodded, impassive as ever, and Christopher went out. At the door he found the Count, who held it open politely for him, and the two men passed out together. Their ways seemed to be identical, for the older man showed no sign of leaving his companion as they walked down the street. He chattered of Dreiburg, and presently round a corner of the Strasse the great mass of the Schloss glittered magnificently on the eye. Count von Straben paused and looked at it, and Christopher followed his example.

"That is a very fine castle in its way, you know," said the Count, thoughtfully. "You know the Grand-Duke? Oh no, of course; you are a stranger. He is getting old; but then so am I. But I dare say I have cheated Time more cleverly than his Highness. There is a reception held by her Highness to-night. You go?"

There was a momentary pause, and then Christopher made answer, boldly, "I shall have that pleasure, Count."

"I am delighted. A most charming wo-

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man," proceeded von Straben, in his even accent. Then wheeling swiftly round, he shot a sharp glance at Christopher. "I wonder what you really meant by that wager, Mr. Lambert? It was clever, oh, very clever. But what was it really meant for?"

"My dear sir," said Christopher, opening his eyes, "why—"

"Oh, yes, yes. I know, I know. I am impatient. Also I am wrong. But I cannot keep my tongue quiet. I am a most inquisitive old fellow. Pray pardon me. It was not that I expected an answer. By no means." And he resumed his distant study of the storied Schloss. "The Grand-Duke is upon seventy," he said, thoughtfully, as if he and Christopher were sunk in some common calculation which made this a point of interest. Then he looked at Christopher again intently. The two pairs of eyes encountered, but the Englishman's were merely blank, and courteously cold. "We shall meet this evening, then," added the Count, pleasantly, and taking off his hat, waved a friendly farewell. Christopher strode on his way, very well satisfied that he had given those instructions to the president. Though he had spoken on the spur of the moment, he had fully determined to be present at the Princess's reception.

It was for Frau Wagner's house that he was now bound, which lay, as has already been explained, upon the river-front. Arrived before the door, he knocked boldly, and was answered by a stout German maid. He asked for Fräulein Reinart, and was greeted with a stare of surprise. Christopher repeated the name more distinctly, and bade her take in his message, which she did with some awkwardness and a show of trepidation. Presently, however, she returned, and he was fetched into one of those characteristic German parlors, papered with bad prints and strewn with cheap and ugly articles of *virtu*. In his path stood a formidable lady, fat, and carrying the shoulders of a grenadier.

"You want to see Fräulein?" she began at once. "Do you not know that that is impossible? It is not becoming for Fräulein to receive a man. Heaven! no; I am here to take your message."

"You will pardon me," returned Christopher, bowing, "but my message is for Fräulein Reinart's ears, and not for Frau Wagner's."

The woman stared at him in cold and somewhat savage astonishment.

"What!" she cried. "Ach, we shall see. Very well," and raising her voice, loudly and shrilly demanded the presence of Fräulein.

When the girl entered, her gaze fell suddenly upon Christopher, and she started in surprise, whilst a tide of color struck her face. To that succeeded a look of alarm. Christopher advanced with his bow. "Have I the honor, then, of addressing Fräulein Reinart?" he inquired, in his suavest voice. "It is the niece of my dear friend Baron Reinart that I am now for the first time privileged to see? Ah, madam, I come with news, I hope, to make me welcome. You will have heard of your late esteemed uncle's death? No? 'Tis true—a sad blow. And yet you had never seen him since a child. We cannot expect— But, madam, I am the bearer of important news. By his will the Baron, generous soul, has bequeathed you a portion of his great wealth. I have the papers with me. Come, I see I astonish you. Madam," and he turned to Frau Wagner, "may I beg your kindness—a few minutes of privacy—my dear friend's niece?"

Somewhat flustered by his fine manner and his ready address, and astounded by the news which had been thus broken upon her, the good lady gaped, and muttering an apology, retired, leaving the two, the man and the girl, alone.

Christopher had spoken very fast, stringing his words in a fine tangle of emotional gutturals, and certainly never leaving a gap through which either of his listeners might intervene. But now when he looked at Katarina he found her pale, but otherwise self-possessed. He nodded.

"Good," he said. "I see that you can hold the reins tight when you like."

"What does this mean?" the girl whispered.

"What I have said," answered Christopher, cheerfully. "I have not fixed the sum yet, but we can do that between us. By-the-way, I suppose you haven't an uncle who is a baron?" She shook her head. "Oh, well, it's of small consequence. You must leave here to-day."

Katarina opened her eyes. "But where—what—" she began, and then, biting her lips, directed a furtive glance at him, whilst the color rose again in her

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face. Christopher paid no heed to this demonstration, if he was able to interpret it.

"You had better leave this evening by the night express," he said, musing.

"But where?" asked the girl, in bewilderment.

"Why, for Paris!" explained Christopher, in surprise; and upon that: "Oh, of course, I had forgotten that you were not privy to the plan. I was following my own thoughts. Pray forgive me, dear madam. But see—you will want money to perform your journey." He pulled out his pocket-book, but was arrested by a gesture from the lady.

"Sir!" she cried.

The course of his ardent mind broken by this exclamation in which pride mingled with indignation, Christopher stopped to regard her with some embarrassment. It had not entered his head that she would offer any objection, but now that she seemed to threaten an opposition, he reined round his wits sharply to the encounter.

"My dear lady," he said, pleasantly, "you will not misunderstand me. You and I have planned this thing in company. We are both committed to it. I am a man of my word, and I am mistaken in you if you are not a woman to stand by yours. There is no drawing back for us now, nor would I draw back if I could. I am too much your admirer."

"What is it you would have me do?" she faltered, in a voice which was now merely somewhat timorous and not a little bashful, and in which there was now no remnant of anger.

"Ah, that is better," said Christopher, cheerfully. "You can be ready by eight o'clock?"

Katarina assented, and then her eyes fell. "What are we—what am I to do in Paris?"

Christopher spun on his heel and looked out of the window as if he were deeply engrossed by the prospect upon the lawn. A tiny sparkle of color held his face, and the shadows of laughter floated in his eyes. "My dear Fräulein," he remarked, in his coolest and most practical manner, "you must in this, as in all things, submit yourself to me."

She interrupted him quickly. "That I am willing to do. I trust you. But perhaps I am inquisitive."

"No, no," returned Christopher, facing her again, and now master of himself, but determined that there should be no renewal of this embarrassment. "You are right; I had certainly intended to tell you. I hope to have the honor of seeing you to the train, madam. When you arrive in Paris you will be your own mistress, though I shall make bold to write to you the name of a good hotel in case you are at a loss to choose. In two days you will return and occupy your suite of rooms at the Hotel Kaiserin."

"But, sir, the money," interrupted the astonished girl.

"That is, the campaign fund. I am responsible for that," said Christopher.

Her lips parted, and an eager look shone in her face. Even a little tremulousness might be noted in her hands.

"But when I am back?" she murmured.

"We shall prosecute the campaign," put in the young man, promptly.

"Captain von Ritter?" she asked, in the same voice.

Christopher nodded. Katarina's eyes underwent a subtle change, and she started away with a whisk of her skirts. Afterwards she looked up with an air of decision.

"I believe you are in earnest," she said, smiling. "And I thank you. I will be ready."

Christopher took his leave without seeing any more of Frau Wagner, and went back to his inn. The rest of the day he spent in various operations which he considered necessary to the execution of his several designs. He dined at a restaurant, feeling on excellent terms with himself, and warmed with his success and inspired with a still larger confidence, he called at the Gasthaus before his visit to the railway station. There he found a note waiting for him, of which the following is the transcription:

"Straben, Count Maximilian—aged 39: height, 5 feet 7 inches; thin-faced; gray mole on back of neck. Head of an ancient Silesian family, impoverished; formerly secret agent in Paris representing Germany, afterwards executed a mission to the court of Italy. Resigned official life some years back. Staying at the Schloss as guest of the Grand-Duke."

This document was initialled "J. K." Christopher read it carefully, and folding it up, put it in his pocket. A satisfied smile rippled into his face.

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"I congratulate myself on the president," he said. "I heartily congratulate myself on the president."

It is perhaps fortunate that mankind cannot see too far ahead; otherwise we should never be happy.

### CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTOPHER looked at his watch and found that it was close upon eight o'clock. He hastily descended and directed his quicker steps towards the station, where he was to meet Katarina. She arrived punctually, and he saw her in the distance spying anxiously among the people on the platform. When she perceived him at last she hastened forward, a smile lighting her face. Christopher noted that she was dressed quite handsomely, and that she showed to better advantage than heretofore. She tossed back her head into the rich darkness of her furs with a confident gesture of gayety and excitement; and yet there was some bashfulness also in her bearing. She kept by his side, expectant, and tremulous with laughter now and then.

"Had you any difficulty with Frau Wagner?" asked the young man.

"Oh no," she cried, smiling. "She was inquisitive—the wretch. But I was very lordly. I think I scared her into respect. I hope I did. These people are just insects, and no more!"

Christopher eyed her. "You have a philosophy, then," he said.

She blushed. "Not I," she returned. "But I think I can hold my own. I know what I mean to do. I am of good family."

"The Baron?" inquired Christopher, gravely.

She glanced at him, and meeting his gaze, laughed with a faint suggestion of discomfort. It was as if she said, "I will not take offence with you."

"Well, you will want more than birth, Fräulein," pursued Christopher, practically, "if you are to carry this business through." He felt in his pocket. "See," he said, "your ticket, the address of a good hotel, a bundle of notes which may do to go on with. If more is necessary, my bankers, Messrs. Seligmann and Company (the address is on this paper) will have instructions to honor your draft."

The girl took the notes with trembling fingers. She opened her mouth and stammered as if to say something; but as Christopher turned now to the train, she merely giggled after an embarrassed fashion. Then she followed him, keeping close to his elbow, tripping eagerly upon him as though fearful that she should lose him. He put her into a carriage with every demonstration of respect, and shut the door. She put her head forth of the window, her face glittering with excitement now, and her eyes dancing with pleasure.

"You will let me know," she said. "I shall be at your hotel."

Christopher took off his hat and bowed, watching the train pull out of the station with mingled feelings of satisfaction and amusement.

As he made for his inn he was even troubled by a doubt; but this had only a swift and momentary passage. He had been too successful to-day to forecast the shadow of failure. Moreover, his mind was turned towards a new excitement, for he intended to be present at the Palace.

His audacious experiment in the case of the republican society had come near a fatal issue, but yet it was upon the same bold tactics that Christopher was resolved to rely. He knew no one in Dreiburg who would procure him a formal invitation to the Princess's Drawing-Room; and even if he had been able to secure some one, the time was past. No; he must go uninvited if he was to go at all. But the difficulty troubled him not at all; he was as yet too fresh among his powers and influences to doubt himself, to harbor any misgiving; and he set off to the Schloss between nine and ten o'clock, appropriately and even engagingly dressed. The affair of entrance seemed evidently easier than he had found that through the private doorway of the convention; for no password was demanded, and his deportment and his appearance of distinction carried him through the officials. After all, it was no great crime, if it was impudence, to obtrude his bow upon her Highness. Passing among others, unobserved, along a great corridor, Christopher came presently into an antechamber. Beyond again a huge door stood ajar, and through it issued a low sound of voices and the noise of feet passing in the chamber beyond. A thin stream of guests was flowing through, and following in this, Christopher emerged from the low lights of the antechamber, and of a sudden found himself in a vast hall crowded



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with people and bright with light. The concourse swayed in a tide, breaking into eddies, and detaching itself in little streams of talkers. The place was radiant with uniforms and brilliant dresses; it glowed with delicate colors, shifting and mutable; and hummed like the sea.

As his eyes became familiar with the scene and its accessories, they were drawn by instinct to a group of personages clustered about a seat towards the bottom of the chamber, and as he moved slowly forward, seeking for his bearings, a gap opened in the little theatre, and Christopher's gaze fell suddenly upon Xenia, Princess of Weser-Dreiburg.

She sat in a high-backed chair, holding her court, one arm resting along the silk and gold of the upholstery, her body thrown a little back, and she was smiling graciously upon a soldierly man who stood by and was leaning in conversation towards her.

As Christopher made this discovery he was suddenly saluted by a pleasant even voice, and turning quickly, encountered the eyes of Count von Straben.

"Ah, Mr. Lambert," said the Count, gayly. "I was wondering if you had found your way here. You see, my dear sir, what an impression you create. I thought of you."

Something in his tone struck Christopher, but it was not ironical, nor even quizzical. Yet it appeared to the Englishman that the German's words hid some deeper meaning. "I am honored by your remembrance," he exclaimed, offering a very German bow. "But I always keep my word, Count."

"A good habit, a good habit, and one that characterizes your countrymen, Mr. Lambert," remarked the Count, indifferently; and then, with a change of subject, but not of tone: "You have spoken with her Highness? No? May I then enjoy the honor? I take any excuse to be near her Highness. That, being a stranger, Mr. Lambert, you would not know, of course, to be the Austrian envoy."

He nodded towards the military man who had drawn Christopher's attention, and whose breast was sparkling with decorations. And again his voice seemed to contain for Christopher some covert significance.

The two men made their way towards the group, but von Straben came to a stop as they reached it.

"Prince Albrecht of the Balkans," he whispered, as a short, dark, reckless-eyed young man passed them.

"Ah!" said Christopher, with no particular fervor, for, indeed, he supposed that petty princes thronged the room.

"They say," murmured the Count, as indifferently as ever, "that the Princess is to marry him."

"But is she?" asked Christopher, with more interest. The Count shrugged his shoulders. "My friend, you may find out more than I know, who am not in state secrets, by using your eyes to-night. His suit is favored by the Emperor of Austria, I am told."

As he spoke with his own expressionless and inquisitive eyes, he gazed straight into his companion's, but immediately resumed his progress. Prince Albrecht had stopped beside the Princess, had stooped and whispered something, at which she smiled. At that moment her glance fell on von Straben. She raised herself, the smile at once left her face, and she sat expectant, erect, even rigid with sovereignty. She was tall beyond the height of woman, slenderly framed, but of a gentle fulness. The lines of her long body rose through her draperies, soft and suave and round, modulated to the play of her great stature. Her bare arms sloped slowly upwards from her little hands into the smooth plumpness of her shoulders. Her eyes were large and equitable, cool, soft, and abundant with emotion, two wondering, changing, hazel globes of thought. Her hair struck an impression of darkness upon the first sight, but, more nearly observed, was flooded with auburn, and ran even to red upon the verges. The face was pale, of a clear color, delicately moulded, and fastidiously set upon a beautiful neck. The features showed trivial inequalities, but were all harmonized and attuned in the gentle curves and contours of that admirable and melancholy face. The Princess put out her hand, which von Straben pressed to his lips, bowing down with the fervor of a loyal devotion.

"You have honored us very late, Count," said she, in a low voice.

"Ah, your Highness," cried von Straben, "pray do not set it against me. Your Highness knows how the clock drags me punctually to this salon. But I am an enthusiast, and what is more, an unselfish one. I wish to impart to others

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"HE BOWED, INDICATING CHRISTOPHER."

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a share in my own delight. There is enough of your Highness's favor for all. See, madam, may I spread the light of your favor?" He bowed, indicating Christopher with a graceful gesture.

The Princess followed his eyes.

"Any friend of yours, Count," she said, pleasantly, "is sure of a welcome here."

Von Straben presented his companion, and retired. Xenia fastened her deep eyes on him for a moment, and then they wandered away.

"You are an Englishman, Mr. Lambert," she said. "I like your countrymen. They are simple, but they are not always intelligible." She smiled her charming melancholy smile. "But that is better than to be too complex. We Continentals are not allowed to be ourselves, you know."

Forgetful of the nationality he had already claimed, Christopher murmured some reply, and then, seeing her eyes were directed upon a group in the foreground, he withdrew, after an interval of silence.

He moved among the people, keeping an active observation, and feeling in no wise put about by his own insignificance. In truth, these pretentious little royalties and their court struck him as infinitely diverting. He had always protested his amusement when he read the daily chronicles of their movements in the press, and now that he was passing, note-book in hand, through their midst, he was even more disposed to smile. As individuals they might stir his interest; as persons in a little comic drama, aping a tragedy, they tickled his sense of humor. And yet the very independence and self-possession of these States and their governments made it difficult to ignore them. They played a part in the great European concert, however small and humble. They had their own individuality, and were able to precipitate great catastrophes, to be the authors of disastrous wars. Within that miniature court, within eye-shot of the Princess herself, plots might be conceived and schemes laid that would change the face of Europe. After all, it amounted to this, that Weser-Dreiburg, petty as was the territory, formed one of the hinges of the Continent; and even now, it seemed, the joints were creaking in their rusty sockets.

As he stood in a quiet bay of the hall, sunk in these meditations, and pleasantly aware of a great stir about him, a man crossed the range of his eyes, turned his face towards him, and as swiftly turned it away, and, speeding along, was lost in the crowd. Christopher was vaguely conscious of a familiarity with the face; it swam on his memory out of some recent experience. The flash of the head, the unexpected and precipitate scurry, appeared to him undue, quite extraordinary even, in that place of smiling and dignified progression. The man had been nothing remarkable, quite commonplace, indeed, but— The thought unrolled instantly the panorama of that perilous adventure on the previous evening. He saw the long table, the president with his black, clean face, the red Bremner gesticulating, himself upright, bewildered with the sudden revolution, and a quiet, common-looking fellow some paces away scribbling swiftly in his note-book. The recognition struck him with amazement, even with some alarm; but at the moment he was tapped softly on the arm, and twisting about, beheld Major Prage with Captain von Ritter.

"Mr. Lambert," exclaimed the former, "I have just lost a wager on you; for I bet Hans that it was not you, and he was sure it was."

"I could see well through my glasses," observed von Ritter, complacently, with a light in his full turquoise eyes. The conversation turned upon wagers, and it was clear that the Major was hankering after a game of poker with the wealthy American. An appointment was arranged, and no sooner was it concluded than Christopher descried the Count coming towards them. He greeted the two soldiers, and stood, silent for a moment, contemplating the same.

"Her Highness looks tired to-night," said Prage.

"A beautiful woman can afford to look tired," returned the Count. "It becomes her—scrapes a tinge of color from the ruddy, and adds an interesting pallor to the pale. But you are right. Yet she must hold court for the Grand-Duke. He is an old man, and needs assistance."

"Yes," said Christopher, "I have heard that he is old," and he looked into the Count's face wonderingly.

"A wise reign," commented von Straben, thoughtfully; "but, we may say between these walls, in all human likelihood drawing to a close."

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"The heir—" began Christopher.

"We never speak of the heir, Mr. Lambert," put in Prage, quickly.

"That is so," assented von Ritter, gazing at the young man in a resolute manner, as though to give official authority to this statement.

The soldiers moved on, and Christopher was left with the Count, who continued to talk idly and to exchange greetings with the crowd. As they stood thus a stiff and venerable figure approached, and addressing Christopher, begged for his name. The young man flushed, and for a moment showed some confusion. Then "Lambert" he replied. The Chamberlain, for such he was, gravely exhibited a long document. Then he looked up. "I do not find your name here," he remarked. "Pray, have you your invitation?"

You may conceive Christopher's dilemma, but he faced it boldly.

"No," said he, cursing the suspicious formality of Continentals.

But here the Count, who had been a passive witness of these exchanges, suddenly intervened. "Mr. Lambert is here at my invitation, sir," he said, suavely. "You will remember that I have been so honored as to have two."

The Chamberlain bowed. "I much regret. I offer sincere apologies," he said, in his stately manner. "But Mr. Lambert will understand we must be particular, particularly in these days of revolutionary societies." He bowed himself off. Christopher turned to von Straben. "I believe I am in your debt, sir—" he began, stiffly.

"Not at all," replied the Count, pleasantly. "Of course you have mislaid it. But the officials, you know—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"That reminds me," said Christopher, nodding. "He spoke of revolutionaries. Now how is it possible—"

He broke off, for in truth he had no desire to confide in von Straben, and he had opened his mouth on the spur of the emotion.

"My dear sir," said the Count, seeing he did not proceed, "anything is possible to revolutionaries."

For the third time there seemed some deeper meaning in his words, but he paid no regard to Christopher's inquiring look.

"I suppose you are not going, Mr. Lambert?" he asked, indifferently.

"The idea was in my head," said Christopher.

"Then, my dear sir, if I may walk with you, I shall esteem it an honor."

They left the hall and entered the gardens of the Palace. Here the smell of earth and the ravishing airs of spring assailed Christopher's nostrils. He threw back his head, and the night winds strung his flesh and wandered over his face, startling him into a passion of fancy. It seemed to him that they walked through a maze of flower borders and under the black shadows of the towering masonry. Presently von Straben paused, and Christopher halted too.

"I have brought you in a roundabout way, Mr. Lambert," said the older man, "but I hope you will not object."

Christopher politely expressed his satisfaction.

"Von Ritter has rooms there," remarked the Count, pointing to the wing of the Schloss by which they stood. "An enviable place—an enviable man," and he sighed. "Where there is no imagination there is neither fear nor regret, but only to do one's duty. What think you of that, Mr. Lambert?"

"I think," said Christopher, promptly, "that I should desire to keep the condition for old age."

"Perhaps you are right," returned the Count, pleasantly. "But you see I have already got there." He continued staring at the Schloss, and then resumed, in the same suave voice: "An exemplary young man is our friend there. But do you think, Mr. Lambert, that he was worth while scraping acquaintance with?"

"I beg your pardon," said Christopher, with a start.

"I mean, Mr. Lambert," said the Count, gently, "was the introduction worth all that elaborate preparation this morning?"

Christopher laughed. "What a strong sweet smell the night has!" he said, turning to the garden. "I declare I taste the daffodils."

"The night descends out of the mountains," said Count von Straben, softly, "but the breath is the river's."

"I hear its voice," said Christopher, and took off his hat, as though to let the airs play upon his head.

"If, as is possible, Mr. Lambert," said the Count, "you are not an early bird, I should feel honored to entertain you for half an hour in my rooms."

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"Then, sir," said Christopher, lightly, "the honor shall be yours."

Von Straben bowed, and led the way with a little idle talk to the corner of the second wing, where, opening a door, he invited his guest to enter. Christopher did so, and found himself in a somewhat spacious and handsomely furnished room, hung about with paintings. A fire burned in the grate.

"I have," said the Count, gayly, "a little excellent Scotch whiskey. You see I know your countrymen's tastes," and he opened a cupboard and brought out a decanter and some glasses.

The two men reclined in chairs and faced each other, smoking.

"I am sure," began von Straben, courteously, "that you will pardon me the frankness if I say, Mr. Lambert, that I admire you very much. You are an unusual type. I have lived a fairly long life, and I have, naturally, in the course of my experiences encountered many men. The old road is worn with the feet of the commonplace."

"Ah, sir," replied Christopher, "you cannot expect me to rival your experience. I am yet young, and all types delight me."

"Even my poor self, I trust," said the Count, gently, "and von Ritter."

Christopher took his cigar from his mouth. "My dear Count," he said, with a smile, "you must pardon my rudeness in not replying to your query in the garden. But, in truth, I was somewhat taken aback. I did not know how you could have guessed the truth. If it had been yourself, now, that I had desired to make acquaintance with in that unceremonious fashion—"

"I should be greatly flattered," put in the Count, but surveying Christopher steadily with his quiet eyes.

"Ah, Count, I should have had an excuse!"

Von Straben bowed. "You overwhelm me," he said, politely; and yet, to Christopher's keen vision, his face seemed to take on a shade of disappointment. There was a moment's silence, in which Christopher's glance wandered in civil interest about the walls. Then von Straben rose to his feet with a gay laugh.

"My dear Mr. Lambert," he cried, "I do not know any one like you. I claim a certain amount of self-possession, but I bow to you, I give place eagerly to you. I suppose it's your Anglo-Saxon blood. We are rude enough to call it phlegm, but let me tell you that we do not so out of envy. Come, confess you are not American."

Christopher smiled. "With all my heart," he answered.

The count fell sober again.

"I think, Mr. Lambert," he said, "that we should be frank with one another."

"Sir," said Christopher, coolly, "I am now resolved on telling the truth for the first time."

Von Straben eyed him distrustfully, and shrugged his shoulders.

"If I only had your equanimity," he remarked, "I should do wonders."

"It appears to me," observed Christopher, "as an impartial witness, that you cannot complain on that score."

The Count laughed, and offered his guest another cigar.

"But, you see," he protested, "I am playing under difficulties. You know all about me. I thank you for your kindly recognition of that fact."

"On the contrary," said Christopher, "I never heard your name before today."

The Count started perceptibly, and then appeared to muse. "Is there a woman in it?" he asked, abruptly.

The change in his voice was so sharp and the question was so imperative that Christopher, who was still young enough to feel annoyance, flushed somewhat angrily. Moreover, the notion that he should be classed in this off-hand fashion among adherents of a frivolous sentiment, and be thus disturbed from his place in diplomacy, unexpectedly irritated him. He had himself well in hand upon all other sides, and this sudden rush of feeling surprised him. He was conscious of his lapse, however, and turning quickly, made a laudable effort to throw his face among the shadows. Strange to say, his behavior seemed to give von Straben satisfaction, and a quick light flashed in his eye. Christopher could hardly have made a better stroke, even with his most cunning diplomacy, than he had thus accomplished involuntarily. Up to now he had conducted his argument upon the principle that to tell the truth is to be disbelieved by your antagonist, and consequently the surest way to throw him off the scent. Every statement he

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had offered had been treated with incredulity by the Count, but this was now to end.

"Mr. Lambert, will you tell me one thing?" inquired the older man, softly. "What nationality are you? You speak excellent German."

"To be frank with you, sir," said Christopher, "I am English."

Von Straben gave a little vent to a little sigh. "Oh, heavens!" he murmured, "and I took you for Hungarian." All of a sudden his attitude seemed to lessen, his watchfulness to relax, and the set form of his face to soften. But now that this had happened, a change came over Christopher in his turn. That word "Hungarian," breathed in a sigh and with an appreciable sense of comfort, struck on his wits sharply and set them stirring. He knew, or guessed, very well what von Straben stood for in the Grand-Duchy, but till now he had failed to interpret this interest in himself. It was plain now that he had been mistaken for some one; but for whom?

The Count poured some whiskey into a wineglass. "Ah, my friend," he said, "I could have sworn that you were of one of our States. You are an excellent linguist. I envy you! But now you must see the sights of Dreiburg. To-morrow—"

He spoke very affably; yet Christopher thought he could detect in his voice a note of indifference, of carelessness, as though the interview were no longer of interest to him. The idea nettled him, and he broke in upon this gay stream of empty words with resolution.

"Pardon me, Count," said he, "but you have led me unwillingly into a serious frame of mind. I have been cross-questioned, sir. You must not imagine that I do not see this. But pray do not think that I resent it, either. It has interested me. I have wondered upon the target of these shots of yours. You see, I keep my eyes open, and I fancy I can keep my face. Is it not so?"

"My dear Mr. Lambert," replied the Count, in a very friendly voice and with a somewhat fluttering smile, "I must apologize for any rude liberties I have taken with my guest; and as for the rest, as I have confessed, you completely baffled me."

"Then, sir, take care," said Christopher, gravely, "that I do not baffle you again."

"What is it you mean?" asked von Straben, after a pause.

"Only, sir, that I may be hoodwinking you at this moment," returned the young man.

The Count sipped his whiskey and water, and set the glass down, replacing his cigar in his mouth. "Will you tell me what you know, Mr. Lambert?" he asked, gently.

"What I say may not be the truth," said Christopher.

The Count politely waved his hand, as though he would assure his guest that any statement would be taken for gospel.

"You are the representative of Germany at this court, sir," began Christopher, "privately," he added. The Count made no sign, but looked at him expectantly. "You have a certain object in this mission. The Grand-Duke is old, very old; you have mentioned the fact to me. We do not mention the heir, though newspaper reports in other and less sensitive countries do. What, then, will become of Weser-Dreiburg upon the decease of Leopold XII.? Count von Straben would like to know. That is how I conceive it. And if Count von Straben could find out, I conceive that Germany would know also."

"But you yourself, Mr. Lambert," said the Count, impassively, knocking the ash from his cigar with a finger-tip—"how are you hoodwinking me in all this?"

"I am not hoodwinking you in this, sir," said Christopher, "that I am not in the confidence of the Austrian government."

There was a certain silence between the two men, and then the Count spoke.

"Who are you, Mr. Lambert?" he asked, softly.

"I trust I am no fool," answered Christopher. "But if you are what I take you for, you should know all about me to-morrow. See here. I heard your name for the first time to-day. I have put two and two together. I am but an Englishman in search of amusement."

"Then, sir, may I ask, if you will pardon the abruptness of the question, what is it you want?" The Count spoke in somewhat sharper and brusquer accents, fixing his guest with his eyes.

"I have said, sir," repeated Christopher, smiling, "that I am an Englishman in search of amusement."

The Count arose and poked the fire.

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"Mr. Lambert," he said, in a voice of studied irony, "is there not a proverb in your tongue—what is it? 'What is sport to you is death to us.' Pray go away and leave us alone."

"There is a proverb in my tongue," responded Christopher, still smiling, "'It is a fine day, let us go out and kill something.'"

"Ah, but the amusements of an Englishman!" said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not desire to be involved in the hunt."

"Not with the hunters?" inquired Christopher. The Count made no reply. He had a curious thought at that moment, and was considering. "See," said Christopher, seriously, "my record is open to you. You can discover it to-morrow. I have stumbled into a secret, and I have the vanity to think I have not made a bad beginning. Let me go out and kill something."

Von Straben turned and faced him. "My dear friend," he said, sweetly, "I began by paying you a merited compliment, by admitting your superiority."

"Come, that is not fair," protested Christopher. "I have spoken with a serious purpose."

"Your countrymen are usually serious about their amusements, I understand," retorted the Count. "But come, I am serious myself. You have seen the Princess Xenia. A charming woman, but a trifle self-willed. There is a pleasant party in the Schloss—Prince Albrecht of the Balkans, whom you saw. You are familiar with the name—a spendthrift, but a handsome, liberal fellow."

"The protégé of the Emperor of Austria?" said Christopher, framing his remark with the intonation of a question.

"Ah, is that the common report?" said the Count, idly. "A good fellow, but an impossible Prince. He has run through a vast deal of money, and I am told is in difficulties. It is a sad pity; but youth, youth! What will you? A rich marriage, I suppose."

Von Straben suffered his negative eyes to rest upon Christopher's face, but he apparently expected no answer.

"The Grand-Duke is a wealthy man?" asked Christopher.

"So it is said," returned von Straben. "But we never know. Yet I should guess so, probably."

"If I were the Emperor of Germany," said Christopher, after a pause, "I should wish Prince Albrecht away."

The Count laughed. "My dear friend," he said, "and what else, were you in that illustrious position?"

"No, no," said Christopher, smiling; "I may have leave to change my fancy, and become one not so illustrious, but perchance more expert. If I were Count von Straben, I would send Prince Albrecht away."

A look of satisfaction rested momentarily on the Count's face, and then passed.

"You honor me, Mr. Lambert," said he, "in placing me in such great company. But why drag me in?"

"Come, let us be blunt with each other," proceeded Christopher, speaking with much animation, now that he seemed to himself to be upon the eve of victory. "I have put before you, sir, a certain interpretation of your conduct as I conceive it. It may be I am wrong. But if I am right, I can see one thing."

"Pray what is that?" asked the Count, suavely.

"Answer me a question in my turn," said Christopher. "The Prince is paying attentions to her Highness. Are they favorably received?"

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "So say the gossips," he said, indifferently. "But you know as much as I." Yet he wore all the time, if one had the eyes to see it, the aspect of a man who is waiting.

"Count," said Christopher, his eyes shining with a certain excitement, "I am anxious to shoot something."

"Mr. Lambert, spare Prince Albrecht," said the Count, ironically.

Christopher paid no heed. "I am sorry he is so involved in his affairs. He has borrowed?"

"Rumor—scandal, Mr. Lambert, no doubt—says that he is in Lamanche's hands."

"Well, well," said Christopher; "he shall have a week's grace, no more." He rose, and held out his hand in his English fashion. "And when shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again, Count?" he asked.

Von Straben's eyes rested, full but indecipherable, upon him. "Oh, I think in a week's time perhaps, Mr. Lambert," said he. "Pray allow me to offer you a light before you go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# KENTUCKY'S MASTER-PAINTER.

## MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT, 1788-1827.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IT is difficult for us, living in an age when time and space are annihilated by steam and by electricity, and mountains and rivers are crossed as readily as the broad plain, to realize what was signified at the beginning of the century by the phrase "crossing the mountains." Equally difficult is it for us, with our too limited knowledge of the social and economic conditions that then existed, to comprehend just what opportunities there were for higher cultivation "west of the mountains." The conditions of soil and service, of hewing forests and of making roads, of building mills and of diverting watercourses, would seem to leave neither opportunity nor possibility for the development of an art instinct. That such a temperament as Jouett's manifested itself notwithstanding, shows anew that genius will break all bounds.

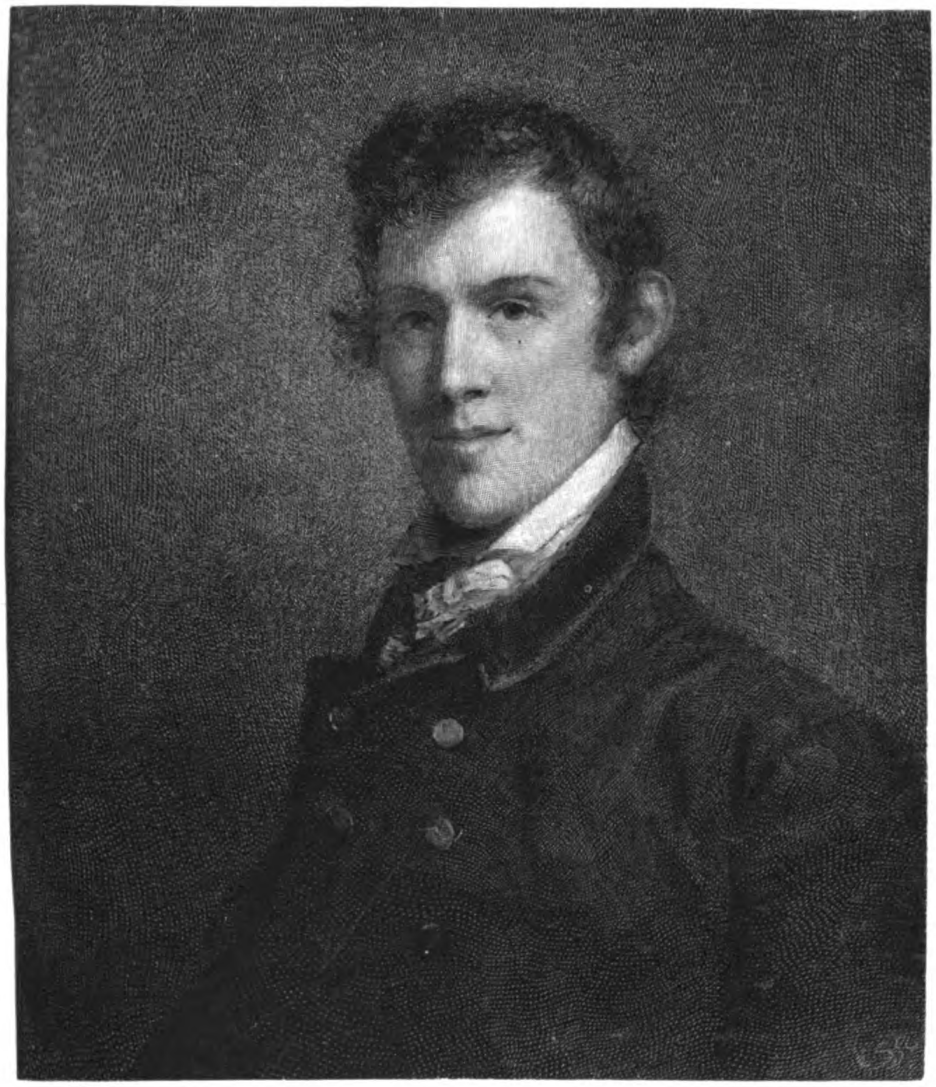
It seems passing strange that the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, to commemorate the founding of the government, with its stores of art treasures, gathered from all quarters of the globe, giving an enduring impulse to æsthetic thought and cultivation in our midst, should have failed to bring to the front a knowledge of Jouett's art, and that it should have been left for its successor at Chicago to make him known to his fellow-countrymen. Yet it is so; and the writer's share in this good work, although only a means to an end, is a most gratifying reward for much time and labor freely given to the undertaking.

The department of the Fine Arts at the Columbian Exposition contained a retrospective exhibit of the paintings of deceased American artists. It was designed to show the progress and development of the art of the country from colonial times, and while such an exhibit must necessarily have a decided historical bearing, choice was made of such examples as would best show the artistic tendencies of the painters. The formation of this collection was confided to the writer, and the first contribution received by him was a miniature, on ivory, from Frankfort, Kentucky. It was executed with infinite skill to attain the desired result, but showed unmistakably that it was not the work of one trained in the conventional methods of the miniaturist's art; not one drilled to mechanical dexterity in manipulation, and to follow the cardinal principles, and the rules for hatching and for stippling. On the contrary, every rule for miniature-painting was, in absolute ignorance, disregarded, with the result that this portrait in little is as big as a life-size head. It was my introduction to the art of Matthew Harris Jouett, and the subject was a sturdy patriot of the Revolution, General Charles Scott, Governor of the painter's own State. Its reception was followed quickly by the courteous offer, from the artist's grandson, the late lamented Jouett Menefee, Esq., of Louisville, Kentucky, of an oil portrait of John Grimes, which, contrary to precept and to precedent, was eagerly accepted without being seen, and the blind judgment thus exercised has been amply vindicated.

Matthew Harris Jouett was born near what is now Harrodsburg, in Mercer County, Kentucky, on April 22, 1788, and died, in his fortieth year, at Lexington, August 10, 1827. His father was the noted Captain Jack Jouett, of the Revolution, who, eluding Tarleton's rangers, gave the alarm to Jefferson at Monticello, and to the State Legislature at Charlottesville, enabling them to escape. For this meritorious service Captain Jouett was thanked by Congress, and Virginia presented him with a sword and a brace of pistols. Jack Jouett's fighting qualities cropped out with twofold force in his grandson, the painter's son, until the name and fame of "Fighting Jim Jouett," present rear-admiral retired, in the United States navy, was on every tongue during the exciting period of the war for the preservation of the Union.

The Jouetts, as the name indicates, were of French and Huguenot origin, and are directly descended from the noble Matthieu de Jouhet, Master of the Horse to Louis XIII. of France, Lord of Leveignac, and Lieutenant in the Mar-

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JOHN GRIMES.

Engraved by E. Schladitz from the original painting by Jouett, presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by the artist's daughter, Mrs. Sarah B. Menefee, of Louisville, Kentucky.

shalsea of Limousin, whose grandson, Daniel de Jouet, came to the Narragansett country, in Rhode Island, in 1686. Thence he wandered to South Carolina, and back to New York, finally settling at Elizabeth, in New Jersey, where he died in 1721. Daniel de Jouet had three sons and two daughters; the youngest son, Jean Jouet, went to Virginia, and was the great-grandfather of our painter.

"Matt Jouett," as he was familiarly called, received such elementary education as the country afforded, and his father, the bluff old Virginian fighter, having determined to make one of his sons "an educated gentleman," called them before him and asked which one it should be, when they all fixed upon Matt as the most fit martyr to cultivation. He was accordingly sent to Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, founded just a century ago, and on leaving college studied law and was admitted to the bar. He had, however, only fairly embarked upon winning the fickle mistress, practice, when war against England was declared, which so stirred the fighting blood he had inherited from his father, and transmitted to his sons, that he sought service in the field. He was appointed first lieutenant in the Twenty-eighth Regiment of United States infan-



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try, and became regimental paymaster, a position he held until promoted to a captaincy. Through the exigencies of war he had the misfortune to lose all of his paymaster's vouchers, which loss was the incubus that weighed him down through life in the honorable endeavor to make good to his sureties the loss this disaster had entailed upon them.

Jouett's inclination for art had manifested itself long before this, and paints and brushes had more sway over him than goose-quills and sheepskin. Law and arms were his professions, but art



MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT.
From the original portrait, painted by himself, in possession of the artist's daughter, Mrs. Menefee, Louisville, Kentucky.

was his life and love. With feathers plucked from the tail of a duck he fashioned pencils to essay painting on ivory, and his natural ability was so commensurate with his innate knowledge, that, with these crude implements, he produced portraits in little that possess qualities to place them very high in the important department to which they belong. His miniature portrait of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen, with one pair of spectacles on her nose and another raised over her brow, was painted with such tools, and is a remarkably strong delineation of character.

Even during his soldiering Jouett did not desist from using the brush, and the only portraits that exist of some of his comrades who fell by his side were painted by him from recollection after they were dead. He had an uncommon power of memorizing faces, and the likeness in one of these post-vivum portraits was so speaking that the subject's widow fainted at the first sight of it. It is not surprising, therefore, that upon his retirement from the army he abandoned the law and devoted himself wholly to art, in which he reached the topmost round of the ladder. His intuitive knowledge of what is the highest and best in art, his remarkable facility for expressing that knowledge, and his versatility and fecundity of resources, stamp him unmistakably as a genius.

Jouett followed, unfortunately, the prevailing fault among the painters of his time in not signing and dating his works. Therefore it is more than difficult, it is impossible, to point out the early productions of his brush. Oftentimes this is made easy by the tentative character of the work, showing the beginner's essay, and his development can be followed step by step through its gradations until the summit of his attainment is reached. Not so, however, with Jouett. He seems like Athena, who came forth full-armored from the brain of Jove. He did not have to learn how to paint; he knew how. He did not acquire his knowledge; he did not absorb it from the outside and perfect it in the crucible of his brain, giving it forth from this refining process. It was from within that he drew his inspiration and his knowledge, and therefore he was equipped fully from the beginning. In this he seems to stand alone among the moderns who have juggled with paints and brushes. Not that Jouett is the only genius who has painted, but

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A PEN DRAWING BY JOUETT.
In possession of the writer.

the other painters who have shown that they possessed the divine spark of inspiration, have revealed it in most instances after having been given up by their mediocre masters as hopeless numskulls. These learned at least something of the material requirements of painting. But Jouett had no source from which he could learn save his own genius.

For these reasons it is not possible to write of Jouett and his art in historical sequence. He must be treated *sui generis*. For the same reason the epoch of his association with the most eminent of American painters, Gilbert Stuart, cannot be given the same preponderance of weight that would be its due in the case of a less gifted disciple. While we know the exact period as measured by dates, we do not know its exact position in Jouett's art; for although some of his later work shows distinctly Stuart's influence, some of his latest is as far from Stuart as though that artist had never painted.

Before entering the army Jouett had painted in a merely amateurish way. But when he engaged in art as a serious vocation he felt a longing stirring within for something more than he then understood, especially in the use of color, with which he had been necessarily experimenting in his endeavor to discover, untaught, the pigments that would enable him to paint what he saw and felt. To better equip himself he determined upon a visit to Europe, and started on horseback "across the mountains" for the Atlantic coast. He reached Boston, and found it unnecessary to go farther. There Gilbert Stuart was painting, and during July, August, September, and October of 1816, Jouett was, to use his own words, "under the patronage and care" of Stuart. Jouett appreciated the merit and ability of his mentor to the full, a fact to which we are indebted for his notes of Stuart's conversations in the painting-room, given in Stuart's own language, to preserve "his singular facility in conversation and powers of illustration."

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GENERAL FRANCIS PRESTON.
From the original, painted by Jouett about 1825, in possession of the family, at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia.

While these notes are invaluable for the painter and the student to acquire a knowledge of the master's methods of work, Stuart's influence over Jouett seems to have had only the effect of giving added versatility to his methods of work, in that he painted some portraits after his return so much like Stuart's that it is difficult to believe they are the production of any other hand. This is notably so in the portrait of Lucy Payn, the sister of Dolly Madison, who first was the wife of George Steptoe Washington, and then became, in early widowhood, following the lead of her more noted sister, the bride of Thomas Todd, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Stuart painted Mrs. Madison, and Jouett painted Mrs. Todd, and it is a Chinese puzzle to tell which is from the easel of one and which from the easel of the other.

That Jouett followed Stuart's dictum in commencing a portrait is exhibited conspicuously in the last canvas upon which he worked—an interesting ébauche of the local poet Peter Grayson, now, through the generosity of the painter's daughter, Mrs. Menefee, of Louisville, Kentucky, owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia. The story is told how Grayson was on his way to give a sitting for this portrait when he met a funeral cortége, and upon inquiry learned that it was his friend, Jouett, the painter, who was being carried to his rest. Returning home, Grayson wrote the lines, on his painter friend, which have appeared in print. Stuart's dictum was: "In the commencement of all portraits, the first idea is an indistinct mass of the light and shadow; or the character of the person as seen in the heel of the evening, in the gray of the morning, or at a distance too great to discriminate features with exactness. Too much light destroys, as too little hides, the colors, and the true and perfect image of a man is to be seen only in a misty or hazy atmosphere."

These views are of very curious interest at the present day, when meretricious impressionism holds such influence, and show how true it is that there is nothing new under the sun. Surely no one, to look at one of Stuart's portraits, would ever think of charging him with being an "impressionist," in the latter-day sense of the word. Yet his directions for the "commencement" of a portrait, given more than fourscore years ago, are impressionism pure and simple. Only Stuart knew its use and its limitations, which he clearly defines to be in the "commencement" of a portrait, as giving the best foundation upon which to finish and complete it. This, then, is the true place of impressionism—a station of progress in the making of a picture, and not a picture in itself, and its value from this stand-point can be seen by every artist who will study Jouett's Peter Grayson.

I have mentioned in a casual way

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Jouett's versatility, but this quality in him took such a wide range that it must be noted more in detail. He was equally at home in delineating infancy, childhood, adolescence, manhood, and old age. To each he gave the proper quality of its own time. Helplessness, purity, vitality, strength, and decadence were delineated by him with equal power and equal truth. He set down upon the canvas or panel or ivory more than the features, form, and coloring of his subjects. He insinuated himself into his sitter's mind, and set down the individual characteristics, while the method of painting employed is that best suited to a true delineation of the subject. As remarked before, Jouett's facility of expression was most uncommon. When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Irvine, whose first husband was Colonel John Todd, killed at the Indian battle of Blue Lick, black and pearly grays were the gamut of his palette, excepting for the flesh tints. The effect of this upon Charles Sumner, who on one occasion was dining at the old Wickliffe house in Lexington, Kentucky, with General Preston, and sat opposite this portrait, was such that he remarked: "Mrs. Preston, do let me congratulate you upon owning such a Vandyke. It is superb." She told him that it was not by Vandyke. "Ah, Mrs. Preston," said Sumner, "I have been an ardent admirer of that artist, and given his work much study. I cannot be mistaken. You have a gem and do not know it." And Sumner could scarcely be made to believe that the portrait was the work of an artist in Kentucky who, at the time of its painting, had not been away from the blue-grass country. No portrait by any painter could be stronger in its directness and simplicity. When I saw this picture, not very long ago, there was hanging on the opposite wall a beautiful portrait of a beautiful girl. It was the portrait of Mrs. Preston, the stepdaughter of Mrs. Irvine, at the age of eight. From viewing it I was ushered into the presence of the original, then past fourscore years, but with beauty unabated and eyes undimmed; only, the raven locks had turned to silver. Since then the reaper has gathered her for his own. But the portrait of little Margaret Wickliffe has all the grace and attractiveness that gave to Greuze his reputation, with a strength and firmness that are potentially lacking in the work of the French emancipator. This child's portrait, with others of children by Jouett, will be given in another article.



MRS. IRVINE.

From the original, painted by Jouett about 1820, owned by Mrs. William Preston, Lexington, Kentucky.

To name all of Jouett's sitters would be to name all the influential Kentuckians of his time. Among the many are the Morrisons, Mitchells, McDowells, and Marshalls; the Browns, Brands, Barrys, and Breckenridges; the Crittendens and the Castlemans, the Galts and the Gratzes, the Harts and the Helms, the Wooleys and Wickliffes, the Todds and the Prestons. Among the more distinguished are Henry Clay and Isaac Shelby, General

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Coombs and Dr. Holley, Chancellor Bibb and Justice Todd. Lafayette also gave a sitting for a whole-length in the Capitol at Frankfort. This is the most perfunctory and least meritorious of all of Jouett's works that I have seen.

The only portrait by Jouett possessing distinct pictorial qualities, apart from its character as a portrait, is a panel, in cabinet size, of a noted hunter, James Masterson, who, after many fruitless requests, consented to submit to the ordeal if he were painted with his dog and his gun, in his usual habit, and on his native ground. The reproduction gives the composition, but not the exquisite color scheme and beauty of the landscape, which show Jouett's power in, but for this example, an untilled field. To see Jouett's work to perfection, and study his varying moods and methods, a visit to the hospitable homes of Kentucky is essential. But a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, will be repaid by a sight of the portrait I consider, after seeing scores of Jouett's paintings, his masterpiece. It is the portrait of John Grimes. This is not "Old Grimes" of whom the song sings, but a young protégé of the painter, who essayed art, and of whom little or nothing is known beyond his name and lineaments, preserved, from an unheralded obscurity, by the phenomenal art of Jouett. As Emerson says, "All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are." This portrait of John Grimes, presented to the museum by Mrs. Menefee, is great in its simplicity. It is delicately handled, refined in treatment, warm in color, refreshed with pearly-gray halftones, and with transparent shadows on the left side of the face, as pure and clear as in Rembrandt's "Doreur," with which it can be compared in the same gallery. More than this cannot be said. The more often I contemplate this portrait of Grimes, the more impossible it seems that it could have been painted by one who had not made a close study of the very best that there is in art, conserved in the galleries of Europe. Had Jouett painted nothing else than this portrait, it would be sufficient to place him high in the realm of art. It shows that he thoroughly knew and understood his subject, and portrayed him not only faithfully but sympathetically. Added to its technical excellencies, its truthfulness speaks for itself in the subdued character and sentiment it exhibits, and in its faultless drawing.

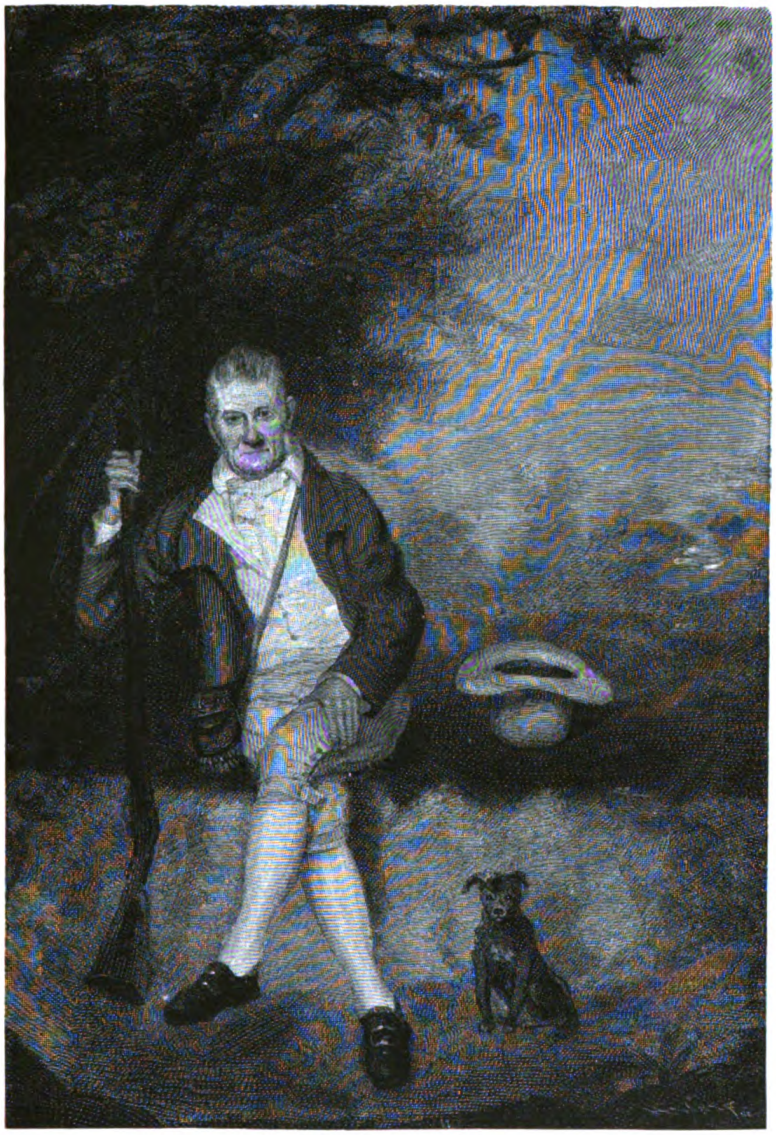


THOMAS TODD.

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. From the original portrait, painted by Jouett in 1820, in possession of James M. Todd, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Jouett was in his every fibre and vibration an artist in the highest sense. He was a skilled analyst and a profound synthesist. He separated the dominant traits of his sitters, and then combined them to bring out the strong points and make his portraits likenesses. Considering Jouett's environment and lack of opportunity, it is not extravagant to say that his work borders on the marvellous, and it becomes difficult to believe that

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**JAMES MASTERSON.**

Engraved by Henry Wolf from the original painting by Jouett, in possession of the artist's daughter, Mrs. Menefee, Louisville, Kentucky

good examples of some of the great masters of the brush were not known to him in his Kentucky home.

Jouett's personality was as attractive as his art. He was over six feet in stature, of powerful frame, with blue eyes, brown hair, and ruddy cheeks. He had a fine voice, played upon the flute and the violin, was as gentle as a woman, with the virile strength of a man, loved animals passionately, and was esteemed by those who knew him for his companionable qualities—more, doubtless, than for his extraordinary power as a limner of the human face. Were this not the case he would not have been compelled, as he was, to seek sitters down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, or been able to write, in 1819, "I have nothing to do in painting, which is the cause of the blues"; and four years later, "I am still doing little or nothing." Jouett is not the first painter whose honors have come to him too late for him to reap the ripe fruit of appreciation; nor will he be the last; but I am proud of being afforded an opportunity to pay this tardy tribute to the genius of Kentucky's master-painter.

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THE BRIDGE AT THE END OF THE COLONNADE.

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# THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART V.

## XXVIII.

MARCH sat with a company of other patients in the anteroom of the doctor, and when it came his turn to be prodded and kneaded, he was ashamed at being told he was not so bad a case as he had dreaded. The doctor wrote out a careful dietary for him, with a prescription of a certain number of glasses of water at a certain spring and a certain number of baths, and a rule for the walks he was to take before and after eating; then the doctor patted him on the shoulder and pushed him caressingly out of his inner office. It was too late to begin his treatment that day, but he went with his wife to buy a cup, with a strap for hanging it over his shoulder, and he put it on so as to be an invalid with the others at once; he came near forgetting the small napkin of Turkish towelling which they stuffed into their cups, but happily the shopman called him back in time to sell it him.

At five the next morning he rose, and on his way to the street exchanged with the servants cleaning the hotel stairs the first of the gloomy *Guten Morgens* which usher in the day at Carlsbad. They seem to be evoked from the darkest recesses of the soul, but the hopeless tone in which they were uttered is probably expressive only of the general despair of getting through with them before night; and March heard the sorrowful salutations on every hand as he joined the straggling current of invalids which swelled on the way past the silent shops and cafés in the Alte Wiese, till it filled the street, and poured out its thousands on the promenade before the classic colonnade of the Mühlbrunn. On the other bank of the Tepl the Sprudel flings its steaming waters by irregular impulses into the air under a pavilion of iron and glass; but the Mühlbrunn is the source of most resort. There is an instrumental concert somewhere in Carlsbad from early rising till bedtime; and now at the Mühlbrunn there was an orchestra already playing; and under the pillared porch, as well as before it, the multitude shuffled up and down draining their cups by slow sips, and then taking each his place in the interminable line moving on to replenish them at the spring.

A picturesque majority of Polish Jews, whom some vice of their climate is said peculiarly to fit for the healing effects of Carlsbad, most took his eye in their long gabardines of rusty black and their Derby hats of plush or velvet, with their corkscrew curls coming down before their ears. They were old and young, they were grizzled and red and black, but they seemed all well-to-do; and what impresses one first and last at Carlsbad is that its waters are mainly for the healing of the rich. After the Polish Jews, the Greek priests of Russian race were the most striking figures. There were types of Latin ecclesiastics, who were striking in their way too; and the uniforms of certain Austrian officers and soldiers brightened the picture. Here and there a southern face, Italian or Spanish or Levantine, looked passionately out of the mass of dull German visages; for at Carlsbad the Germans, more than any other gentile nation, are to the fore. Their misfits, their absence of style, imparted the prevalent effect; though now and then among the women a Hungarian, or Pole, or Parisian, or American, relieved the eye which seeks beauty and grace rather than the domestic virtues. There were certain faces, types of discomfort and disease, which appealed from the beginning to the end. A young Austrian, yellow as gold, and a livid South-American, were of a lasting fascination to March.

What most troubled him, in his scrutiny of the crowd, was the difficulty of assigning people to their respective nations, and he accused his years of having dulled his perceptions; but perhaps it was from their long disuse in his homogeneous American world. The Americans themselves fused with the European races who were often so hard to make out; his fellow-citizens would not be identified till



* Begun in January number, 1899.

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their bad voices gave them away; he thought the women's voices the worst.

At the springs, a line of young girls with a steady mechanical action dipped the cups into the steaming source, and passed them impersonally up to their owners. With the patients at the Mühlbrunn it was often a half-hour before one's turn came, and at all a strict etiquette forbade any attempt to anticipate it. The water was merely warm and flat, and after the first repulsion one could forget it. March formed a childish habit of counting ten between the sips, and of finishing the cup with a gulp which ended it quickly; he varied his walks between cups by going sometimes to a bridge at the end of the colonnade where a group of Triestines were talking Venetian, and sometimes to the little Park beyond the Kurhaus, where some old women were sweeping up from the close sward the yellow leaves which the trees had untidily dropped overnight. He liked to sit there and look at the city beyond the Tepl, where it climbed the wooded heights in terraces till it lost its houses in the skirts and folds of the forest. Most mornings it rained, quietly, absent-mindedly, and this, with the chill in the air, deepened a pleasant illusion of Quebec offered by the upper town across the stream; but there were sunny mornings when the mountains shone softly through a lustrous mist, and the air was almost warm.

Once in his walk he found himself the companion of Burnamy's employer, whom he had sometimes noted in the line at the Mühlbrunn, waiting his turn, cup in hand, with a face of sullen impatience. Stoller explained that though you could have the water brought to you at your hotel, he chose to go to the spring for the sake of the air; it was something you had got to live through; before he had that young Burnamy to help him he did not know what to do with his time, but now, every minute he was not eating or sleeping he was working; his cure did not oblige him to walk much. He examined March, with a certain mixture of respect and contempt, upon the nature of the literary life, and how it differed from the life of the journalist. He asked if he thought Burnamy would amount to anything as a literary man; he so far assented to March's faith in him as to say, "He's smart." He told of leaving his daughters in school at Würzburg; and upon the whole he moved March with a sense of his pathetic loneliness without moving his liking, as he passed lumberingly on, dangling his cup.

March gave his own cup to the little maid at his spring, and while she gave it to a second, who dipped it and handed it to a third for its return to him, he heard an unmistakable fellow-countryman saying good-morning to them all in English. "Are you going to teach them United States?" he asked of a face with which he knew such an appeal could not fail.

"Well," the man admitted, "I try to teach them *that* much. *They* like it. You are an American? I am glad of it. I have 'most lost the use of my lungs, here. I'm a great talker, and I talk to my wife till she's about dead; then I'm out of it for the rest of the day; I can't speak German."

His manner was the free, friendly manner of the West. He must be that sort of untravelled American whom March had so seldom met, but he was afraid to ask him if this was his first time at Carlsbad lest it should prove the third or fourth. "Are you taking the cure?" he asked instead.

"Oh, no. My wife is. She'll be along directly; I come down here and drink the waters to encourage her; doctor said to. That gets me in for the diet, too. I've e't more cooked fruit since I been here than I ever did in *my* life before. Prunes? My Lord, I'm *full* o' prunes! Well, it does me good to see an American, to know him. I couldn't 'a' told you, if you hadn't have spoken."

"Well," said March, "I shouldn't have been sure of you, either, by your looks."

"Yes, we can't always tell ourselves from these Dutch. But *they* know us, and they don't want us, except just for one thing, and that's our money. I tell *you*, the *Americans* are the chumps over here. Soon's they got all our money, or think they have, they say, 'Here, you Americans, this is my country; you get off'; and we got to get. Ever been over before?"

"A great while ago; so long that I can hardly believe it."

"It's my first time. My name's Otterson: I'm from out in Iowa."

March gave him his name, and added that he was from New York.

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"Yes. I thought you was Eastern. But that wasn't an Eastern man you was just with?"

"No; he's from Chicago. He's a Mr. Stoller."

"Not the *buggy* man?"

"I believe he makes buggies."

"Well, you *do* meet everybody here." The Iowan was silent for a moment, as if hushed by the weighty thought. "I wish my wife could have seen him. I just want her to see the man that made our buggy. *I* don't know what's keeping her, this morning," he added apologetically. "Look at that fellow, will you, tryin' to get away from those women!" A young officer was doing his best to take leave of two ladies, who seemed to be mother and daughter; they detained him by their united arts, and clung to him with caressing words and looks. He was red in the face with his polite struggles when he broke from them at last. "How they do hang on to a man, over here!" the Iowa man continued. "And the Americans are as bad as any. Why, there's one natty little Englishman up at our place, and our girls just swarm after him; their mothers are worse. Well, it's so, Jenny," he said to the lady who had joined them, and whom March turned round to see when he spoke to her. "If I wanted a foreigner I should go in for a *man*. And these officers! Put their *mustaches* up at night in curl-papers, they tell *me*. Introduce you to Mrs. Otterson, Mr. March. Well, had your first glass, yet, Jenny? I'm just going for my second tumbler."

He took his wife back to the spring, and began to tell her about Stoller; she made no sign of caring for him; and March felt inculpated. She relented a little toward him as they drank together; when he said he must be going to breakfast with his wife, she asked where he breakfasted, and said, "Why, *we* go to the Posthof, too." He answered that then they should be sure some time to meet there; he did not venture further; he reflected that Mrs. March had her reluctances too; she distrusted people who had amused or interested him before she met them.

## XXIX.

Burnamy had found the Posthof for them, as he had found most of the other agreeable things in Carlsbad, which he brought to their knowledge one by one, with such forethought that March said he hoped he should be cared for in his declining years as an editor rather than as a father; there was no tenderness like a young contributor's.

Many people from the hotels on the hill found at Pupp's just the time and space between their last cup of water and their first cup of coffee which are prescribed at Carlsbad; but the Marches were aware somehow from the beginning that Pupp's had not the hold upon the world at breakfast which it had at the mid-day dinner, or at supper on the evenings when the concert was there. Still it was amusing, and they were patient of Burnamy's delay till he could get a morning off from Stoller and go with them to the Posthof. He met Mrs. March in the reading-room, where March was to join them on his way from the springs with his bag of bread. The earlier usage of buying the delicate pink slices of Westphalia ham, which form the chief motive of a Carlsbad breakfast, at a certain shop in the town, and carrying them to the café with you, is no longer of such binding force as the custom of getting your bread at the Swiss bakery. You choose it yourself at the counter, which begins to be crowded by half past seven, and when you have collected the prescribed loaves into the basket of metallic filigree given you by one of the baker's maids, she puts it into a tissue-paper bag of a gay red color, and you join the other invalids streaming away from the bakery, their paper bags making a festive rustling as they go.

Two roads lead out of the town into the lovely meadow-lands, a good mile up the brawling Tepl, before they join on the right side of the torrent, where the Posthof lurks nestled under trees whose boughs let the sun and rain impartially through upon its army of little tables. By this time the slow omnibus plying between Carlsbad and some villages in the valley beyond has crossed from the left bank to the right, and keeps on past half a dozen other cafés, where patients whose prescriptions marshal them beyond the Posthof drop off by the dozens and scores.

The road on the left bank of the Tepl is wild and overhung at points with wooded steeps, when it leaves the town; but on the right it is bordered with shops and restaurants a good part of its length. In leafy nooks between these, uphill walks begin their climb of the mountains, from the

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foot of votive shrines set round with tablets commemorating in German, French, Russian, Hebrew, Magyar and Czech, the cure of highwellborns of all those races and languages. Booths glittering with the lapidary's work in the cheaper gems, or full of the ingenious figures of the toy-makers, alternate with the shrines and the cafés on the way to the Posthof, and with their shoulders against the overhanging cliff, spread for the passing crowd a lure of Viennese jewelry in garnets, opals, amethysts, and the like, and of such Bohemian playthings as carrot-eating rabbits, worsted-working cats, dancing-bears, and peacocks that strut about the feet of the passers and expand their iridescent tails in mimic pride.

Burnamy got his charges with difficulty by the shrines in which they felt the far-reflected charm of the crucifixes of the white-hot Italian highways of their early travel, and by the toy-shops where they had a mechanical, out-dated impulse to get something for the children, ending in a pang for the fact that they were children no longer. He waited politely while Mrs. March made up her mind that she would not buy any laces of the motherly old women who showed them under pent-roofs on way-side tables; and he waited patiently at the gate of the flower-gardens beyond the shops where March bought lavishly of sweet-pease from the businesslike flower-women, and feigned a grateful joy in them because they knew no English, and gave him a chance of speaking his German.

"You'll find," he said, as they crossed the road again, "that it's well to trifle a good deal; it makes the time pass. I should still be lagging along in my thirties if it hadn't been for fooling, and here I am well on in my fifties, and Mrs. March is younger than ever."

They were at the gate of the garden and grounds of the café at last, and a turn of the path brought them to the prospect of its tables, under the trees, between the two long glazed galleries where the breakfasters take refuge at other tables when it rains; it rains nearly always, and the trunks of the trees are as green with damp as if painted; but that morning the sun was shining. At the verge of the open space a band of pretty serving-maids, each with her name on a silver band pinned upon her breast, met them and bade them a Guten Morgen of almost cheerful note, but gave way to an eager little smiling blonde, who came pushing down the path at sight of Burnamy, and claimed him for her own.

"Ah, Lili! We want an extra good table, this morning. These are some American Excellencies, and you must do your best for them."

"Oh, yes," the girl answered in English, after a radiant salutation of the Marches; "I get you one. You are a little more formerly, to-day, and I didn't had one already."

She ran among the tables along the edge of the western gallery, and was far beyond hearing his protest that he was not earlier than usual when she beckoned him to the table she had found. She had crowded it in between two belonging to other girls, and by the time her breakfasters came up she was ready for their order, with the pouting pretence that the girls always tried to rob her of the best places. Burnamy explained proudly when she went that none of the other girls ever got an advantage of her; she had more custom than any three of them, and she had hired a man to help her carry her orders. The girls were all from the neighboring villages, he said, and they lived at home in the winter on their summer tips; their wages were nothing, or less, for sometimes they paid for their places.

"What a mass of information!" said March. "How did you come by it?"

"Newspaper habit of interviewing the universe."

"It's not a bad habit, if one doesn't carry it too far. How did Lili learn her English?"

"She takes lessons in the winter. She's a perfect little electric motor. I don't believe any Yankee girl could equal her."

"She would expect to marry a millionaire if she did. What astonishes one over here is to see how contentedly people prosper along on their own level. And the women do twice the work of the men without expecting to equal them in any other way. At Pupp's, if we go to one end of the out-door restaurant, it takes three men to wait on us: one to bring our coffee or tea, another to bring our bread and meat, and another to make out our bill, and I have to tip all three of them. If we go to the other end, one girl serves us, and I have to give only

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one fee; I make it less than the least I give any three of the men waiters."

"You ought to be ashamed of that," said his wife.

"I'm not. I'm simply proud of your sex, my dear."

"Women do nearly everything, here," said Burnamy, impartially. "They built that big new Kaiserbad building: mixed the mortar, carried the hods, and laid the stone."

"That makes me prouder of the sex than ever. But come, Mr. Burnamy! Isn't there anybody of polite interest that you know of in this crowd?"

"Well, I can't say," Burnamy hesitated.

The breakfasters had been thronging into the grove and the galleries; the tables were already filled, and men were bringing other tables in on their heads, and making places for them, with entreaties for pardon everywhere; the proprietor was anxiously directing them; the pretty serving-girls were running to and from the kitchen in a building apart with shrill, sweet promises of haste. The morning sun fell broken through the leaves on the gay hats and dresses of the ladies, and dappled the figures of the men with harlequin patches of light and shade. A tall woman, with a sort of sharpened beauty, and an artificial permanency of tint in her cheeks and yellow hair, came trailing herself up the sun-shot path, and found, with hardy insistence upon the publicity, places for the surly-looking, down-faced young man behind her, and for her maid and her black poodle; the dog was like the black poodle out of *Faust*. Burnamy had heard her history; in fact he had already roughed out a poem on it, which he called Europa, not after the old fable, but because it seemed to him that she expressed Europe, on one side of its civilization, and had an authorized place in its order, as she would not have had in ours. She was where she was by a toleration of certain social facts which corresponds in Europe to our reverence for the vested interests. In her history there had been officers and bankers; even foreign dignitaries; now there was this sullen young fellow. . . . Burnamy had wondered if it would do to offer his poem to March, but the presence of the original abashed him, and in his mind he had torn the poem up, with a heartache for its aptness.

"I don't believe," he said, "that I recognize any celebrities here."

"I'm sorry," said March. "Mrs. March would have been glad of some Hoheits, some Grafs and Gräfins, or a few Excellenzes, or even some mere well-borns. But we must try to get along with the picturesqueness."

"I'm satisfied with the picturesqueness," said his wife. "Don't worry about me, Mr. Burnamy. *Why* can't we have this sort of thing at home?"

"We're getting something like it in the roof-gardens," said March. "We couldn't have it naturally because the climate is against it, with us. At this time in the morning over there, the sun would be burning the life out of the air, and the flies would be swarming on every table. At nine P.M. the mosquitoes would be eating us up in such a grove as this. So we have to use artifice, and lift our Posthofs above the fly-line and the mosquito-line into the night air. I haven't seen a fly since I came to Europe. I really miss them; it makes me homesick."

"There are plenty in Italy," his wife suggested.

"We must get down there before we go home. But why did nobody ever tell us that there were no flies in Germany? Why did no traveller ever put it in his book? When your stewardess said so on the steamer, I remember that you regarded it as a bluff." He turned to Burnamy, who was listening with the deference of a contributor: "Isn't Lili rather long? I mean for such a *very* prompt person. Oh, no!"

But Burnamy got to his feet, and shouted "Fräulein!" to Lili; with her hireling at her heels she was flying down a distant aisle between the tables, bearing laden trays. She called back, with a face laughing over her shoulder, "In a minute!" and vanished in the crowd.

"Does that mean anything in particular? There's really no hurry."

"Oh, I think she'll come now," said Burnamy. March protested that he had only been amused at Lili's delay; but his wife scolded him for his impatience; she begged Burnamy's pardon, and repeated civilities passed between them. She asked if he did not think some of the young ladies were pretty beyond the European average; a very few had style; the mothers were mostly fat, and

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not stylish; it was well not to regard the fathers too closely; several old gentlemen were clearing their throats behind their newspapers, with noises that made her quail. There was no one so effective as the Austrian officers, who put themselves a good deal on show, bowing from their hips to favored groups; with the sun glinting from their eye-glasses, and their hands pressing their sword-hilts, they moved between the tables with the gait of tight-laced women.

"They all wear corsets," Burnamy explained.

"How much you know already!" said Mrs. March. "I can see that Europe won't be lost on you in anything. Oh, who's *that*?" A lady whose costume expressed Paris at every point glided up the middle aisle of the grove with a graceful tilt. Burnamy was silent. "She must be an American. Do you know who she is?"

"Yes." He hesitated a little to name a woman whose tragedy had once filled the newspapers.

Mrs. March gazed after her with the fascination which such tragedies inspire. "What grace! Is she beautiful?"

"Very."

Burnamy had not obtruded his knowledge, but somehow Mrs. March did not like his knowing who she was, and how beautiful. She asked March to look, but he refused.

"Those things are too squalid," he said, and she liked him for saying it; she hoped it would not be lost upon Burnamy.

One of the waitresses tripped on the steps near them and flung the burden off her tray on the stone floor before her; some of the dishes broke, and the breakfast was lost. Tears came into the girl's eyes and rolled down her hot cheeks. "There! That is what I call tragedy," said March. "She'll have to pay for those things."

"Oh, give her the money, dearest!"

"How can I?"

The girl had just got away with the ruin when Lili and her hireling behind her came bearing down upon them with their three substantial breakfasts on two well-laden trays. She forestalled Burnamy's reproaches for her delay, laughing and bridling, while she set down the dishes of ham and tongue and egg, and the little pots of coffee and frothed milk.

"I could not so soon I wanted, because I was to serve an American princess."

Mrs. March started with proud conjecture of one of those noble international marriages which fill our women with vainglory for such of their compatriots as make them.

"Oh, come now, Lili!" said Burnamy. "We have queens in America, but nothing so low as princesses. This was a queen, wasn't it?"

She referred the case to her hireling, who confirmed her. "All people say it is princess," she insisted.

"Well, if she's a princess we must look her up after breakfast," said Burnamy. "Where is she sitting?"

She pointed at a corner so far off on the other side that no one could be distinguished, and then was gone, with a smile flashed over her shoulder, and her hireling trying to keep up with her.

"We're all very proud of Lili's having a hired man," said Burnamy. "We think it reflects credit on her customers."

March had begun his breakfast with the voracious appetite of an early-rising invalid. "*What* coffee!" He drew a long sigh after the first draught.

"It's said to be made of burnt figs," said Burnamy from the inexhaustible advantage of his few days' priority in Carlsbad.

"Then let's have burnt figs introduced at home as soon as possible. But why burnt figs? That seems one of those doubts which are more difficult than faith."

"It's not only burnt figs," said Burnamy, with amiable superiority, "if it *is* burnt figs, but it's made after a formula invented by a consensus of physicians, and enforced by the municipality. Every café in Carlsbad makes the same kind of coffee and charges the same price."

"You are leaving us very little to find out for ourselves," sighed March.

"Oh, I know a lot more things. Are you fond of fishing?"

"Not very."

"You can get a permit to catch trout in the Tepl, but they send an official with you who keeps count, and when you have had your sport, the trout belong to the municipality just as they did before you caught them."

"I don't see why that isn't a good notion: the last thing I should want to do would be to eat a fish that I had caught,

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and that I was personally acquainted with. Well, I'm never going away from Carlsbad. I don't wonder the Germans get themselves out of order if it brings them here."

Burnamy told them a number of facts he said Stoller had got together about the place, and had given him to put in shape. It was run in the interest of people who had got out of order, so that they would keep coming to get themselves in order again; you could hardly buy an unwholesome meal in the town; all the cooking was *Kurgemäss*. He won such favor with his facts that he could not stop in time; he said to March, "But if you ever *should* have a fancy for a fish of your personal acquaintance, there's a restaurant up the Tepl, here, where they let you pick out your trout in the water; then they catch him and broil him for you, and you know what you are eating."

"Is it a municipal restaurant?"

"Semi-municipal," said Burnamy, laughing.

"We'll take Mrs. March," said her husband, and in her gravity Burnamy felt the limitations of a woman's sense of humor, which always define themselves for men so unexpectedly.

He did what he could to get back into her good graces by telling her what he knew about distinctions and dignities that he now saw among the breakfasters. The crowd had grown denser till the tables were set together in such labyrinths that any one who left the central aisle was lost in them. The serving-girls ran more swiftly to and fro, responding with a more nervous shrillness to the calls of "Fräulein! Fräulein!" that followed them. The proprietor, in his bare head, stood like one paralyzed by his prosperity, which sent up all round him the clash of knives and crockery, and the confusion of tongues. It was more than an hour before Burnamy caught Lili's eye, and three times she promised to come and be paid before she came. Then she said, "It is so nice, when you stay a little," and when he told her of the poor Fräulein who had broken the dishes in her fall near them, she almost wept with tenderness; she almost winked with wickedness when he asked if the American princess was still in her place.

"Do go and see who it can be!" Mrs. March entreated. "We'll wait here," and he obeyed. "I am not sure that I like him," she said, as soon as he was out of hearing. "I don't know but he's coarse, after all. It was *very* coarse, his telling about that fish-restaurant; and do you approve of his knowing so many people's *taches* already?"

"Would it be any better later?" he asked in turn, leaving the more dangerous question of the fish-restaurant. "He seemed to find you interested."

"It's very different with us; we're not young," she urged, only half seriously.

Her husband laughed. "I see you want me to defend him. Oh, hello!" he cried, and she saw Burnamy coming toward them with a young lady, who was nodding to them from as far as she could see them. "This is the easy kind of thing that would make you blush for the author if you found it in a novel."

## XXX.

Mrs. March fairly took Miss Triscoe in her arms to kiss her. "Do you know I felt it must be you, all the time! When did you come? Where is your father? What hotel are you staying at?"

It appeared, while Miss Triscoe was shaking hands with March, that it was last night, and her father was finishing his breakfast, and it was one of the hotels on the hill. On the way back to her father it appeared that he wished to consult March's doctor; not that there was anything the matter.

The general himself was not much softened by the reunion with his fellow-Americans; he confided to them that his coffee was poisonous; but he seemed, standing up with the Paris-New York *Chronicle* folded in his hand, to have drunk it all. Was March going off on his forenoon tramp? He believed that was part of the treatment, which was probably all humbug, though he thought of trying it, now he was there. He was told the walks were fine; he looked at Burnamy as if he had been praising them, and Burnamy said he had been wondering if March would not like to try a mountain path back to his hotel; he said, not so sincerely, that he thought Mrs. March would like it.

"I shall like your account of it," she answered. "But I'll walk back on a level, if you please."

"Oh, yes," Miss Triscoe pleaded, "come with us!" She played a little comedy of meaning to go back with her father so

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gracefully that Mrs. March herself could scarcely have told just where the girl's real purpose of going with Burnamy began to be evident, or just how she managed to make General Triscoe beg to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. March back to her hotel.

March went with the young people across the meadow behind the Posthof and up into the forest, which began at the base of the mountain. At first they tried to keep him in the range of their talk; but he fell behind more and more, and as the talk narrowed to themselves it was less and less possible to include him in it. When it began to concern their common appreciation of the Marches, they even tried to get out of his hearing.

"They're so young in their thoughts," said Burnamy, "and they seem as much interested in everything as they could have been thirty years ago. They belong to a time when the world was a good deal fresher than it is now; don't you think? I mean, in the eighteen-sixties."

"Oh, yes, I can see that."

"I don't know why we shouldn't be born older in each generation than people were in the last. Perhaps we are," he suggested.

"I don't know how you mean," said the girl, keeping vigorously up with him; she let him take the jacket she threw off, but she would not have his hand at the little steeps where he wanted to give it.

"I don't believe I can quite make it out myself. But fancy a man that began to act at twenty, quite unconsciously of course, from the past experience of the whole race—"

"He would be rather a dreadful person, wouldn't he?"

"Rather monstrous, yes," he owned with a laugh. "But that's where the psychological interest would come in."

As if she did not feel the notion quite pleasant she turned from it. "I suppose you've been writing all sorts of things since you came here."

"Well, it hasn't been such a great while as it's seemed, and I've had Mr. Stoller's psychological interests to look after."

"Oh, yes! Do you like him?"

"I don't know. He's a lump of honest selfishness. He isn't bad. You know where to have him. *He's* simple, too."

"You mean, like Mr. March?"

"I didn't mean that; but why not? They're not of the same generation, but Stoller isn't modern."

"I'm very curious to see him," said the girl.

"Do you want me to introduce him?"

"You can introduce him to papa."

They stopped and looked across the curve of the mounting path, down at March, who had sunk on a way-side seat, and was mopping his forehead. He saw them, and called up: "Don't wait for me. I'll join you, gradually."

"I don't want to lose you," Burnamy called back, but he kept on with Miss Triscoe. "I want to get in the Hirschensprung," he explained. "It's the cliff where a hunted deer leaped down several hundred feet to get away from an emperor who was after him."

"Oh, yes. They have them everywhere."

"Do they? Well, anyway, there's a noble view up there."

There was no view on the way up. The Germans' notion of a woodland is everywhere that of a dense forest such as their barbarous tribes primevally herded in. It means the close-set stems of trees, with their tops interwoven in a roof of boughs and leaves so densely that you may walk dry through it almost as long as a German shower lasts. When the sun shines there is a pleasant greenish light in the aisles, shot here and there with the gold that trickles through. There is nothing of the accident of an American wood in these forests, which have been watched and weeded by man ever since they burst the soil. They remain nurseries, but they have the charm which no human care can alienate. The smell of their bark and their leaves, and of the moist flowerless earth about their roots, came to March where he sat rich with the memories of his country-bred youth, and drugged all consciousness of his long life in cities since, and made him a part of nature, with dulled interests and dimmed perspectives, so that for the moment he had the enjoyment of an absolute present. There was no wild life to penetrate his isolation; no birds, not a squirrel, not an insect; an old man who had bidden him good-morning, as he came up, kept fumbling at the path with his hoe, and was less intrusive than if he had not been there.

March thought of the impassioned existence of these young people playing the

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inevitable comedy of hide and seek which the youth of the race has played from the beginning of time. The other invalids who haunted the forest, and passed up and down before him in fulfilment of their several prescriptions, had a thin unreality in spite of the physical bulk that prevailed among them, and they heightened the relief that the forest-spirit brought him from the strenuous contact of that young drama. He had been almost painfully aware that the persons in it had met, however little they knew it, with an eagerness intensified by their brief separation, and he fancied it was the girl who had unconsciously operated their reunion in response to the young man's longing, her will making itself electrically felt through space by that sort of wireless telegraphy which love has long employed, and science has just begun to imagine.

He would have been willing that they should get home alone, but he knew that his wife would require an account of them from him, and though he could have invented something of the kind, if it came to the worst, he was aware that it would not do for him to arrive without them. The thought goaded him from his seat, and he joined the upward procession of his fellow-sick, as it met another procession straggling downward; the ways branched in all directions, with people on them everywhere, bent upon building up in a month the health which they would spend the rest of the year in demolishing.

He came upon his charges unexpectedly at a turn of the path, and Miss Triscoe told him that he ought to have been with them for the view from the Hirschensprung. It was magnificent, she said, and she made Burnamy corroborate her praise of it, and agree with her that it was worth the climb a thousand times; he modestly accepted the credit she appeared willing to give him, of inventing the Hirschensprung.

## XXXI.

Between his work for Stoller and what sometimes seemed the obstructiveness of General Triscoe, Burnamy was not very much with Miss Triscoe. He was not devout, but he went every Sunday to the pretty English church on the hill, where he contributed beyond his means to the support of the English clergy on the Continent, for the sake of looking at her back hair during the service, and losing himself in the graceful lines which defined the girl's figure from the slant of her flowery hat to the point where the pew-top crossed her elastic waist. One happy morning the general did not come to church, and he had the fortune to walk home with her to her pension, where she lingered with him a moment, and almost made him believe she might be going to ask him to come in.

The next evening, when he was sauntering down the row of glittering shops beside the Tepl, with Mrs. March, they overtook the general and his daughter at a place where the girl was admiring some stork-scissors in the window; she said she wished she were still little, so that she could get them. They walked home with the Triscoes, and then he hurried Mrs. March back to the shop. The man had already put up his shutters, and was just closing his door, but Burnamy pushed in, and asked to look at the stork-scissors they had seen in the window. The gas was out, and the shopman lighted a very dim candle, to show them.

"I knew you wanted to get them for her, after what she said, Mrs. March," he laughed nervously, "and you must let me lend you the money."

"Why, of course!" she answered, joyfully humoring his feint. "Shall I put my card in for the man to send home to her with them?"

"Well—no. No. Not *your* card—exactly. Or, yes! Yes, you must, I suppose."

They made the hushing street gay with their laughter; the next evening Miss Triscoe came upon the Marches and Burnamy where they sat after supper listening to the concert at Pupp's, and thanked Mrs. March for the scissors. Then she and Burnamy had their laugh again, and Miss Triscoe joined them, to her father's frowning mystification. He stared round for a table; they were all taken, and he could not refuse the interest Burnamy made with the waiters to bring them one and crowd it in. He had to ask him to sup with them, and Burnamy sat down and heard the concert through beside Miss Triscoe.

"What is so tremendously amusing in a pair of stork-scissors?" March demanded when his wife and he were alone.

"Why, I was wanting to tell you, dearest," she began, in a tone which he felt to be wheedling, and she told the story of the scissors.

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"Look here, my dear! Didn't you promise to let this love-affair alone?"

"That was on the ship. And besides, what would *you* have done, I should like to know? Would you have refused to let him buy them for her?" She added, carelessly, "He wants us to go to the Kurhaus ball with him."

"Oh, *does* he!"

"Yes. He says he knows that she can get her father to let her go if we will chaperon them. And I promised that you would."

"That *I* would?"

"It will do just as well if you go. And it will be very amusing; you can see something of Carlsbad society."

"But I'm not going!" he declared. "It would interfere with my cure. The sitting up late would be bad enough, but I should get very hungry, and I should eat potato salad and sausages, and drink beer, and do all sorts of unwholesome things."

"Nonsense! The refreshments will be *Kurgemäss*, of course."

"You can go yourself," he said.

A ball is not the same thing for a woman after fifty as it is before twenty, but still it has claims upon the imagination, and the novel circumstance of a ball in the Kurhaus in Carlsbad enhanced these for Mrs. March. It was the annual reunion which is given by municipal authority in the large hall above the bath-rooms; it is frequented with safety and pleasure by curious strangers, and now, upon reflection, it began to have for Mrs. March the charm of duty; she believed that she could finally have made March go in her place, but she felt that she ought really to go in his, and save him from the late hours and the late supper.

"Very well, then," she said at last, "I *will* go."

It appeared that any civil person might go to the reunion who chose to pay two florins and a half. There must have been some sort of restriction, and the ladies of Burnamy's party went with a good deal of amused curiosity to see what the distinctions were; but they saw none unless it was in the advantages which the military had. The long hall over the bath-rooms shaped itself into a space for the dancing at one end, and all the rest of it was filled with tables, which at half past eight were crowded with people, eating, drinking, and smoking. The military enjoyed the monopoly of a table next the rail dividing the dancing from the dining space. There the tight-laced Herr Hauptmanns and Herr Lieutenants sat at their sausage and beer and cigars in the intervals of the waltzes, and strengthened themselves for a foray among the gracious Fraus and Fräuleins on the benches lining three sides of the dancing space. From the gallery above many civilian spectators looked down upon the gayety, and the dress-coats of a few citizens figured among the uniforms.

As the evening wore on some ladies of greater fashion found their way to the dancing-floor, and toward ten o'clock it became rather crowded. A party of American girls showed their Paris dresses in the transatlantic versions of the waltz. At first they danced with the young men who came with them; but after a while they yielded to the custom of the place, and danced with any of the officers who asked them.

"I know it's the custom," said Mrs. March to Miss Triscoe, who was at her side in one of the waltzes she had decided to sit out, so as not to be dancing all the time with Burnamy, "but I never can like it without an introduction."

"No," said the girl, with the air of putting temptation decidedly away, "I don't believe papa would, either."

A young officer came up, and drooped in mute supplication before her. She glanced at Mrs. March, who turned her face away; and she excused herself with the pretence that she had promised the dance, and by good fortune, Burnamy, who had been unscrupulously waltzing with a lady he did not know, came up at the moment. She rose and put her hand on his arm, and they both bowed to the officer before they whirled away. The officer looked after them with amiable admiration; then he turned to Mrs. March with a light of banter in his friendly eyes, and was unmistakably asking her to dance. She liked his ironical daring, she liked it so much that she forgot her objection to partners without introductions; she forgot her fifty-odd years; she forgot that she was a mother of grown children and even a mother-in-law; she remembered only the step of her out-dated waltz. It seemed to be modern enough for the cheerful young officer, and they were suddenly revolving with the rest. A tide of long-forgotten girlhood welled up

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in her heart, and she laughed as she floated off on it past the astonished eyes of Miss Triscoe and Burnamy. She saw them falter, as if they had lost their step in their astonishment; then they seemed both to vanish, and her partner had released her, and was helping Miss Triscoe up from the floor; Burnamy was brushing the dust from his knees, and the citizen who had bowled them over was boisterously apologizing and incessantly bowing.

"Oh, are you hurt?" Mrs. March implored. "I'm sure you must be killed; and I did it! I don't know what I was thinking of!"

The girl laughed. "I'm not hurt a bit!"

They had one impulse to escape from the place, and from the sympathy and congratulation. In the dressing-room she declared again that she was all right. "How beautifully you waltz, Mrs. March!" she said, and she laughed again, and would not agree with her that she had been ridiculous. "But I'm glad those American girls didn't see me. And I can't be too thankful papa didn't come!"

Mrs. March's heart sank at the thought of what General Triscoe would think of her when he knew everything. "You must tell him I did it. I can never lift up my head!"

"No, I shall not. No one did it," said the girl, magnanimously. She looked down sidelong at her draperies. "I *was* so afraid I had torn my dress! I certainly heard something rip."

It was one of the skirts of Burnamy's coat, which he had caught into his hand and held in place till he could escape to the men's dressing-room, where he had it pinned up so skilfully that the damage was not suspected by the ladies. He had banged his knee abominably too; but they did not suspect that either, as he limped home on the air beside them, first to Miss Triscoe's pension, and then to Mrs. March's hotel.

It was quite eleven o'clock, which at Carlsbad is as late as three in the morning anywhere else, when she let herself into her room. She decided not to tell her husband, then; and even at breakfast, which they had at the Posthof, she had not got to her confession, though she had told him everything else about the ball, when the young officer with whom she had danced passed between the tables near her. He caught her eye and bowed with a smile of so much meaning that March asked, "Who's your pretty young friend?"

"Oh, *that!*" she answered carelessly. "That was one of the officers at the ball," and she laughed.

"You seem to be in the joke too," he said. "What is it?"

"Oh, something. I'll tell you some time. Or perhaps you'll find out."

"I'm afraid you won't let me wait."

"No, I won't," and now she told him. She had expected teasing, ridicule, sarcasm, anything but the psychological interest mixed with a sort of retrospective tenderness which he showed. "I wish I could have seen you; I always thought you danced well." He added: "It seems that you need a chaperon too."

The next morning, after March and General Triscoe had started off upon one of the hill climbs, the young people made her go with them for a walk up the Tepl, as far as the café of the Freundschaftsaal. In the grounds an artist in silhouettes was cutting out the likenesses of people who supposed themselves to have profiles, and they begged Mrs. March to sit for hers. It was so good that she insisted on Miss Triscoe's sitting in turn, and then Burnamy. Then he had the inspiration to propose that they should all three sit together, and it appeared that such a group was within the scope of the silhouettist's art; he posed them in his little bower, and while he was mounting the picture they took turns, at five kreutzers each, in listening to American tunes played by his Edison phonograph.

Mrs. March felt that all this was weakening her moral fibre; but she tried to draw the line at letting Burnamy keep the group. "Why not?" he pleaded.

"You oughtn't to ask," she returned. "You've no business to have Miss Triscoe's picture, if you must know."

"But you're there to chaperon us," he persisted.

He began to laugh, and they all laughed when she said, "You need a chaperon who doesn't lose her head, in a silhouette." But it seemed useless to hold out after that, and she heard herself asking, "Shall we let him keep it, Miss Triscoe?"

Burnamy went off to his work with Stoller, carrying the silhouette with him, and she kept on with Miss Triscoe to her hotel. In turning from the gate after she parted with the girl she found herself

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confronted with Mrs. Adding and Rose. The ladies exclaimed at each other in an astonishment from which they had to recover before they could begin to talk, but from the first moment Mrs. March perceived that Mrs. Adding had something to say. The more freely to say it she asked Mrs. March into her hotel, which was in the same street with the pension of the Triscoes, and she let her boy go off about the exploration of Carlsbad; he promised to be back in an hour.

"Well, *now* what scrape are you in?" March asked when his wife came home, and began to put off her things, with signs of excitement which he could not fail to note. He was lying down after a long tramp, and he seemed very comfortable.

His question suggested something of anterior import, and she told him about the silhouettes, and the advantage the young people had taken of their power over her through their knowledge of her foolish behavior at the ball.

He said, lazily: "They seem to be working you for all you're worth. Is that it?"

"No; there is something worse. Something's happened which throws all that *quite* in the shade. Mrs. Adding is here."

"Mrs. Adding?" repeated March, with a dimness for names which his wife would not allow was growing on him.

"Don't be stupid, dear! Mrs. Adding, who sat opposite Mr. Kenby on the *Norumbia*. The mother of the nice boy."

"Oh, yes! Well, that's good!"

"No, it isn't! Don't say such a thing —till you know!" she cried, with a certain shrillness which warned him of an unfathomed seriousness in the fact. He sat up as if better to confront the mystery. "I have been at her hotel, and she has been telling me that she's just come from Berlin, and that Mr. Kenby's been there, and— Now I won't have you making a joke of it, or breaking out about it, as if it were not a thing to be looked for; though of course with the others on our hands you're not to blame for not thinking of it. But you can see yourself that she's young and good-looking. She did speak beautifully of her son, and if it were not for him, I don't believe she would hesitate—"

"For heaven's sake, what *are* you driving at?" March broke in, and she answered him as vehemently:

"He's asked her to marry him!"

"Kenby? Mrs. Adding?"

"Yes!"

"Well, now, Isabel, this won't do! They ought to be ashamed of themselves. With that morbid, delicate boy! It's shocking—"

"Will you listen? Or do you want me to stop?" He arrested himself at her threat, and she resumed, after giving her contempt of his turbulence time to sink in, "She refused him, of course—"

"Oh, all right, then!"

"You take it in such a way that I've a great mind not to tell you anything more about it."

"I know you have," said March, stretching himself out again; "but you'll do it, all the same. You'd have been awfully disappointed if I had been calm and collected."

"She refused him," Mrs. March began again, "although she respects him, because she feels that she ought to devote herself to her son. Of course she's very young, yet; she was married when she was only nineteen to a man twice her age, and she's not thirty-five yet. I don't think she *ever* cared much for her husband; and she wants you to find out something about him."

"I never heard of him. I—"

Mrs. March made a "tchck!" that would have recalled the most consequent of men from the most logical and coherent interpretation to the true intent of her words. He perceived his mistake, and said, resolutely: "Well, I won't do it. If she's refused him, that's the end of it; she needn't know anything about him, and she has no right to."

"Now I think differently," said Mrs. March, with an inductive air. "Of course she has to know about him, *now*." She stopped, and March turned his head and looked expectantly at her. "He said he would not consider her answer final, but would hope to see her again and— She's afraid he may follow her, and— What are you looking at me *so* for?"

"Is he coming here?"

"Am I to blame if he is? Yes—he said he would come."

March burst into a laugh. "Well, *they* haven't been beating about the bush! When I think how Miss Triscoe has been pursuing Burnamy from the first moment she set eyes on him, with the settled belief that she was running from him, and he imagines that he has

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been boldly following her without the least hope from her; I can't help admiring the simple directness of these elders."

"And if Kenby wants to talk with you, what will you say?" she cut in eagerly.

"I'll say I don't like the subject. What am I in Carlsbad for? I came for the cure, and I'm spending time and money on it. I might as well go and take my three cups of Felsenquelle on a full stomach as to listen to Kenby."

"I know it's bad for you, and I wish we had never seen those people," said Mrs. March. "I don't believe he'll want to talk with you; but if—"

"Is Mrs. Adding in this hotel? I'm not going to have them round in my bread-trough!"

"She isn't. She's at one of the hotels on the hill."

"Very well, let her stay there, then. They can manage their love-affairs in their own way. The only one I care the least for is that sensitive boy."

"Yes, it *is* forlorn for him. But he likes Mr. Kenby, and— No, it's horrid, and you can't make it anything else!"

"Well, I'm not trying to." He turned his face away. "I must get my nap, now." After she thought he must have fallen asleep, he said, "The first thing you know, those old Eltwins will be coming round and telling us that they're going to get divorced." Then he really slept.

## XXXII.

The mid-day dinner at Pupp's was the time to see the Carlsbad world, and the Marches had the habit of sitting long at table to watch it.

There was one family in whom they fancied a sort of literary quality, as if they had come out of some pleasant German story, but they never knew anything about them. The father by his dress must have been a Protestant clergyman; the mother had been a beauty and was still very handsome; the daughter was good-looking, and of a good-breeding which was both girlish and ladylike. They commended themselves by always taking the table d'hôte dinner, as the Marches did, and eating through from the soup and the rank fresh-water fish to the sweet, upon the same principle: the husband ate all the compote and gave the others his dessert, which was not good for him. A young girl of a different fascination remained as much a mystery. She was small and of an extreme tenuity, which became more bewildering as she advanced through her meal, especially at supper, which she made of a long cucumber pickle, a Frankfort sausage of twice the pickle's length, and a towering goblet of beer; in her lap she held a shivering little hound; she was in the decorous keeping of an elderly maid, and had every effect of being a gracious Fräulein. A curious contrast to her Teutonic voracity was the temperance of a young Latin swell, imaginably from Trieste, who sat long over his small coffee and cigarette, and tranquilly mused upon the pages of an Italian newspaper. At another table there was a very noisy lady, short and fat, in flowing draperies of white, who commanded a sallow family of South-Americans, and loudly harangued them in South-American Spanish; she flared out, a spot of vivid color, in a picture which nowhere lacked strong effects; and in her background lurked a mysterious black face and figure, ironically subservient to the old man, the mild boy, and the pretty young girl in the middle distance of the family group.

Amidst the shows of a hardened worldliness there were touching glimpses of domesticity and heart: a young bride fed her husband soup from her own plate with her spoon, unabashed by the publicity; a mother and her two pretty daughters hung about a handsome officer, who must have been newly betrothed to one of the girls; and the whole family showed a helpless fondness for him, which he did not despise though he held it in check; the girls dressed alike, and seemed to have for their whole change of costume a difference from time to time in the color of their sleeves. The Marches believed they had seen the growth of the romance which had eventuated so happily; and they saw other romances which did not in any wise eventuate. Carlsbad was evidently one of the great marriage marts of middle Europe, where mothers brought their daughters to be admired, and everywhere the flower of life was blooming for the hand of love. It blew by on all the promenades in dresses and hats as pretty as they could be bought or imagined; but it was chiefly at Pupp's that it flourished. For the most part it seemed to flourish in vain, and to be destined to be put by for another season to dream, bulblike, of the

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coming summer in the quiet of Moldavian and Transylvanian homes.

Perhaps it was oftener of fortunate effect than the spectators knew; but for their own pleasure they would not have had their pang for it less; and March objected to having a more explicit demand upon his sympathy. "We could have managed," he said, at the close of their dinner, as he looked compassionately round upon the parterre of young girls, "we could have managed with Burnamy and Miss Triscoe; but to have Mrs. Adding and Kenby launched upon us is too much. Of course I like Kenby, and if the widow alone were concerned I would give him my blessing: a wife more or a widow less is not going to disturb the equilibrium of the universe; but—" He stopped, and then he went on: "Men and women are well enough. They complement each other very agreeably, and they have very good times together. But why should they get in love? It is sure to make them uncomfortable to themselves and annoying to others." He broke off, and stared about him. "My dear, this is really charming—almost as charming as the Posthof." The crowd spread from the open vestibule of the hotel and the shelter of its branching pavilion roofs until it was dimmed in the obscurity of the low grove across the way in an ultimate depth where the musicians were giving the afternoon concert. Between its two stationary divisions moved a current of promenaders, with some such effect as if the colors of a lovely garden should have liquefied and flowed in mingled rose and lilac, pink and yellow, and white and orange, and all the middle tints of modern millinery. Above on one side were the agreeable bulks of architecture, in the buff and gray of Carlsbad; and far beyond on the other were the upland slopes, with villas and long curves of country roads, belted in with miles of wall. "It would be about as offensive to have a love-interest that one personally knew about intruded here," he said, "as to have a two-spanner carriage driven through this crowd. It ought to be forbidden by the municipality."

Mrs. March listened with her ears, but not her eyes, and she answered: "See that handsome young Greek priest! Isn't he an archimandrite? The portier said he was."

"Then let him pass for an archimandrite.—Now," he recurred to his grievance again, dreamily, "I have got to take Papa Triscoe in hand, and poison his mind against Burnamy, and I shall have to instil a few drops of venomous suspicion against Kenby into the heart of poor little Rose Adding. Oh," he broke out, "they will spoil everything. They'll be with us morning, noon, and night," and he went on to work the joke of repining at his lot. The worst thing, he said, would be the lovers' pretence of being interested in something besides themselves, which they were no more capable of than so many lunatics. How could they care for pretty girls playing tennis on an upland level, in the waning afternoon? Or a cartful of peasant women stopping to cross themselves at a way-side shrine? Or a whistling boy with holes in his trousers pausing from some way-side raspberries to touch his hat and say good-morning? Or those preposterous maidens sprinkling linen on the grass from watering-pots while the skies were full of rain? Or that blacksmith shop where Peter the Great made a horseshoe? Or the monument of the young warrior-poet Koerner, with a gentle-looking girl and her mother reading and knitting on a bench before it? These simple pleasures sufficed them, but what could lovers really care for them? A peasant girl flung down on the grassy road-side, fast asleep, while her yoke-fellow, the gray old dog, lay in his harness near her with one drowsy eye half open for her and the other for the contents of their cart: a boy chasing a red squirrel in the old upper town beyond the Tepl, and enlisting the interest of all the neighbors; the negro door-keeper at the Golden Shield who ought to have spoken our Southern English, but who spoke bad German and was from Cairo; the sweet afternoon stillness in the woods; the good German mothers crocheting at the Posthof concerts: Burnamy as a young poet might have felt the precious quality of these things, if his senses had not been holden by Miss Triscoe; and she might have felt it if only he had done so. But as it was it would be lost upon their preoccupation; with Mrs. Adding and Kenby it would be hopeless.

A day or two after Mrs. March had met Mrs. Adding, she went with her husband to revere a certain magnificent blackamoor whom he had discovered at the entrance of one of the aristocratic hotels on the Schlossberg, where he per-

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formed the function of a kind of caryatid, and looked, in the black of his skin and the white of his flowing costume, like a colossal figure carved in ebony and ivory. They took a roundabout way through a street entirely of villa-pensions; every house in Carlsbad but one is a pension if it is not a hotel; but these were of a sort of sentimental prettiness, with each a little garden before it, and a bower with an iron table in it for breakfasting and supping out-doors; and he said that they would be the very places for bridal couples who wished to spend the honeymoon in getting well of the wedding surfeit. She denounced him for saying such a thing as that, and for his inconsistency in complaining of lovers while he was willing to think of young married people. He contended that there was a great difference in the sort of demand that young married people made upon the interest of witnesses, and that they were at least on their way to sanity; and before they agreed, they had come to the hotel with the blackamoor at the door. While they lingered sharing the splendid creature's hospitable pleasure in the spectacle he formed, they were aware of a carriage with liveried coachman and footman at the steps of the hotel; the liveries were very quiet and distinguished, and they learned that the equipage was waiting for the Prince of Coburg, or the Princess of Montenegro, or Prince Henry of Prussia; there were differing opinions among the twenty or thirty bystanders. Mrs. March said she did not care which it was; and she was patient of the dénouement, which began to postpone itself with delicate delays. After repeated agitations at the door among portiers, proprietors, and waiters, whose fluttered spirits imparted their thrill to the spectators, while the coachman and footman remained sculpturesquely impassive in their places, the carriage moved aside and let an energetic American lady and her family drive up to the steps. The hotel people paid her a tempered devotion, but she marred the effect by rushing out and sitting on a balcony to wait for the delaying royalties. There began to be more promises of their early appearance; a footman got down and placed himself at the carriage door; the coachman stiffened himself on his box; then he relaxed; the footman drooped, and even wandered aside. There came a moment when at some signal the carriage drove quite away from the portal and waited near the gate of the stable-yard; it drove back, and the spectators redoubled their attention. Nothing happened, and some of them dropped off. At last an indescribable significance expressed itself on the official group at the door; a man in a high hat and dress-coat hurried out; a footman hurried to meet him; they spoke inaudibly together. The footman mounted to his place; the coachman gathered up his reins and drove rapidly out of the hotel-yard, down the street, round the corner, out of sight. The man in the tall hat and dress-coat went in; the official group at the threshold dissolved; the statue in ivory and ebony resumed its place; evidently the Hoheit of Coburg, or Montenegro, or Prussia, was not going to take the air.

"My dear, this is humiliating."

"Not at all! I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Think how near we came to seeing them!"

"I shouldn't feel so shabby if we *had* seen them. But to hang round here in this plebeian abeyance, and then to be defeated and defrauded at last! I wonder how long this sort of thing is going on?"

"What thing?"

"This base subjection of the imagination to the Tom Foolery of the Ages."

"I don't know what you mean. I'm sure it's very natural to want to see a Prince."

"Only too natural. It's so deeply founded in nature that after denying royalty by word and deed for a hundred years, we Americans are hungrier for it than anybody else. Perhaps we may come back to it!"

"Nonsense!"

They looked up at the Austrian flag on the tower of the hotel, languidly curling and uncurling in the bland evening air, as it had over a thousand years of stupid and selfish monarchy, while all the generous republics of the Middle Ages had perished, and the commonwealths of later times had passed like fever dreams. That dull inglorious empire had antedated or outlived Venice and Genoa, Florence and Siena, the England of Cromwell, the Holland of the Stadtholders, and the France of many revolutions, and all the fleeting democracies which sprang from these.

March began to ask himself how his

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curiosity differed from that of the Europeans about him; then he became aware that these had detached themselves, and left him exposed to the presence of a fellow-countryman. It was Otterson, with Mrs. Otterson; he turned upon March with hilarious recognition. "Hello! Most of the Americans in Carlsbad seem to be hanging round here for a sight of these kings. Well, *we* don't have a great many of 'em, and it's natural we shouldn't want to miss any. But now, you Eastern fellows, you go to Europe every summer, and yet you don't seem to get enough of 'em. Think it's human nature, or did it get so ground into us in the old times that we can't get it out, no difference what we say?"

"That's very much what I've been asking myself," said March. "Perhaps it's any kind of show. We'd wait nearly as long for the President to come out, wouldn't we?"

"I reckon we would. But we wouldn't for his nephew, or his second cousin."

"Well, they wouldn't be in the way of the succession."

"I guess you're right." The Iowan seemed better satisfied with March's philosophy than March felt himself, and he could not forbear adding:

"But I don't deny that we should wait for the President because he's a kind of king too. I don't know that we shall ever get over wanting to see kings of some kind. Or at least my wife won't. May I present you to Mrs. March?"

"Happy to meet you, Mrs. March," said the Iowan. "Introduce you to Mrs. Otterson. *I'm* the fool in *my* family, and I know just how you feel about a chance like this. I don't mean that you're—"

They all laughed at the hopeless case, and Mrs. March said, with one of her unexpected likings: "I understand, Mr. Otterson. And I would rather be our kind of fool than the kind that pretends not to care for the sight of a king."

"Like you and me, Mrs. Otterson," said March.

"Indeed, indeed," said the lady. "I'd like to see a king too, if it didn't take all night. Good-evening," she said, turning her husband about with her, as if she suspected a purpose of patronage in Mrs. March, and was not going to have it.

Otterson looked over his shoulder to explain, despairingly: "The trouble with me is that when I do get a chance to talk English, there's such a flow of language it carries me away, and I don't know just where I'm landing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# OUR WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN CUBA AND PUERTO RICO.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE newspaper correspondents who are allowed to accompany the British army during an active campaign are selected on account of their former experience and reputation, or on account of the importance of the paper they serve. Their number is extremely limited. The two great press associations, "Reuter's" and the "Central News," which furnish the same matter to different papers in all parts of the United Kingdom, are each allowed one or two representatives, and a dozen of the more important London dailies, like the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Mail*, and one or two of the provincial papers, such as the Manchester *Guardian* and the Dublin *Times*, are each allowed to send one special correspondent to the front.

This plan of selection and limitation is very different from the one pursued during the late war by our own government. With us, nearly every paper in the country that could afford to send a representative was permitted to do so. Even weekly periodicals of a strictly literary or religious character were represented by men who were anxious to get to Cuba in any capacity, and the big dailies were each given credentials for as many as twenty correspondents, artists, and photographers. As our country, unlike Eng-

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ACTON DAVIES.

land, is not constantly engaged in military operations, only a few of the men who acted as correspondents during the war with Spain went to the front with any previous experience of the kind of work before them. But they had been trained in a school of journalism which teaches self-reliance and, above all other things, readiness of resource. In consequence they met the new conditions without anxiety, and by using the same methods they had formerly employed in reporting a horse show or a fire, they succeeded in satisfactorily describing the operations of our army.

Before the Santiago campaign had opened, and while our troops were still at Tampa, many of the newspapers promised their readers that when the war really came the "pencil-pushers of Park Row," with no experience of battles or of things military, would develop into great war correspondents, while, on the other hand, the men who had been employed to serve as descriptive writers merely, and who possessed some former experience in campaigning and in roughing it, would show that they were better suited to write fiction in a library than to recognize news when they saw it, or to collect facts.

The war, so far as it concerned itself with the correspondents, proved nothing of the sort. It did not show that the descriptive writer or novelist was capable of gathering news, nor did it prove to the contrary; nor did it prove that the man who had previously reported criminal news and real-estate deals was equally at home when he found himself in a Cuban jungle two thousand miles from the office telephone, and with no friendly policeman to direct his steps. The success of the different men was entirely a question of intelligence and of individual character. Their past experience seemed to count for very little. Some of those who had seen much service with the army and navy in times of peace, who could harness a team to a gun-carriage, or drill a cavalry regiment, or name every part of a battle-ship, were, when "the real thing" came, lost absolutely from the sight of their fellow-men. All their experience on the plains and in the wardrooms of the White Squadron



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either failed to get them to the front at all, or did not enable them to take care of themselves when they got there. On the other hand, mere boys, who had been jerked out of the city room of a metropolitan daily and rushed to the front without even a rubber blanket, followed the soldiers from the first to the last, and never left them, except to tramp back to Siboney to file their despatches on the press-boats. Two of the very best correspondents had served their respective papers, previous to the war, as dramatic critics, and their only knowledge of war had been gathered from performances of *Secret Service* and *Shenandoah*. These were H. James Whigham, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Acton Davies, of the New York *Evening Sun*. Each of these gentlemen proved most conclusively that previous experience is not necessary to enable either an Englishman or an American to report a war correctly. I have seen the war correspondent whom Kipling describes as the "War Eagle" in his *Light that Failed*. I saw him in Greece, with three horses, three servants, a tent, the British flag flying over his head, cooking-stoves, medicine-chests, writing-desks, and type-writers. He carried letters from prime ministers, and he lunched with the young princes daily. And I have seen a boy, named Sammy, who acted as a courier for the New York *Herald*, eighteen years of age, who had a keener scent for news than the War Eagle ever possessed, who better knew what was going to happen before it happened, and who was in every way more alert, intelligent, and suited to the work in hand.



H. JAMES WHIGHAM.

Whigham, with his two years' residence in America, made, in my opinion at least, a much better correspondent than the War Eagle with his record of twelve campaigns. And his outfit was limited to a canteen and a bottle of Scotch whiskey. The War Eagle's despatches are intelligible, and probably of great interest to a drill-sergeant; Whigham's letters were equally interesting to the military expert and to the civilian. Whigham came from Oxford to America to lecture in the university extension series, but he is better known in this country as the ex-golf champion of the United States, and as a dramatic critic. He arrived at Key West during the earliest days of the war, and that same night was dropped on the coast of Cuba, where he was promptly made prisoner by the Spaniards, but was later set at liberty at Havana. Immediately on his release he went to Guantanamo, where the marines had landed, and while trying to find their firing-line, walked into a Spanish picket and received a Mauser bullet across the forehead. Later he joined the army at Daiquiri, and was one of the half-dozen correspondents who scaled the San Juan hills immediately after they were charged by the regulars. Later he was invalided home with fever, which attacked him in a most serious form. His must certainly be considered a full and creditable record, and his only experience of war was gathered on the golf-links of Chicago. It is impossible to designate one correspond-

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ent as being better than another, because what is important to one does not seem to be of value to his rival, and their ideas as to their duty differ. One may prefer to stand on the firing-line in order to see what is going forward close at hand, but while he is in greater personal danger, another who watches the battle from an elevation in the rear can obtain a much better view, and a much more correct idea of what is being done in all parts of the field. So the presence of a correspondent on the firing-line, or his absence from it, does not prove that he is not doing his full duty to his paper. The best correspondent is probably the man who by his energy and resource sees more of the war, both afloat and ashore, than do his rivals, and who is able to make the public see what he saw. If that is a good definition, Stephen Crane would seem to have distinctly won the first place among correspondents in the late disturbance. John Fox, Sylvester Scovel, Caspar Whitney, Howard Thompson, and Mr. Millard of the New York *Herald* are close seconds. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Fox and Mr. Whitney were hampered by the fact that they were not writing for a daily paper.



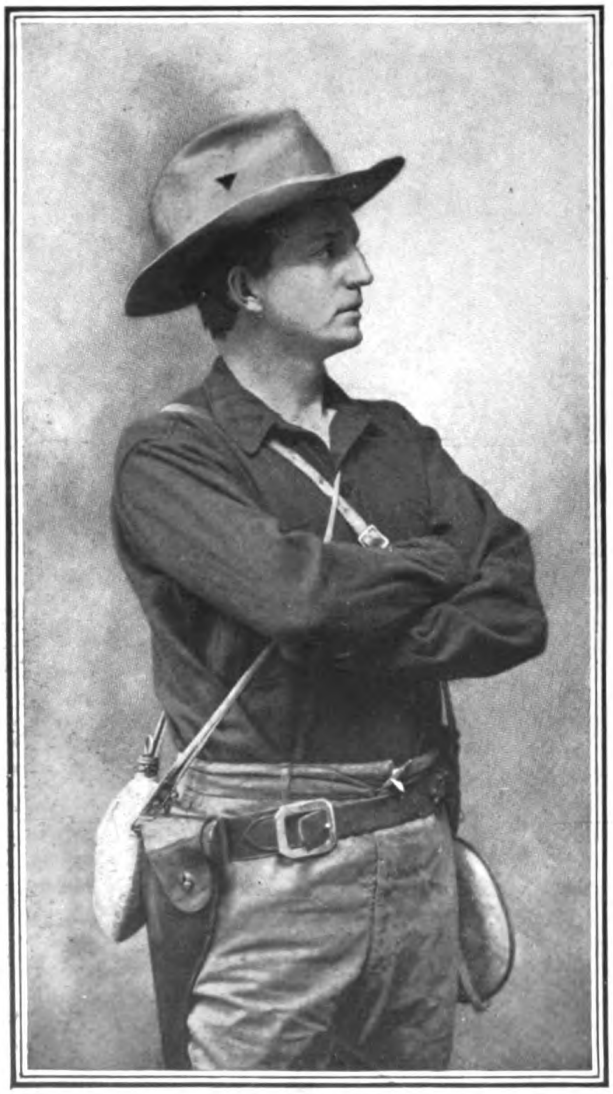
HOWARD N. THOMPSON.

Near the close of the war, a group of correspondents in Puerto Rico made out a list of the events which, in their opinion, were of the greatest news value during the campaign, and a list of the correspondents, with the events each had witnessed credited to his name. Judged from this basis, Mr. Crane easily led all the rest. Of his power to make the public see what he sees it would be impertinent to speak. His story of Nolan, the regular, bleeding to death on the San Juan hills, is, so far as I have read, the most valuable contribution to literature that the war has produced. It is only necessary to imagine how other writers would have handled it, to appreciate that it could not have been better done. His story of the marine at Guantanamo, who stood on the crest of the hill to "wigwag" to the war-ships, and so exposed himself to the fire of the entire Spanish force, is also particularly interesting, as it illustrates that in his devotion to duty, and also in his readiness at the exciting moments of life, Crane is quite as much of a soldier as the man whose courage he described. He tells how the marine stood erect, staring through the dusk with half-closed eyes, and with his lips moving as he counted the answers from the war-ships, while innumerable bullets splashed the sand about him. But it never occurs to Crane that to sit at the man's feet, as he did, close enough to watch his lips move and to be able to make mental notes for a later tribute to the marine's scorn of fear, was equally deserving of praise.

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Crane was the coolest man, whether army officer or civilian, that I saw under fire at any time during the war. He was most annoyingly cool, with the assurance of a fatalist. When the San Juan hills were taken, he came up them with James Hare, of *Collier's*. He was walking leisurely, and though the bullets passed continuously, he never once ducked his head. He wore a long rain-coat, and as he stood peering over the edge of the hill, with his hands in his pockets and smoking his pipe, he was as unconcerned as though he were gazing at a cinematograph.

The fire from the enemy was so heavy that only one troop along the entire line of the hills was returning it, and all the rest of our men were lying down. General Wood, who was then colonel of the Rough Riders, and I were lying on our elbows at Crane's feet, and Wood ordered him also to lie down. Crane pretended not to hear, and moved farther away, still peering over the hill with the same interested expression. Wood told him for the second time that if he did not lie down he would be killed, but Crane paid no attention. So, in order to make him take shelter, I told him he was trying to impress us with his courage, and that if he thought he was making me feel badly by walking about, he might as well sit down. As soon as I told him he was trying to impress us with his courage, he dropped on his knees, as I had hoped he would, and we breathed again.



JOHN FOX, JR.

After that, in Puerto Rico, we agreed to go out together and take a town by surprise and demand its surrender. At that time every town in Puerto Rico surrendered to the first American who entered it, and we thought that to accept the unconditional surrender of a large number of foreigners would be a pleasing and interesting experience. But Crane's business manager, who guarded him with much the same jealousy as that with which an advance-agent guards the prima donna, did not want any one else to share the glory of the surrender, and sent Crane off by himself. He rode into Juana Diaz, and the town, as a matter of course, surrendered, and made him welcome. He spent the day in establishing an aristocracy among the townspeople, and in distributing largesse to the hungry. He also spent the night there, sleeping peacefully far beyond our lines, and with no particular interest as to where the Spaniards might happen to be. The next morning, when he was taking his coffee on the sidewalk in front of the only café, he was amused to see a "point" of five soldiers advance cautiously along

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the Ponce road, dodging behind bushes, and reconnoitring with both the daring and skill of the American invader. While still continuing to sip his coffee he observed a skirmish-line following this "point," and finally the regiment itself, marching bravely upon Juana Diaz. It had come to effect its capture. When the commanding officer arrived, his sense of humor deserted him, and he could not see how necessary and proper it was that any town should surrender to the author of the *Red Badge of Courage*.



CASPAR WHITNEY.

A week later, Millard of the New York *Herald*, "El" Root of the New York *Sun*, Howard Thompson, and myself, with some slight assistance from four thousand soldiers, captured a much larger city than the one Crane attacked; but as we stumbled into the town first, under the impression that it was filled with American cavalry, the town of Coamo surrendered to us. The question is, whether it is more creditable to take a town of five thousand people with three other correspondents, supported by four thousand soldiers, or to take a town of two thousand inhabitants single-handed. I fear that in the eyes of history Crane's victory will be ranked higher than that of Millard, Root, Thompson, and myself.

One of the most amusing and daring acts of any of the correspondents was that of Burr W. MacIntosh, of *Frank Leslie's*. When the troops arrived at Daiquiri, a general order was issued forbidding any of the correspondents to accompany the soldiers when they made their first landing. The men on the press-boats of course promptly disobeyed this order; but the correspondents on the transports were forced to obey it, or run the risk of losing their credentials. Mr. MacIntosh was the one exception. He was most desirous of obtaining a photograph, taken on the shores of Cuba, which would show the American soldiers making their first hostile landing on that shore. To this end he gave his camera into the hands of a sergeant in one of the shore-boats, and hid his clothes under the cross seats of another. When these boats started, MacIntosh dived from the stern of the transport, and after swimming a quarter of a mile through a heavy surf, reached the coast of Cuba in time to recover his camera and perpetuate the first landing of our Army of Invasion.

The correspondents might be divided into three classes—the men who gathered the news, the descriptive writers, and those who collected names. Some of them did all of these three things. There was also a fourth class of correspondent, who accompanied a volunteer regiment and told only of what was done by the particular regiment he accompanied, without touching on the war at all, except

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when the regiment took a part in it. These young gentlemen unconsciously did a very great injury to the men of the regular army, in persuading the public at home that the volunteer is an effective fighting-machine, instead of making it clear that he is an "amateur," and, as such, is a menace and a danger to the safety of the country.

The points of view of these several correspondents were entirely different. Writers like Stephen Crane, John Fox, Caspar Whitney, and Stephen Bonsal were interested in what was most dramatic and picturesque. The fact that the Rough Riders sang "Fair Harvard" in the rifle-pits, within easy ear-shot of the enemy, was of as much value to them as the move-



H. E. ARMSTRONG.

ments of Sampson's squadron or the terms of the surrender.

But the men in the news-gathering class, although they possessed as quick an eye for what was striking and human as did the magazine-writers, found that their duty led them in another direction. It was their part to treat the whole campaign as a series of events, to describe it as they would a political convention, to ascertain exactly what orders were given and exactly who carried them into effect. The best of these, as a rule, were the representatives of the Associated Press, and they entered into the work in the same impersonal spirit with which they would have handled an annual encampment of the G.A.R., or the first night of a new play. They looked on the thing broadly and from all sides. They wanted the news, all the news, but nothing but the news. The last words of a dying soldier were not important to them. His name, spelled correctly, and the letter of his troop, were to their employers of the highest value. These correspondents were ubiquitous. They were in Jamaica one day, and the next ploughing through heavy seas, and a few hours later back on the firing-line. They were anonymous, and their work, which was at times both brilliant and of historic value, was sunk and lost under the levelling head-line of a press bureau, a machine which would make all men equal, and for which writers sell their birthright of originality and humor and personal point of view. Howard Thompson, the Washington correspondent of the Associated Press, and E. R. Johnstone, managing editor of the Minneapolis *Times*, are perhaps the two men who, by their individuality, have risen above the anonymity of the bureau they serve. In them the personal element predominates. They are young men who would be conspicuous on a sinking ship or at a dinner table. They are the confidants of Presidents and would-be Presidents, Senators and their "bosses," and they are equally at home in an Indian uprising or at a Presidential convention.

Lyman, of the Associated Press, paid the penalty of serving at Siboney by dying a month after the war of fever.

It is a difficult thing for a correspondent to praise the work of his comrades. Such expression of appreciation would come with more weight from some of the officers of the army, except that these lat-

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Mr. Remington.

FREDERIC REMINGTON IN THE TRAIN OF GENERAL SHAFTER.

ter could not be free from prejudice, as not a few of them owe much to the young men who made their victories conspicuous. But there are some of the correspondents of whose courage and regard for duty a correspondent can speak more fully, because he knows them more intimately than can the men of the army.

Caspar Whitney and John Fox were distinctly among the most earnest, honest, and brilliant. If each of them had not been well known before the war, one as a novelist, the other as an explorer, their conduct during it would have made their reputations. But there were many others who had never written books in covers, nor explored unknown lands, nor tried themselves by facing unknown dangers. There were so many of these that it would be unfair to mention one before another, but the one who appealed to me the most was Frank Collins, the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. Only his nearest friends really know how much that young man risked losing when he offered to represent his paper at the front. He was a reporter of the law courts, and he accompanied the Second Massachusetts Regiment. There was no press-boat belonging exclusively to his paper, and while in Cuba he was unable to obtain a horse, so that in order to file his despatches he was forced to go on foot to Siboney, and trust to the kindness of his comrades to see that his copy was taken to Jamaica. He worked by day, and by night tramped through the jungle. A more gentle, courteous, and manly man I have seldom met. He nursed the sick and bandaged the wounded, wrote letters for the dying, and acted as postman for the living. He was always at the front, and he never complained nor grumbled. The first time I met him he was gathering flowers to place on the body of a volunteer who had died at Lakeland, and the last time was before the battle of San Juan, when I was unable to walk, and he persuaded a mule-driver to give me a lift in his wagon. Two weeks later, racked with fever and worn out with lack of food, he died, as much a martyr to the war as the men in uniform who were killed by Mauser bullets. We could not have better spared a better man, because better men than Frank Collins are very few.

If the correspondents on land encountered hardships, their condition in com-

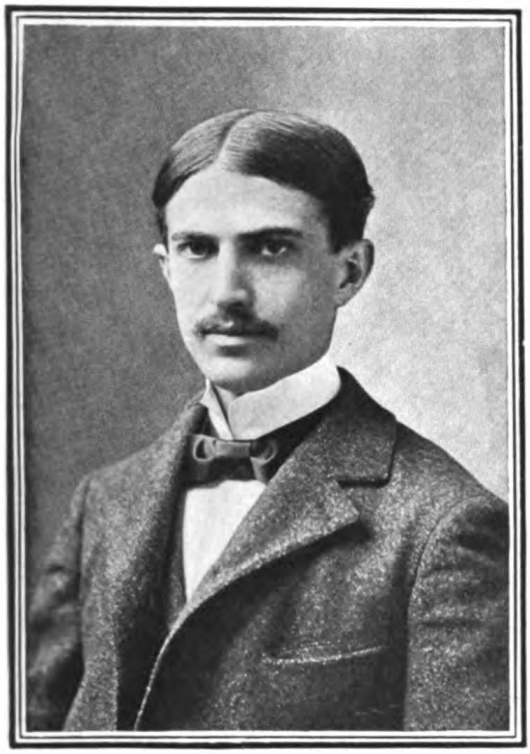
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parison was preferable to that of the correspondents who followed the fleet. Their days and nights were spent in dirty tugboats, tossing and turning in heavy seas. They were sick for sleep, wet to the skin, and sometimes seasick as well. The crews of their boats were always in a state of active or threatened mutiny, and they were engaged in constant struggles with censors, cable companies, and the authorities of the different ports. John R. Spears, of *Scribner's* and the New York *Sun*, Harry S. Brown, of the *Herald*, Walter Howard, of the *Journal*, and Charles H. Diehl are perhaps the four men who most successfully battled with the waves, eluded the cannon balls from the warships, and overcame the difficulties which the censors and the officials of the cable companies placed in the way of their duty. It is impossible to give too much credit to the men who manned the press-boats. They were not able to take anything for granted, and soon learned that they could depend upon no one save themselves. They were forced to learn navigation, geography, diplomacy, and finance. In time each man knew just how many motions of the wheel would carry his tug to Jamaica, how much coal was needed to feed her fires, and how much his crew would drink before they would scramble on deck and demand an increase of wages before deserting in a body. He was captain, engineer, supercargo, and deck hand. With a salary of forty dollars a week, he was responsible for thousands of dollars. One cable alone to the New York *Herald* cost five thousand dollars. He had also to pay for boat hire, port dues, and salaries. These many responsibilities were carried by young men who were, for the most part, under thirty years of age, who had previously never been farther from New York city than Coney Island, and with an experience as executives which was limited to guessing at the insurance on a fire and reporting Dr. Depew's speeches. Yet with all these duties pressing upon them they were forced to sit in a choking cabin and write accurate and dramatic pictures of bombardments, engagements with shore batteries, and races after blockade-runners, while the cabin table was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the cabin lamp swung in complete somersaults. Their reward was a hastily scribbled cablegram of congratulation from the "chief," or a precise and detailed message of instruction from the same source, which, if followed, would have left the paper without news. There is apparently nothing which the "chief" in the home office finds so difficult to comprehend as the fact that the man on the spot must be a better judge of what is needed there than any one else, no mat-

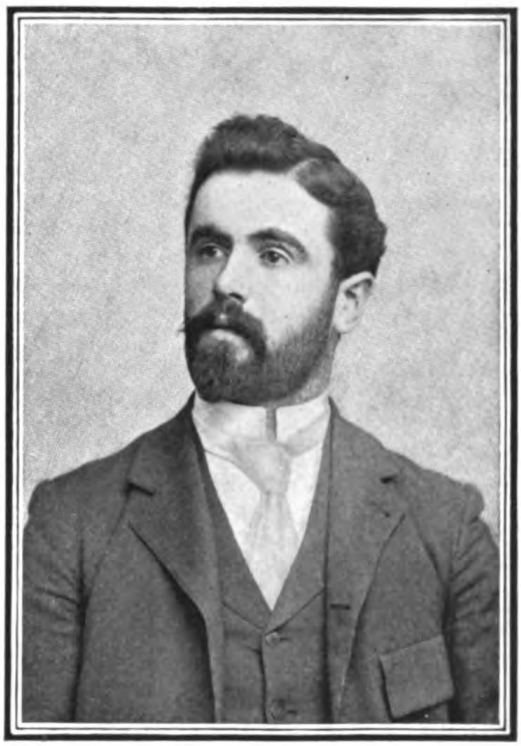


JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

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STEPHEN CRANE.



FRANK P. COLLINS.

ter how clever he may be, two thousand miles away.

The great proportion of correspondents sent home ill was out of all proper relation to their numbers. One reason for this was that too many of them selected to live at Siboney, and made their headquarters in the former huts of the Cubans. These huts were little better than ill-kept dog-kennels, and reeked with fever, which, with the lack of proper food and the hot sun, incapacitated over thirty of the newspaper representatives. It is also true that almost all of the other correspondents who were at the front suffered from fever; in fact, I know of but one or two who escaped it. With but few exceptions, the employers at home made but little effort to preserve the health of their correspondents in the field, which they might easily have done by forwarding them food, tents, and clothing by the press-boats from Jamaica. An occasional cablegram of congratulation, while gratifying to the pride, is not so effective a preventive against fever as quinine or a rubber "poncho." One of the best known of the correspondents, who was on the firing-line at Guantanamo, Guasimas, and San Juan, was sent home, desperately ill with fever, in the same clothes he had been forced to wear for three weeks. He had forded streams in them, slept on the bare ground in them, and sweated in them from the heat and from fever, and when he reached Fortress Monroe he bought himself a complete new outfit at the modest expenditure of twenty-four dollars. For this his paper refused to pay. This was the same paper that discharged Sylvester Scovel for telling the truth about the Seventy-first New York Volunteers and for returning a blow.

The correspondents who suffered from wounds were four in number—Edward Marshall, who was shot through the body near the spine, and who, after he had been told he could not live, wrote his despatch to his paper as he lay bleeding on his blanket; James Whigham; James F. J. Archibald; and James Creelman. Archibald was one of the "fighting" correspondents, who rendered as effective service as many of the junior officers. He was attached to the First Regiment, and was in command of a squad of men at the time of the landing of the *Gussie* ex-

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pedition. He was shot through the arm at that time, and was the only man wounded.

There has been no attempt made in this article to describe the acts of every correspondent who acquitted himself well, and there were many whose work was as conspicuous as that of those mentioned here; but what has been said of one is deserved by nearly all. The "water-front" correspondents, as those were called who remained at Siboney, were perhaps the only men who did not perform their whole duty. At that place, thirteen miles from the "side lines," it was impossible, obviously, to obtain any knowledge of the operations of the army, except as it was carried to the rear by stragglers or by the wounded, who were in no fit mental condition to give an accurate account of what had occurred. But the information furnished by these men formed the basis for the news sent out by "water-front" correspondents, and owing to the fact that they were thirteen miles nearer the press-boats than the correspondents with the army, their alarming and visionary accounts were usually the first to reach the American people. This was not only unfair to the reading public, but to the men who were gathering the facts at the front at some personal risk and with some hardships. When the despatches of these latter, which were complete and accurate, reached Jamaica, the wires were already choked with the premature and sensational stories of their less adventurous brothers. It was an instance of "he who is first shall be last." Of the men, besides those already mentioned, who acquitted themselves most notably, and who in the event of another war would be of the first value to any newspaper, are Millard of the *Herald*, Root and Armstrong of the *Sun*, Henry Roberts of the *Eagle*, and John F. Bass, of *Harper's Weekly*. C. E. Akers, of the London *Times*, Phil Robinson, and Seppings Wright were easily the most able and distinguished among the English correspondents. Among the artists and photographers, Frederic Remington, Wilson of the *Herald*, Christy, Floyd Campbell, Dinwiddie, Burton, and James Hare are of the greatest prominence. These are the men to whom the public owe a debt of gratitude. They kept the American people informed of what their countrymen—their brothers, fathers, and friends—were doing at the front. They cared for the soldiers when they were wounded, and, as Americans, helped Americans against a common enemy by reconnoitring, scouting, and fighting. They had no uniform to protect them; they were under sentence to be shot as spies if captured by the Spaniards, and they were bound, not by an oath as were the soldiers, but merely by a sense of duty to a newspaper, and by a natural desire to be of service to their countrymen in any way that offered.



JOHN F. BASS.

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"Peach's friend was forcing his way out."

# THE BROTHER OF "CHUCK" McGANN.

## A STORY OF THE SLUMS.

BY HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

I.

IT was the darkest day of many dark and uncompromising days in the life of poor little "Peach" McGann. The day before, the paternal McGann had "risen up early in the morning to follow after strong drink," and had caught up with it promptly in a levee saloon not far from his room in the Ashley building—the largest, dirtiest, and most densely populated tenement-house in all St. Louis. He had not confined himself, however, to any particular kind of drink, but had followed it broadly, as an institution, taking in impartially every "sample-room" within reasonable distance, the result being that only force of habit at last guided his uncertain footsteps up the dark and winding stairway, and deposited him upon his squalid pallet in the corner of his room.

Peach had come in about twelve o'clock that night, but showed no surprise at finding his father snoring stertorously in a drunken slumber. He would have been more surprised if it had not been so. He hung his coat and hat on a nail, kicked off his shoes, and laid himself down upon a few old horse-blankets, as near the open window as possible, for it was April, and the weather springlike. But he did not go immediately to sleep, as was his wont; he was too excited. Peach had had an experience. He had been down on the route of the Broadway theatres, "macing"—that is, begging assistance from the outcoming theatre-goers, especial attention being given to gentlemen accompanied by ladies. And it chanced that just as the crowds poured out, the rain of a sudden shower poured down, and few had carriages—fewer, umbrellas. Peach saw a chance to make a few nickels. He pushed his way into

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the lobby, and selecting his man with a practised eye, he tugged at his sleeve. "Shall I get y' a cab?" he asked, as the man looked down. "I kin run up to 'Ate Street and have her here in no time; it 'll take half an hour t' get one if y' telephone."

The man thought a minute. "Yes; go ahead," he said, "but get me a good one."

"Wait here," answered Peach, pushing vigorously out to the sidewalk and darting around the corner. He had gone but half a block before he met a hack of something better than the average cab-stand appearance, rattling down the street. He hailed it, and piloted it to the theatre entrance. The cabman pushed in ahead of several private carriages, which should have had precedence, but dared not run the risk of losing a wheel.

"Here, pull out of there!" yelled the burly policeman on guard, rapping the nearest horse on the nose with his club.

"Jist a minute," screamed Peach, who had opened the cab door; "our load's comin' now." Peach's friend was forcing his way out of the entrance, with a lady following closely in his wake. The lady entered the carriage hurriedly. The man put one foot on the step, and at the same time put both hands in his pockets. With one of them he brought out something and handed it to Peach; then stooping, he entered the carriage and slammed the door.

Peach made a sudden surprised movement, and involuntarily extended his hand toward the open window. "A gold piece!" he gasped.

The gentleman looked out and hesitated. Evidently he had thought it was a quarter, and evidently he had no other small change. The carriage was moving off, and the rain still fell in torrents. "Just keep it," he called to Peach, "for being honest," and then he smiled, and said something to the lady, and raising the window, disappeared.

Peach stood for a moment as if thunderstruck. Then, with his gold piece tight in his dirty little fist, and his fist down deep in his trousers pocket, he walked away as fast as his sturdy, not too straight, little legs would carry him. A few minutes later, by the brilliant light of a show-window, when there seemed but few people passing, he examined his treasure again. It was a five-dollar gold piece, more than he had ever dreamed of possessing at any one time. He had once found a dollar on the street, and had brought it home in triumph, but his brother "Chuck" had promptly taken it away from him, and lost it in the "Red Onion" saloon, playing "whiskey poker." The memory of this had been to Peach an ever-recurring source of regret, such as is common to all of us. In fancy he had spent that dollar time and again, until really the sum of its purchasing power had been something quite astonishing. But now he had five times as much. A fortune! A veritable fortune! His next step required deliberation.

To be sure, poor Chuck was no longer at home. He was "doing time" in the penitentiary for "pushing a front"—that is, for breaking the glass of a jeweller's window, in the hope of being able to grab something valuable and get away. And as for the old man, Peach had a supreme contempt for him. "Jest d' same," Peach said to himself, "I ain't goin' to take no chanct, and d' first t'ing t' do is to make sure dis coin ain't phoney." It had come to him, with a sudden chill at his heart, that perhaps this money was counterfeit, for how could any one, no matter how rich, afford to give away five dollars? It wasn't reasonable. Still, the gentleman had palpably hesitated before deciding not to take it back, and had told him to keep it for being honest.

Peach smiled to himself rather guiltily at this thought, and he tried to decide with himself whether his action in telling his friend of his mistake had been anything more than the result of his sudden surprise. He could not make up his mind; but he felt himself forced to admit that the fact of his having been honest would have been very poor consolation had the gentleman afterwards substituted a dime or a quarter for the gold piece. As it was, however, he had the double advantage of virtue, which is its own reward, and of money, which was the reward of virtue

"Well, I'll go and git somethin' to eat, anyhow," he said to himself, after a moment's further cogitation.

It had always been the dream of his life to sit down at a table in a restaurant and have a "nigger" wait on him, and now there was nothing to hinder his doing so.

He turned on to Broadway and lingered before a brightly lighted chop-

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house. Finally he walked a block or two farther and looked furtively at the swinging doors of another. But it was of no use; he hadn't the courage to enter. Once he went so far as to look in, but at that his resolution deserted him. "Naw," he said, backing hastily out; "I'll go up to Ole Jimmie's, and get some chicken and coffee and a doughnut."

"Ole Jimmie" was to be found in a little stand on a corner not far from the Ashley building. A couple of flaring gasoline torches discovered to the passer-by a tempting array of wienerwurst, cold chicken, cold ham, and sandwiches. And here, standing up at the greasy counter, Peach filled his little stomach to repletion. "Ole Jimmie" changed his gold piece without vouchsafing more than a grunt of surprise, and Peach, with his silver deep in his pocket, lighted a cigarette and wended his homeward way, at peace with himself and all the world.

As we have said before, it was some time before Peach was able to fall asleep. His plans for the morrow monopolized his mind, to the exclusion of the drowsy god. He thought with shame of his weakness in the matter of the restaurant, but he decided, as he lay there, that with the new shoes and hat and shirt and tie he purposed getting in the morning, and with his hair cut and lots of bay-rum and nice smelling hair-oil on it, he wouldn't be afraid to walk into the Planters' Hotel and order dinner. And so, at last, he fell into a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

At early dawn the paternal McGann awoke with a thirst—an unquenchable thirst. "As the hart panteth after the water-brook," so panted his throat for cooling streams. And he arose and sought the broken pitcher which stood on the shelf in the corner, and drained to the dregs the lukewarm solution therein contained, known as Mississippi water, but without relief. Then it came to his mind that the one thing of all things to be desired upon earth was a long glass full of soda-water and plenty of cracked ice; the more so because he knew it to be unobtainable, he having neither money nor credit. Yet he searched his clothes in the thought that perchance one dime had escaped the fate of all the others during his debauch. A futile hope; he was "stony-broke." "Shure I must have been dhrinkin' betwane dhrinks yisterday," he muttered, "wid not a cint lift to show for the wages of three days' wurrk. It's the idiot I am!" and he stood disconsolately rubbing his scrubby red beard in vacant meditation. Was there anything in the room he could raise a dime on? Evidently not. He knew it before he asked himself the question. This was a frequent experience, still—Ah! what was that? He looked down at Peach, who, though still asleep, had just sought a new position of comfort by slowly turning from his right side to his left, and, alas, in doing so the silver in his pocket had given forth a perceptible "chink." Here, then, was the solution of the problem. Peach had money. Peach was his. Ergo, Peach's money was his. Still, he thought it best to employ some strategy in coming by his own. He tiptoed uncertainly, therefore, toward the sleeping boy, and kneeling beside him, he gradually inserted a trembling hand as far into the exposed little pocket as it would easily go. Then with a sudden forcible movement he went to the bottom, and closing his fist about the coin, sought to draw it forth. But in this he miscalculated. His closed fist was larger than the pocket entrance, and he should have had to open it again, in any event, to withdraw it; but added to this, the instant Peach felt his touch he was wide awake and struggling desperately. He doubled himself around the hand, and clung to the arm in such a way that it was impossible for his father to shake himself free even had he wanted to, and they scuffled furiously.

Peach was only fourteen, and was small for his age, but he was wiry, and "game" as a pebble. Chuck McGann had been a pugilist of no mean local fame, and from the time little Peach had first been able to "put up his dukes" he had been under his brother's careful instruction (excepting such times, of course, as Chuck was unavoidably detained elsewhere). During most of his life Chuck had been employed at some one of the Broadway sales-stables, and Peach had early shown a natural aptitude for riding and driving horses. During auction sales Chuck's boss had been wont to dress Peach up as a jockey, and have him ride the horses up and down before prospective purchasers. Peach had never been known to flinch before the wildest or most vicious horse, nor had he ever feared to tackle any other boy who was willing

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to fight, of whatever size; but in his present struggle the odds were too greatly against him for him to have even the slightest hope of coming off the victor. Still, as he would have put it, he "gave the old man a run for his money." For a while the elder McGann had taken the thing good-naturedly, but when Peach, suddenly letting go of his father's arm, fetched him a vicious upper cut with his right on the end of his bulbous nose, he decided that all the humor had vanished from the situation, and grabbing Peach by the hair, he banged his head against the floor until the boy lay still and white. Then turning his pockets inside out, he transferred the silver that had been in them to his own, and wiping from his eyes the tears which the blow on the nose had caused involuntarily to flow, he stumbled hurriedly out into the hall and down the crooked, dirty stairs into the street.

II.

For full half an hour Peach lay as one dead. Then with a sudden spasmodic movement he raised himself to a sitting posture, and clapped his hand to his pocket, only to find it inside out and his money gone. Then he burst into tears. He was weak and faint from the blows he had received, or he would never have allowed himself that indulgence. Tears he abhorred as a certain indication of a "yellow streak" in any one. So, as quickly as he could he gathered himself together and struggled to his feet. But his head still swam so dizzily that he was obliged to sit down for a while before he dared to attempt the descent of the stairs. As he gazed disconsolately about the room his eyes caught the glint of a bright new dime lying near the scene of the struggle. At any other time he would have pounced upon it in triumph; now he viewed it with scornful indifference. His loss had been too great for such a trifling sum to bring him the slightest solace. Nevertheless, before he went out he condescended to pick it up—it meant breakfast and car fare down town, and as such it was not to be despised. With his hat tipped far down on to his nose, he shuffled slowly over to "Ole Jimmie's," and spent a nickel of his dime for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Then he sought a smooth-worn wooden bench outside of one of the stables hard by, where he was known, and lighting a cigarette, he sat in the warm sunshine, smoking meditatively.

"De McGanns is stric'ly on de hog," he vouchsafed at last, in an audible murmur. It is probable that to the world at large this remark conveys but little meaning, except by inference, but to the initiated nothing could be more intensely expressive. As he sat there his mind had gone back to the days of his earliest recollections, when his mother was alive and his father sober and they lived in a respectable part of town; when they had clean beds, and carpets on the floor, and ate at a table three times a day. Then, as of a hurrying panorama, there passed before his mental vision the different steps of their downward trend toward their present and final degradation—his mother's death, the hard times, and inability of his father to get any work (McGann was a mason and bricklayer by trade). Then came the auction sale of their little effects, and new quarters in a boarding-house; his brother Chuck's first arrest, and afterwards his father's periodical debauches; their change to a meaner boarding-house, and finally from that to the Ashley building. He remembered how the meals began to grow uncertain, and how from uncertainty it came to be tacitly understood that "whoso ate in that family dined out." And since Chuck's disappearance things had gone even worse than before. Everything of the value of a nickel was sacrificed to the demon rum, until, as Peach said, "the family McGann was strictly on the 'hog,'" a statement which, with this explanation, we trust now conveys to our readers a luminous meaning.

"Well," continued Peach to himself, after a moment's silence, "dere's one t'ing sure, after dis I passes de ole man up if I hast t' sleep on de pavement. Now de nex' t'ing is t' get a hold of some coin—and how am I goin' t' do it? Le's see. Dis is Saturday. First I'll make de rounds of all de stables and try to get a job. And den I'll go down town and mace de gang as dey comes from de matinee. To-morrow I'll start in going to de Bethel Mission school again—dese clo'es is purty near fallin' off'n me." These plans matured, he arose and started leisurely in upon their fulfilment.

Regarding the Mission School, it must be explained that some months before Peach had gone there ragged and dirty,

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and had been assigned to the class of a certain young lady, who had taken sufficient interest in him to clean him up and clothe him anew. He had allowed his membership to lapse, however, because the superintendent had led him from the room by the ear, consequent upon his having thrashed a classmate during Sunday-school hours for maintaining that Samson could have licked Fitzsimmons.

As to Sunday-school, Peach had never been able to reason it out, but he felt convinced that in some vague way he was doing these well-dressed people a favor when he attended—a favor of which these few little presents of clothes, and other things, were simply an evidence of reciprocal balance. For their being there, spending their time and money for the single purpose of doing *him* good, was a one-sided theory which found no footing in his philosophy. It will be seen, therefore, that his remark about starting in again was made in good faith, and was not the result of a purely calculating spirit, as it would seem at first blush.

It was growing well on to six that afternoon as Peach wandered aimlessly up and down Olive Street in the vicinity of Broadway. Success had dodged him at every point, and now he found himself penniless, hungry, and foot-sore, while his head throbbed dully with a feverish pain. The loss of his money more than ever began to weigh upon him, until altogether his heart with bitterness was full to overflowing. In an alleyway hard by, as he passed, some newsboys were playing at "chuck-penny"—gambling. Peach sauntered in and watched them. A slight, fair-haired boy with one leg and a crutch also stood there watching them. From a strap on his shoulder there hung at his side a bag for newspapers. It was empty now. He had sold out his afternoon's supply, and was idly watching the game for a moment before going home. With the biggest boy of the lot Fortune seemed to be dealing hardly; he scarcely ever won. When at last his money was gone he played upon credit until the boys refused to play with him any longer, whereupon he cursed them blasphemously, and suddenly turned to the youth with the crutch.

"Say, Larry," he said, "lemme a quarter--quick."

"I can't, Tug," was the reply. "I 'ain't got it to spare."

"Spare me neck!" answered Tug. "You got money to burn. Lemme a quarter: I'm just gittin' right."

"I tell you I can't," replied Larry; "and what's more, I ain't goin' to," he added, resolutely. "You owe me the dollar now that I lent you two months ago and you've never paid. I think that's enough."

Tug looked at him evilly, and drew nearer. "Come, dig up a quarter," he said, in a low tone between his set teeth, "or I'll go through your clothes and take away all you've got."

Larry glanced quickly and anxiously about him. The boys were intent upon their game. But Peach stood not far away, and was evidently listening to the dialogue. Though a stranger, Peach's look gave the newsboy courage. He suddenly braced himself against the wall, and grasping his crutch by the lower end, swung it back in readiness to strike, "Now you touch me," he exclaimed. excitedly, "and I'll hit you with this over the head."

Tug laughed his contempt. With a dexterous movement he grabbed the crutch and threw the poor little cripple to the ground. The boys ceased their game and quickly circled about the two, all shouting at once: "Get off of him, Tug!" "Ah-h, leave him alone!" "Hit him, Larry! That's right! Hit him!"

Poor Larry struggled desperately to defend himself, but Tug soon held the two slender wrists in one of his hands and began to worm the other into the boy's trousers pocket. But suddenly there was a movement in the crowd. A lithe little figure pushed into the ring and a strong little arm shot out from this swift-moving body, catching Tug just under the ear, the result being that Tug, wholly unprepared, fell over, completely knocked out for the moment; while Peach, for it was he, still stood in a posture of defence, lest peradventure Tug might have some henchmen among the boys who would take up the quarrel; but this was a needless precaution. They were all simply wild with delight. Tug arose to his feet in a dazed sort of way, and, with an oath on his lips, made a sudden and bull-like rush at Peach, swinging both arms wildly as he came. But Peach, with a clever movement to the side, evaded him, and turning, hit him again under the ear as he passed. Evidently

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this time Tug was satisfied, for he kept on his way, and amidst the jeers of his whilom companions slunk off down the alley, and quickly disappeared at the farther end.

Peach smiled. "I wouldn't 'a' hit 'im, fellers, when he was down," he said, apologetically, "only he was such a big 'dub' that I didn't want to take no chanst, and I'm all out of form meself to-day 'count o' dis;" and turning round, Peach took off his hat and exhibited to his wondering admirers the angry-looking bumps on the back of his head. There were various exclamations of pity and surprise, but all agreed that Peach had done just right. "Except," said one, "de whole gang's sorry you didn't give it to him worse. Eh, fellers?" To which a "dat's right" went up in unanimous chorus. Then Larry, who had been brushing his clothes, came forward and began to thank Peach modestly; whereupon the other boys resumed their game and left the two alone.



"'NOW YOU TOUCH ME!' HE EXCLAIMED."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Larry, extending a hand, which Peach took awkwardly. "You helped me just in the nick o' time."

"Aw, dat's all right," interrupted Peach. "I was lookin' for trouble, anyhow, jest to work off some meanness. I'm feelin' dead sore all over to-day. Besides, I had de same t'ing happen to me dis mornin', 'cept no one came to help me. And when I saw dat big guy sittin' on you I sez to meself, 'Here's one of the times dis robbin' business don't go,' and I took and poked him over, dat's all."

Admiration beamed from Larry's eyes at the thought of so momentous a thing being made so light of. "You say you were robbed yourself this morning?" he asked, solicitously.

"Yes; me old man trun me down dis

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mornin' and touched me for four seventy-five."

"Your father!"

"Sure."

Larry thought a moment, with a look of painful surprise on his face. "Well, but how did you get those bumps, then?" he asked.

"Do you t'ink," demanded Peach, "dat I give up dat coin widout a scrap? Not on your mudder-in-law."

"Your father gave you those?" exclaimed Larry, horrified.

"Sure; but de old man was jagged, and he didn't know what he was doin'," answered Peach.

"Ain't you afraid to live with him?" questioned Larry, hesitatingly.

"Naw; but I made up me mind to-day to give him de frosty mitt. He's all right when he's sober, but dese days he's loaded all de time, an'—well, dere y' are."

"Is—is there just you and him?"

"Yes, and Chuck, me brudder, but he's—he's not in de city now."

"There's just me and my mother at home," said Larry. "Father died last year. My name is Larry Leigh. What's your name?"

"My name's Peach McGann—dat is, dey calls me Peach, dough my real name's Terrence."

Six o'clock boomed out from a neighboring clock, and the boys stopped to count it.

"Gee! I must hurry home," exclaimed Larry. "Where are you going now?"

"I don't know," said Peach. "I'm goin' somewhere to try and get somethin' to eat. I 'ain't eat nothin' since breakfast, 'cause I was broke."

In an instant Larry's hand was in his pocket. The boys were on Locust Street, now. "Here," he said, handing Peach a quarter, "take this." Peach pocketed it. "Or, better still," continued Larry, "say, where are you going to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know," answered Peach.

"Well, I want you to go home with me," said Larry.

Peach demurred. "I wish you would," pleaded Larry. "You can have supper with us and stay all night, and I want you to see my mother. And another thing, I'm afraid maybe Tug will follow me and beat me if he sees you leave me; maybe he's watching us now." This was decisive, as Larry had hoped it would be. The two boys boarded a west-bound car and rode far out into the suburbs, past the Fair Grounds, until they came to a certain little street, where, with Larry leading the way down a narrow plank walk, they finally came to a bit of a house where a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman stood smiling a welcome at them from the porch.

"Mother," said Larry, after she had kissed him, turning to Peach, "this is Terrence McGann. He knocked a boy off of me and licked him good, that had me down and was going to take my money away from me."

"Larry!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, but don't worry, mother; it's nothing; he didn't hurt me. Is supper ready?"

"Yes, quite ready. Hurry and wash up. I'll put it on the table. I know you are both as hungry as can be."

Up in Larry's room, under a generous application of soap and water, with the supplementary aid of a brush and comb, Peach improved his appearance greatly, and added a corresponding quota to his self-respect. At table Mrs. Leigh made him feel at home, and he thought he had never tasted anything so heavenly as the small hot soda biscuits she brought in from the kitchen from time to time. They had cake, too, and preserves, and Peach fairly revelled in his happiness. After supper Mrs. Leigh did up her work, while the boys sat out on the porch and talked. She afterwards joined them, and in the softening twilight Peach, with a little encouragement, told her all his story. She made no comment except, when he had finished, to lay her delicate hand on his head and sigh, "Poor boy!" Then they went inside, Mrs. Leigh read a chapter in the Bible, and after that, all kneeling, she offered up an earnest, comprehensive prayer in such a tone of simple trustfulness as showed she knew her God to be near and listening.

III.

Two weeks passed by and Peach still found himself a welcome inmate of the Leigh household. He and Larry were up each morning betimes, Larry selling papers, and Peach doing any odd job he could turn his hand to. And Fortune seemed at last to be smiling upon him, so



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much so that he was able to give to Mrs. Leigh, at the end of both weeks, enough to fully cover the small additional expense of his board and lodging. He was quick to see others' necessity and take advantage of it. And whether it was to hold a horse or carry a bag, he was "Johnny on the spot," as he expressed it. One day he made two dollars and a half guiding a couple of strangers from Texas about the city. This was his banner day. He had ridden in a carriage with them, and had had a great deal that was good to eat besides.

Two days later Mr. Barney Schaeffer, horse-owner, book-maker, and gentleman gambler, while standing on a downtown corner at noon, glanced down and beheld the ubiquitous Peach looking up at him with a deprecatory but most insinuating smile of recognition. Now it chanced that Barney was feeling in more than his usual good spirits that day. He had slept well and eaten well, the weather was perfect, and the day before two of his horses had won at the Fair Grounds race-track, to his great delight, and to a large increase in the size of what he was pleased to term his "bank-roll." He therefore smiled at Peach in return, and asked him what he could do for him.

"Nothin'," said Peach, "only you're de ge'man dat give me dat five-dollar gold piece. Remember?"

"At the theatre?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, I remember."

Peach did not know what more to say. He had been so delighted at seeing his liberal friend again that he craved his recognition, and his heart was swelling with pride as he stood there talking. But here was a very embarrassing halt in the conversation. "Well," he said, finally, for lack of something better, "I got touched for it nearly all de very next mornin'."

"You did?" laughed Barney. "Who touched you?"

"Me ole man."

"That was tough," said Barney; "but you don't expect me to give you another, do you?"

"No," laughed Peach, "but I wish you could get me a job somewheres, some steady work."

"What can you do?" asked Barney.

"'Most anyt'ing. I know more about horses dan anyt'ing else—'cept fightin'."

"Fighting!"

"Yes; I'm purty good, if I do say it meself; but den dat's nothin'! You know Chuck McGann? He's me brudder." This, to Peach, was a simple but wholly sufficient explanation.

"What kind of horses are you talking about?" asked Barney.

"Oh, any ole horses," said Peach. "I ben workin' and ridin' up at de Broadway stables, but lately dey 'ain't had nothin' for me t' do."

Barney showed a suddenly increasing interest. "Are you the kid," he asked, "that used to ride up there at Wolfert's, dressed as a jockey?"

"Sure," said Peach, his freckled little face all wrinkled up with a smile of delight. "Did y' ever see me?"

"Yes," said Barney, "I saw you once up there, and recollect telling myself at the time that you'd make a good jockey if you didn't get heavy. What do you weigh now?"

"'Bout ninety-five pounds."

"Well, say, you get on the car with me and come out to the track. I want to see you ride. I think I can give you a job as stable-boy, and perhaps I can work it to give you a 'mount' once in a while."

To say that Peach was delighted is to give but a feeble idea of the state of his feelings.

He proved his ability as a rider to the satisfaction of his new employer, and went conscientiously to work to learn the numerous other duties required of him. A dollar a day was promised him as wages, and the second week of his employment he was given a couple of "mounts," for which he received five dollars extra.

The horses he had ridden had merely been put in for exercise, so, as yet, Peach had not won any races. But, as Barney Schaeffer said, "he showed himself to be a good judge of pace, and got all out of a horse there was in him; besides which, he knew when to 'break,' and generally 'showed' in front on the start."

This praise from Barney, it may be believed, did not tend to increase Peach's popularity with Robb—Barney's regular jockey. In fact, he and Peach had never been friends from the first. Robb, though considered "the cleverest jock at the track," was drunken, dissolute, and evil-minded. He made much money, but was

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constantly in debt; for, as soon as he made it, he spent it in gambling or some other form of dissipation.

Peach, on the other hand, had early promised Mrs. Leigh not to bet or gamble: and although at times the temptation was strong when he felt that some certain horse would surely win, he manfully stuck to his promise, and brought home to Mrs. Leigh the money he made each week and insisted upon her taking it and using it. "It's all in de family, so what's de diff'rence?" he said, when she at first refused. So, with tears in her eyes, the poor woman took it, but kept an accurate account of it all, saying to herself, as a balm to her conscience, that she hoped some time to be able to make it good to him.

Peach had not come to this, however, without a severe mental struggle. He loved the idea of having money of his own, and he loved the things that money would buy. He also wondered whether he ought not to hunt up his father and endeavor to help him. But when he came home at night and saw the look of mingled anxiety and patient suffering on Mrs. Leigh's face, when he saw his friend Larry, the only boy who had ever been kind to him, toiling uncomplainingly to earn a few coppers and practising every self-denial, the thought of what he owed to them, and what and where he might have been without them, banished every selfish instinct, and left him the warm-hearted, generous little Irish boy that he was.

On the evening of which we speak the two boys sat up talking long after Mrs. Leigh had retired. "Peach," Larry had begun, "if we only had three hundred dollars, we wouldn't need to worry any more."

"Why not make it a t'ousand?" said Peach. "It's just as easy."

"No, no fooling," said Larry. "I've got a scheme."

"What is it?" asked Peach.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Larry. "You know that new building that's just been finished on Olive Street? Well, there'll be hundreds of offices in it, and in the lobby there's going to be room for a news and cigar stand. Now I know the manager. He's a friend and customer of mine—pays me a nickel for a paper every night. Well, he told me the best offer they had for the privilege was fifty dollars a month, and that I could take it at that if I could get money enough to pay the rent in advance and buy a good stock. We could clear a hundred dollars a month, I know, just as easy as anything, if we could only get the money. I've got to let him know by the day after to-morrow."

Peach chewed a straw in silence.

"What do you think?" said Larry.

"I t'ink it's all right," said Peach; "but we 'ain't got de coin."

This seemed to be a lamentable fact, and though they whispered together for an hour devising ways and means, they could not get away from Peach's original view of the question; and at last they went to bed, excited but quite disheartened.

The next morning early, Peach was surprised in the midst of his duties at "the quarters" by Mr. Schaeffer. "I came out to see the old gelding work, boys," he said. "How's he looking this morning, Murphy?" he continued, turning to the trainer.

"He's fit as a fiddle, Mr. Schaeffer," answered Murphy.

"Well, he's entered to-day in the stake race, and I think we've got a good chance to pull down the purse. Take him around, Peach, while I hold the watch on him; forty-two will win the money."

Nero, a big, handsome, vicious brute, was led forth; and Peach, perched atop of him, sped around the track.

"Forty-four in an exercise gallop," laughed Barney, as Peach passed under the wire. "Why, Murphy, we've got that purse already spent!"

"I'd feel safer," said Murphy, "if it was seven-eighths instead of a mile. He's a sulky dog, and he quits when any one passes him. Robb's got to get away first, and hold the lead from start to finish, to win."

"He can do it," said Barney. "Juliette's the mare he's got to beat, if any one, except, perhaps, Phroso. He can break their hearts in the first three-quarters, and Robb knows how to save a horse for a finish."

Just then Robb appeared, looking tousled, red-eyed, and sallow. Barney chaffed him a moment, and then becoming serious, talked with him long and earnestly about the forth-coming race.

"Well, Murphy," Peach heard him say later, "I think here's a 'soft spot.' I'm

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going to give orders to hold Nero out in our book to-day, hunch the odds on Juliette and Phroso, and give the public all they want. I'll either be broke to-night or have money to sell," and Barney went off whistling. Murphy pursed his lips after the Irish fashion, and looking after him, shook his head, but said nothing.

It chanced that afternoon that Peach, having nothing to do for a while, went out into the paddock and stood leaning over the rail, awaiting the coming race, and thinking how, with but fifty dollars to bet on Nero, he could win enough to complete Larry's cherished scheme; for Barney had just been down to see that all was right, and Peach had heard him say that Nero was selling at 6 to 1. As he stood there he suddenly caught a glimpse of Robb and a stranger sneaking cautiously behind some sheds near the stables. Instantly his suspicions were aroused. He guessed that they were making for the "quarters," and, darting across the track, he entered the stable door and jumped into the huge feed-box, cautiously lowering the lid in time to save himself from being discovered by the two as they entered.

"Now hurry," he heard Robb say; "I 'ain't got a minute."

"Well, there's nothing to do but this: we want to stop Nero, and let Phroso win," said the stranger.

"What's in it for me?" asked Robb.

"Here's a ticket on Phroso that calls for two hundred and fifty. It's yours if he wins."

"How about Juliette?"

"She'll have a bucket of cold water in her before she starts. Her trainer's fixed."

"Barney's playing Nero. I hate to 'throw' him."

"He's 'nutty.' I don't believe you could win with Nero if you tried; but we don't want to take no chances. We're betting three thousand dollars on Phroso in Louisville and Chicago."

"Well, it goes," said Robb. "Gimme the ticket."

"Get him off bad, and he's beat," said the stranger.

"He's a 'dead one,'" said Robb; "don't worry. Good-by," and the stranger hurried out.

Peach raised the lid a few inches and peered cautiously out. Robb was on his knees before a small trunk, which he was trying to unlock. Peach was thankful to see that his back was toward him. He jumped to the floor. "Gimme dat ticket," he demanded, as Robb quickly arose and faced him.

"What ticket?" asked Robb.

"Dat ticket," said Peach, pointing to the hand which Robb held half behind him.

"I like your face," said Robb. "Go on and get out of here, will you?"

"I'll get out of here when you give me dat ticket, or tear it up, and not before."

Robb was very much rattled. He quickly perceived that he was in a bad box. If he were to lose for Barney now, he knew that Peach would tell the whole story, and probably have him ruled off the turf. But if he won for him, he knew he would make some very vindictive enemies, and lose besides the two hundred and fifty dollars, which he sorely needed. Peach, upon his part, had reasoned it out that his best move was to secure that ticket, and so remove, as far as it was possible, any incentive for Robb to "throw the race." There was neither time nor opportunity for him to go clear up to the betting-ring for Barney. Already the signal had sounded for "saddling," and the horses would soon be due at the post. He thought of calling Murphy into his confidence—but he dared not let Robb out of his sight. In fact, it seemed to him that his position was a most trying one, and the outlook for his generous employer's success was gloomy in the extreme. But he determined to do what he could, and so continued stubbornly at his post.

"You don't understand this thing at all," said Robb.

"I understand it all right," said Peach.

"Well, how much do you want to keep your face closed, then?" asked Robb. "I'll give you half—" But he got no further. Peach no sooner caught the drift of his insulting remark than, with anger blazing in his eyes, he jumped forward and struck him squarely across the mouth. And here began the fight of his life. Robb, though slight, was taller, older, and heavier than Peach, and was also mad through and through. The room was small, and Robb's superior reach gave him an immense advantage. There was no attempt upon either side to

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be scientific; it was simply a "mix-up." They struggled desperately about the room with varying fortunes, until at last Peach received a cruel blow over the temple which nearly floored him. He staggered back against the feed-box, and Robb came on full of confidence, when Peach, with a final, sudden, and superhuman effort, launched a terrific blow straight at his face. It caught Robb on the end of his chin, and he fell as though struck by lightning.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Peach, earnestly, and picking up the ticket which Robb had dropped, he hurried forth to hunt up Murphy. He had not far to go, for he met that worthy, full of wrath, on his way to "the quarters" to know why Robb was late. Peach told him the story, and exhibited the pool-ticket in evidence. Murphy confined himself to expletives muttered under his breath. They found Robb sitting up, but looking pale. He turned his back and refused to speak to them. "Come, Peach," said Murphy, "get on your togs; I guess you'll have to ride for us, now. I'll run up and see Barney and the judges. Hurry up to the weighing-stand as soon as you're dressed. Everything depends on you."

It seemed but a moment to Peach before he found himself on Nero, lined up before the starter, manœuvring with four other boys to get off best when the flag dropped.

Murphy had seen Barney, and notified the judges of the change, which was immediately posted. Barney's face had grown hard and white when Murphy told him what had happened. "I'm in pretty deep," he said, "and it's too late now to hedge. But go ahead. Peach may win out for me at that. I'll stay here as long as there is any betting, and round out my book as well as I can."

"Go right out, Peach, and run the rest of them off their legs in the first three quarters," had been Murphy's parting instructions.

Now the flag dropped, and Peach on Nero was trailing last. He had a desperate chance to get through at the first turn, but did not take it, whereat Murphy, down by the fence, threw up his hands in despair. And Barney, watching the race from a stand in the betting-ring, coolly lighted a cigar, and remarked to his helpers, "I guess it's all over." Still, with the fascination which always attends such spectacles, he watched the gracefully moving figures in the distance, and before they had reached the half-mile post he began to take heart again. The field-glasses showed Peach sitting far forward in the saddle, and his horse running under a double wrap. He was now in fourth place. Juliette and Phroso, in the lead, were running together at a killing pace. At the three-quarter pole Juliette threw it up and fell back behind Nero. "I thought so," said Peach to himself. In Peach's mind there was just one idea —"forty-two will win." He knew at the rate they were going he could easily bring Nero under the wire inside of that time. He had originally intended to carry out Murphy's instructions, but having unfortunately gotten off last, he was forced to plan a new campaign. Letting out a wrap on Nero, he settled down to ride. As they swung into the stretch he took the rail and drew ahead of the second horse. Only Phroso was now left to be beaten, but Phroso was full three lengths in the lead. In vain Peach looked for a sign of her faltering—the jockey had not even drawn his whip. Peach ground his teeth. "Now or never," he said, and digging his spurs into Nero, he rode for all that was in him. The horse responded electrically, and in half the length of the stretch they shortened the gap until Nero's nose was at Phroso's saddle girth, and there he hung. Phroso's jockey was whipping now at every jump. Peach was sitting low in his saddle, and riding like a demon. "If Nero sulks, I'm gone," he thought; but Nero still ran true and kindly. Again Peach began to draw slowly ahead, and the two horses passed the grand stand neck and neck. Once more Peach dug his spurs into Nero's sides, and under the very wire he fairly lifted him in, a nose in the lead. Even then Peach was not sure he had won, until, coming back, he espied Murphy running to meet him, radiant with delight. "We win!" exclaimed Murphy; "forty-one and a half." Peach smiled, and rode on up to the judges' stand.

Barney stood just outside of the weigher's box, and as Peach came out he picked him up and embraced him in sight of every one. That night, when the races were over, Barney found him at "the quarters" rubbing down Nero. "Peach," he said, simply, "the luckiest thing I ever



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AFTER THE RACE.

did was to give you that gold piece." Peach kept at his work.

"Nobody ever rode a prettier race than you did this afternoon."

"T'anks," said Peach.

"You saved me more than I like to tell you, but I'll say this. I stood to go broke."

"I'm glad I could win for you," answered Peach, "but—"

"Yes, I know what the 'but' is. Here's a present for you, and I never gave one more cheerfully. Go and buy the newsstand. Your little friend Larry told me all about it this forenoon. I met him downtown." Peach extended his hand, and Barney counted into it five one hundred dollar bills. Peach's eyes grew as large as saucers. Then, with one hand to the ground, he turned a somersault, after which he gave a yell of delight which startled every horse in the stable.

"Peach," said Barney, just before they parted that night to go their several ways, "there's one thing more I'd like to know."

"What is it?" asked Peach.

"It's how a little sawed-off, hammered-down kid like you had the nerve to tackle a fellow like Robb; and, what's more, how you knocked him out."

Peach's car was coming, but he stopped and turned a moment as he stepped into the street. "Dat's easy," he replied, "but I t'ought I told you once before." There was pride in his voice, but his face showed a tinge of sorrow. "You know Chuck McGann? Well, he's me brudder. Good-night."

Peach boarded his car and was whisked away, but Barney stood there lighting a cigar, and wondering what his direct obligations were to Chuck, whom he did *not* know, for his vicarious assistance.

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# THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

BY HORACE KEPHART.

ON the 14th of June, 1775, the Continental Congress, facing actual war, resolved "that six companies of expert riflemen be immediately raised in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, and two in Virginia. . . . That each company, as soon as completed, march and join the army near Boston, and be there employed as light infantry." These riflemen were the first troops ever levied on this continent by authority of a central representative government. On the following day George Washington was appointed commander-in-chief. Such was the origin of the American army.

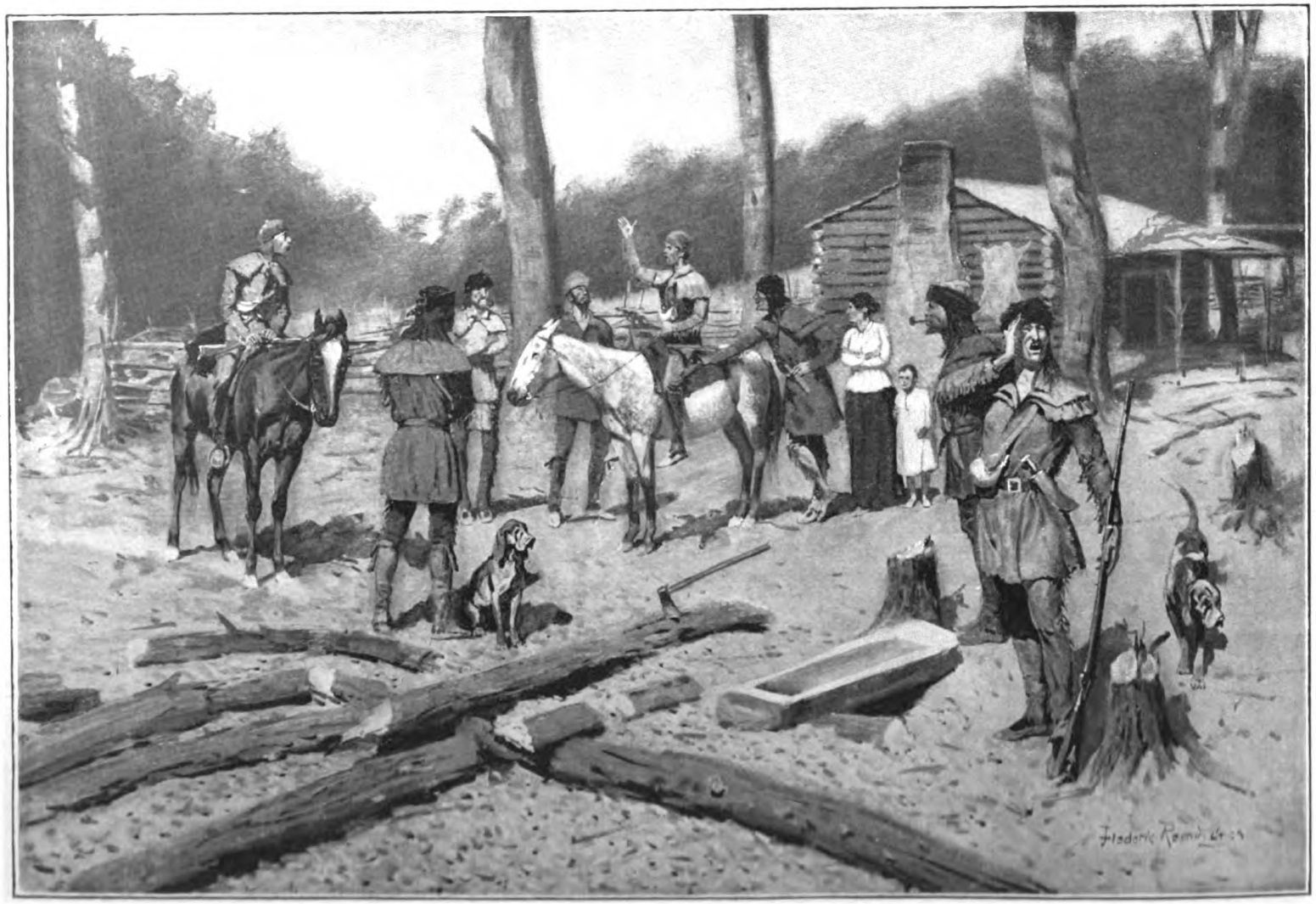
The rifle, at this time, was a weapon unknown to New England, and unused in the eastern districts of the other colonies. The infantry arm of the period was a smooth-bore musket, called "Brown Bess" by English soldiers, and "Queen's arm" by the Americans. It was very inaccurate, and of short range. When Putnam gave the command at Bunker Hill, "Wait till you see the white of their eyes," he did so because the muskets and shot-guns with which his men were armed could not be relied upon to hit a man at a much greater distance. The rifle had been introduced into Pennsylvania about 1700 by Swiss and Palatine immigrants, and was made by them at various border towns in that colony twenty or thirty years before the Revolution. Our frontiersmen, appreciating the superior accuracy of the grooved barrel, adopted the rifle at once, and improved upon the German model with such ingenuity that within a few years they had produced a new type of fire-arm, superior to all others, the American backwoods rifle. At the outbreak of our war for independence the rifle was used only in two widely separated parts of the earth—in central Europe, and along the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. So the call of Congress for riflemen was, in fact, a call for the backwoodsmen of the Alleghanies. When hostilities were so imminent (Gage was already penned up in Boston, and Bunker Hill was but three days off), why did Congress send so far and wide for scattered woodsmen, when the seaboard towns were alive with men eager to serve? John Adams wrote to Gerry, after the resolution had passed, "These are said to be all exquisite marksmen, and by means of the excellence of their firelocks, as well as their skill in the use of them, to send sure destruction to great distances." It was plain enough that a corps of such sharpshooters, hardy, indomitable, experienced in forest war, would be the right material to meet British regulars.

There seems to have been another and a deeper motive which impelled Congress at this critical hour to hazard the delay of sending for the mountaineers. As yet there had been no actual rupture between England and the colonies. Far-seeing men were urging the country to defend its birthright; but would the people follow? The feeling of loyalty to Great Britain was still strong among the influential classes—so strong that, only two days before this call for riflemen was issued, Congress itself had been constrained to appeal to the twelve colonies that they observe a common fast-day in recognition of King George III. as their rightful sovereign, and enjoining them to look to God for a reconciliation with the parent state. Most of our colonists lived within shipping distance of tide-water, and had periodical communication with England. They depended upon the mother-country for a market, and for most of the luxuries of life. Ties of kindred were kept alive by mails and newspapers, as well as by personal contact with visitors from abroad. Blood had been spilled, it was true, but only in a few skirmishes, which history might dismiss as riots. The colonies were still separated by petty jealousies and local pride. Cavalier mocked at Puritan, and Knickerbocker mistrusted both. When the supreme moment arrived, would these discordant elements act together, would Virginia strike hands with Massachusetts, would Pennsylvania forget her quarrels with Connecticut and Maryland? Granting that war was inevitable, it was, above all else, essential that this continental army should have a nucleus which was not provincial, but American.

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"COURIERS CARRIED THIS APPEAL THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY."

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The call for riflemen reveals a subtler policy than appears on the surface — a policy no doubt suggested by the only man in Congress who knew the backwoodsmen like a brother, who had marched with them, camped with them, fought side by side with them—by Washington himself. This frontier folk remembered no father-land but the wilderness they trod. Procuring everything they needed from the forest with their own hands, they asked nothing from civilization, and were never in debt. Unschooled in worldly arts, indifferent to wealth, judging all men by personal merit, practising the open-handed generosity of primitive manhood, theirs was a true democracy.

The men of the border were not unprepared for a call to arms. The first formal threat of armed rebellion against Great Britain had come from the Pennsylvania frontier. On the 13th of May, 1774, a town meeting had been held in Boston, at which an appeal was issued "to all the sister colonies, inviting a universal suspension of exports and imports, promising to suffer for America with becoming fortitude, confessing that singly they might find their trial too severe, and entreating not to be left to suffer alone, when the very being of every colony, considered as a free people, depended upon the event." Couriers carried this appeal throughout the country. In the cities there was hesitancy or refusal. As a class, the gentry and men of property, when not outspoken tories, were fearful of turbulence or of commercial loss, and could not be induced to take what they considered a reckless leap into the dark. As Dickinson said in Philadelphia, when Paul Revere brought the entreaty of Boston: "They will have time enough to die. Let them give the other provinces time to think and resolve. If they expect to drag them by their own violence into mad measures, they will be left to perish by themselves, despised by their enemies, and almost detested by their friends." But wherever public affairs were directed by the farmers and tradesmen and mechanics, there was but one response, courteous towards England, but firm against encroachments; and when the appeal of stricken Massachusetts reached the log cabins of the Alleghanies, our backwoodsmen asked for no time to think and resolve. Little indeed it mattered to them whether tea was a shilling a pound or a guinea a pound; they never drank it. No personal considerations bound these Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania-German borderers to the men of New England. But like a slap in the face came the news that American manhood was insulted. Liberty to these woodsmen was the breath of life.

On the 4th of June, 1774, the inhabitants of little Hanover, then in Lancaster County, on the frontier of Pennsylvania, met to express their sentiments, and it was unanimously resolved:

1st. That the recent action of the Parliament of Great Britain is iniquitous and oppressive.

2d. That it is the bounden duty of the people to oppose every measure which tends to deprive them of their just prerogatives.

3d. That in a closer union of the colonies lies the safeguard of the liberties of the people.

4th. That in the event of Great Britain attempting to force unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms, our cause we leave to Heaven and our rifles.

No smooth, conciliatory phrases here. The rifles were ready. The riflemen would bare their heads to no lord but the Lord of Gideon. This was ten months before Patrick Henry arose in the Virginia convention and declared plainly: "We must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left to us."

From Pennsylvania to South Carolina the backwoodsmen were of one mind, and spoke it forthright, anticipating by months the Declaration of Independence.

The readiness of the backwoodsmen to take up arms was in striking contrast to the state of military affairs along the coast. Massachusetts had scarce a dozen serviceable cannon, and for half of these there was no ammunition. In the whole colony of New York there were only a hundred pounds of powder for sale. The men who hastily assembled at Cambridge, after the affair at Lexington, were enthusiastic but unruly. Commissions had been granted to everybody who, through local influence or prestige as a civilian, could raise a company or a regiment. The first general selected by Massachusetts was too infirm to ride a horse. The vitally important duties of arming, equipping, and sustaining the army were intrusted to merchants and professional men who had no adequate conception of



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the requirements, and whose labor, though zealous and well-meaning, was one long series of blunders. When war broke out, no provision had been made for arming, feeding, clothing, or paying the volunteers, or caring for the sick and wounded. For lack of tents, the men made dugouts and lean-tos. Many of the soldiers had to return home for the bare necessities of life. When Washington made ready to press the siege of Boston and provoke a general engagement, he found that, owing to a mistake of the committee of supplies, the whole amount of powder in camp would barely furnish nine cartridges per man. Time which should have been spent in preparation had been wasted in discussion, or devoted to fasting and prayer.

But the men of the wilderness were always ready. Over every cabin door hung a well-made rifle, correctly sighted, and bright within from frequent wiping and oiling. Beside it were tomahawk and knife, a horn of good powder, and a pouch containing bullets, patches, spare flints, steel, tinder, whetstone, oil and tow for cleaning the rifle. A hunting-shirt, moccasins, and a blanket were near at hand. In case of alarm, the backwoodsman seized these things, put a few pounds of rockahominy and jerked venison into his wallet, and in five minutes was ready. It mattered not whether two men or two thousand were needed for war, they could assemble in a night, armed, accoutred, and provisioned for a campaign.

As soon as a pioneer boy was big enough to level a rifle, he was given powder and ball to shoot squirrels. After a little practice he was required to bring in as many squirrels as he had received charges, under penalty of a severe lecture, or even of having his jacket "tanned." At the age of twelve the boy became a fort soldier, with loop-hole assigned him from which to fight when the settlers rallied against an Indian foray. Growing older, he became a hunter of deer, elk, buffalo, and bear, skilled in trailing and in utilizing cover, capable of enduring long marches through trackless mountain forests. At night he was content to curl up in a single blanket beside a small fire, and sleep under the roof of heaven. If it rained, in a few minutes he built him a lodge of bark or boughs, with no implement but his one-pound tomahawk. Incessant war with the Indians taught him to be his own general, to be ever on the alert, to keep his head and shoot straight under fire. Pitted against an enemy who gave no quarter, but tortured the living and scalped the dead, he became himself a stanch fighter who never surrendered. The wilderness bred men of iron, and probably contained a greater number of expert riflemen than could now be mustered in all America. It was the pick of these for which Congress asked.

But the west had wars of its own to fight. The Indians, finding that the great barrier chain of the Alleghanies was no longer impregnable to the white invaders, grew desperate, and fought with redoubled fury. Moreover, one of the first acts of the British government, after the Revolution began, was to incite the savages to attack the colonies in the rear. White renegades and ne'er-do-wells who had found refuge in the wilderness turned tory, and preyed upon the industrious settlers. Every man along the border was really needed at home, to help form a rear-guard of the Revolution. Yet, with characteristic generosity, riflemen were spared. The first men who marched to assist New England in her sore need were the pioneers of the great west.

Congress passed its resolution creating a corps of these sharpshooters on the 14th of June, 1775. Couriers on relays of swift horses carried the news to the various county committees on the frontier, who were empowered to commission officers for the purpose. The committees acted at once. The officers despatched their scouts to summon the men. On the 18th of July the first company of riflemen, Nagel's Berks County "Dutchmen," arrived at Cambridge, and within less than sixty days from the date of the resolution of Congress 1430 backwoodsmen, instead of the 810 required, had been raised, equipped by themselves, and had joined the army before Boston, after marching from four to seven hundred miles over difficult roads—all without a farthing being advanced by the Continental treasury.

Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who fain would have been spared the duty of discriminating. One of these officers, beset by a much greater number of applicants than his instructions permitted him to enroll, and being unwilling to offend any, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackened board

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the figure of a man's nose, and placing this at such a distance that none but experts could hope to hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only those who shot nearest to the mark. Sixty-odd hit the nose. On hearing of this incident, the Virginia *Gazette* exclaimed, "General Gage, take care of *your* nose!"

On the 22d of June, Congress directed Pennsylvania to raise two more companies, making a total of eight from that colony; but on the 11th of July it was informed that Lancaster County had raised two companies instead of one, and accordingly the nine companies from Pennsylvania were formed into a battalion under Colonel William Thompson, of Carlisle, and were mustered into the Continental service. The men were enlisted as follows: two companies from Cumberland County, two from Lancaster, and one each from York, Northumberland, Bedford, Berks, and Northampton. The limits of these counties were more extensive then than now, taking in nearly all of western Pennsylvania. Many of the officers of this battalion afterwards rose to distinction. Colonel Thompson was promoted to brigadier-general in the following year. He was succeeded by his lieutenant-colonel, Edward Hand, of Lancaster, who, after brilliant conduct at Long Island and Trenton, became brigadier-general, and subsequently major-general. Major Robert Magaw, of Carlisle, became colonel of the Fifth Pennsylvania Battalion. Captain James Chambers became lieutenant-colonel of the rifles; and the captain of the other Cumberland company, the brave William Hendricks, was killed in the assault on Quebec.

The frontiersmen of Maryland and Virginia were equally prompt. Both of the Maryland companies were enlisted from Frederick County. One of them was commanded by Thomas Price, who rose to the rank of colonel, and whose first lieutenant, Otho Holland Williams, became a brigadier-general. The other Maryland company was led by Michael Cresap, a famous border warrior, whom Jefferson wrongly accused of killing the Indian chief Logan, "the friend of the white man." Cresap was ill when his commission reached him, but calling his clerk, he mounted the lad on a fast horse and sent him across the mountains to summon the woodsmen. His old comrades responded to a man, and Cresap, though stricken with a mortal ailment, led them to Cambridge, dying soon after. Of one of the Virginia companies, under Captain Erisson, nothing is known; but the other was a host in itself, being commanded by the lion-hearted Daniel Morgan, now only a raw frontiersman, but destined to become one of the most brilliant generals of the war, and a personal favorite with Washington. Morgan had just returned from Dunmore's Indian war when the news came of the passage of the Boston port bill. "We had beaten the Indians," he says, "brought them to order, and confirmed a treaty of peace; and on our return home, at the mouth of the river Hockhockin, we were informed of hostilities being offered to our brethren the people of Boston. We, as an army victorious, formed ourselves into a society, pledging our words of honor to each other to assist our brethren in Boston, in case hostilities should commence, which did on the 19th of April ensuing, at Lexington." It took Morgan but a few days to raise ninety-six expert marksmen. General Custis says: "When Morgan cried, with his martial inspiration, 'Come, boys, who's for the camp before Cambridge?' the mountaineers turned out to a man."

About two-thirds of the riflemen were of Scotch-Irish descent, and nearly all of the remainder were "Pennsylvania Dutchmen"—that is to say, of Swiss or Palatine origin. Many of the Marylanders and Virginians were immigrants from western Pennsylvania. The famous rifle corps which Morgan afterwards formed from marksmen picked from the whole army is usually referred to as "Morgan's Virginians," but, as a matter of fact, two-thirds of them were Pennsylvanians, including a considerable number of Pennsylvania Germans. One of the latter, a Mr. Lauk, who was with Morgan from the beginning to the end of the war, was the last survivor of the corps. Once, when Morgan was asked which race of those composing the American armies made the best soldiers, he replied: "As for the fighting part of the matter, the men of all races are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of a good soldier, give me the 'Dutchman'—he starves well."

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At Fredericktown, Maryland, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the men of Cresap's company gave exhibitions of their astonishing skill with the rifle. After shooting by turns at a piece of paper the size of a dollar, nailed on a blackened board sixty yards distant, and generally hitting it or shooting very near it, they varied the amusement by shooting in a prone position, from their breasts, sides, or backs, and by running a short distance and then firing, to show that they were equally certain of their aim when manœuvring as in battle. Finally one of two brothers took a piece of board, only five inches broad and seven inches long, with a similar piece of paper centred on it for a bull's-eye, and held the board in his hand while the other brother shot through the paper. Positions were then reversed, and the second brother held the board. The spectators were more astonished than pleased at this performance, when, to their horror, one of the men placed the bit of board between his thighs, and supporting it thus, stood smilingly erect while his brother shot eight bullets successively through the board. This shooting was done offhand, at a distance said to have been "upwards of sixty yards," though it was probably not over forty yards. The bystanders were assured that there were more than fifty men in the company who could perform the same feat, and that there was not one but could "plug nineteen bullets out of twenty within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail." To show the absolute confidence that they had in each other's marksmanship, some of the riflemen offered to stand with apples on their heads while others shot them off at a considerable distance; but the sensible townspeople refused to witness such foolhardiness.

The peculiar costume of the backwoodsmen attracted even more attention than their exhibitions of marksmanship. Its pattern was borrowed from the Indians. It consisted, first, of an ash-colored hunting-shirt of coarse linen or linsey-woolsey. Buckskin was worn in cool weather, but it was too hot for summer wear. The shirt had a double cape, and was fringed along the edges and seams. Upon its breast was the motto "Liberty or Death." Around the waist it was secured by a belt, usually of wampum, in which were thrust the ever-useful tomahawk and skinning-knife. Some of the men wore buckskin breeches; but others preferred leggings of the same material, reaching above the knees, and an Indian breech-clout, their thighs being left naked for suppleness in running. Captain Morgan himself wore the breech-clout during his fearful midwinter march through the Maine wilderness to Quebec, his bare thighs exposed to the elements and lacerated by thorns and brush. The rifleman's head-dress was a soft round hat with a feather in it. On his feet he wore buckskin moccasins ornamented with squaw-work in beads and stained porcupine quills. Shoulder-belts supported the canteen, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn. The officers were distinguished by crimson sashes worn over the shoulder and around the waist, their only insignia. Some of the officers disdained swords, preferring to carry rifles, like their men.

Colonel Roosevelt calls the hunting-shirt "the most picturesque and distinctively national dress ever worn in America." It was adopted by the backwoodsmen because it was loose, light, cheap, inconspicuous in the woods, and easy to wash. In 1758, when Washington was serving in the French war, he wrote from Fort Cumberland to Colonel Bouquet, recommending in the strongest terms that his men be permitted to wear the Indian dress. "If I were left to pursue my own inclinations," he said, "I would not only order the men to adopt the Indian dress, but cause the officers to do it also, and be the first to set the example myself. Nothing but the uncertainty of obtaining the general approbation causes me to hesitate a moment to leave my regimentals at this place, and proceed as light as any Indian in the woods." Bouquet adopted the suggestion at once. Several times in his correspondence Washington expressed his fondness for the backwoods garb, on account of its lightness and sufficiency without extra baggage. When called to command the American army at Cambridge, he recommended it for another reason. Writing to the President of Congress concerning the lack of clothing, he said: "I am of opinion that a number of hunting-shirts, not less than ten thousand, would in a great degree remove this difficulty in the cheapest and quickest manner. I know nothing in a speculative view more trivial, yet which, if put in practice, would have a happier ten-

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dency to unite the men and abolish those provincial distinctions that lead to jealousy and dissatisfaction." Mark well the latter phrase. The hunting-shirt was an emblem of liberty, which never in the history of man was worn by an enslaved people. It was distinctive. It meant, "We are Americans." And when Congress drew its first levies from the backwoods, it did not alone secure the services of the finest marksmen living. Something more was gained. It was the moral effect, upon the camp at Cambridge, of independence typified by flesh and blood, clad in American garb and wielding an American weapon.

Washington was a strict disciplinarian who observed military conventions whenever there was sufficient reason back of them; but he had a vein of hard commonsense as well, and nowhere did he show it more conspicuously than in discarding the heavy and galling harness of the military dandy and substituting for it the light, easy-fitting, workmanlike dress of the frontiersman. The British soldier was condemned to stagger under a burden fit only for an army mule. He wore a heavy, long-skirted red coat, which made the best possible target for the enemy. His tight-fitting breeches impeded every movement and checked the free circulation of the blood. His neck was bound in a high leather stock, which was actual torture to wear. Mr. Ross, the editor of the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, says that at Bunker Hill "the British moved to the attack in heavy marching order, with three days' provisions — altogether a weight of 125 pounds!"

The first lesson in woodcraft that the backwoods hunter learned was, "Go light." Every article in his scant outfit was cut down to the last practicable ounce—save only the barrel of his rifle. Finding that the Indian, who had reduced marching and camping to a science, could with ease outdistance any white man on a long journey, he studied the reason, and found it in the lightness of the red man's outfit and the remarkable skill with which he utilized nature's supply store. Adopting the Indian's dress and commissariat, the white hunter found himself equally agile and enduring. Citified people mistook this choice of dress for affectation, for a desire to appear bizarre. "It was the silly fashion of those times," says a contemporary writer, "for riflemen to ape the manners of savages." This is the remark of a tenderfoot. Ages of experience had taught the Indian his woodcraft, and no race of civilized men has yet succeeded in matching it. The skill which can make the best of all possible canoes with no material but a growing tree, and no implement but a crooked knife, is not to be despised. It has been said that only three human devices have ever reached perfection—the bow, the boomerang, and the violin. Of these the savage has invented two. For perfect adaptation of means to an end, it would be hard to find better examples than the Indian's moccasin and his rockahominy.

The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all foot-wear. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or to impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees, or passing with ease and security along dizzy trails on the mountainside where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in mud. In the North, when the mercury is far below zero and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the blood course freely. The perspiration may freeze on the hay in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry. The buckskin moccasin, Indian-tanned with deers' brains and wood smoke, always dries soft after a wetting. In autumn, when all the leaves and twigs are dry as tinder, a man wearing shoes makes a noise in the forest like a troop of cavalry; but in moccasins he can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. The feet are not bruised, for, after enjoying for a time the freedom of natural covering, these hitherto blundering members become like hands, and feel their way through the dark like those of a cat, avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. Best of all, the moccasin is light. Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high-topped laced boots with heavy soles and hobnails, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough wear. But these boots weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasins weigh only eleven ounces. In marching ten miles, a man wearing the clumsy boots

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lifts twenty tons more shoe-leather than if he wore moccasins.

Rockahominy is the most nourishing and digestible of all condensed foods. It is simply Indian corn parched to a light brown and then pounded or ground to a coarse powder. It is ground coarse enough to mix with water without getting pasty. A few ounces, generally about four, are stirred in a cup of water and drunk. The corn swells in the stomach, and the man is fed for five or six hours. Rockahominy will not mould or deteriorate in a moist climate, nor is it attacked by insects when carried in a thin muslin bag. Among the first white settlers of the wilderness it was known as "coal flour"; by the Mexicans it is called *pinole*. Our pioneers relied upon it as their sole provision, besides game killed, and made long campaigns on rockahominy alone when game was scarce or fear of Indians prevented hunting.

The backwoodsman had been quick to learn what it has taken centuries of hard knocks to hammer into the heads of military pundits, namely: that the men who can march hard and shoot straight will win; and that any rule or tool that interferes is criminal folly.

I dwell at some length upon this matter of equipment because it explains in great part the extraordinary feats of marching without pack-trains which were performed by our riflemen in the Revolution. After five years of campaigning, from Canada to the Carolinas, Morgan replied to General Greene's offer of wagons for transportation: "Wagons would be an impediment, whether we attempt to annoy the enemy or provide for our own safety. It is incompatible with the nature of light troops to be encumbered with luggage." We have noted the promptitude with which the riflemen were mustered and marched to Cambridge. Cresap made a phenomenal journey over difficult roads, leaving Frederick, Maryland, July 18, and arriving at the American camp on August 9, having covered 550 miles in twenty-two days; but this performance was in turn eclipsed by Morgan, who led his woodsmen, in bad weather, 600 miles, from Winchester, Virginia, to Cambridge, in twenty-one days.

When Washington, one day riding along his lines, saw the fringed hunting-shirts of the Virginians approaching, the reserve of his naturally undemonstrative nature broke down. "At the sight he stopped; the riflemen drew nearer, and their commander, stepping in front, made the military salute, exclaiming, 'General, from the right bank of the Potomac!' Washington dismounted, came to meet the battalion, and going down the line with both arms extended, shook hands with the riflemen one by one, tears rolling down his cheeks as he did so. He then mounted, saluted, and silently rode on."

The riflemen were at once employed as sharpshooters, and kept the enemy continually in hot water. Hitherto the British outposts had been safe enough within stone's-throw of the American lines, but they now found, to their cost, that it was almost certain death to expose their heads within two hundred yards of a rifleman. So frequent became the returns of officers, pickets, and artillerymen shot at long range that Edmund Burke exclaimed in Parliament, "Your officers are swept off by the rifles if they show their noses!" In the British camp the riflemen were called "shirt-tail men, with their cursed twisted guns; the most fatal widow-and-orphan makers in the world." Their presence was a godsend to the impoverished American army, as their fire was more effective than artillery, and consumed but a tithe of the powder.

In September three companies of the riflemen were ordered to join the expedition under Benedict Arnold which was to invade Canada. The harrowing details of that long march through the frozen wilderness are well known to readers of Revolutionary history. The riflemen formed the vanguard of the expedition, and stood the frightful hardships of the journey better than any of the other troops. Many of the New-Englanders, though better used to the climate, were daunted by the cold, starvation, and excessive toil, and deserted; but not a rifleman wavered. In the assault upon Quebec which followed, the sharpshooters alone succeeded in penetrating to the heart of the town. Had they been supported by the other troops, Quebec would probably have fallen. As it was, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, they fought desperately until further resistance would have meant massacre. The captives, including Morgan, were afterwards exchanged, and most of them reenlisted. The nine other companies which had been left at Boston remained

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there during the winter, and on the memorable 1st of January, 1776, were reorganized as the First Regiment of Foot of the Continental Army. The next spring Washington wrote to the President of Congress recommending that the riflemen, whose term would expire in July, should be induced to continue in the service. "They are indeed a very useful corps; but I need not mention this, as their importance is already well known to the Congress." A large number of them served throughout the war, winning distinction in nearly every important battle from Long Island to Yorktown.

These were by no means the only troops furnished by the backwoodsmen in our war for independence. The Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment (Colonel Samuel Miles), the Eleventh and Twelfth Pennsylvania Continental Line, several companies of other regiments from the same colony, Colonel Moses Rawlings's Maryland Riflemen, the Augusta Riflemen and others of Virginia, and several regiments from the Carolinas, were mustered mostly from the frontier. Pre-eminent among all these organizations was the famous corps of sharpshooters which Morgan selected from the best shots in the whole army. At Saratoga, the turning-point of the Revolution, the marksmanship of these latter riflemen virtually decided the battle. Several times during this engagement Colonel Morgan had noticed a noble-looking officer of the enemy, mounted upon a splendid gray horse, dashing from one end of the line to the other encouraging his troops. Morgan recognized the brave fellow as an officer whose conduct he had admired in the battle of the 19th of September. It was General Fraser, who was considered by the Americans a more skilful and dangerous leader than Burgoyne, and Morgan himself regarded the issue of the contest doubtful as long as Fraser remained in the saddle. Soon after the action commenced, General Arnold, who well knew Fraser's ability, sought out Morgan and said: "That officer upon the gray horse is a host in himself. He must be disposed of. Direct the attention of some of your sharpshooters to him." Morgan's generous instincts rebelled, but he saw the necessity of performing the cruel duty. "War," as Macaulay says, "is never lenient but where it is wanton." Selecting twelve of his best marksmen, he posted them in a suitable position, and pointing out the doomed warrior, said to his men, "He is a brave fellow, but he must die." Some of the riflemen climbed into trees to get better sight. Among them was Tim Murphy, a renowned scout from Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, who, by means of a double-barrelled rifle, then a novelty, had been uncommonly successful in the Indian wars. The shot was very difficult, for the distance was nearly a quarter of a mile, and the backwoods rifles had no elevating sights. The riflemen rested their long pieces on the forks of limbs and began firing. In a moment the crupper of the gray horse was cut by a bullet. Within the next minute another ball passed through the horse's mane a little back of his ears. An aide remarked to Fraser: "Sir, it is evident that you are marked out for particular aim. Would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger." The next instant a bullet from Murphy's rifle struck him through the body, and he was carried mortally wounded from the field.

The tactics of the backwoodsmen were essentially different from those practised by the best military authorities. It was the rule of war for troops to attack in solid formation, reserving their fire till at very close quarters. Bayonets were feared more than bullets. The standard infantry musket was very inaccurate, and had no rear sight. The musketry instructions simply required each soldier to point his weapon horizontally, brace himself for its vicious recoil, and pull the ten-pound trigger till the gun went off. The idea was that, by dropping so many bullets in a given time upon a certain area containing a given number of the enemy, so many men would probably be hit. But the backwoodsman was a hunter, who shot to kill. Attack in close order against such men was suicidal. The backwoodsman fought always as a skirmisher, taking advantage of every bit of available cover, exposing himself as little as possible, and directing his murderous aim chiefly against the enemy's officers, because the bravest troops are apt to lose heart and be stricken with panic when they see their leaders fall. The British regarded such tactics as "sneaking" and "cowardly." "Come out and fight in the

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open, like men," they would say. On this sentiment military history has long since passed verdict. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* The backwoodsmen were simply a century ahead of the times in their methods of war. The British themselves soon found it expedient to hire Indians and Hessian jägers to fight our sharpshooters, but neither of these mercenaries proved a match for the tall woodsmen of the Alleghanies.

There seem to have been but two Englishmen in the Revolution who were expert shots with the rifle. Both of them had learned to use and prefer this weapon while serving with German jägers in the Seven Years' War. Both commanded riflemen in the Revolution, and met our frontiersmen in battle. One of these was George Hanger, subsequently fourth Baron Coleraine, who commanded a Hessian jäger company, and rose to the rank of colonel. Hanger says in his book for sportsmen, published in 1814, that the best shots among the American backwoodsmen, shooting in good light when there was no wind blowing to deflect the bullet, could hit a man's head at 200 yards, or his body at 300 yards, with great certainty. As foreign rifles at that period could not be relied upon for accuracy at such distances, Hanger goes into great detail explaining the reasons for the American rifle's superiority, showing that he was a competent judge and a trustworthy witness. He tells how once, when he and General Tarleton were making a reconnoissance, an American rifleman got in position full 400 yards from them (Hanger paced the distance afterwards) and fired two deliberate shots at them. Hanger and the general were side by side on horseback, their knees almost touching, and a mounted orderly was directly in their rear. The first shot passed between the two officers, and the second killed the orderly's horse.

The other British rifleman was Major Patrick Ferguson, the inventor of a breech-loading rifle with which some of his men were armed. Ferguson commanded the British forces at King's Mountain, where he was attacked by the backwoodsmen from Tennessee. This was the first pitched battle in civilized war in which rifles were exclusively used by one of the contesting armies. The backwoodsmen carried by storm a position naturally more difficult than Bunker Hill or the heights of Fredericksburg. Ferguson was killed with 390 of his men, and lost 716 prisoners, while the American loss was but 28 killed and 60 wounded. The only other battle fought between sharpshooters on the one side and ordinary troops on the other is the battle of New Orleans, where the descendants of these same backwoodsmen, intrenched on an open plain, but outnumbered two to one by the pick of Wellington's veterans from the Peninsular war, killed 700 of the enemy, wounded 1400, and took 500 prisoners, while themselves losing but 8 men killed and 13 wounded.

We have seen that the backwoodsmen of the Alleghanies were the first to formally threaten armed resistance against Great Britain, the first outside colonists to assist New England, the first troops levied by an American Congress, the first to use weapons of precision, and the first to employ the open-order formation now universally prescribed. From the beginning to the end of the war these hardy pioneers were everywhere, doing the right thing at the right time, harassing the enemy, picking off officers and artillerymen at long range, stubbornly holding their own in the line of battle, advancing to some forlorn hope, covering a retreat to save the army from disaster, or disappearing like magic before a superior force, only to quickly reassemble for attack upon some unsuspecting outpost or detachment. Lithe, sinewy, and all-enduring, keen-eyed and nimble-footed, unencumbered with baggage, subsisting upon next to nothing, making prodigious marches over rough mountains or through an ice-clad wilderness, they were men of heroic mould, admired alike by friend and foe. Coming straight from the absolute freedom of a primeval forest, they appreciated the reasons for military discipline, and submitted to it without a murmur. Always cheerful and ready for any undertaking, they were regarded by Washington himself as the *corps d'élite* of the Continental Army. And in the darkest hour of the Revolution, when half the army was in open mutiny, the great commander, sick at heart but still indomitable, declared to his friends that if all others forsook him, he would retire to the backwoods and there make a final stand against Great Britain, surrounded by his old comrades of the wilderness.

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# A HISTORIC INSTITUTION.

## THE MANHATTAN COMPANY—1799-1899.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A LOVER of old New York, gazing out from one of the openings in that graceful but, alas, no longer towering spire of Trinity—surrounded as it now is by office buildings which frown majestically down upon it—that stands like a sentinel at the head of Wall Street, insisting always, even at the doors of Mammon, upon the God for whose worship it was ordained, and looking along the narrow and busy thoroughfare leading to the east, would find his emotions somewhat mixed by the contrasts the scene presents. Beneath him, buried in the church-yard, lies all that is mortal of the men and women who once made up the small community that through the passing of the years has developed into the great metropolis. Before him, still instinct with life, is the wonderful thoroughfare whose moods find their immediate reflection upon the prosperity of the land, and even of the world. Not that Wall Street is the primal cause of that prosperity, or of its reverse, but that it is the barometer which immediately registers the conditions of commerce, and either stimulates or enervates the public body to precisely the extent that its rising or its falling markets indicate the health or the sickness thereof. If he is familiar with the names and acts of those who lie at rest below him, certain portions of the scene before him will gather a new significance, and the ghosts that will rise up before his mind's eye will, when coupled with the tangible objects on the thoroughfare, teach him how well or ill the dead have builded. There will be found cut upon the moss-grown head-stones, more often than not scarcely legible to-day, names identified with disappointment and failure. And again, others will be found which are still cherished as among the wise founders of institutions which through the instrumentality of their wisdom have stood the test of years, and whose interests, wisely conserved by their successors, have passed beyond the vale of possible failure. Ours is no longer the land of the new. Those who regard its marvellous growth as the product of chance, and who delight in contrasting it with older lands, to the disadvantage of their own, betray a lamentable ignorance of the true causes of its growth. Thousands pass daily up and down the barometric strip called Wall Street oblivious of its romance—oblivious of the fact that if certain of its institutions could speak they could tell a tale of wondrous import; blind to the best that is there before them; ignorant of some of the chief factors in their civic development; seeing only its less worthy side, its mad struggle for selfish ends, and unhappily condemning the whole without regard for the splendid virtues which a very little trouble would make obvious to the most obtuse among them. They see the noble figure of Washington on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, and they flatter themselves that because they know that this man is called the father of his country, and was inaugurated as first President of these United States upon that very spot, they are familiar with the history of Wall Street before the present era of mad speculation—as they delight to call it—set in. They gaze upon the massive proportions of the Custom House, and have a vague idea that this building too is entitled to their respectful consideration for some reason or other. Even the history of old Trinity itself is to them a hazy something no doubt impressive, but "what a waste of valuable real estate that church-yard!" is the thought which is uppermost in their minds.

To such as these the story of an institution inseparably linked with the destinies of New York for a century past will have little interest. To others it will prove not wholly unimportant to note that on the second day of last month a historic institution, now become one of the most stable, celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its birth. Within a stone's-throw of the figure of Washington, on the same side of the street, rises the massive granite building of the Manhattan Company, in whose origin and early history



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lies much which to the mind of a lover of old New York is worthy to be recalled. To begin, the fight to obtain its charter involved one of the bitterest controversies known to the politics of the State of New York, and had for its champions on either side men no less conspicuous than Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. Burr attempted with more or less success to wrest from the Federalists the power which their control of the city banking institutions—the Bank of New York, chartered in 1791, and the branch of the United States Bank—had given them. It is perhaps not too much to say that the animosities engendered by the struggle ultimately cost Burr the Presidency; and the influence of Burr's embitterment on the life of Hamilton forms one of the blackest pages of our history.

The Manhattan Company was not conceived in candor. Its ostensible purpose was as harmless as the cooing of a dove, and involved merely the commendable desire of its promoters to furnish the citizens of New York city with good pure water—a purpose which, in these days of shrewd speculators and suspicious minds, could arouse no reasonable opposition even in the ranks of the rabid prohibitionists. That a city bearing a secondary name signifying "drunkenness" should be provided with a quality of water that a citizen might find to his taste is a proposition that only a madman would care to combat, and on the surface the intentions of its promoters were clearly of a philanthropic nature. But with a man like Aaron Burr behind an enterprise of this sort, certain clear-visioned persons found fault with the virtuous plan of its promoters, and called attention to the fact that the proposed charter was constructed upon so broad a plan that the institution might properly deal in water, and at the same time go into any other line of human endeavor recognized by the laws of the United States as proper for man to engage in. That interesting document known as the Charter of the Manhattan Company is about as general a license as a corporation undecided whether to operate a railway or form a cracker trust, to start a comic paper or open a department store, could possibly desire. Under its provisions Mr. Burr and his associates might expend their capital as they wished, and, had they chosen—as they did choose later—ignore the water business entirely, and possibly go into banking. And it was just here that the subtlety of the most wily politician this country has produced manifested itself. Had these water-purveying philanthropists applied to the Legislature for a charter for a bank pure and simple, the Legislature failing to recognize either their purity or their simplicity, being itself politically in opposition to the petitioners, the application would have been accorded short shrift. Burr was fully aware of this, and desiring to establish a bank, he asked to be permitted to incorporate a water company with comprehensive privileges, and in spite of a bitter contest, his plan seemed so very laudable and so extremely innocent that he put it through successfully. When the devil puts on the raiment of the monk he seems more convincing than the most ardent of fathers, and New York soon found itself provided with a very bad water service, and a bank that had a more considerable degree of strength than might have been expected in view of the trickery of its chief promoter.

In Parton's *History of New York* the difficulties which stood in Burr's way in acquiring a bank of his own are comprehensively set forth as follows:

"At the next session of the Legislature, 1799," Parton writes, "Colonel Burr obtained a signal advantage over the wealthy Federalists of the city. At that time there was, besides a branch of the Bank of the United States, but one banking institution in the city of New York, and that was controlled by Federalists, who, as the Republicans alleged, used their powers for the furtherance of the Federal cause. Both of these banks were, to a considerable degree, the creation of General Hamilton, and both were inclined to support and advance the author of their existence. The Republican merchants, it is said, had long been accustomed to see their Federal competitors 'accommodated' by the banks, while their own applications for aid were superciliously refused; and it was their cherished scheme to establish a bank which should be as complaisant towards them as the 'Bank of New York' was supposed to be to traders of the other party. But this was difficult. Besides a chronic prejudice against banks in the popular mind, they had to contend against a Federal majority in the Legislature, which alone could grant a charter. In these circumstances Colonel Burr, by an ingenious manœuvre, accomplished what by direct means could not have been done.

"The yellow fever had recently made dread-

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ful ravages in the city, and impressed upon the people the importance of securing a supply of better water than that furnished by the brackish wells in the lower part of the island. Burr availed himself of the state of public feeling. The Legislature was asked to charter the Manhattan Company, formed for the ostensible purpose of supplying the city with water, but the real object of which was to supply Republicans with the sinews of war. It was uncertain, the petitioners said, how much capital the proposed water-works would require, but as it was highly desirable not to risk failure by a deficiency of capital, they asked authority to raise two millions of dollars. In all probability, they added, this would be too much, and therefore they proposed to insert in the charter a provision that 'the surplus capital might be employed in any way not inconsistent with the law and Constitution of the United States, or of the State of New York.' The bill passed both Houses, as a matter of course, few members even so much as reading it, and none, except those who were in the secret, suspecting that 'Manhattan Company' meant 'Manhattan Bank.' Burr gained great applause among the leading Republicans for his adroitness in this affair, but he lost character with the people, and the act stands justly condemned in the records of the time.

"These are the naked facts of the affair; but there were palliating circumstances, besides the alleged misuse of the capital of the other bank. It was proposed in the select committee of the Senate to which the bill was referred to strike out the clause relating to the use of the surplus capital; whereupon a member of the committee applied to Colonel Burr for an explanation. Burr avowed the design of using the surplus capital to establish a bank, or an East India Company, or anything else the directors might choose, since merely furnishing a city of fifty thousand inhabitants with water would not remunerate the stockholders. The bill was afterwards referred to the Chief Justice of the State, who advised its rejection on account of the unlimited powers conferred by the surplus clause. Means were found, however, to overrule his objections, and Governor Jay signed the bill. Nevertheless, the great fact remains that in this business Colonel Burr sought one object under cover of another—a kind of political management which can never be commended, and seldom excused."

Mr. Parton continues, writing, it must be said, under insufficient information, by saying that whether any show was ever made of bringing in the water does not appear, but the bank was immediately established, and soon became an institution of the first importance. And though it was one of the engines of Burr's political destruction, yet, in after-years, when he was obscure and powerless, the Manhattan Bank, as I have been told, was not unmindful of the man to whom it owed its establishment, and showed him favors which it would not have granted to any other in his situation.

"The immediate effect of the Manhattan affair," he adds, "was injurious to the Republican party. In the spring of 1799, Burr was a candidate for re-election to the Assembly, but before the election occurred, the secret of the Manhattan Company escaped, and a prodigious clamor arose. The newspapers took up the story, and meetings denounced the dexterous manœuvre. The result was that Burr lost his election, and, what was worse, the whole Republican ticket was defeated, and the Republican cause, which before had been gaining ground, received an ominous check. This was the more serious from the fact that in twelve months more the Legislature was to be elected upon which would develop the duty of choosing presidential electors!"

There is no winking at the fact that the incorporation of the Manhattan Company was a shrewd move on the part of Burr to further his own political ambitions, and it is not impossible to believe that eventually it was the step upon which he tripped, for there is little reason to suppose that, once launched, the Manhattan Company, as a corporation, strove very effectively to insure the advancement of the politician whose schemes gave it birth. As a water company the Manhattan has no reason to be proud of its record. It promised originally to tap the supply of the Bronx, a river full of pure water—using the word river in the British sense, which thus dignifies any stream which an able-bodied man cannot jump across—and at that time full of a very fair quality of trout, a few of which still remain; a river which, in comparison with the Hudson, is no river at all, but whose sentimental significance has been such as to have its name given to one of the boroughs of the city which is now called Greater New York. The Manhattan Water Company never advanced its pipes, so far as one may discover from its records, to any point within ten miles of the Bronx, but it built a number of tanks which were fed from innumerable questionable sources. Its water record is distinctly unenviable, and one may flip-

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pantly aver that in this lies its strength as a financial institution. In the writings of certain well-thought-of historians we find the statement that a great deal of dissatisfaction existed with the water-supply as far back as 1837. Indeed, we find in the *Memorial History of the City of New York*, by James Grant Wilson, the following statement of conditions:

"'There is not perhaps in the Union,' says a book published in 1837, 'a city more destitute of the blessings of good water than New York.' The chief sources of water-supply at this time were the old 'Tea-water Pump'" (located at the northeast corner of Orange and Chatham streets); "the town pumps, which then garnished nearly every block; the Manhattan Company; and Knapp's Spring, which furnished the supply to the upper part of the city. The mains of the Manhattan Company were distributed through the lower part of the island, and its fluid, like the gas of more recent days, was dispensed for a price. The water from Knapp's Spring was carted about in hogsheads, and sold at a penny a gallon. The town pumps were free. All the water used in the city was, and had always been, drawn from the island itself. The earliest projected reservoir was to have been placed on Broadway, between Pearl and White streets, on lands purchased from the Van Cortlandts in 1774, but the Revolutionary struggle prevented its construction. For a number of years after the Revolution various plans for increasing the city's supply were suggested, but no unanimity of opinion seems to have prevailed, except upon the one theme of the impropriety of granting any exclusive water franchise to individuals or private companies. Even in those early days the purity of the water from the Collect and the city's wells was questioned by eminent physicians, many of whom thought that the Bronx River would be a more wholesome source of supply than the springs beneath the sands of the city, into which all manner of impurities percolated. The objection to private water franchises seems shortly to have vanished, for in 1799 Burr obtained from the Legislature the charter of the Manhattan Company. This company was incorporated ostensibly to furnish water, but in reality to do a banking business. The only banks previously chartered were controlled by Federalists' capital, and Burr's friends, who were largely Republican (*i. e.*, Democratic), could never have obtained a banking franchise from their political enemies had their designs been plainly announced. Under a clause shrewdly incorporated in its charter, permitting it to use its surplus capital in any enterprise not inconsistent with the laws of the State or of the Union, the Manhattan Company obtained full warrant for engaging in banking. But for many years it actually furnished the city's chief water-supply, pumping its waters from the Collect" (on the recent site of the Tombs), "or from its well at Cross and Duane streets, into hollow log pipes distributed underground through the lower portions of the town. The monopoly enjoyed by this company was not seriously disputed until after the close of the second war with England, when, with the extension of the city and the increase of its population, several new water companies were organized. The promoters of these incorporations were fertile in schemes; they had plans for obtaining water from the Rye Ponds, from the Housatonic River by an open canal, from Sharon, Connecticut, by the same means, and from artesian wells, which it was proposed to bore at different places in the city. Public sentiment, however, still insisted that water should be furnished by the city corporation, and that no privilege should be accorded to private capital. But practical obstacles, the rivalries of these companies, and the apathy of the people frustrated all efforts to increase the city's supply. Circumstances were soon to happen which would rudely awaken the city to the necessity of prompt and energetic action.

"In 1828 the city was visited by a disastrous fire, which consumed over six hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, and this calamity renewed interest in the efforts to give the city purer and more abundant water. Resolutions were presented at meetings of the Common Council, by which a committee was appointed to consider and report. The committee urged the construction of a well and reservoir at Thirteenth Street and the Bowery, the laying of iron pipes throughout the city, the erection of steam-pumps to force the water into the reservoir, and of hydrants at the various street corners. One reason which the committee sagaciously advanced for the laying of the pipes was that whenever the long-desired object of supplying the city with water for domestic purposes should be carried into effect, these same pipes would be found serviceable. The immediate purpose of their introduction was to furnish water for use at fires. The report was reluctantly approved by the City Council, the well and reservoir constructed, and the pipes laid.

"'From this feeble and economical beginning,' says Charles King in his *Memoir of the Aqueduct*, 'sprang our noble Croton Aqueduct: for the immense and immediate advantage in cases of fire derived from the reservoir impressed more vividly upon the public mind the far greater advantages that would result from having a river at command.' But these measures neither increased nor improved the supply for domestic and commercial uses, although from time to time fresh projects were broached —among others, for bringing the water from the Croton by open canal or pipes; for taking the waters of the Passaic above the Paterson Falls, and conveying them in pipes under the

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Hudson River. In all these progressive measures a worthy champion was found in the Board of Aldermen in Samuel Skrens, who was afterward a member of the first board of water commissioners. In January, 1821, he urged that a memorial should be presented to the Legislature asking a repeal of the privileges of the Manhattan Company, the vesting of all power for supplying water in the corporation of the city, and authority to the corporation to raise by loan a sum not exceeding two millions of dollars for introducing a supply of pure, wholesome water. Investigations made about this time by eminent chemists and physicians emphasized the need of prompt measures. A report was presented to the Board of Aldermen from the Lyceum of Natural History, prepared, it was assumed, by Dr. De Kay. This report set forth with startling clearness the menace to the city's health from the continued use of water impregnated with the discharges entering into the soil. In the most populous neighborhoods, and in the vicinity of the numerous graveyards which were then scattered through the town, the water was found by tests to be dangerously impure. The graveyards communicated 'a ropy appearance to the water,' and in warm weather the water itself was found to become offensive in a few hours. The noted coolness of the pump waters, then so highly prized by the community, might disguise these impurities, but could not eliminate the noxious elements. Until within the last few years the water on the elevated ground in Broadway was considered to be the best in the city, but in the progress of improvement this had become more and more unpalatable. 'Indeed,' continues the writer of the report, 'we know of families living above Broom Street, in Broadway, who are now supplied throughout the year by water-carts from the country; and in the direction of Laurens Street, we have been informed that this foreign supply is required still further to the north of Broom Street. In the sand bank underlying the city are daily deposited quantities of excrementious matter to an extent, were it not susceptible of demonstration, which would be assumed to be incredible.

"'If,' continues the report, 'the above facts be well founded, we must naturally anticipate a deterioration of our water with the increase of the city.'. The report, in closing, expressed in terse but strong language the conviction that no adequate supply of good or wholesome water could be obtained on the island for the wants of a growing community like New York. In the face of such startling facts, confirmed by various other analyses, the subject could not be abandoned. These analyses demonstrated the futility of all efforts to secure a pure or copious supply from the springs of the island. But the advocates of economy at once sought less expensive sources than the Croton River. Various projects were discussed within and outside of the City Council, and the idea of utilizing the Bronx River was again urged with great persistency."

In any event, the Manhattan Company had outlived its usefulness as a water company.

Whatever the duplicity of its chief promoters in securing their charter arising from the exigencies of politics, or whatever the corporation's shortcomings as a purveyor of water to the thirsty citizens of New York, the Manhattan Company's record as a banking institution has, with the possible exception of a single decade of its existence, been one of steady progress and prosperity. Reference to its archives as reduced to their essence by the writer of a short article on the bank, published in the New York *Journal of Commerce* in 1894, shows that the first directors of the Manhattan Company were Daniel Ludlow, John Watts, John B. Church, Brockholst Livingston, William Edgar, William Laight, Paschal N. Smith, Samuel Osgood, John Stevens, John Broome, John B. Coles, and Aaron Burr, and Richard Harrison, Recorder, ex officio. The original capital of $500,000 was increased to $1,000,000 in 1800. By October, 1801, another $1,000,000 was added to the capital of the company, and the stock was then in such demand that it sold at a premium of 28 per cent.—in those days a condition of affairs that may be set down as extraordinary. A supplement to the Act of Incorporation was passed in 1808, authorizing the company to sell or to lease to the corporation of the city of New York their real estate and water privileges, and in that case to employ their whole capital as they would their surplus capital. The duration of the original charter was unlimited, but the act of 1808 provided that the charter of the bank should cease thirty years from the date of said sale or lease to the corporation of New York; and the act also provided that the State should be entitled to subscribe for $50,000 of the stock, which was accordingly done, and the capital then became $2,050,000. The imperfect character of the water-works, and the insufficient supply and inferior quality of the water furnished by the company, offered no inducements to the city to purchase the water rights of the Manhattan, and the city accordingly never availed itself of its opportunity. In addition to their banking operations and the construction

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of water-works, the company in the early stage of its existence sought to introduce the business of insuring lives, but the novelty of life-insurance in this country at that time prevented the business from going into operation, and this scheme was soon abandoned as unprofitable. The water-works of the company were begun in 1799, and at the close of 1801, pipes, consisting of bored logs, had been laid within the city for twenty miles, supplying about 1400 houses. A large stone reservoir was built in Reade Street, extending to Chambers, and the water was obtained from wells in the rear of the Almshouse and from near the "Collect" pond. These works, including twenty-five miles of wooden and fourteen of iron pipe, engines, buildings, etc., were offered to the city in 1840 for $384,700, and the water expenditure by the company was stated at $41,303, while the revenue was only $1910. The profits from the banking business were large, dividends ranging from 7 to 10 per cent. for the first forty years, amounting in 1840 to $7,082,530. Owing to the bad management from 1830 to 1840, it was ascertained that losses aggregating about $1,000,000 had been sustained. These were made up by prudent administration by 1846, but the stockholders lost the dividends for these six years. The bank in 1809 established two branches of discount and deposit, one at Utica, and the other at Poughkeepsie, but both were closed in 1819. Daniel Ludlow, the first president, remained such until February, 1808, when he resigned. Mr. Ludlow's successor was Henry Remsen. On December 13, 1825, John G. Costar was chosen president. He was succeeded by Maltby Gelston, December 8, 1829. Then came Jonathan Thompson, March 24, 1840, and Caleb O. Halsted, January 18, 1847. J. M. Morrison, for eighteen years cashier, was elected president in October, 1860. He resigned in 1879, and was succeeded by J. S. Harberger, who died October 9, 1880. Then William Henry Smith served until March 3, 1884, when D. C. Hays was elected to the vacant office. Mr. Stephen Baker is now president, succeeding Mr. Hays in 1893. Mr. Harberger was a clerk in the old United States Bank, and entered the services of the Manhattan Company in 1806. He was made cashier in 1857, and, as stated above, was president in 1879, when J. M. Baldwin was appointed cashier. Mr. Morrison began service with the company in 1840, after being connected with the Merchants' and the Bank of the United States, as first teller, and then cashier, which latter position he held for eighteen years, making, with his term as president from 1860 to 1879, a period of thirty-nine years' continuous service in the bank. His predecessors in the office of cashier were Henry Remsen, 1799 to 1808; Whitehead Fish, 1808 to 1810; Samuel Flewelling, 1810 to 1816; Andrew Seaman, 1816 to 1819, and Robert White, 1819 to 1840.

It is of additional interest to note in conclusion that while the Manhattan Company is to-day known wholly as a banking institution, it is required to maintain a water committee, who annually report that no application for a supply of water has been denied; and as an assurance of the continued maintenance of its supply, there is always present at the annual meeting a pitcher of water, freshly drawn from its tank. Whether the directors or the stockholders test its quality by really drinking it is one of the secrets of an honored corporation into which the writer deemed it in questionable taste to pry.

# A POINT IN MORALS.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW.

"THE question seems to be—" began the Englishman. He looked up and bowed to a girl in a yachting-cap who had just come in from deck and was taking the seat beside him. "The question seems to be—" The girl was having some difficulty in removing her coat, and he turned to assist her.

"In my opinion," broke in a well-known alienist on his way to a convention in Vienna, "the question is simply whether or not civilization, in placing an exorbitant value upon human life, is defeating its own aims." He leaned forward authoritatively, and spoke with a half-foreign precision of accent.

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"You mean that the survival of the fittest is checkmated," remarked a young journalist travelling in the interest of a New York daily, "that civilization should practise artificial selection, as it were?"

The alienist shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "My dear sir," he protested, "I don't mean anything. It is the question that means something."

"Well, as I was saying," began the Englishman again, reaching for the salt and upsetting a spoonful, "the question seems to be whether or not, under any circumstances, the saving of a human life may become positively immoral."

"Upon that point—" began the alienist; but a young lady in a pink blouse who was seated on the Captain's right interrupted him.

"How could it?" she asked. "At least I don't see how it could; do you, Captain?"

"There is no doubt," remarked the journalist, looking up from a conversation he had drifted into with a lawyer from one of the Western States, "that the more humane spirit pervading modern civilization has not worked wholly for good in the development of the species. Probably, for instance, if we had followed the Spartan practice of exposing unhealthy infants, we should have retained something of the Spartan hardihood. Certainly if we had been content to remain barbarians both our digestions and our nerves would have been the better for it, and melancholia would perhaps have been unknown. But, at the same time, the loss of a number of the more heroic virtues is overbalanced by an increase of the softer ones. Notably, human life has never before been regarded so sacredly."

"On the other side," observed the lawyer, lifting his hand to adjust his eyeglasses, and pausing to brush a crumb from his coat, "though it may all be very well to be philanthropic to the point of pauperizing half a community and of growing squeamish about capital punishment, the whole thing sometimes takes a disgustingly morbid turn. Why, it seems as if criminals were the real American heroes! Only last week I visited a man sentenced to death for the murder of his two wives, and, by Jove, the jailer was literally besieged by women sympathizers. I counted six bunches of heliotrope in his cell, and at least fifty notes."

"Oh, but that is a form of nervous hysteria!" said the girl in the yachting-cap, "and must be considered separately. Every sentiment has its fanatics — philanthropy as well as religion. But we don't judge a movement by a few overwrought disciples."

"That is true," said the Englishman, quietly. He was a middle-aged man, with an insistently optimistic countenance, and a build suggestive of general solidity. "But to return to the original proposition. I suppose we will all accept as a fundamental postulate the statement that the highest civilization is the one in which the highest value is placed upon individual life—"

"And happiness," added the girl in the yachting-cap.

"And happiness," assented the Englishman.

"And yet," commented the lawyer, "I think that most of us will admit that such a society, where life is regarded as sacred because it is valuable to the individual, not because it is valuable to the state, tends to the non-production of heroes—"

"That the average will be higher and the exception lower," observed the journalist. "In other words, that there will be a general elevation of the mass, accompanied by a corresponding lowering of the few."

"On the whole, I think our system does very well," said the Englishman, carefully measuring the horseradish he was placing upon his oysters. "A mean between two extremes is apt to be satisfactory in results. If we don't produce a Marcus Aurelius or a Seneca, neither do we produce a Nero or a Phocas. We may have lost patriotism, but we have gained cosmopolitanism, which is better. If we have lost chivalry, we have acquired decency; and if we have ceased to be picturesque, we have become cleanly, which is considerably more to be desired."

"I have never felt the romanticism of the Middle Ages," remarked the girl in the yachting-cap. "When I read of the glories of the Crusaders, I can't help remembering that a knight wore a single garment for a lifetime, and hacked his horse to pieces for a whim. Just as I never think of that chivalrous brute, Richard the Lion-Hearted, that I don't see him chopping off the heads of his three thousand prisoners."

"Oh, I don't think that any of us are sighing for a revival of the Middle Ages,"

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returned the journalist. "The worship of the past has usually for its devotees people who have only known the present—"

"Which is as it should be," commented the lawyer. "If man was confined to the worship of the knowable, all the world would lapse into atheism."

"Just as the great lovers of humanity were generally hermits," added the girl in the yachting-cap. "I had an uncle who used to say that he never really loved mankind until he went to live in the wilderness."

"I think we are drifting from the point," said the alienist, helping himself to potatoes. "Was it not—can the saving of a human life ever prove to be an immoral act? I once held that it could."

"Did you act upon it?" asked the lawyer, with rising interest. "I maintain that no proposition can be said to exist until it is acted upon. Otherwise it is in merely an embryonic state—"

The alienist laid down his fork and leaned forward. He was a notable-looking man of some thirty-odd years, who had made a sudden leap into popularity through several successful cases. He had a nervous, muscular face, with singularly penetrating eyes, and hair of a light sandy color. His hands were white and well shaped.

"It was some years ago," he said, bending a scintillant glance around the table. "If you will listen—"

There followed a stir of assent, accompanied by a nod from the young lady upon the Captain's right. "I feel as if it would be a ghost story," she declared.

"It is not a story at all," returned the alienist, lifting his wineglass and holding it against the light. "It is merely a fact."

Then he glanced swiftly around the table as if challenging attention.

"As I said," he began, slowly, "it was some few years ago. Just what year does not matter, but at that time I had completed a course at Heidelberg, and expected shortly to set out with an exploring party for South Africa. It turned out afterwards that I did not go, but for the purpose of the present story it is sufficient that I intended to do so, and had made my preparations accordingly. At Heidelberg I had lived among a set of German students who were permeated with the metaphysics of Schopenhauer, von Hartmann, and the rest, and I was pretty well saturated myself. At that age I was an ardent disciple of pessimism. I am still a disciple, but my ardor has abated—which is not the fault of pessimism, but the virtue of middle age—"

"A man is usually called conservative when he has passed the twenties," interrupted the journalist, "yet it is not that he grows more conservative, but that he grows less radical—"

"Rather that he grows less in every direction," added the Englishman, "except in physical bulk."

The alienist accepted the suggestions with an inclination, and continued. "One of my most cherished convictions," he said, "was to the effect that every man is the sole arbiter of his fate. As Schopenhauer has it, '*that there is nothing to which a man has a more unassailable title than to his own life and person.*' Indeed, that particular sentence had become a kind of motto with our set, and some of my companions even went so far as to preach the proper ending of life with the ending of the power of individual usefulness."

He paused to help himself to salad.

"I was in Scotland at the time, where I had spent a fortnight with my parents, in a small village on the Kyles of Bute. While there I had been treating an invalid cousin who had acquired the morphine habit, and who, under my care, had determined to uproot it. Before leaving I had secured from her the amount of the drug which she had in her possession—some thirty grains—done up in a sealed package, and labelled by a London chemist. As I was in haste, I put it in my bag, thinking that I would add it to my case of medicines when I reached Leicester, where I was to spend the night with an old schoolmate. I took the boat at Tighnabruaich, the small village, found a local train at Gourock to reach Glasgow with one minute in which to catch the first express to London. I made the change and secured a first-class smoking-compartment, which I at first thought to be vacant, but when the train had started a man came from the dressing-room and took the seat across from me. At first I paid no heed to him, but upon looking up once or twice and finding his eyes upon me, I became unpleasantly conscious of his presence. He was thin al-

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most to emaciation, and yet there was a muscular suggestion of physical force about him which it was difficult to account for, since he was both short and slight. His clothes were shabby, but well made, and his cravat had the appearance of having been tied in haste or by nervous fingers. There was a trace of sensuality about the mouth, over which he wore a drooping yellow mustache tinged with gray, and he was somewhat bald upon the crown of his head, which lent a deceptive hint of intellectuality to his uncovered forehead. As he crossed his legs I saw that his boots were carefully blacked, and that they were long and slender, tapering to a decided point."

"I have always held," interpolated the lawyer, "that to judge a man's character you must read his feet."

The alienist sipped his claret and took up his words:

"After passing the first stop I remembered a book at the bottom of my bag, and, unfastening the strap, in my search for the book I laid a number of small articles upon the seat beside me, among them the sealed package bearing the morphia label and the name of the London chemist. Having found the book, I turned to replace the articles, when I noticed that the man across from me was gazing attentively at the labelled package. For a moment his expression startled me, and I stared back at him from across my open bag, into which I had dropped the articles. There was in his eyes a curious mixture of passion and repulsion, and, beyond it all, the look of a hungry hound when he sees food. Thinking that I had chanced upon a victim of the opium craving, I closed the bag, placed it in the net above my head, and opened my book.

"For a while we rode in silence. Nothing was heard except the noise of the train and the clicking of our bags as they jostled each other in the receptacle above. I remember these details very vividly, because since then I have recalled the slightest fact in connection with the incident. I knew that the man across from me drew a cigar from his case, felt in his pocket for an instant, and then turned to me for a match. At the same time I experienced the feeling that the request veiled a larger purpose, and that there were matches in the pocket into which he thrust his fingers.

"But, as I complied with his request, he glanced indifferently out of the window, and following his gaze, I saw that we were passing a group of low-lying hills flecked with stray patches of heather, and that across the hills a flock of sheep were filing, followed by a peasant girl in a short skirt. It was the last faint suggestion of the Highlands.

"The man across from me leaned out, looking back upon the neutral sky, the sparse patches of heather, and the flock of sheep.

"'What a tone the heather gives to a landscape!' he remarked, and his voice sounded forced and affected.

"I bowed without replying, and as he turned from the window, and I sat upon the back seat in the draught of cinders, I bent forward to lower the sash. In a moment he spoke again:

"'Do you go to London?'

"'To Leicester,' I answered, laying the book aside, impelled by a sudden interest. 'Why do you ask?'

"He flushed nervously.

"'I—oh, nothing,' he answered, and drew from me.

"Then, as if with swift determination, he reached forward and lifted the book I had laid upon the seat. It was a treatise of von Hartmann's in German.

"'I had judged that you were a physician,' he said—'a student, perhaps, from a German university?'

"'I am.'

"He paused for an instant, and then spoke in absent-minded reiteration, 'So you don't go on to London?'

"'No,' I returned, impatiently; 'but can I do anything for you?'

"He handed me the book, regarding me resolutely as he did so.

"'Are you a sensible man?'

"I bowed.

"'And a philosopher?'

"'In amateur fashion.'

"With fevered energy he went on more quickly, 'You have in your possession,' he said, 'something for which I would give my whole fortune.' He laid two half-sovereigns and some odd silver in the palm of his hand. 'This is all I possess,' he continued, 'but I would give it gladly.'

"I looked at him curiously.

"'You mean the morphia?' I demanded.

"He nodded. 'I don't ask you to give it to me,' he said; 'I only ask—'



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"I interrupted him. 'Are you in pain?'

"He laughed softly, and I really believe he felt a tinge of amusement. 'It is a question of expediency,' he explained. 'If you happen to be a moralist—'

"He broke off. 'What of it?' I inquired.

"He settled himself in his corner, resting his head against the cushions.

"'You get out at Leicester,' he said, recklessly. 'I go on to London, where Providence, represented by Scotland Yard, is awaiting me.'

"I started. 'For what?'

"'They call it murder, I believe,' he returned; 'but what they call it matters very little. I call it justifiable homicide—that also matters very little. The point is—I will arrive, they will be there before me. That is settled. Every station along the road is watched.'

"I glanced out of the window.

"'But you came from Glasgow,' I suggested.

"'Worse luck! I waited in the dressing-room until the train started. I hoped to have the compartment alone, but—' He leaned forward and lowered the window-shade. 'If you don't object,' he said, apologetically; 'I find the glare trying. It is a question for a moralist,' he repeated. 'Indeed, I may call myself a question for a moralist,' and he smiled again with that ugly humor. 'To begin with the beginning, the question is bred in the bone and it's out in the blood.' He nodded at my look of surprise. 'You are an American,' he continued, 'and so am I. I was born in Washington some thirty years ago. My father was a politician of note, whose honor was held to be unimpeachable—which was a mistake. His name doesn't matter, but he became very wealthy through judicious speculations—in votes and other things. My mother has always suffered from an incipient hysteria, which developed shortly before my birth.' He wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flick of his finger. 'The motive for this is not far to seek,' he said, with a glance at my travelling-bag. He had the coolest bravado I have ever met. 'As a child,' he went on, 'I gave great promise. Indeed, we moved to England that I might be educated at Oxford. My father considered the atmospheric ecclesiasticism to be beneficial. But while at college I got into trouble with a woman, and I left. My father died, his fortune burst like a bubble, and my mother moved to the country. I was put into a banking office, but I got into more trouble with women—this time two of them. One was a low variety actress, and I married her. I didn't want to do it. I tried not to, but I couldn't help it, and I did it. A month later I left her. I changed my name and went to Belfast, where I resolved to become an honest man. It was a tough job, but I labored and I succeeded—for a time. The variety actress began looking for me, but I escaped her, and have escaped her so far. That was eight years ago. And several years after reaching Belfast I met another woman. She was different. I fell ill of fever in Ireland, and she nursed me. She was a good woman, with a broad Irish face, strong hands, and motherly shoulders. I was weak and she was strong, and I fell in love with her. I tried to tell her about the variety actress, but somehow I couldn't, and I married her.' He shot the stump of his cigar through the opposite window and lighted another, this time drawing the match from his pocket. 'She is an honest woman,' he said—'as honest as the day. She believes in me. It would kill her to know about the variety actress—and all the others. There is one child, a girl—a freckle-faced mite just like her mother—and another is coming.'

"'She knows nothing of this affair?'

"'Not a blamed thing. She is the kind of woman who is good because she can't help herself. She enjoys it. I never did. My mother is different, too. She would die if other people knew of this; my wife would die if she knew of it herself. Well. I got tired, and I wanted money, so I left her and went to Dublin. I changed my name and got a clerkship in a shipping-office. My wife thinks I went to America to get work, and if she never hears of me she'll probably think no worse. I did intend going to America, but somehow I didn't. I got in with a man who signed somebody's name to a check and got me to present it. Then we quarrelled about the money, and the man threw the job on me and the affair came out. But before they arrested me I ran him down and shot him. I was ridding the world of a damned traitor.'

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"He raised the shade with a nervous hand, but the sun flashed into his eyes, and he lowered it.

"'I suppose I'd hang for it,' he said; 'there isn't much doubt of that. If I waited I'd hang for it, but I am not going to wait. I am going to die. It is the only thing left, and I am going to do it—'

"'And how?'

"'Before this train reaches London,' he replied, 'I am a dead man. There are two ways. I might say three, except that a pitch from the carriage might mean only a broken leg. But there is this—' He drew a vial from his pocket and held it to the light. It contained an ounce or so of carbolic acid.

"'One of the most corrosive of irritants,' I observed.

"'And there is—your package.'

"My first impulse prompted me to force the vial from him. He was a slight man, and I could have overcome him with but little exertion. But the exertion I did not make. I should as soon have thought, when my rational humor reasserted itself, of knocking a man down on Broadway and robbing him of his watch. The acid was as exclusively his property as the clothes he wore, and equally his life was his own. Had he declared his intention to hurl himself from the window I might not have made way for him, but I should certainly not have obstructed his passage.

"But the morphia was mine, and that I should assist him was another matter, so I said,

"'The package belongs to me.'

"'And you will not exchange?'

"'Certainly not.'

"He answered, almost angrily:

"'Why not be reasonable? You admit that I am in a mess of it?'

"'Readily.'

"'You also admit that my life is morally my own?'

"'Equally.'

"'That its continuance could in no wise prove to be of benefit to society?'

"'I do.'

"'That for all connected with me it would be better that I should die unknown and under an assumed name than that I should end upon the scaffold, my wife and mother wrecked for life, my children discovered to be illegitimate?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you admit also that the best I can do is to kill myself before reaching London?'

"'Perhaps.'

"'So you will leave me the morphine when you get off at Leicester?'

"'No.'

"He struck the window-sill impatiently with the palm of his hand.

"'And why not?'

"I hesitated an instant.

"'Because, upon the whole, I do not care to be the instrument of your self-destruction.'

"'Don't be a fool!' he retorted. 'Speak honestly, and say that because of a little moral shrinkage on your part you prefer to leave a human being to a death of agony. I don't like physical pain. I am like a woman about it, but it is better than hanging, or life-imprisonment, or any jury finding.'

"I became exhortatory.

"'Why not face it like a man and take your chances? Who knows—'

"'I have had my chances,' he returned. 'I have squandered more chances than most men ever lay eyes on—and I don't care. If I had the opportunity, I'd squander them again. It is the only thing chances are made for.'

"'What a scoundrel you are!' I exclaimed.

"'Well, I don't know,' he answered: 'there have been worse men. I never said a harsh word to a woman, and I never hit a man when he was down—'

"I blushed. 'Oh, I didn't mean to hit you,' I responded.

"He took no notice.

"'I like my wife,' he said. 'She is a good woman, and I'd do a good deal to keep her and the children from knowing the truth. Perhaps I'd kill myself even if I didn't want to. I don't know, but I am tired—damned tired.'

"'And yet you deserted her.'

"'I did. I tried not to, but I couldn't help it. If I was free to go back to her to-morrow, unless I was ill and wanted nursing, I'd see that she had grown shapeless, and that her hands were coarse.' He stretched out his own, which were singularly white and delicate. 'I believe I'd leave her in a week,' he said.

"Then with an eager movement he pointed to my bag.

"'That is the ending of the difficulty,' he added, 'otherwise I swear that before

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the train gets to London I will swallow this stuff, and die like a rat.'

"'I admit your right to die in any manner you choose, but I don't see that it is my place to assist you. It is an ugly job.'

"'So am I,' he retorted, grimly. 'At any rate, if you leave the train with that package in your bag it will be cowardice—sheer cowardice. And for the sake of your cowardice you will damn me to this—' He touched the vial.

"'It won't be pleasant,' I said, and we were silent.

"I knew that the man had spoken the truth. I was accustomed to lies, and had learned to detect them. I knew, also, that the world would be well rid of him and his kind. Why I should preserve him for death upon the gallows I did not see. The majesty of the law would be in no way ruffled by his premature departure; and if I could trust that part of his story, the lives of innocent women and children would, in the other case, suffer considerably. And even if I and my unopened bag alighted at Leicester, I was sure that he would never reach London alive. He was a desperate man, this I read in his set face, his dazed eyes, his nervous hands. He was a poor devil, and I was sorry for him as it was. Why, then, should I contribute, by my refusal to comply with his request, an additional hour of agony to his existence? Could I, with my pretence of philosophic latitudinarianism, alight at my station, leaving him to swallow the acid and die like a rat in a cage before the journey was over? I remembered that I had once seen a guinea-pig die from the effects of carbolic acid, and the remembrance sickened me suddenly.

"As I sat there listening to the noise of the slackening train, which was nearing Leicester, I thought of a hundred things. I thought of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. I thought of the dying guinea-pig. I thought of the broad-faced Irish wife and the two children.

"Then 'Leicester' flashed before me, and the train stopped. I rose, gathered my coat and rug, and lifted the volume of von Hartmann from the seat. The man remained motionless in the corner of the compartment, but his eyes followed me.

"I stooped, opened my bag, and laid the chemist's package upon the seat. Then I stepped out, closing the door after me." As the speaker finished, he reached forward, selected an almond from the stand of nuts, fitted it carefully between the crackers, and cracked it slowly.

The young lady upon the Captain's right shook herself with a shudder.

"What a horrible story!" she exclaimed; "for it is a story, after all, and not a fact."

"A point, rather," suggested the Englishman; "but is that all?"

"All of the point," returned the alienist. "The next day I saw in the *Times* that a man, supposed to be James Morganson, who was wanted for murder, was found dead in a first-class smoking-compartment of the Midland Railway. Coroner's verdict, 'Death resulting from an overdose of morphia, taken with suicidal intent.'"

The journalist dropped a lump of sugar in his cup and watched it attentively.

"I don't think I could have done it," he said. "I might have left him with his carbolic. But I couldn't have deliberately given him his death-potion."

"But as long as he was going to die," responded the girl in the yachting-cap, "it was better to let him die painlessly."

The Englishman smiled. "Can a woman ever consider the ethical side of a question when the sympathetic one is visible?" he asked.

The alienist cracked another almond. "I was sincere," he said. "Of that there is no doubt. I thought I did right. The question is—did I do right?"

"It would have been wiser," began the lawyer, argumentatively, "since you were stronger than he, to take the vial from him, and to leave him to the care of the law."

"But the wife and children," replied the girl in the yachting-cap. "And hanging is so horrible!"

"So is murder," responded the lawyer, dryly.

The young lady on the Captain's right laid her napkin upon the table and rose. "I don't know what was right," she said, "but I do know that in your place I should have felt like a murderer."

The alienist smiled half cynically. "So I did," he answered; "but there is such a thing, my dear young lady, as a conscientious murderer."

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# THE DRAWER

## TOBE TAYLOR'S APRIL FOOLISHNESS.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

TOBE TAYLOR, the plantation wag, seems to have been a natural humorist, or, as his fond mother put it, he was "a born game-maker f'om de ground up, fo'told an' fo'ordained."

As to this last we shall presently hear; but certain it is that from the old days when as a lad Tobe had missed his dinner to lie in wait for the field-hands, who tripped in the snares he set for their feet, to the time of this telling, no one ever felt quite safe within the range of his "deviltry."

Tobe was no respecter of persons, times, or places, and a setting hen or the bishop of the diocese invited him about equally as possible victims of a practical joke. The holy Sabbath or the sanctuary was his to employ on occasion, and yet, although he had sometimes closely skirted the dangerous edge of impropriety, he had, somehow, never quite stepped over the bounds—which is to say, he had never done so by common consent.

Of course there were frequent irate minorities who declared him guilty of breaking the entire decalogue, more or less, but they were always such as in the very nature of things were not in position for a fair perspective. There was always—figuratively, at least—an applauding audience who pronounced his comedies worthy—and what more could any comedian ask?

For instance, on the memorable occasion when he had put sorghum syrup into the baptismal font at the September christening, and had ten mothers struggling to keep the flies off their eleven babies during the rest of the ceremony, while they sat conspicuously in the amen pews, he had pretty nearly gone too far, and, indeed, he was saved from public disgrace only by a coincidence which committed the officiating minister to leniency.

To such as are not familiar with the methods or the vernacular of some of the most faithful preachers of the Word, in districts either over or under populated, it may seem that Brother Saul Saunders was culpably indecorous when he exclaimed with fervor, as he held his hands in benediction over the line of babes before the ceremony, "I tell yer, feller-sinners, dey ain't no flies on baptized chillen."

Even as he spoke he thrust his hand into the baptismal font, and as he did so a swarm of flies rose from its surface, and when presently the babes passed, one by one, under the hand of generous sprinkling, each one was seen to carry away its quota of the swarm in a buzzing halo of flies about its head.

Perhaps the absurdity of the thing might have reached only the scattering few who were doing their best to preserve decorum, had not Brother Saul, overcome with the humor of the situation, remarked, with a chuckle, "I 'clare, when I said dey warn't no flies on baptized chillen, I wasn't no mo'n usin' a figgur o' Scripture speech."

This of course licensed the explosion of mirth that greeted it, and in the midst of the hilarity Tobe Taylor slipped out of church and ran boldly into the woods, the back of his shaking shoulders in full view of the entire congregation—a way he had of confessing a thing he had done by dodging an assumed accusation. Thus he seized his success at full tide.

Of course no one thought Tobe did right in this instance, but there were really only ten people in the entire congregation who felt that he had committed an unpardonable sin, and who would have been glad to help tar and feather him then and there, excepting for the babies they carried—so they said. Some of the other mothers would hardly have forgiven him, perhaps, had they not been seen laughing. Indeed, every one in church laughed, excepting only the twenty-one who made up the comedy—even the few straggling fathers, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves.

As Tobe's own people were Baptists, perhaps he could hardly have been expected to have a proper reverence for the ceremony repudiated of his sect. This seems the only possible excuse for him, unless, indeed, we accept his mother's claim that when Tobe saw a chance for a joke, he just *couldn't help playing it*. Whether this was valid or not, she certainly gave some very serious and cogent reasons for her hypothesis in the way of prenatal influences, planetary and other, not to mention a certain prophecy spoken concerning him by an old blind voudoo prophetess to whom she had gone seeking enlightenment some months before his birth. Peering with sightless eyes into the night, the sorceress had raised her thin hands, and whispered, mysteriously:

> "You looks fer a soldier on de March,
> Or a scholar on his way to school,
> But all I see is a rainbow arch
> Like a jumpin'-rope fer a April fool."

Three times over, with only a little obscurity

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always at the end of the first line, she had said these mysterious words to the waiting woman, Zenobia, and so they had remained in her mind. She was never sure whether the words closing the first line were "in the March" or "on the March" or "in the marsh," until the month of March had passed in ungratified expectation, and on the first day of April there arrived the cheeriest of brown cherubs at the birth-cabin, when the happy mother told the story to the women about her bed, and laughed with them as she thought of her babe's being not only worthy the prestige of an unequivocal prophecy, but so close to the heavenly favor as to make free with the mystical sign of promise. Think of even figuratively jumping rope with the rainbow! Almost any one would be willing to be a fool for five minutes for such a privilege — realizing how many have to be fools all their lives for nothing—and that all who are fools do not know it, and that perhaps—?

If Tobe had not literally danced with the rainbow all his life, he seems, in every sense that a prophet could desire, to have made good the spirit of this prediction. Perhaps no better illustration of this could be found than the one just cited. When once his playful fancies were focussed on a scheme of fun, no thought of irreverence seems to have entered as a deterrent into Tobe's artless consciousness. And no doubt there was truth as well as charity in the claim of his defenders that "Tobe didn't never mean no harm by nothin'." It is also true that he rarely did any real harm. It was a waste of raw material, no doubt, to throw out a good setting of goose eggs, and to substitute under the unconscious sitter a half-dozen half-hatched alligators that he found in the sand; but the barn-yard sensation that it produced seemed to Tobe to make it worth while—that is to say, if Tobe did it. This was one of the things which were found done, and as it was only hissed—from the mother-goose up—Tobe never confessed it. Neither did he ever own to the filling the toes of Phidias Joy's patent-leather shoes with tar—and for different reasons.

Of course Phidias might have gotten the shoes off if there had been any socks, but as it was he had been obliged to go to the field for a week in the tight patent-leathers.

That was funny, but it was not half so funny as the expression of that young gallant's face as he limped along the cane rows, abusing all "durn fools" in general under his breath. He would have scored Tobe roundly, but for reasons. Incidentally, Tobe was the champion wrestler of six plantations, and he was captain of the "Black and Tan" baseball nine, and Phidias was designed for a watch-charm. There was more comfort in not knowing who put the tar in his boots than there could possibly have been in finding out.

Phidias could have had the shoes cut from his feet, of course, but he wanted to save them, and Tobe knew it. He wondered what efforts Phidias was making for his relief, and he even had the assurance to surprise the little man one evening about bedtime, when he found him sitting with his feet in a bucket of kerosene-oil, calmly reading his Bible.

"I sh'd think you'd be afeerd to fetch dat Bible so near yo' foots, Phidias," he remarked, dryly; and when Phidias asked why, he drawled,

"'Case you know de Word hit's a lamp unto yo' feet, an' ef you don't look out, you'll splode." Tobe was a bright fellow.

No one ever knew just how Phidias finally got the shoes off, but in about ten days from their attachment he strolled into the field one morning barefoot and smiling, and at the Saturday evening cake-walk following he appeared in patent-leathers which were unquestionably the same—that is to say, the uppers were the same. Phidias had been to town, and there were some who said the soles of his shoes were new. They had only been "as good as new" when they first became his through a misfit of a young lawyer, who had sold them to Phidias on time for five dollars, to be paid in promiscuous shoe-polishing and errand-running at no stipulated rate. The fact is they had about cost him his freedom for an indefinite period.

They came high, but they were the only full patent-leathers that had ever appeared in plantation circles in this region, and, as he said, they were "worth the money."

Of course there were times in Tobe's career when it seemed to the thoughtful observer that nothing was quite so much needed as some one powerful enough to take him by the nape of the neck—in lieu of the absent collar—and to shake a little reverence and fear into him; but there are certain easy-going, loose-jointed, lounging folk whom it is obviously best to "keep friends with" on general principles. Tobe was one of these.

The 1st of April was Tobe's red-letter day, in a calendar all printed more or less in gay color. It would have been so, probably, even had it not been his birthday.

"Birfday in two munts — birfday in three weeks—birfday in a week—birfday day arter to-morrer—birfday to-morrer—*better look out!*"

So it had been his life habit to approach it. As a matter of fact, people on the place were afraid to eat or to drink, to turn their backs, or to answer a civil question on this day when Tobe was within earshot, or even when he was not, lest he be in hiding.

And so, when on the morning of his nineteenth birthday it was rumored that Tobe was ill, everybody smiled, wondering what part this ruse was to play in the day's comedy.

When the morning passed, however, and he did not appear, and late in the afternoon he was seen to stroll languidly over to the wash-house, looking gray about the mouth and with his head tied up, the women who saw him were

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convinced that he was not "possuming." Old Aunt Judy, the deaf superannuated woman who lived at the wash-house, and was presiding genius of the tubs, was very fond of Tobe, and it was his habit to seek her comfortable hearth when he needed coddling. When she saw him to-day, she threw him her gray blanket, poured several things into a tomato-can and set it on the coals, and Tobe knew that he would soon have a dose of the good, oniony, sugary, cinnamon-flavored, buttery, bitter brew with which Judy intercepted all the common ills of life, and which Tobe thought almost as good as molasses candy. Tobe was really pretty miserable to-day; and when he closed his eyes and rolled into the blanket like a cocoon before the fire, he was as guiltless of any mischievous intention as the cat that slept beside him. Even when he happened to notice a tiny brown hand on the pallet behind the clothes-rack, and crawled over to look at the washer-women's babies that he knew were asleep there, he was impelled by simple childish curiosity alone. It was only when the line of babies recalled the christening episode that he suddenly realized in them a challenge and an opportunity. In about two minutes he had forgotten all about his impending chill, and was chuckling with inward joy over an idea—a regular first-of-April birthday idea!

"Fer Gord sake!" he giggled. "Talk about pease in a pod! I wonder would dey mammies know 'em ef I was to pull off dey clo'es an' turn 'em loose in dey skins?"

He peeped under the screen to see where Aunt Judy's feet were, and could just see her heels through the door, so he knew she was sprinkling clothes on the veranda.

And now, touching it gingerly, he slipped a sleeve from one tiny arm, and then another; and when a babe whimpered, he took it up, turned it over, and changed its place, patting it softly. There were seven on the pallet, all told, and presently there were seven little slips of pink and orange-colored prints and blue homespun in a heap, and reversing the pile, Tobe began to put them on again, "hit an' miss." He had not finished the redressing, though, when a fresh thought stopped him.

"Ef I could jes git about a half-dozen or so mo', an' drap 'em in, wouldn't dey be de dickens to pay?" he chuckled; and he sat back on his haunches and began to enumerate:

"Lemme see. Dar's Millie Frank's chile; I know Millie ain't washin' at de spring. An' dar's Abbie Jim, she got a month-ole baby. An' dar's Mame Henry's twins. And Calline Towers's two o' de triplers livin'. An' dey's at least sev'al yo'ng babies down in de Million Boll Bottom. Ef I could—"

It was a preposterous thing to attempt, but the very risk it involved made it fascinating. He could not turn his head in any direction now without realizing the babies there were in the cabins along the line of his vision. Of course he could not be quite sure which of them might be already here, not knowing which women were at the spring. But he knew that none of the mothers of young babies were in the field, and that such as were able were expected to "put in" part of each day either at the wash-house or in the sewing-room. He remembered that a woman named Dinah Wilbor usually washed at her own spring, and that she had a young child. In about three minutes he had muffled his face and neck, drawn up his shoulders again in a sort of wet-chicken expression, and started out in the direction of Dinah's cabin.

He found her washing under the trees at her door, as he had expected, but, as he had not expected, she saw him at the same moment, and perceiving this, he ambled up to her, even taking a seat on the wash-bench at her side, while he told her how "po'ly" he felt—"jes too sick to live, an' not sick enough to die."

His "threatenin' chill," he declared, was just giving way to a "threatenin' fever," and he took off his coat and hat, and got Dinah to feel his forehead, which was by this time really quite hot and dry. The truth was, he had been surprised, and he was gaining time.

Dinah was a hearty soul, and she hastened to insist that he should go into her cabin and lie down. This he at first declined to do; then he reconsidered, and remarking that the sight of the gourd dipper hanging at the door made him thirsty for water and a nap, he strode timidly over to the window, stepping gingerly lest he should waken the sleeping dogs before the door. Dinah's half-witted sister, Silly Ann, sat within the window, shelling pease.

As he passed in, he tapped her shoulder playfully with the dipper he carried. "Hurry, Silly Ann, honey," he whispered, "an' shell me a hatful by de time I comes for 'em," and when she grinned at him and nodded, he saw that her fingers were flying.

The baby slept upon a shawl on the bed, and the "sugar-tit," or "comforter," with which it had been beguiled into sleeping, lay, off duty, on the pillow beside it.

Tobe saw with one swift glance that the bed was beyond the range of Silly Ann's vision, and that it was beside a back window. He saw also that outside the window there was a table. He did not see that there was a basket under the table. He found that afterward.

Before one could even think Jack Robinson, the baby was lying in its soft shawl on the table outside the window, its solace in its mouth, and Tobe was out the front way, straggling toward Dinah; and while she helped him on with his coat he whined: "I feels too bad to resk layin' down, thanky, ma'am; dat dipper o' water 'snaged my hot flush into a col' shiver. I feered ef I lay down I can't git up," and trembling as if a chill were on him, he started off down the road.

When its curve took him beyond Dinah's sight, however, he turned as nimbly as a fawn, and in about twenty strides, doubling the cor-

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ner of her cabin, he darted to its rear, seized the basket under the table, lay the warm bundle carefully within it, and fairly danced into the bit of pine beyond, where the twins lived. Here he found an easy opening, and the fact that there were three little babies in the basket he presently balanced on his pate did not in the least temper his spirit or modify his gait. The mother of the twins was exchanging cabbage-plants with a neighbor over a back fence.

It was clear sailing now, until he reached the mulberry grove behind the wash-house, and here he proceeded slowly. Nothing happened, though, and when he reached the door of the wash-house he stood and listened, and in a moment he saw through the window Silvy Duke dropping a sleeping child back to the pallet, and he heard her say to herself,

"I declare, seem like I kin see little Silvy grow f'om one nussin' to another!" and he felt that the play had begun.

He chuckled inwardly as he passed in by one door while she went out by another, and darting with his basket behind the screen, he hastened to place the three additions in line, first changing their frocks, so far as he could. Of course he had not achieved all this without some embarrassment from the beginning, but by passing the "consolation" from one to another, where the need seemed greatest, and keeping his eye on Judy's feet, and his ears set for the chattering down at the spring, he managed to feel tolerably safe. But he was very much excited now, and when suddenly one of the babies set up an old-fashioned howl, he dropped it and slipped back under Judy's bed beyond the pallet. He made his escape none too soon, for in a minute he saw a pair of thin hands reach down and take up the crying child, and he heard old Tild' Ann say, "I 'clare, ef deze chillen ain't kickin' dey clo'es clean off." And presently she came again, and he suspected that she was dressing the others.

Tobe thought he was having fun, but Judy's bed, albeit it was an old four-poster and high, as beds go, was somewhat low as a roof for a young giant. He was just beginning to ask himself how much fun he really was having, and to wonder whether it might not be well to slip away and let the joke work itself out, when he heard a piercing shriek in the road. It was a woman's voice, and she was screaming: "Whar my chile? Who tuck my chile? My baby's s-t-o-l-e!" And he crawled close to the wall, and the beating of his heart shook the bed.

In a few minutes he knew that a crowd had gathered in the road, but he could catch only broken sentences:

"Snatched out de bed—"

"—in de broad daylight—"

"—th'ough de back winder—"

"—shellin' pease—"

And then there was a lull, and he heard one say:

"Dey tell me a *gy*raffe broke loose f'om de show-tent down in Rowton's wood las' night. I wonder does *gy*raffes eat chillen?"

"'Sh—hursh," said another. "Of co'se a gyraffe 'll lop up a baby jes fer a relish when it's gittin' ready to *de*vour."

This was followed by another shriek, and Tobe recognized Dinah Wilbor's voice, and he was most unhappy. Indeed, he wanted to rush out and comfort her, but just at that moment some of the mothers came in from the spring, and several of the babies, recognizing their voices, possibly, set up rival wails, and he saw pairs of hands come and take one and another, some going directly home, and a few sitting at Judy's fire to nurse their children and discuss the matter of Dinah's baby

Presently he heard one say, "I wonder ef Tobe Taylor ain't at de bottom o' Dinah's trouble?" The speaker was old Tild' Ann, and she screamed from the side of her pipe into Judy's ear. Tild' Ann was a great old gossip, and whenever there was a stir in the air, she hurried over to the wash-house and talked with the women.

"Tobe's went home sick," snapped Judy, in reply to her remark. "Jes 'caze Tobe wasted a few good molasses on a passel o' tar-babies las' summer, look like he's under s'picion constant. Tobe was so sick he didn't even wait to git any o' de seven-savored miasma mix I b'iled fer him."

Of course it would have been hard to come out and face this. Tobe was amiable, but he was hardly fine.

Besides, Dinah's wails had passed out of hearing, and excepting for the occasional moment of supreme panic when the hands came down and the babies went up, Tobe soon began having a stupid time again. Wasn't it surprising how many women could come and lean over the clothes-horse, and take their babies, and depart without perceiving anything amiss?

True, the corner was pretty dark, and yet it was light enough to facilitate some sort of selection.

"I wonder huccome Polly looks so puny an' peaked to-night?" said a voice at the fire. "De chile ain't 'erse'f, noways."

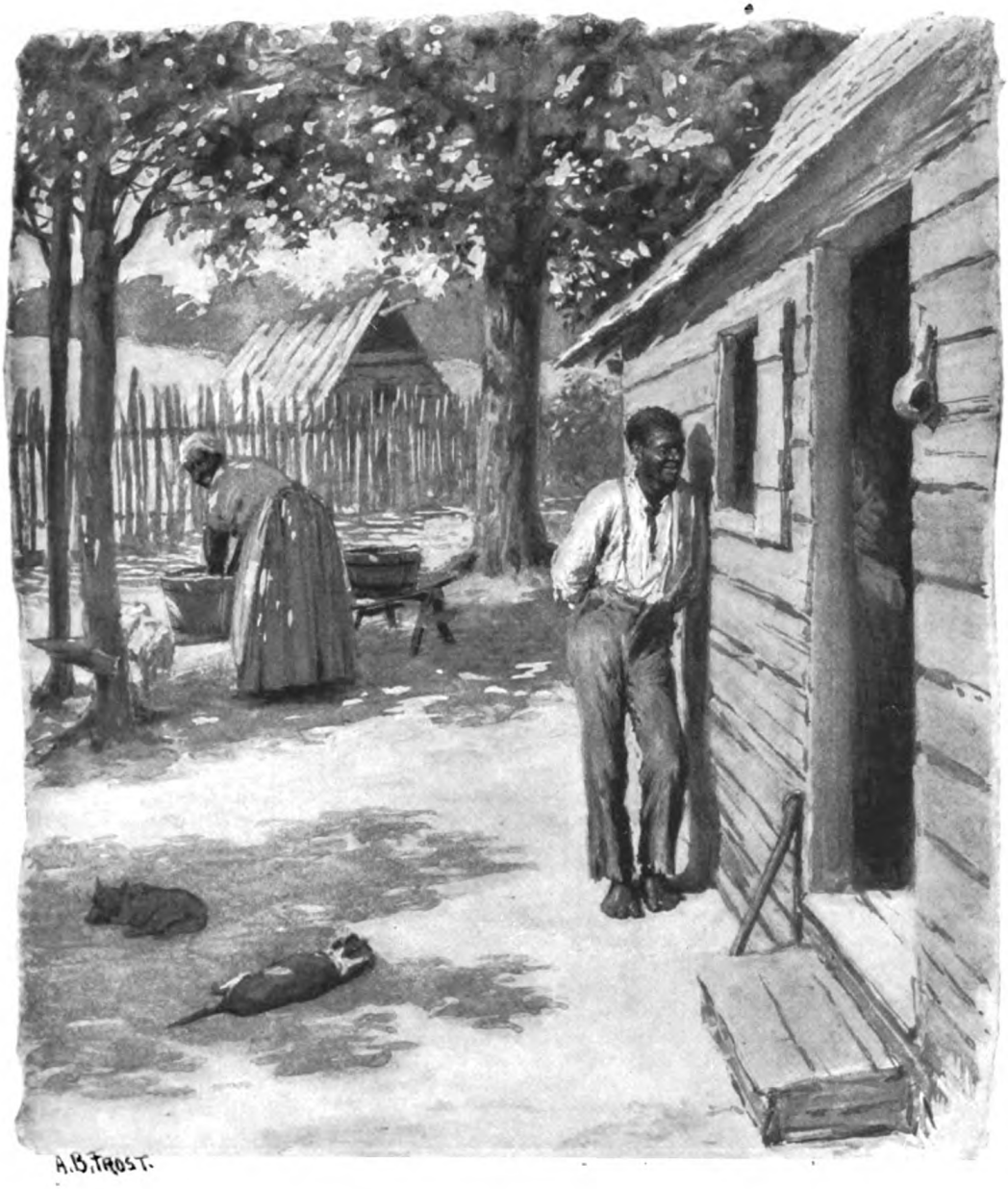
"Maybe you picked up de wrong chile," said Aunt Tild' Ann.

"Wrong nothin'. I know my sewin'," sniffed the anxious mother. "Dis slip was let' over f'om my sittin'-sun patch-work, all to de sleeves. I see you got Luce Powers's baby up."

"I picked up whichever one was squawlin' de loudes'," said Tild' Ann; "but huccome you know Luce's baby?"

"I know Luce's button-sewin'. Luce allus would sew 'er buttons on over de aidges. Lordy, but ain't her baby gittin' big! Las' time I seen 'er she was as big-eyed an' slim-necked as a half-hatched tucky. But what yer reckon is happened to Dinah's baby? I wonder would Silly Ann hurt a chile? I don't trus' no foolishes—"

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HE STOOD AND LISTENED.

"Silly Ann been settin' in de winder fer two hours shellin' pease, an' waitin' fer Tobe Taylor to come fer 'em, so Dinah say."

"Tobe Taylor! I thought Tobe was home in bed."

"Dat what dey tell me. I dun'no' nothin' 'tall 'bout dis foolishness. But one thing I know. When all dis heah talk 'bout *gy*raffes was gwine on I kep' still; but *gy*raffes, dey don't eat humans. A *gy*raffe don't no mo'n swaller a chile half-way down his neck, an' den he turn 'is head an' ca'mly glance over his shoulder, an' dat draws de neck-leaders an' crushes de chile's bones."

"Yer don't say!"

"Yas; but I didn't let on, 'caze ef it was my chile, I'd jes as lief see him et straight as turned into a Adam's apple to a *gy*raffe."

"Me too. An' dat was a fine chile o' Dinah's, too—jes as plump."

An idea had come into old Tild' Ann's head, and she talked rapidly. She leaned over and looked closely at the wee babe on the other woman's knee.



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"Ef dat was my nussin' chile," she said, tentatively, "I'd drap some rusty nails in my drinkin'-water, an' maybe teck a little malt—"

She did not finish her sentence, for just here Rachel Glover came dashing in with a baby in her arms, and shrieking: "Whar my baby? Dis ain't my baby. Who put my baby's frock on dis boy chile—an'—an'—?"

At this, Sarah, the anxious mother, started as if she had been shot. Then she raised the tiny child from her lap, held it at arm's-length for a second, and gave a piercing scream. And now Tild' Ann, beginning to see the light, burst into peals of laughter. "What I tol' yer?" she exclaimed. "Tobe Taylor 'ain't been possumin' round dis fire all day for nothin'."

Hurriedly seizing a bit of fat pine, she thrust it into the coals, and leading the way to the pallet, pulled back the clothes-rack. Seeing the sleeping children here, she threw herself down on the floor and rolled over bodily, shrieking with mirth.

"Whar dem fool 'omans searchin' fer wil' beasts?" she chuckled when she finally sat up and wiped her eyes.

There was an exciting time in the corner for several minutes, each mother scrambling for her own as if she suspected the others of defrauding her.

It was scarcely maternal the way Rachel dropped the child she had brought in, and seizing her own, darted out into the night, muttering imprecations as she went. A crowd passed her just outside the door, and when they came in now one cried, "Dey's a set o' twins in dar somewhere"; and the mother of the two had already begun to dry her tears, at sight of one of her babes, but the one seemed as nothing when she saw that the other was not there. Her distress was not for long, however, for close behind her came another, wailing, "Dis ain't my chile." It was the same old story.

As the last arrival passed Tild' Ann, sitting at the fire now, she chuckled facetiously, "Dey all been purty well picked over now, but dey's one or two lef'-overs. Dey's one puny little gal chile dar, I know. Late-comers 'bleege' to teck de leavin's!"

Tild' Ann was the only one who was having any fun out of this thing—Tild' Ann and Tobe—*perhaps*.

"Well," whined the woman, dropping the babe she held into the eager empty arm of the mother of the twins, "I ain't on no beauty-hunt. My chile's teethin', an' she's sick. She taken de mem*bra*neous croup de las' time she was out in de dew, an' dis April-foolishness is li'ble to kill 'er."

At sight of the mother, the meagre baby of the two remaining ones began to coo and to paddle hands and feet. She was older than the others, and she knew her mother.

Without a word, the woman carried her to the fire, and began warming her feet and passing her hands over her lovingly, and while she caressed her and gave her of her best, she smoothed the dress she wore and looked it over.

Then, presently seeing that the others were gone, she turned to Tild' Ann, and in a half-whisper said:

"Who put freckled Frances's christenin'-frock on my chile? Dis is de white slip ole mis' gien her to bury her las'-but-two chile in, an' she saved it over for a christenin'-robe. I helped lay out de chile, an' I know. Frances 'lowed she wouldn't have one o' her chillen shamin' de rest wid finery at de resurrection o' de dead. But huccome it on my baby, I like to know? Ef Tobe Taylor been—"

"I reckon I must 'a' put de frock on de chile, an' I 'spec' it fell off de clo'es-horse. De babies was half of 'em stark naked an' sneezin' dey heads off."

"Well," the mother chuckled, "you needn't to let on, but it 'll do Sister Freckles good when she lays 'er eyes on it agin. She stole it from de dead, to begin wid, an' I didn't put it on my chile, an' I ain' gwine teck it off—not tell I git ready. I jes been waitin' to git a fine white lace frock to christen Queenie in."

Tild' Ann was filling her pipe, and as she drew a light from a live coal, she said with her underlip,

"Ef you don't want it tore off yo' chile in ch'rch, you better hurry up yo' baptism befo' Frances is out agin."

"Queenie gwine be baptized nex' Sunday, please Gord. Yer heah, Queen? Dis heah finery sho do become 'er." And kissing the child as she rose, the happy mother started off homeward.

Tild' Ann followed her to the door, and hearing their steps, Tobe peeped from beneath the valance. He saw that Judy was snoring in her chair. It was his chance.

Creeping hurriedly on all-fours, he seized the babe that lay fretting on the pallet, laid it softly in the basket, and darting through the door, struck out for Dinah Wilbor's house. Dinah had been kind to him, and he had basely betrayed her hospitality. It was not this, however, that moved him, so much as the agony of her haunting cry.

It was a short-cut across a field to her cabin, and he knew every inch of the ground. When he got there he found everything open and deserted. Even the dogs had gone.

It was a simple matter to put the baby where he had found it on the bed, but when he stood there beside it in the dark cabin, and realized the situation, there was something in it all that made him cry.

He dared not leave the child alone lest something should really harm it, and so, not daring to light a candle, he stood guard beside the bed; and when the little thing whimpered, he hummed a low tune and gave it his great rough thumb to suck, not knowing what else to do, and feeling the eagerness of its warm velvet lips, and then the tearful repudiation, he sobbed and laughed together, like a hyster-

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ical woman. Finally the little thing dropped off to sleep, holding his finger tight in its hand, and even when he felt its grip gradually slacken he did not move, fearing to wake it again.

He had a long time to wait, and it was tiresome, but after a while he heard voices and laughter in the road, and he slipped his hand cautiously away and darted out the door, hiding in the vines behind the cabin.

From here he presently saw Silly Ann light the candle, and he saw the light fall full upon Dinah *and the babe she had brought in her arms.*

Chills ran down his back, and beads of perspiration dropped from his forehead.

Just then a weak wail came from the bed, and he saw the expression of Dinah's face as she exclaimed, in a tone of tragedy,

"My Gord!"

She was mystified for a moment only, however, for almost in the next breath she said: "Silly Ann, run over to Jule's right quick, honey, an' tell her her chile is heah. I 'clare I wush-t Tobe Taylor could 'a' seen Jule in convulsion-fits when she fetched my chile back to swap it, an' foun' somebody had went off wid her baby!"

She took the fretting babe up in her arms as she spoke, laying her own in its place, and as she coddled it, Tobe heard her say: "I allus is s'picioned Tobe fur a hoodoo, an' now I know it. I seen him come empty-handed, an' I seen him depart empty-handed, an' what my eyes see I boun' to believe. Tobe stopped in heah long enough to cast a spell an' waf' my chile away, dat what he done. Tricked Silly Ann into shellin' pease fer dear life, so she wouldn't see him makin' passes over it. Can't fool me no longer about Tobe. Hit's a good thing Evil can't hurt Innocence, less'n de chile moughto' been kilt. And no doubt he sperited dis one heah de same way. No wonder he looked so sick to-day wid all dat deviltry brewin' in him."

Tobe felt that he had heard enough. His finger was still conscious of the clasp of the tiny hand, and he was stirred as he had never been before. Silly Ann had started out on her errand, but before she had gone a dozen steps Tobe sprang from his hiding and called her back. Then he strode boldly into the cabin. Dinah said afterward that she was frightened when she first saw him, and then angry, but that when she looked into his face she forgave him everything. The fellow was in tears, and he said not a word for some seconds; but presently he began emptying his pockets. "Heah, Dinah," he faltered, "I 'ain't got much—jes thirty-five cents; an' heah's my jack-knife, an' a silk hankcher; maybe you moughtput it roun' de baby's neck some time; an' de knife, you can keep it fer 'im; an' learn 'im to use it on me time he gets big, ef you ever heah o' me a-pesterin' little things like dis any mo'. I know I'm a fool, but I ain't no devil. Gimme dat chile o' Jule's an' lemme ca'y it back to its mammy."

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ANTICIPATED WOE.

TOMMY (*finishing the second helping of his favorite dessert*). "Mummy, I's afraid I can't eat any more when I's eaten this"

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### THE HAMILTON PATENT MOON.

"JIM HAMILTON," remarked the old property-man, as he examined some cold tea to make sure that it was the exact shade which it should be for the wine in the grand banquet scene—"Jim Hamilton was the most particular manager I ever knew. *Never* satisfied. Kick? Why, do you know, when we got a brand-new La Tour thunder-machine, Jim found fault with it! 'Call that thunder, do you?' he asked, disgusted as a man who's come in on a free ticket. 'Think that noise is thunder—hey? Why, I can eat a mince pie and go to sleep in a folding-bed and *snore* better thunder than that!' He was always kicking, too, because the actors didn't solil'quize loud enough. 'Talk up; talk up,' he used to say; 'the augence will think you're speaking to somebody 'stead of solil'quizing.'

"One season we was on the road playing one-night stands with *Romeo and Juliet*, and Jim just about worried himself sick over the moon. The stage-manager didn't want any moon at all, but Jim wouldn't listen to it. So we got the best in the market—Scott and Thompson's patent adjustable moon. But Jim said he could make a better moon with a punkin and a taller candle. Then we tried the United States Moon Company's moon, reversible, the other side representing the sun, but Jim kicked it out, saying that he just as soon have a yellow dog hung up by the tail as that moon. He vowed he'd make a moon himself, and he did.

"And I must say that Jim's moon was a good one, too. I don't believe one of these here 'stronomers could of told it from the genooine—not without a telescope a rod long, anyhow. In fact, it seemed to me it laid over the regular moon in some ways—clearer complexion and sharper edges. It used to just make the augence sneeze and button up their coats when the moon rose—such a feeling of night air, you know. If Jim had been content to push it up a little, and leave it stationary as the scene went on and people sort of got interested in something else, he would of been all right, but, No, that moon had to keep rising all the time and a-sailing along in the heavings, whether anybody was looking at it or not. Jim had enough machinery about it to run a woollen factory. Got a patent onto it, and advertised it in the perfessional papers as the Hamilton Diana of the Night, an Automatic Moon. With either low or high gear, and with an attachment allowing it to be snapped back to the Horizon for a new start in the case of Long Scenes. Ring to go around it supplied without extra Charge. You see, Jim always held that if there was a storm in the third act, there ought to be a ring round the moon in the second act, 'cause a moon ring is an indication of coming bad weather.

"Well, it worked all right for some time, but one night the sprocket-wheel slipped, and Jim's moon went to cutting up like sixty. Romeo was up on the balcony, and him and Juliet was carrying on as usual, when suddenly that moon shot up through the sky at about a mile a minute. Then down it shot four times as fast. You see, Jim's patent fly-back had got in its work. Up she went again, and back she went again, whizzing like a rocket, with the machinery rattling and rumbling behind the scenes. Them lovers on the balcony caught on right away, and I seen they was pretty nervous, and kept watching it, 'specially when it got to throwing out smoke and sparks, and sizzing and sputtering. 'Lady,' says Romeo, 'by yender blessed automatic moon'—Jim had changed the wording a little—'by yender blessed automatic moon I swear, That tips with silver all the fruit-tree tops—' And this was the cue for Juliet to bust in with, 'O, swear not by the automatic, the inconstant automatic, That monthly changes in her circling orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.' And right here that blamed old moon exploded like a bum-shell, and chunks flew in all directions. Romeo got a sizable piece on his jaw, and he skun down the ladder like a cat, just having presence of mind enough to yell back, 'You're right, my love; that there moon ain't the proper article to swear by!' But if you could 'a' heard him after he got out in the wings swear at it, you'd 'a' remembered it long as you lived. His remarks was more jerking and explosive than the moon."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

### DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

MAMMA'S room is across the hall,
And in the mornings I must creep
On tiptoes past the fast-shut door,
Lest I should waken her from sleep.

But when she's being dressed at night,
Sometimes she lets me come in there,
And see Nannette lay out her gown,
And comb her long, long, shining hair.

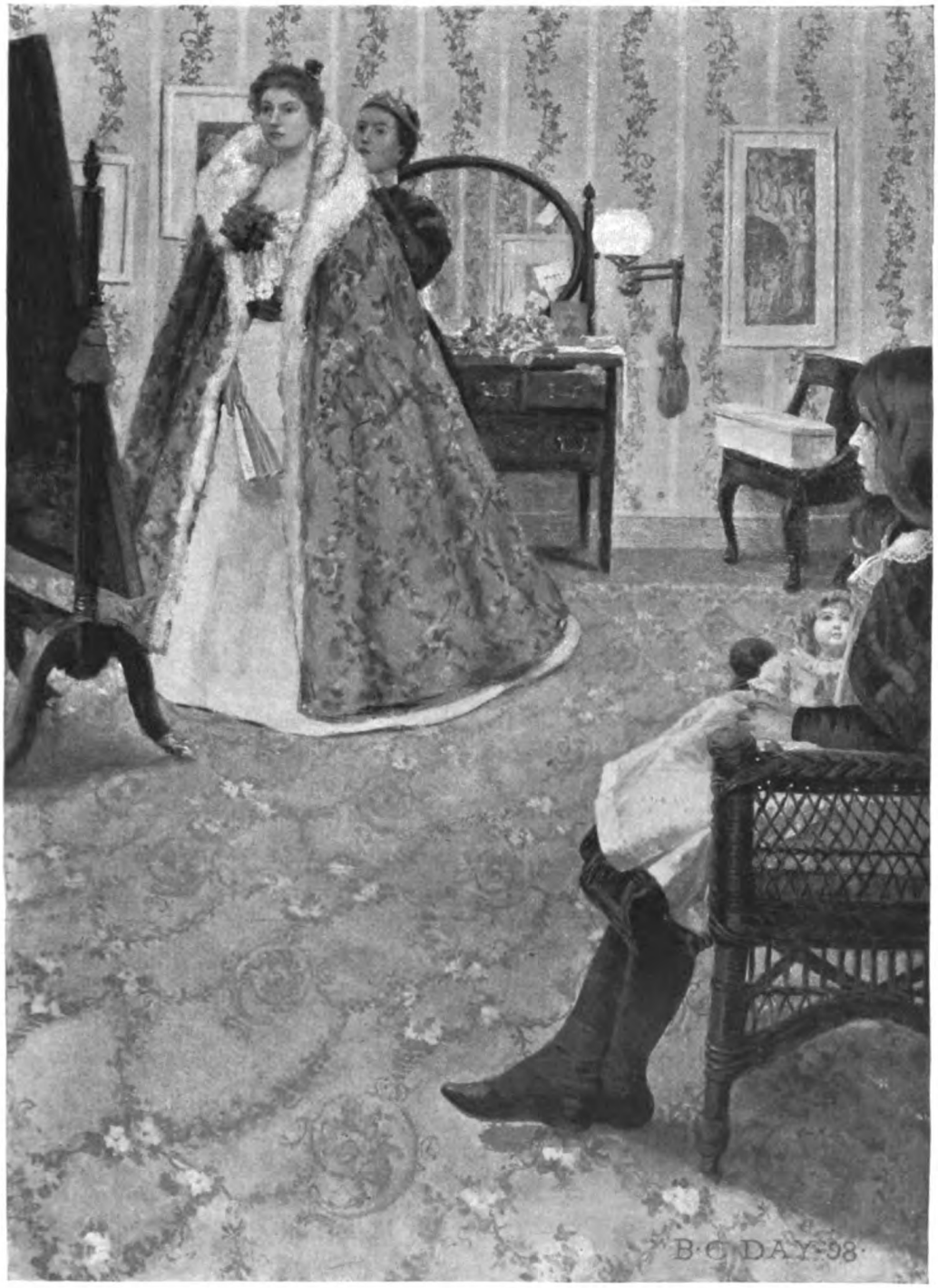
I must not touch her pretty things,
But in the looking-glass I look,
And see Nannette put on her gown,
And fasten every string and hook.

Then from the box, Nannette with care
Lifts out the roses, pink and sweet,
And, last of all, puts on the cloak
That covers her from head to feet.

Then my mamma turns from the glass,
And as she passes, tall and brig t,
She lays her finger on my cheek,
And says, "Well, little puss, good-night."

I hear her rustling down the stair,
Outside they close the carriage door,
And there is nothing left except
Some scattered rose-leaves on the floor.

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"I WISH I WERE A FAIRY CHILD."

When nurse has put me in my bed,
I squeeze my eyelids up so tight,
I seem to see her standing there,
All tall and beautiful and bright.

I wish I were a fairy child;
Then I would follow to the ball,
And see her smile and bow and dance,
The loveliest among them all.

KATHARINE PYLE.

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## HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

VII.

THE invitations to the wedding of Dorothy and Leroy were issued, after the usual custom, at an early enough date for friends in distant localities to have ample time in which to determine upon, secure, and despatch their presents, so that these might be displayed with the other contributions on the day of days. At least that is the way Benton puts it when Ethel tells him at dinner one evening, some three weeks previous to the date set for the momentous event, that Dorothy's cards have come.

"And I suppose we draw front seats and meal-tickets," he adds, irreverently.



AT THE SIDEBOARD.

"We are invited to the church and to the house—if that is what you want to know," replies Ethel, archly.

"That is the supposition I desire to have verified," retorts Benton, with much gravity. "And are we in for a breakfast, or is it to be a supper?"

"It is to be a noon wedding," says Ethel.

"That means no luncheon for me, and a dinner spoiled; but I suppose—"

It appears to me," interrupts Ethel, "that your thoughts seem to dwell principally on things to eat whenever any social function is under discussion. Unfortunately you seem to be endowed with the mental development of a caterer—"

"Now, my dear," Benton breaks in quickly, "you should not take advantage of the superiority of your sex over gastronomical requirements to refer to your humble spouse as being provided with putty instead of cerebra in his cranium—for, from what little opportunity I have had for observing such matters, I have uniformly noticed that, even at wedding receptions, the majority of the guests are always to be found in the refreshment-room."

"That is so," admits Ethel.

"And three-quarters of the crowd consists of women," persists Benton.

"True," says his wife, placidly.

"Well?" he asks.

"It's because they want to be where the men are," she returns, with a triumphant smile, "and what few men are present are invariably banked up three rows deep at the sideboard. But I don't see that all this has anything to do with the case, my dear. The question which now faces us is to see about a present for Dorothy."

"That's so," nods Benton, between bites into a stalk of celery. "We've got to come up with our blackmail—there's no dodging it this time."

"Dorothy gave us a handsome present, you know," proceeds Ethel, "and her mother sent us that silver dish, and even Freddy sent us the spoon that goes with it."

"Yes—Freddy! I'll bet he didn't know anything about it until he was told. But *he* is not getting married yet, is he? We don't have to get square with the whole family, do we, because Dorothy has got the drop on us?"

"No; but we must send *her* something really nice."

"Silver, or cut glass?"

"Silver, by all means," says Ethel, dictatorially.

"I don't suppose we can work off our stock gift of a Dutch decanter and six glasses on Dorothy, can we?"

"Well, I should *say* not! You have got to make up your mind, Arthur, to give Dorothy something really fine."

"Blackmail as is blackmail, eh?"

"We are under great obligations to Dorothy, and to all the family—and I wish you would not constantly refer to wedding-gifts as blackmail."

"Well, call it tribute, then," suggests Benton. "I suggested a great scheme to Leroy the other day. Thornton told me about it. The idiot—I wish he had told me the trick before *we* were married. If he had, we would not have such a stock of coffee-spoons and oyster-forks to pay storage on as we have now."

"Something about presents?" inquires Ethel, with alacrity.

"You bet," returns Benton, emphatically. "Great, too. Thornton says he worked it in fine shape. After their sight drafts had been issued—"

"Their *what?*" asks Ethel.

"Well, their wedding-cards, if you like. After these had been sent out—with meal-tickets distributed judiciously among those considered most likely to come down with the heaviest tribute—Thornton and his girl went around to Jiggany's and Boreham's and Blacking's and Scar's, and all those places where people get silver things under compulsion, and told the head men they were going to get married—"

"I don't see why they wanted to go around town and tell the shopkeepers," interrupts Ethel.

"Well, you wait, dear. That's the great scheme. They took these fellows into their confidence, and explained to them that they were young people about to be married, and that they were going to set up housekeeping;

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and Thornton told 'em he had a sister who had recently been married—"

"I did not know Mr. Thornton had a sister!" exclaims Ethel.

"Of course he has not any sister," replies Benton. "This was only a property sister, a sort of bugaboo sister to hold up and shake at the silversmiths. Well, he said his sister got an absurd number of dozens of teaspoons and soup-ladles and bonbon-dishes and sugar-tongs and salt-cellars and asparagus-forks—all marked. Of course she could not use more than one asparagus-fork at a time, and not enough times in her life to wear it out; and, besides, she did not like the idea of cornering the market on asparagus-forks. But the beastly things were all marked; so were the spoons and the soup-ladles and the bonbon-dishes and sugar-tongs and salt-cellars. The sister tried to exchange them, but the shopkeepers did not want them back because they were marked. At Boreham's and Jiggany's, Thornton said, they were willing to take back some of the marked stuff—the pieces that could have the marking rubbed off—but of course the exchange was made at a big discount, and nobody, not even a bugaboo sister, when out for blackmail and tribute, and all that sort of thing, likes to get touched for a discount. So Thornton explained all this, and made out a good case to the shopkeepers, and then he gave them his girl's card, and the shopkeepers and superintendents agreed that, no matter if any person who bought presents for her there asked to have the goods marked, they would deliver them unscathed to the bride-elect, who might afterwards, if she wished, exchange them for umbrellas or picture-frames or teacups or music-boxes or pocket-books, or anything else she chose. Thus the newly wedded couple would avoid an overstock of duplicates, and the tradespeople would not be bothered with rubbing out monograms and figuring discounts—and both sides were satisfied with the arrangement!"



FIXING THE TRADESMEN.

Here Benton pauses, and folds his hands placidly, and gazes across the table at his wife, as a man does who has dispelled the gloom of nations. Ethel has listened attentively, with increasing awe and dismay. Finally,

"What a cold-blooded and calculating man your friend Mr. Thornton must be!" she exclaims.

"Not at all," returns Benton. "He has a great head for business."

"And no heart for sentiment," asserts Ethel.

"I would much rather have my presents marked and stored than to go about dickering with shopkeepers to see how much I could make out of my friends."



STATUETTES AND BOOKS.

"That's your view of the situation; and I don't say you are not right," admits Benton; "but I can also recognize advantages in Thornton's method."

"I can't see any advantages anywhere," persists Ethel. "I suppose your friend had an auction of silverware after the wedding, and bought stocks and bonds with the proceeds?"

Benton chuckled.

"Well, not exactly," he replies, finally, "although he might have, if he had had the chance. But fate decreed otherwise. It was a good joke on Thornton. You see, he had counted without his hosts—or his victims, more properly speaking. The girl he married, you know, was one of those artistic creatures, and most of her friends were on to that fact, and they sent her statuettes and porcelains and pictures and plaques and art-books that weighed tons—and what silver the Thorntons did get was so varied in its meagreness that they did not have to exchange any of it, and Thornton had to spend a bushel of dollars on having it all marked quick, so that the senders of tribute would not notice the lack of monograms!"

"Served him perfectly right," exclaims Ethel.

"Well, it struck me as a piece of hard luck," Benton says; "but it was much better than McVey's method. McVey, you probably remember—"

"I don't care to hear about any more of your friends' plans and schemes for getting the better of other people," interposes Ethel. "I have had enough of your wild stories. Give *me* your attention now, and listen to what I have to say concerning Dorothy's wedding-present, and profit by it."



"LISTEN TO ME."

Benton, being a wise man at heart, acquiesces in silence, and in a very short time he knows just what he is expected to do in the matter on the following day, and, what is more, he will do it.

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### DON JUMANDEZ'S COWS.

THE army officer seemed to have something on his mind.

"This notion that all Spaniards lack enterprise is a mistake," he began. "Some of them are right up to date. Ever hear of old Don Jumandez of Santiago?"

"Never, Captain. What did he do?"

"Showed that he had regular Yankee ingenuity. Jumandez came of one of the proudest families in Spain. The Jumandezes were an old family, all puffed up with pride, and fond of bragging about the portraits of their ancestors and that sort of thing, at the time Columbus was working up his project to come over here and discover us.

"But though the Jumandez family was old and proud, it was poor, so the Don came out to Cuba a number of years ago, and embarked in business at Santiago. He went into the dairy business. Must have had a hundred cows, and ran the biggest milk route in Santiago. Things went on well till the Spanish government began massing troops there a couple of years ago. The soldiers went outside the city for target-practice every day. Well, you know how it is with Spanish soldiers. Don't believe a Spanish soldier could hit a barn even if he was inside of it, with the doors and windows all closed. So of course the Don's cows suffered. From one to half a dozen of them got picked off every day. Jumandez tried tying his cows to the targets. This worked well, so far as protecting them from the shots was concerned, but of course they couldn't get much grass, and returns in milk began to fall off. The Don saw that he had to do something. Half his cows were gone, and the others were a good deal chipped off on the corners.

"Well, no false pride about old Jumandez. In his house he had a whole roomful of suits of armor, which had been worn by his ancestors from the time of Hannibal downward. He just took that armor apart, and fitted it to his cows. There was enough of it to dress out every last bovine in complete mail. When the whole herd clanked off to the pasture the first morning, they made an imposing spectacle. He had them driven as far from the targets as possible, so as to make a thorough test. Soon the troops came out, and began blazing away. The Don stood behind a tree watching eagerly. The next thing he knew a Mauser bullet came tearing through his hat. It had caromed on a cow, and flown off at a sharp angle. This satisfied him. The thing worked to perfection, and up to the time of the late war he never lost another cow. Since that he has reassembled the various suits of armor, and stood them up in their places. I'll bet a penny he's hoping his ancestors don't know about what he did. If they do, I'll warrant a lively quarter of an hour awaits the old Don when he drops his ticket into the chopping-box of Charon."



Wherever thou goest, shall a flute-player proclaim thy greatness.



First day: Say, isn't this great?



Second day: Don't play so — loud.



Third day: If this is the only alternative, why—



here goes.



Finis.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

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# LITERARY NOTES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

SECOND in immediate importance only to the bulky output of war literature which has latterly, in the United States at least, so overshadowed every other literary phase, and certainly in welcome contrast thereto, is the output of Biographies and Recollections in the year past. To turn from the glorious accounts of their own achievements by men who are mightier with their swords than with their pens to the calm reflections of men of peace, to share with these their recollections, or to be conducted by one of them through the devious windings of a career worthy to be considered, is pleasing to those of us who have been satiated with scenes of action, however gratifying the latter may have proved to our sense of pride. It is not well that man should be fed on glory alone, particularly if it is, in a manner, his own glory. Such a course of diet, if prolonged beyond proper limits and too rigidly followed, is dangerous, since it is likely to bring about an expansiveness of the brain-pan which must react sooner or later upon the brain itself—a reaction quite as dangerous for nations as for individuals. It is well, then, in these spring days, that we should turn from the overstimulation brought about by a too persistent contemplation of our own greatness, to the soothing tonic involved in a consideration of the virtues of others as they are presented to our notice by men and women particularly well qualified to speak. This counter-tonic is to be found in four especial contributions to letters—the "Reminiscences" of Justin McCarthy, M.P.; those of Felix Stone Moscheles, the famous English portrait-painter, who seems to belong quite as much to the world of music as to that of art; "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by his nephew, Mr. Stuart Dodgson Collingwood; and the, as usual, deliciously intimate glimpse of her noble father that Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie gives us in her introductions to the biographical edition of *Philip* and *Denis Duval*.

Memoirs and Biographies.

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To the world at large possibly the most important, if not the most charming of these, are the *Reminiscences* of Mr. Justin McCarthy, published in two volumes. Just as the fame of a statesman spreads over a greater area than that covered by the fame of strivers after other laurels, so does that which he chooses to say seem to transcend in interest and importance the utterances of others conspicuous in minor fields of endeavor.

Reminiscences. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.

Mr. McCarthy, then, as a statesman writing of men, women, and things with whom and with which his career as a public man has brought him into a more or less intimate contact, is entitled to precedence in our consideration of these volumes. To say much of Mr. McCarthy by way of introduction to the readers of these notes would be an impertinence. He has formed, within the memory of most of us, too large a part of British public life, particularly of that portion of it which has especially attracted the attention of the American people, to need any introduction to readers on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. But it may be said, even if generally known, that he has had, over others devoted to the same cause, the great advantage of having, through all the animosities engendered by politics, retained the respect and admiration and confidence of all parties to the controversies in which he has been involved, wherefore the circle not of his acquaintance, but of his friends, may be said to have been larger than that allotted to most men even in his station of life. All of which contributes to the value, as well as to the interest, of his Reminiscences. The wide range of Mr. McCarthy's acquaintance is one of the things which will most deeply impress the reader. In all parts of the civilized world he has found the persons and personages who appear in his pages. He has known almost every conspicuous Briton of his time, and from the Continent of Europe many men of note have at one time or another in some wise entered into his life, not fitfully like shadows that come and go, leaving no material impression, but as very decided solids from which the author has gained much that was concrete.

Apart from this, however appealing as it all is to American readers, who, after their cosmopolitan fashion, are, more than any other people in the world, interested in the development and personages of all parts of the world, the work has for us a peculiar interest in the fact that Mr. McCarthy was once a very appreciative visitor to the United States, and met a great many of our conspicuous citizens. There have been memorialists—Paul Bourget, for instance—who have spent a few weeks within our borders and have flown hence to write their impressions, and as attractively, too, as Baron Munchausen ever wrote, but there has not been overmuch in the works of these that has proved convincing, excepting, of course, the cleverness and the superficiality of the note-takers. But Mr. McCarthy gave us at least two years of his life, and it must be said he was amply rewarded, for he not only gathered in a comprehension of some of our fundamental ideals, but met more of our idols than many of us have met. In consequence we find in the author's reminiscences of our country



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much to make us believe that he fed while here upon something better, and truer, and more allied to real life than is to be found in our "war extras" and our depressing comic papers. Mr. McCarthy has no false impressions of the United States, for he was not "stuffed" by joke-loving humorists, as was M. Bourget, nor did he study our institutions through the large lens of a telescope, as Sir Lepel Griffin may be said to have done, nor would his dignity permit of his "reporting us" after the fashion of Mr. Max O'Rell, a fashion so superficial as to show his own lack of depth. Mr. McCarthy, unlike some others who "know us" and write about us, met men of the stamp of Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes; knew Bryant and Lowell and Wendell Phillips and Sumner; encountered Grant and Sheridan and countless others who represented something in American life—and of all of these men he has something to say and something to tell that is worth saying and telling.

The Reminiscences are delightful throughout, and are in every respect worthy of one who in all his relations has lived up to the highest ideals of the scholar, the statesman, and the gentleman.

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"Fragments of an Autobiography." By Felix Moscheles.

Of Felix Stone Moscheles the world knows much less than it knows of Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Moscheles's fame has come largely from portraiture, and portraiture as a craft is not so generally conspicuous as statesmanship. Yet in the paths he has been called upon to tread, most of them connected with the æsthetic side of life, the things that Mr. Moscheles has noted, and the persons he has met, are no less considerable than those upon which Mr. McCarthy has so pleasantly dwelt. And as Mr. McCarthy's recollections are presented with a formality of style which becomes a second nature to men restrained by the etiquette of a Parliamentary experience, so does the artistic environment of Mr. Moscheles manifest itself in the easy informality of his narrative. One does not feel, in reading these *Fragments of an Autobiography*, that one is perusing a printed page, but rather that one is being talked to by an unusually interesting and often very breezy sort of a person. There is a life and sparkle to Mr. Moscheles's story that forces the conviction upon the reader that the memorialist enjoyed the writing of his book. There is an unflagging vitality all through its eleven chapters that indicates that the author is possessed of a wonderfully buoyant temperament —a most enviable possession.

The artist's account of his boyhood is one of the most amusing and appealing pictures of boy life that we have had. Reference was made in the notes of last July to a certain lively quartette, consisting of Mr. Howells's boy in his Boy's Town, Tom Sawyer, Tom Bailey, and the Boy Mr. Hutton knew. A worthy addition to the group is to be found in the little Moscheles, who tells us very frankly how he used to make faces at the backs of certain elderly maiden aunts; how he and his sisters, while suffering from whooping-cough, formed themselves into an orchestra, and led by the young Moscheles, bâton in hand, whooped in concert — a diversion this which carries with the statement of it the conviction of its truth, since no adult mind could ever have invented so novel a pastime.

In the earlier chapters one gets brief and pleasant glimpses of Heinrich Heine; of Mendelssohn, whose godson Moscheles had the distinction to be; of Rubinstein and of Liszt, both close friends of the author's father, a musician of great repute; of Malibran and Joachim; and of Thalberg, of whom Moscheles charmingly says that he "was a great children's man"; and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "whose father was giving my elder sister Italian lessons." The most delightful of these early pictures is that of the friendship between Mendelssohn and the elder Moscheles, through whose days there ran what the author poetically terms a "golden thread of great fun." It is altogether a most appealing picture of a happy boyhood, into which entered much that was good to be remembered.

The same happy note prevails throughout the volume. There are brief sketches of the famous persons the author has had the good fortune to meet in his maturer years professionally and otherwise — Mazzini, Dupont, Browning, and others. An account of a short visit to the United States and a chapter on his experiences with Browning at his studio will appeal most strongly to his American readers. A kindly sympathy with all that has to do with humanity, a happy humor, and a fine sense of color are discernible on almost every page of the book, and one rises up, after having read it, refreshed, as if through the genial glow of a bright and cheerful spring day. The Fragments are illustrated by photogravures of some of Mr. Moscheles's more notable portraits, of which that of the author's mother forms the frontispiece.

---

"The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll." By S. Dodgson Collingwood.

Whether it is because he lived a quiet and uneventful life, or because our great admiration for his best-known literary work has led us to expect too much of his biographer, it must be said that the biography of "Lewis Carroll," author of "Alice in Wonderland," by his nephew, Mr. Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, is somewhat disappointing. It is with no invidious intent that one remarks that the biography contains too much of Dr. Dodgson and too little of "Lewis Carroll." These two widely diverse identities, by some curious provision of nature, were merged in one individual. The world is the better for and has rejoiced in "Lewis Carroll"; in the biography the identity of "Lewis Carroll"



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is submerged by that of Dr. Dodgson. Within narrower limits the world is the better for the existence of Dr. Dodgson, but it was not in this capacity that he won our affections, or wished to win them. It is a matter of record, indeed, that he wished to be left alone as Dr. Dodgson, to pursue the serious work of his life, as he considered it to be, undisturbed. He must have rejoiced, as "Lewis Carroll," in his popularity, but as Dr. Dodgson he resented its intrusion upon his labors.

His nephew, Mr. Collingwood, has doubtless been handicapped by this fact, and one must admit that his problem has been an unusually difficult one. It is not often required of a nephew that he shall write the biography of an uncle the proper presentation of whose life entitles him to two biographies, because of the widely differing qualities of the traits that have made of him a considerable personage. And it is only from this point of view that Mr. Collingwood may be said to have failed. A judicious reader can, if he chooses, separate in this story the life of the one from the life of the other; but we should have preferred to see this done by the biographer. Dr. Dodgson's life as Dr. Dodgson is not generally interesting, and we cannot believe he ever wished it written. The "Lewis Carroll" phase is of vital interest, and it seems to us this side of his life should have dominated in Mr. Collingwood's effort, an effort which is manifestly sincere from first page to last, but which in the end is neither one thing nor the other. In certain fugitive magazine articles that have come to our notice, written by Mr. Collingwood, there has been a constant and satisfactory appeal to our interest, because in these we have been brought into contact almost wholly with that side of Dr. Dodgson's career which has most taken hold upon our imagination. It is to be regretted that the biographer's sense of proportion did not lead him, in the Life and Letters, to follow the same plan.

Nevertheless, there is much to charm the reader in Mr. Collingwood's effort, and none but a captious critic can find any very serious fault with the result.

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"Philip" and "Denis Duval."

LAST, but by no manner of means least, in the series of biographical books to be considered are the two introductory chapters of Mrs. Ritchie to the eleventh and twelfth volumes of the Biographical Edition of her father's works—*Philip* and *Denis Duval*. One finds in these the same rare charm that has permeated all the preceding papers, but one reads them with a sad sensibility of the approach of the end. The introductory to "Philip" is practically the history of Thackeray's editorial experiences as the guiding genius of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and we read with delight the confidences which his daughter chooses to grant us; but in these we seem to feel that the great soul is bending beneath the weight of his labors, and that but a brief period shall pass before the word finis must be written. And that which is merely suggested in the prefatory pages to "Philip" becomes an ominous certainty in those with which Denis Duval is introduced, wherein the curtain is indeed rung down upon the last act of that wonderful life.

The leading feature of Mrs. Ritchie's work in the "Philip" papers may be said to consist of the variety of letters which Thackeray received from his more illustrious contributors and friends. These include missives from Carlyle; Lord Houghton, then known as Monckton Milnes; Charles Macaulay, brother of the more famous Thomas Babington; from Landseer, and from Motley; as well as an amusing correspondence between Thackeray himself and Elizabeth Barrett Browning on the subject of the duties of an editor, Thackeray finding it necessary to return one of Mrs. Browning's poems not because it was really unprintable, but because of the ever-present "young person" who might not read it with a full comprehension of its ethical value. We find herein, too, a pleasant little picture of Frederick Walker, the young artist who for a time devoted his genius to the redrawing of the sketches which Thackeray's weariness of spirit, now growing painfully evident, prevented his making in a manner satisfactory to himself. Frederick Walker was himself not long for the world, and many who know of him as the reputed original of Little Billee in du Maurier's famous "Trilby" will be glad indeed to get this peep at the real man, slight as it is.

The introductory to "Denis Duval" brings us to the end of the story. Throughout it is evident that Thackeray was conscious of what was in store, yet he seems never to have been oppressed by the idea of approaching death. Numerous tender little touches here and there show that the beautiful spirit of boyishness, which may be said to have been a dominant note in his character, remained with him to the last. Despite the shadow which hangs over all in these pages, there are still those wonderful flashes of humor, the spontaneous bubbling fun of a kindly soul; and the reader who never knew of it before likes to hear the daughter's testimony that her father had no real illness, but simply flagged, and then on the eve of Christmas, 1863, went peacefully forth from this world into the unknown, fully prepared for what he should find there, confident in his hope and belief, and not sorry to go.

In the immediate presence of this great loss to letters the minds of his friends, who knew him for the great-hearted soul he was, must have reverted to his own lines when, in describing the final scene in the "Newcomes," he wrote: "And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted his head a little and quickly said, 'Adsum,'



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and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master!"

Surely, as Colonel Newcome was the perfect flower of the gentle, manly man, so must his creator have been, and that his daughter should have been inspired to let us see him as he was to her has enriched the world of letters to a degree that may be appreciated, but can never be estimated at its true value.

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"The River Syndicate, and Other Stories." By Charles E. Carryl.

The versatile author of "The Admiral's Caravan," a story that some years ago charmed not only the young readers for whose delectation it was prepared, but the older ones as well who were compelled on occasions to read it aloud, has put forth a collection of short stories under the title of *The River Syndicate*. It is about as different from the earlier volume as two things that really are different can be. For just as the one was a tale of peace and of quiet, so the narratives in this volume deal with crime — with murder and robbery and all sorts of mysterious people whom most of us would rather read about than meet.

Mr. Carryl's villains are, for the greater part, the most ingenious of folk—quite as mysterious in their methods and as villanous in their designs as any of those horrid people who some years ago taxed to the utmost the powers of Mr. Sherlock Holmes; and with all due respect to the complications which beset the latter, we find a less obvious mechanical quality in the mysteries of Mr. Carryl. There was too often a "ready madeness" about Mr. Sherlock Holmes's mysteries which rather destroyed their effectiveness. It sometimes seemed as if the mysteries were evolved to suit the clews, and not the clews to elucidate the mysteries—and it all came too easily to Mr. Holmes. If a client were to present a case to that astute detective, no matter how puzzling it might be, all Holmes had to do, it appeared, was to walk across the street and buy something, it mattered little what, and find himself on the right track. Mr. Carryl does not tax one's credulity so frequently, and, if we judge him correctly, would never attempt to solve the mystery of a stolen emerald by finding a shilling in the crop of a ruddy duck; and we are glad of it, for we think he would fail where Dr. Doyle has so conspicuously succeeded.

There is one particular, in addition to the plausibility and cleverness of Mr. Carryl's constructions, that is distinctly to be commended, and that is the refinement of his blood-letting. Much of it is undoubtedly shed, but tastefully. The reader is never revolted by it as he, or more particularly she, is apt to be in other tales wherein one is reminded, too forcibly at times, of the shambles. In this respect some of our more practised hands at fiction would do well to study Mr. Carryl's method.

Besides "The River Syndicate," the volume contains "The Pasha Club," "The House Over the Way," "Mrs. Porter's Paragon," "The Asper Agency," "The Colonel's Desk," and "Captain Black," which, we believe, was the first of the stories of this nature to call the public's attention conspicuously to the author's abilities as a writer to interest and hold the reader's attention.

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"Fur and Feather Tales." By Hamblen Sears.

Mr. Hamblen Sears causes quite as much blood to be shed in his *Fur and Feather Tales* as does Mr. Carryl in his collection of mysteries. Mr. Sears's chase, however, is for ducks and deer and moose and various other kinds of game, in the killing of which there is said to be much pleasure, and in the eating of some of which lies great joy. There is something about Mr. Sears's stories, as here presented, that is enormously healthy. They are full of that greatest blessing of life—fresh air; and whether it be due to the author's manner of putting what he has to tell, or is because of the subjects of which he treats, a sympathetic reader feels, after perusing them, that something invigorating has come into his life.

In one respect Mr. Sears is to be congratulated. The world in general which hunts not, yet spins, has come to regard sportsmen as persons intent upon killing. That this is not true is evident in Mr. Sears's book. It is not the killing that brings pleasure to the heart of the huntsman; it is the joy of the chase, and it is precisely the joy of the chase for anything, no matter what, in life, that makes life livable. We do not recall in any volume of its kind to have seen more conspicuously presented, and in this case all the more sincerely because it is unconsciously presented, this feeling of the real sportsman. It is perceived throughout, and not stated in terms. There is to be found, too, here and there, a descriptive power which appeals. For instance, this, in presenting the picture of a sunrise:

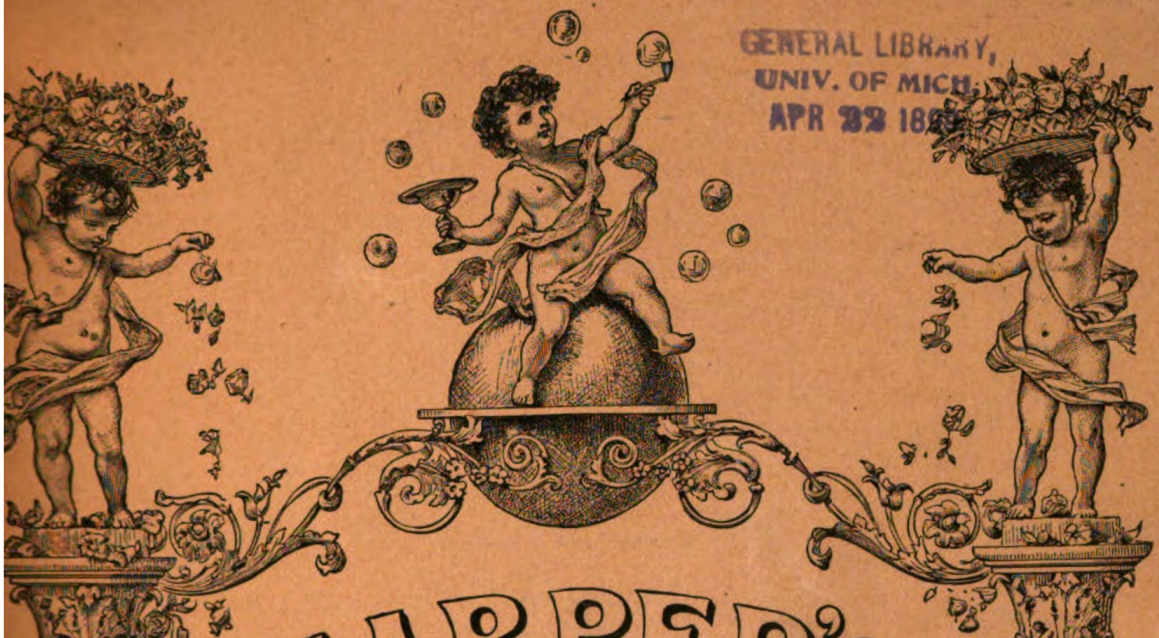
"At last it came almost suddenly, a great streak to the eastward; then a little more; then everything about the place seemed to have a lifting motion. Trees began to stand up; the water rose as the horizon widened. The light to the eastward changed from gray to white, and I could make out the opposite shore, a long black line. Finally the white changed to red, deeper and deeper, and rising ever higher. All sorts of noises seemed to wake, and everything, even the sky, went on rising slowly and gracefully."

"Fur and Feather Tales" is like a grateful breeze blowing through our lives, and it is to be commended to all who wish to be lifted out of a rut and transported to the regions where there is game to be hunted and good air to be breathed and healthful exercise to be had.



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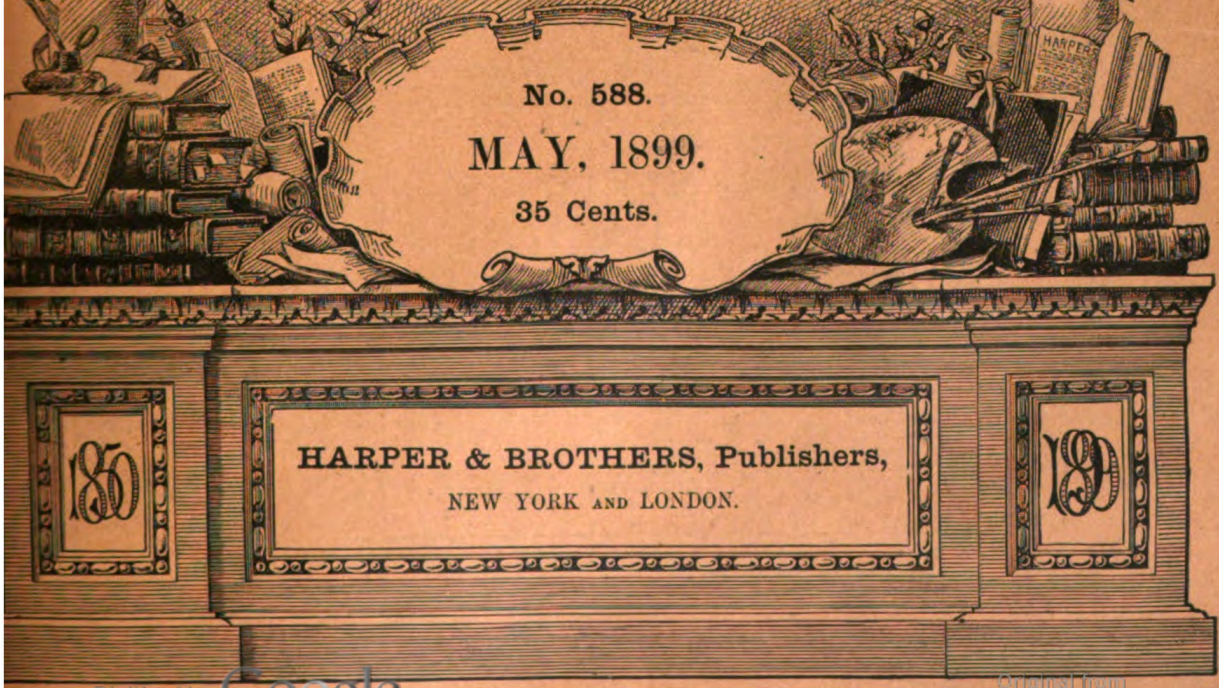


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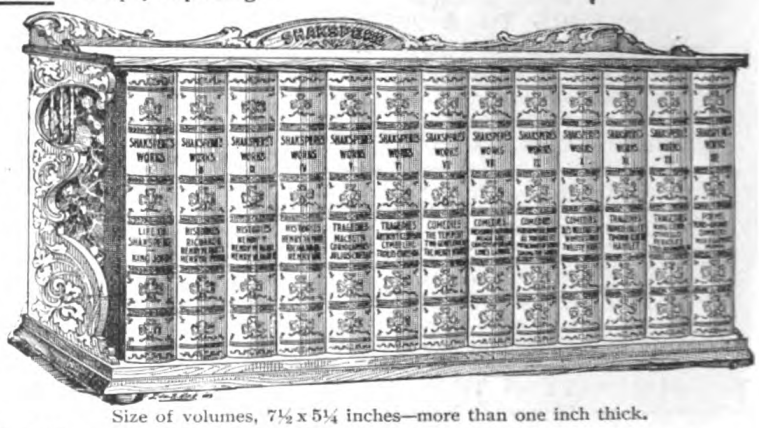
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# *A Literary Event*

IT is not often that we have the pleasure of announcing a new novel by Charles Dudley Warner. The announcement is a pleasure because a novel from Mr. Warner's pen is certain to prove a valuable contribution to American literature. American readers will remember well the charm of "A Little Journey in the World" and "The Golden House."



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# *How Bismarck's People Received His Book*

WITH the single exception of **Bismarck's Autobiography,** the greatest success ever achieved by any publication in Germany was a pamphlet by Professor Quidde, entitled "Caligula." This pamphlet had, however, from a publisher's point of view, everything in its favor. Its very title savored of the sensational, and the German reading public knew beforehand that "Caligula" was in reality a comparison of the insane Roman Emperor with the present Kaiser.



OTTO VON BISMARCK

Put on sale at the extremely low price of ten cents, it took the pamphlet eighteen months to sell 500,000 copies.

To know how far, comparatively speaking, the sale of "Bismarck" exceeds that of "Caligula," it is only necessary to know that 318,000 copies of the former had been ordered before the book was published. The fact, too, that the price of the Iron Chancellor's autobiography was more than fifty times the cost of "Caligula," makes the comparison all the more striking. When a German parts with so many marks he wants his money's worth, and he also must know all there is to know about a book before he buys it. It is self-evident, then, that the German people have accepted Bismarck's story as the only true and adequate expression of the Iron Chancellor and his influence on European history.

Another striking fact bears witness to the great value and historical importance of the work. The book was published on the 29th of November, 1898, simultaneously in five languages—English, French, German, Russian, and Italian—making a record that is perhaps unprecedented.

We feel, in view of the facts we have cited, that it is unnecessary to point out that "Bismarck's Autobiography" is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the influences that moulded European history during the nineteenth century. It is to the interest of every public library to look into this matter, for none should be without this book. Published in two large volumes, it is a beautiful edition for the home library also.

*"Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman." 2 Volumes. With 2 Photogravure Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $7 50.*



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# *Thackeray's Criticism of Vanity Fair*

"OF course," writes Thackeray to his mother, "you are quite right about 'Vanity Fair' and Amelia being selfish. My object is not to make a perfect character, or anything like it. Don't you see how odious all the people are in the book, with the exception of Dobbin, behind all of which there is a dark moral, I hope. What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility as yet. Amelia's is to come when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels, when she has had sufferings, a child, and a religion. But she has at present a quality above most people, whizz. — LOVE — by which she shall be saved. I wasn't going to write in this way when I began, but these thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them."



(Reduced from the Photogravure Frontispiece to "Vanity Fair" Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers)

"Even now," says Thackeray's daughter, "after a lifetime, when three generations of readers have succeeded those who first read 'Vanity Fair,' that moment seems almost present again as one looks at the old letter on its half sheet of paper, and realizes what it must have been to the mother who read the letter and to my father, who wrote it. I think he must have realized, as only a few can do, the consciousness of repose, of well earned rest after effort, the immense happiness of good work achieved, the satisfaction of sympathy and recognition coming after the years in which he had labored, alone and in silence, as it were, and without any great success.

"My brother-in-law has some of the early MS. of 'Vanity Fair.' It is curious to compare it with that of Esmond, for instance, which flows on straight and with scarcely an alteration. The early chapters of 'Vanity Fair' are, on the contrary, altered and rewritten, with many erasures and with sentences turned in many different ways."—From the Biographical Introduction to "Vanity Fair."

We quote the above selection in order to give some conception of the value of the **Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Complete Works.** For each volume an introduction has been written by the novelist's daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, and these taken together constitute the only authentic biography of Thackeray in existence. Our selection is one of an untold number of intimate glimpses of the novelist at work.

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# *The Literary Sensation of Two Continents*

THE noted Austrian scholar, Dr. Kellner, took a trip to England recently and made what he considered two important literary discoveries. One was the works of Rudyard Kipling, which the learned doctor made the subject of a lengthy article in a German paper. The other was **The Open Question,** a Tale of Two Temperaments, by Elizabeth Robins. The novel at the time of Dr. Kellner's visit was the literary sensation of England, and the Austrian critic, on reading it, was so deeply impressed with its wonderful power that he wrote Miss Robins for permission to translate it into German. We select the following from an extended review of "The Open Question" which appeared in the leading Austrian paper, the Vienna *Tageblatt:* "The latest female portrait in English literature for which you may with confidence prophesy a niche in the gallery of the immortals is contained in 'The Open Question.' The London press has with no justification traced in 'The Open Question' the influence of Ibsen; the only thing that Elizabeth Robins has in common with Ibsen is her courage to approach as an artist the profoundest problems of life."



ELIZABETH ROBINS
(From a Photograph by Aimé Dupont)

It is seldom that any novel by an American author has met with the universal praise of England's best critics, as has "The Open Question."

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# *"An Instance of Hereditary Genius"*

THAT literary talent is hereditary has been fully demonstrated by one of our recent novels, **Espíritu Santo.** Its author, Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, is the daughter of Richard H. Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast," and grand-daughter of Richard Dana, editor of the *North American Review.* "Espíritu Santo," is a story of Parisian life, and is Mrs. Skinner's first extended work since 1878, when her letters from a French convent were published. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a letter to her on that occasion, wrote: "You have told one story so well that you must tell many, and it is quite clear that your pen belongs to the public."

*"Espíritu Santo."* *A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental,* $1 25.



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# *Two Books of Travel*

EVERY one who reads the standard critical journals or the book-reviews of the best daily papers knows that from this publishing-house have appeared the three most important works of travel and exploration of the nineteenth century—Nansen's "Farthest North," Sven Hedin's **Through Asia**, and Savage Landor's **In the Forbidden Land.** We could say nothing about the first that has not already been said. The story of Nansen's wonderful journey is in every public library, and few private ones are without it. When we say that our recent publications, "Through Asia" and "In the Forbidden Land," rank with Nansen's work, we are only repeating the opinions of the best critics of two continents. We especially desire that those who are interested in that most interesting region of the world, Central Asia, refer to the reviews of the above works in any reputable literary journal. The "Forbidden Land," of which Mr. Landor writes, is Thibet, and the story of his attempt to reach Lhassa, the sacred city on the great plateau, reads like a fascinating novel. No explorer has ever, in attaining his object, undergone such frightful physical and mental sufferings as Mr. Landor. His journey, however, was eminently successful from a scientific and geographical stand-point. He was the first European to ascertain the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra and to solve the uncertainty regarding the Mansarowar and Rakstal lakes.



SVEN HEDIN

Dr. Hedin's remarkable work also treats of Central Asia, and we can give an idea of the importance of "Through Asia" in a few words. Hedin's book was published about the 1st of December, 1898. Three months later Dr. Hedin presented the Czar with six copies of the book, in as many languages, which is surely sufficient proof of its value. As the *London Times* says, "it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the richness of the contents of these books, of their attractions as stories of travel, unsurpassed in geographical and human interest."



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# *The Representative Man of American Letters*

THERE have been published in the past thirty years over thirty volumes from the pen of the most representative man of American letters, William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells deserves the rank given him above for three reasons: He has created a distinct school of fiction, he has made an international reputation as a critic, and he has written a volume of poems which has attracted much favorable attention. We have recently published a new novel by Mr. Howells, entitled **Ragged Lady,** the scenes of which are laid in New England, Venice, and Rome. We are justified by the reviewers of the story in our claim that "Ragged Lady" is equal in interest and charm to Mr. Howells's very best novels, and it is unnecessary to say more than that the book is uniform in size and binding with our library edition of the author's other works.

"*Ragged Lady.*" *Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Post 8vo, Cloth,* $1 75.

# *Three Views of Society*

THE French view is that as society can't possibly be innocent, no decent girl can, *as* a girl, be allowed to tarry in it long enough to be tainted, but must be married, and then tainted, as soon as she puts her nose out. The American view is that *as* society is innocent (in spite of the newspapers), it doesn't matter in the least how long a girl remains in it, as she will not only not be tainted, but will not even be free. The English view will be found in **The Awkward Age,** the latest novel by Mr. Henry James, which is a study of English social life of to-day. *The London Academy* once said that "Mr. James was constantly attempting the impossible and constantly achieving it." In "The Awkward Age," Mr. James once more bears witness to the truth of the *Academy's* statement.

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THE most competent critics both in England and America have been a unit in their praise of Mr. Hardy's **Wessex Poems,** and of the illustrations by the novelist's hand. A reviewer of the work in the *Bookman* has made the interesting literary discovery that Hardy, as a poet, is strongly reminiscent of Heine. Says the reviewer: "The most recent and important book in *belles-lettres* I have seen is Mr. Hardy's 'Wessex Poems.' Two or three thoroughly intelligent reviews of this remarkable work have appeared, but many critics seem to have missed the meaning. Mr. Hardy has been obviously influenced in his verse by Shakespeare, and in the sonnets by Browning. But no one so far as I know has pointed out that in his thought he has borrowed much from Heine. Heine has a lightness and grace which Mr. Hardy cannot claim. The English novelist is more resolutely gloomy, and yet perhaps less despairing."

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# *Gladstone's Tribute to Parnell*

"WITH tremendous will-power and iron resolution Parnell combined a profound belief in certain ridiculous superstitions," says Barry O'Brien, in his life of the great Irish leader. "He would not pass another person on the stairs; he was horror-stricken to find himself sitting with three lighted candles; the fall of a picture in a room made him dejected for the entire afternoon; and he would have nothing to say to an important bill drawn up by a colleague because it happened to contain thirteen clauses. He also thought green a most unlucky color—a strange and inconvenient feeling for a Nationalist leader—and the sight of green banners at the political meetings he addressed often unnerved him."



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

After seeing this strange side of his nature, it is interesting to hear Mr. Gladstone's opinion of Parnell. Mr. Gladstone says of him: "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest man. I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon. He did things and said things unlike other men."—*From* **The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell.**

The *Westminster Gazette*, London, says: "Every page is interesting. A profoundly interesting study of character as well as politics."

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# *Moscheles's Reminiscences*

A BOOK that will add much to our knowledge of famous musicians and artists, literary men and actors, is **Fragments of an Autobiography,** by Felix Stone Moscheles, author of "In Bohemia with Du Maurier."

The indescribable charm of the famous English portrait-painter's literary style, as he tells of his early days with his godfather Mendelssohn, of his life in Paris with Claude Dupont, of his trip to the United States with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and his friendship with Browning, recalls the literary work of Mr. Du Maurier. It is the pen-work of an artist who loves humanity, who sees the color, the incidents of daily life among mankind with a genial humor and a kind appreciation that are delightful to the reader, and especially to the lover of biography. The book is full of intimate, personal recollections of such men as the author's famous father, of Mendelssohn, Joachim, Mazzini, Dupont, Rossini, Rossetti, and many others. And all through these friendly stories of life-long friends the artist-author is giving us a broad picture of human life as he saw it in England, on the Continent, at Paris, and in New York and Chicago. There have been many Reminiscences published within the last decade; there has been none which will better repay a careful reading.

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# *The Dreamers: A Club*



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A NEW book by John Kendrick Bangs is announced for publication at an early date. It is entitled **The Dreamers: A Club,** and consists of a series of sketches contributed by the club members. The character of these sketches can be inferred from a few titles—for example, "Van Squibber and Eleanor Huyler," a tale that is unfolded by Thomas Snobbe, Esq., of Yonkers; "The Salvation of Findlayson," an amusing parody in Kipling's best mechanical style. It is certain that all who read this book will agree that it is as bright, as witty, and as sparkling as "Coffee and Repartee," "The Houseboat," "Three Weeks in Politics," "Ghosts I Have Met." "Peeps at People," or any of the long list of entertaining books by which Mr. Bangs made his reputation as an American humorist. "The Dreamers" will be fully and appropriately illustrated.

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# *Nothing to Wear*

IT was as far back as 1857 that a poem with the above title appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and in a very short time became famous throughout the world. The older generation will remember "Miss Flora M'Flimsey of Madison Square," how

> "The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
> And answered quite promptly, 'Why Harry, *mon cher*,
> I should like above all things to go with you there;
> But really and truly I've nothing to wear,'"

and the inimitable wit and satire with which William Allen Butler, a humorist of the old school, described the inadequacies of her wardrobe. The new edition of **Nothing to Wear,** which is to appear shortly, comprises also the famous "Oberammergau" and many new poems, is an entirely new publication from new plates, and newly edited by the author.

*"Nothing to Wear, and Other Poems." About 225 pp. With a Photogravure Portrait. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.*

# *The Sowers*

OUR latest edition of **The Sowers,** which will appear during the coming month, is mentioned here for the reason that it will contain eight beautiful full-page illustrations by Charles Mente. It is unnecessary to speak of the merits of Mr. Merriman's work, for, as *The Bookman* says, he has never written an uninteresting or commonplace novel. His latest book, "Roden's Corner," is now leading book sales in England, a distinction which "The Sowers" achieved before it.

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AMONG our recent volumes of short stories there is none that will attract more attention than **An Incident, and Other Happenings,** by Sarah Barnwell Elliott. These eight stories deserve especial notice for several reasons, because in them for the first time is found a powerful portrayal of the evil side of negro character. The negro is seen entirely from a Southerner's point of view, as are the problems which owe their existence to him, and which find their easiest solution in lynch law. It is a delicate subject, but every one who reads "An Incident" will agree that it could not have been handled more delicately. In "An Incident," in "Squire Kayley's Conclusions," and in "Mrs. Gollyhaw's Candy-Stew" the author has opened a new field of Southern fiction. The three stories mentioned treat serious subjects with the seriousness they deserve and with the skill of a literary artist. Two or three of the sketches have a quaint humor that stands out in vivid contrast to the tragedy of the longer stories.



"YOU ARE HANGING YOURSELF, JOHN"

*"An Incident and Other Happenings." Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental,* $1 25.

# *Charles E. Carryl, the Banker-Author*

THE author of "Tess" was an architect by profession, and had passed his thirtieth year before his first book was written. The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" was a physician, and wrote stories to pass the time while he waited for patients. Another instance of the same kind is the case of Charles E. Carryl, the author of a volume of short stories which we have published recently under the title **The River Syndicate.** Mr. Carryl is a New York banker, and follows literature as a recreation from the cares of business. There are seven stories in his volume, and all are written in the clear, straightforward style of a man who has some good stories to tell and who knows just how they should be told. They belong to detective literature, and tell of the ferreting out of criminals and the solving of mysterious crimes. Like Dr. Doyle, Mr. Carryl fully proves that it is still great art to tell a detective story well.



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We shall be pleased to give full particulars to all who are interested in the subject.

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From "Short Rations"

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THE "find" which the artist-author has made is a half-breed Canadian Indian, and his name is **Sundown Leflare,** who tells his stories in his own words. Mr. Remington besides writing has also illustrated his book.

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### *COMMENTS*

This work is one of *superlative excellence*, whose peer is not to be found in this country, nor, indeed, as I believe, in any other. It stands very high among the achievements of American scholarship.—CHAS. R. LANMAN, Professor of Sanskrit, Harvard University.

Among the hand-books for reference this is one of the best the student can have. It is *fresh*, *scholarly*, and often presents a subject from an *original* point of view. It will repay the careful study of every student and teacher.—ERNEST M. PEASE, Professor of Latin, Leland Stanford University.

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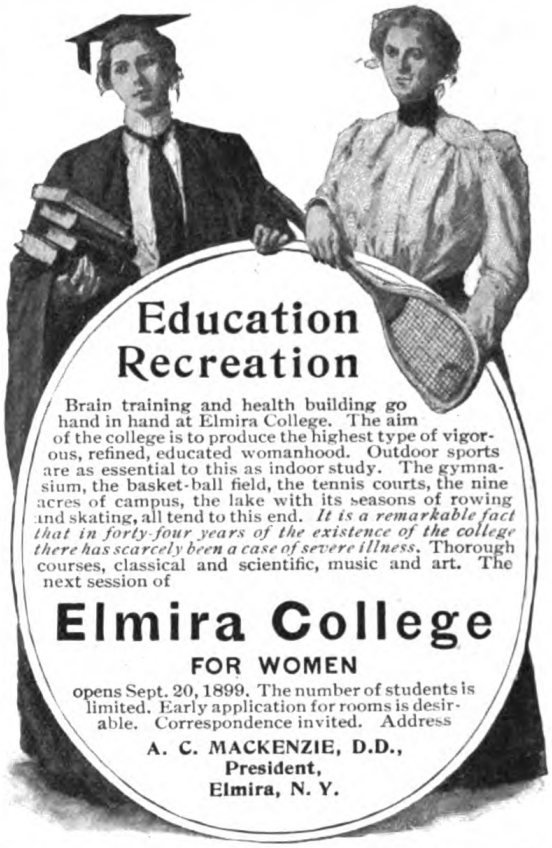
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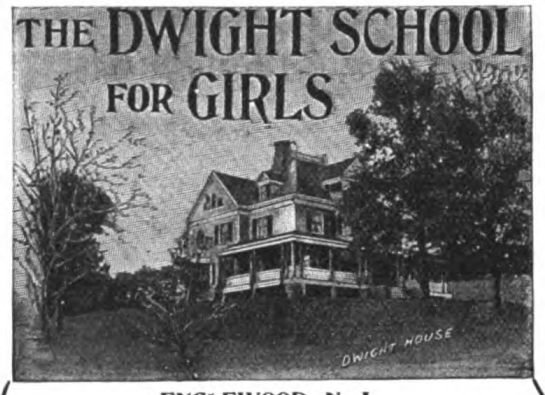
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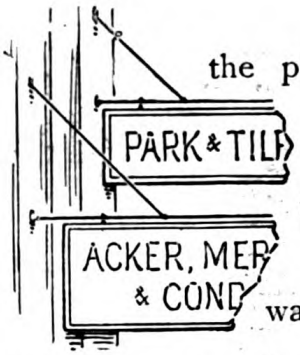
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That is why this kind of grocer never urges you to try some new and unknown washing-powder when you ask for **Pearline.** They give you what you ask for, and they know there'll be no complaint. 603

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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I met a maid, a charming maid,
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Sweet maid, I said, what lends such charms
To light each lovely feature—
Does hope, ambition, love or gold?
Do tell me, sweetest creature.

The light upon my features, sir,
Is not of love or hope;
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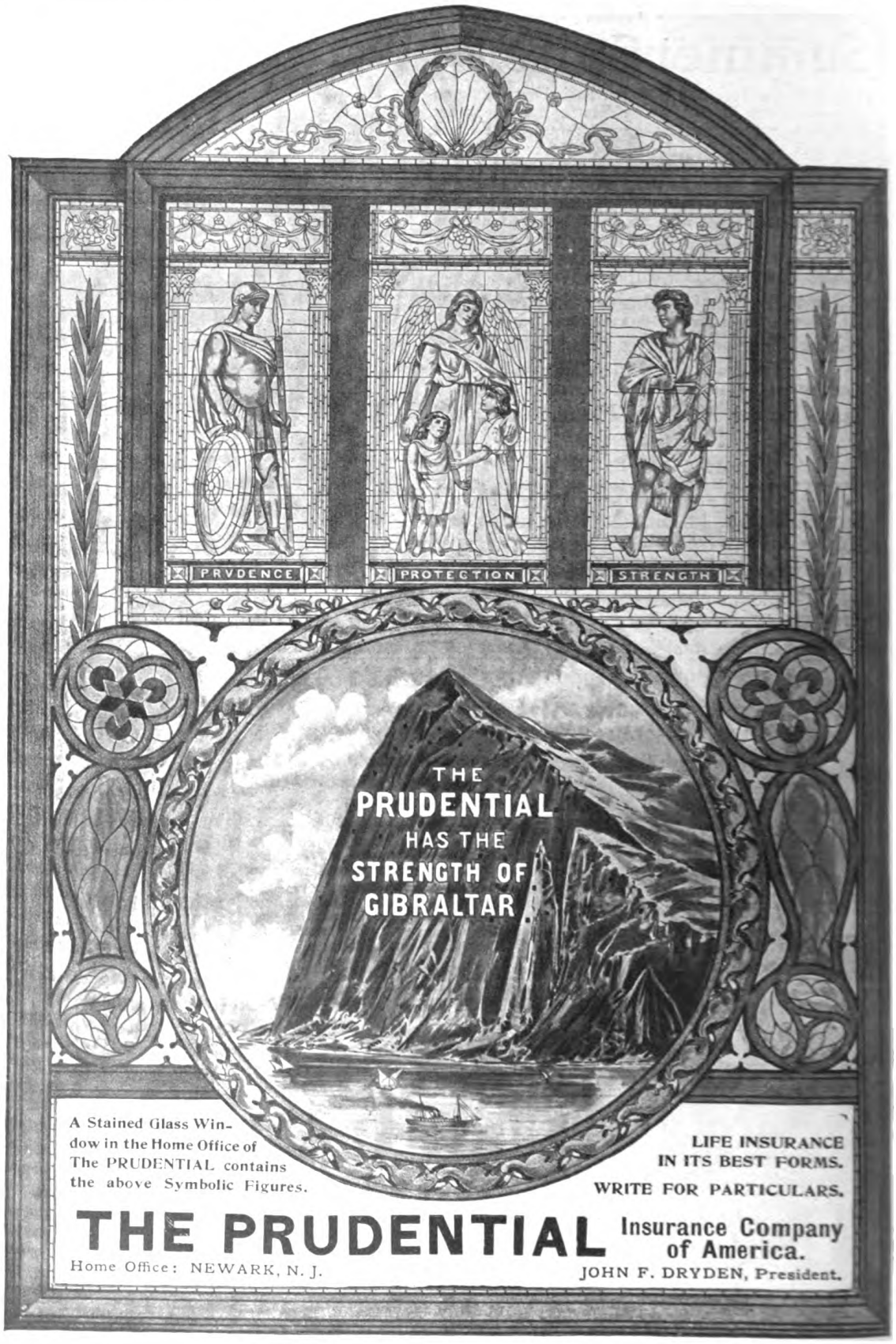
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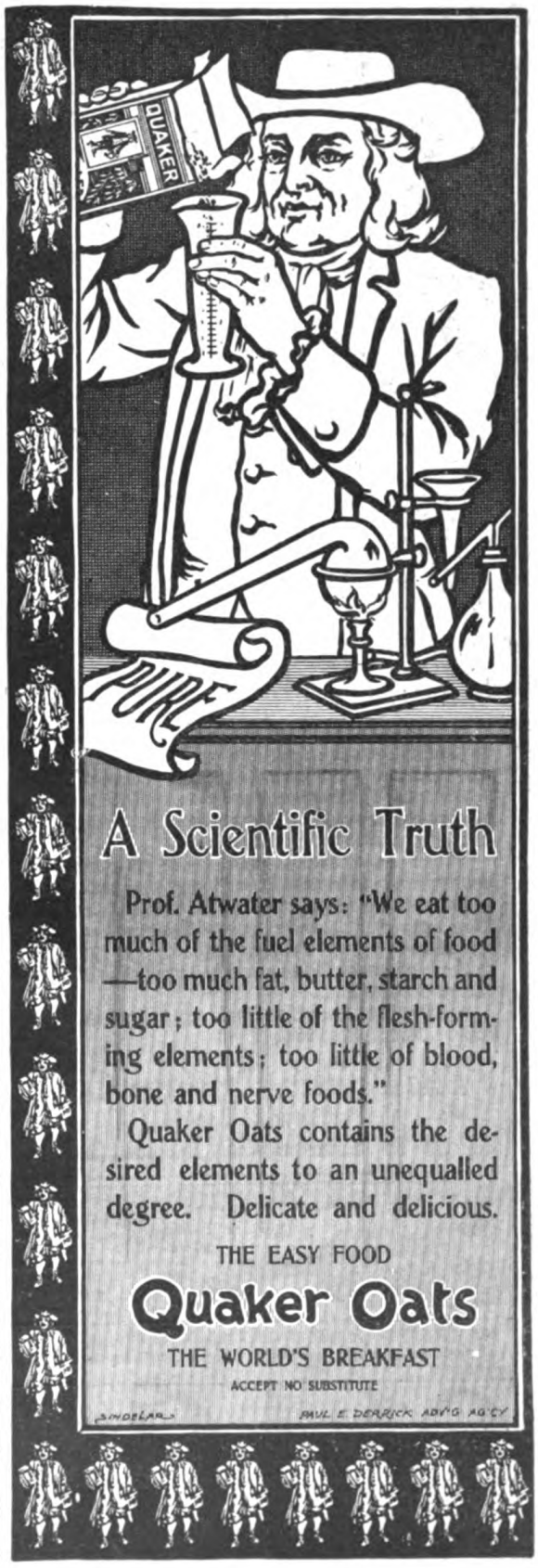
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## Washing Silverware.



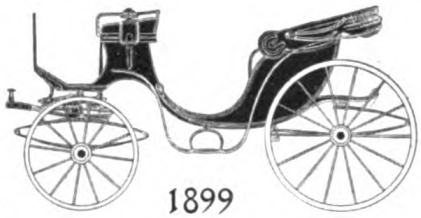
Bad treatment in the dishpan is the cause of much of the injury to Silver; ordinary laundry or scouring soaps are as unfit for this purpose as for the toilet.

# Electro=Silicon Silver Soap

is made specially for washing Silverware. The washing cleanses, drying polishes. It does the work well and quickly; and **saves your silver.** That saving more than pays for the soap.

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The greatest musicians are the first to pay tribute to this marvelous invention which places within the reach of all, the musical literature of the world. Among the owners of Aeolians, Wagner is the most popular of all the composers.

The significance of these two facts should dispel prejudice—at least to the point of investigation. They testify that the Aeolian appeals to lovers of high-class music, and that it is capable of grasping the highest conception of the piece.

It cultivates and educates those who are generally considered unmusical. Those who have no knowledge of music whatever—save appreciation (and it is astonishing how this grows) can always satisfy their desire and enjoy a "request" concert at any time.

Instruments gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.



Aeolian Grand, Special Design

**THE OPINION FROM EXPERIENCE**

The following have been gathered from a few of the letters we have received from customers. They represent in many instances five or six years' close association with the Aeolian.

"The Aeolian is one of the greatest inventions of the age, and no one can appreciate its capabilities until he has heard it well played. It is not a mere mechanical instrument, for it can be made to respond to the feeling and musical taste of the performer, so that the real meaning of the deepest music may be fully interpreted. It can be made to phrase most delicately the finest compositions of the master composers of the world."

"The performer never ceases to make progress, and soon perceives that the field before him is continually widening, and that industry and study yield results he never dreamed were possible with the instrument."

"As an educator in music the instrument has no peer."

"It is a soul-harmonizer, eliminating the fret and care which business brings."

"The possibilities of the musical layman to play anything at sight, thereafter learning to put delicate shading into it at will without having had the drudgery of practicing for years, is a joy which one does not fully appreciate until he has tried it."

"I find my musical friends are as enthusiastic as any."

"I began with the first instrument made and end with the largest. That many thousands of Aeolians are in use is only natural. The only surprising thing to me is that there should be a single family with a love for music without it. There can be but one explanation, namely, *ignorance* of what the Aeolian is and what can be done with it."

**PRICES FROM $75 TO $2,500**

## The Aeolian Company

**18 West Twenty-third St. New York**

Boston, Mass.—The M. Steinert & Sons Co., 162 Boylston Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—C. J. Heppe & Son, 1117 Chestnut Street
Chicago, Ill.—Lyon & Healy, Wabash Avenue and Adams Street
Montreal, Can.—The L. E. N. Pratte Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.—E. Dreher & Sons Co.
Portland, Ore.—M. B. Wells Co., Aeolian Music

Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York




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# THE EDISON CONCERT PHONOGRAPH.

Mr. Edison has perfected the Phonograph. This is the instrument.

**It perfectly reproduces the human voice—just as loud—just as clear—just as sweet.**

It duplicates instrumenta music with pure-toned brilliance and satisfying intensity.

Used with Edison Concert Records (made in Mr. Edison's laboratory under his direct personal supervision) its reproduction is free from all mechanical noises. Only the music or the voice is heard.

It is strong and vibrant enough to fill the largest auditorium. It is smooth and broad enough for the parlor.

The highest type of talking machine ever before produced bears no comparison with the Edison Concert Phonograph. The price is $125.

Full particulars can be obtained from all dealers in Phonographs; or by addressing The National Phonograph Co., New York, asking for Concert Catalogue No. 3.

Six other styles of Phonographs, including the **Edison Gem, price $7.50.**

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK

Thomas A Edison




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## The Ready Reference Scrap Book.

### A SCRAP IS FILED

by passing the top containing the caption through a slot from the back of the leaf and attaching it to the front surface, which is gummed. The caption alone shows upon the leaf and indexes the article. The body, which remains in the back, is read by turning the leaf over and up to the slot through which it protrudes. The leaves are of fine linen stock, and the binding of cloth substantially put together.

### THIS SMALL BOOK

will file 15 clippings (from one inch to one column) to the page, and takes the place of the usual large volume. It is practical, neat, and handy. One of the few novelties worth investigating. Send for one. **Dealers wanted.**

**PRICE, 75 CENTS at Stationers.**
**By Mail, 80 CENTS** (postage-stamps or money-order preferred).

**CHARLES C. ELY, 56 H Warren St., New York.**




Sample page, partly filled with scraps.



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To facilitate the purchasing of these famous shoes when not obtainable from shoe dealers, we have had published the most magnificent shoe catalogue ever issued. It shows our leading styles in *life size.* Tells how to order by mail so that you may wear these shoes no matter where you are. *It is free.* Send a postal for it to-day.

# The ULTRA SHOE

## FOR WOMEN.

I am the "Newport," an Ultra style that will please the most fastidious of womankind. My lines suggest grace, comfort, and durability. They have made me from finest glazed kid, and with such thorough care that, although I am a light boot, I am very durable, and will retain my shape. I have a turned flexible sole — just right for spring and summer wear. Many women like me for house wear, where a cool and restful shoe is the proper thing to wear.

**All Styles,**

**$3.50**



If your dealer cannot supply you with the "ULTRA," send us his name with your order direct and $3.50 (money-order, draft, or *personal check*), and we will send you the shoes at once, delivery charges prepaid. State plainly size and width wanted.

**On Approval.**

Shoes will be sent with the positive understanding that we guarantee a perfect fit and absolute satisfaction or will refund your money.

**Style 605**



THE Fit for a Queen ULTRA

Look for this Trade-Mark on the sole and on top band.... It signifies the very latest and best shoe made.

**Moore-Shafer Shoe Mfg. Co.,** 191 Main Street, Brockport, N. Y.

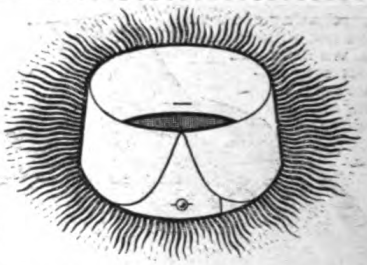


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An exceedingly swell collar—especially designed for day wear in summer and for use with a negligee shirt. Different grades of linen—different prices—you pay only for material and workmanship

"Cluett" BRAND 25¢ EACH "VALESKA"

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ARROW BRAND 2 FOR 25¢ "ALMAYNE"

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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.

(Successors to Cluett, Coon & Co.)

'Correct Attire for Men"—a spring fashion report is yours for the asking. Write care Station U, Chicago

DOES NOT BEND. SUPER NICKEL PLATE. GUARDED COIL.

THE CLINTON SAFETY PIN

Not Cheapest, but Best.

It has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the World because of its

Absolute Superiority.

Fastens on either side, is almost automatic. Super nickel-plated, doesn't turn brassy. Made in 9 sizes, from ¾ inch to 4½ inches. Finished in nickel, black enamel, gold and silver.

A Perfect Guard
Prevents Clothing
Catching in Coil.

Send six cents in stamps for 12 Clinton Safety Pins (assorted sizes) and a card of our new Sovran Dress Pins. They will demonstrate the inferiority of their imitations.

OAKVILLE CO.,
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They're little, and they hide from sight,
But have a grip of shakeless might.

See that

hump?



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Richardson & DeLong Bros., Mfrs.,
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THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER is **Guaranteed** to the dealer and user against imperfections. Look for the Name on every loop.

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS

THIS GUARANTY GOES WITH EVERY PAIR

No Stitching in the Elastic.

*Velvet Grip*

CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue free.




GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.




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**but wears better and costs less.**

*WATER PROOF—STAIN PROOF*
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**For Library, Dining-Room, Club-Room, Office, Railway, Steamship, Yacht, or Carriage Upholstery, PANTASOTE has no equal.**

This wonderful material does not crack or peel, never moulds, has no odor, is difficult to deface, will not burn, is always handsome.

***Tested for six years with unqualified success.***

Made in all standard colors, in plain leather grains or richly embossed patterns.

**Enough to cover a chair seat 18x18 inches sent for 25 cents in stamps.**

Small sample for 2-cent stamp and your upholsterer's address.

**CAUTION!** The success of Pantasote has produced many imitations. Don't allow dealers to substitute inferior and often worthless and dangerous goods on which they make more money. The word "Pantasote" is stamped on the genuine article. Wholesale only by

**THE PANTASOTE CO.,**
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## *Baby Clothes*

### *Are Just As Safe*

To put right on the baby, as if they were made at home. Unlike many goods in market, they are manufactured in light, clean, airy work-shops, free from everything unwholesome.

Other economies possible only in manufacturing a specialty in large quantities, alone account for their low prices:

Long Slips, 40c., 62c., 85c., $1.15, etc.
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For illustrations and descriptions, see our Catalogue (sent for 4 cents postage.)

**Over 900 Illustrations**

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**60-62 West 23d St., N. Y.**

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No one thing that you wear gets the hard usage that your shoes do.
Cheap shoes are poor economy.
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Dry feet are essential to health.
Do you want comfortable shoes?

## The Ralston Health Shoe

is the most comfortable shoe made.

**Price, $4.**

Waterproof shoes for wet weather.
Walking shoes for dry weather.
Dress shoes for dress occasions.
Send for catalogue to

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This shoe is making a great sensation among women and among shoe dealers, on account of the stylish shapes, the fine workmanship, and the remarkable leather of which they are made.

Shoe dealers have only to show them to sell them. Women always buy a second pair. The leather used in all Tri-on-fa Shoes is the best that money can buy. It is soft, delightful to the touch, and wears remarkably.

We are placing them with good shoe men everywhere, but if yours does not have them, we will send you a pair on receipt of $2.50, and will refund your money if you wish. Our shoe book shows over twenty styles. Shall we send you one?

**$2.50**

**THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.**



The guiding star of candy-lovers is the famous name of Whitman. The excellence of

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## CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

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**WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**
Is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious, and healthful.
Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.




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The kind that enables you to arrive at your journey's end with a feeling of undisturbed enjoyment; a trip on which you can sleep well, dine well, be comfortable and receive courteous treatment; a journey of pleasant recollections.

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The kind provided by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston. A copy of "Book of Trains" sent free to any address by

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*Vacation Cruises to Near-By Foreign Lands*

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UPON THE STANCH OCEAN STEAMSHIPS OF THE RED CROSS LINE.
A CHARMING TRIP TO BEAUTIFUL AND PICTURESQUE COUNTRIES.
WITH THE ADDED PLEASURE OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

**$34.00** To HALIFAX and return, including Meals and Stateroom Berth.

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## *Insure Your Brain*

Why put your head under obligation to remember so much detail, when the simplest remedy is at hand? This little device *thinks for you*—saves you "brain fag."

### Barler's Office Tickler Never Forgets.




Write for full description of **Office Tickler and Safety Document Files,** mailed free

A SHEET-STEEL BOX finished inside and out with a fine hard-baked enamel—brilliant and durable. Splendid lock. Two steel keys. Sliding tray makes a separate compartment in front or back. 43 Heavy Cards or Indexed Spaces.

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This route is the coolest, the most replete with interest for the educated traveller, and 24 to 36 hours shorter than any other.

Send for particulars, and any of the illustrated descriptive books named below:

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A necessary preliminary to all successful travel is full and accurate information about the places to be visited, the most desirable routes for reaching them, their resorts, hotels, etc. ☙ We can supply this information, as well as railroad and steamship tickets to all parts of the world. ☙ Tours to Florida, Mexico, California, Alaska, Europe, Japan, Around the World, etc. ☙ Books on application.

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in an unhealthful climate, however attractive your surroundings may be. The climate of Colorado splendidly supplements the grandeur of its mountain scenery. May we send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Picturesque Colorado," descriptive of the most fascinating portions of the Rocky Mountain region? Enclose two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

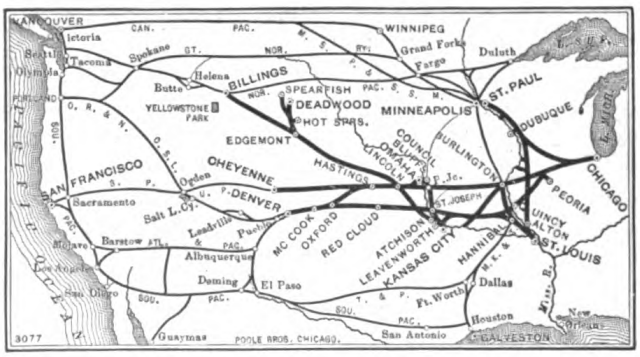
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THE map shows that the Burlington Route offers three good ways of going. Via Denver, Billings or St. Paul.




Wide-vestibuled trains are operated on this line between Chicago or St. Louis and Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, St. Paul and Minneapolis, equipped with modern, roomy, comfortable Pullman Cars and Reclining Chair Cars. The European plan Dining Car service employed is a special feature of excellence. Delicate china, roses, spotless linen, perfect ventilation and strictly first-class cooking.

BEST LINE CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS TO

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"Colorado Outings"

"California"

Are the titles of descriptive booklets which can be had without charge upon application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO.



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36 Ave. de l'Opera.

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## Spring Weddings.

Our offerings for suitable gifts are new and appropriate, with the added merit of highest quality and exclusiveness of pattern, and at prices varying to meet the requirements of all.

Our little book, "Suggestions," free on request, makes selection easy.

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## DON'T

go to Europe until you have made a trip on the New York Central's "Empire State Express" and seen Niagara Falls. Both can be accomplished in a day, and at the lowest regular rate charged on any railroad in the World,

2 CENTS PER MILE.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel," send one 2-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.







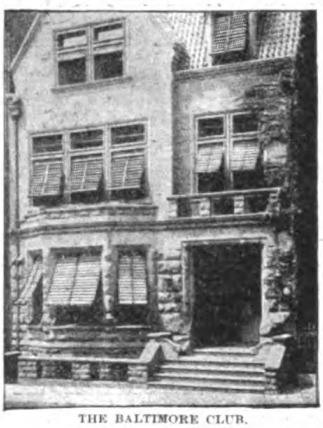
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DEAR MADAM:

Nobody ever complains of Macbeth lamp-chimneys. They give a good deal more light and don't break.

Get the Index.

Address Pittsburgh, Pa. Write MACBETH.



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All leading architects endorse and recommend the

## Outside Venetian Awning-Blind

**Manufactured by the Baltimore Blind Company, Baltimore, Md.**

It is made of the best seasoned wood and is fitted with aluminum bronze connections, being strong and light, and makes a handsome shade. Will last for years. It is being used on the largest and **best equipped offices** and **Government buildings, hotels, club houses,** and thousands of **private residences** throughout the country. Can be used either as a blind or awning. Keeps out the sun; lets in the fresh air; slats open and shut.

**Hon. Frank Brown,** ex-Governor of Maryland, writes: "I have had your Improved Combined Awning-Blinds on my residence and they have given me perfect satisfaction in every particular. They are especially adapted to houses whose occupants are out of town during any considerable portion of the summer season, closing them securely and keeping out dust and dampness. As an awning and blind they far surpass the old-fashioned air-excluding canvas monstrosities.

*FREE* Write us for our new catalogue showing the Awning-Blind in its different positions; also pictures of many office buildings, hospitals and private residences using the blinds.

**THE BALTIMORE BLIND CO., Holliday and Pleasant Sts., Baltimore, Md.**

## Positively Grandest Outing Trip

ON THIS OR ANY OTHER CONTINENT

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Via the Exclusively Passenger Steamships of the




## NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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Send for . . . particulars *now* to **Stewart Murray, G. F. & P. Agent Northern S. S. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

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A series of **SEVENTEEN PARTIES** will leave New York during the season of 1899 for **EUROPE** including the principal Resorts and Routes **FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN.** The rates, which include **ALL TRAVELLING EXPENSES** range from $250 to $950. Special **ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900.**

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The Northwest
GO, SEE IT.











THE SIGN NORTHERN PACIFIC OF THE BEST

Send Six Cents for WONDERLAND '99 and you will find that the word Northwest covers a great variety of country.

Use your vacation in going to Yellowstone Park, Puget Sound, Alaska or some other spot where you can enjoy life, regain health perhaps and increase your knowledge.

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2 SOLID TRAINS A DAY TO THE COAST.

AIR TIGHT INGENUITY In an Air Tight Box




Is now put up the most famous of all tobaccos

Golden Sceptre

SIR WALTER RALEIGH might fully appreciate his services to the English-speaking world by his introduction of tobacco had he lived to see the universal use of **Golden Sceptre.** In the new air tight box fragrance and sweetness is kept indefinitely.

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# 1899= 35th =1899
## Annual Statement
OF THE
# TRAVELERS
## INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.*

**PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.**

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Real Estate, | $2,009,684.43 |
| Cash on hand and in Bank, | 1,510,090.17 |
| Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, | 5,785,923.99 |
| Interest accrued but not due, | 261,279.62 |
| Loans on collateral security, | 1,182,327.64 |
| Loans on this Company's Policies, | 1,175,489.24 |
| Deferred Life Premiums, | 324,697.95 |
| Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies, | 251,120.97 |
| United States Bonds, | 14,000.00 |
| State, county, and municipal bonds, | 3,614,032.58 |
| Railroad stocks and bonds, | 6,658,373.37 |
| Bank stocks, | 1,066,122.50 |
| Other stocks and bonds, | 1,462,300.00 |
| Total Assets, | $25,315,442.46 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, | $18,007,596.00 |
| Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, | 1,399,372.80 |
| Present value, Instalment Life Policies, | 507,044.00 |
| Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, | 430,101.55 |
| Losses in process of adjustment, | 220,243.33 |
| Life Premiums paid in advance, | 35,267.68 |
| Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., | 110,000.00 |
| Special Reserve, Liability Department, | 100,000.00 |
| Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, | 400,000.00 |
| Total Liabilities, | $21,209,625.36 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,105,817.10 |
| Surplus to Stockholders, | $3,105,817.10 |

### STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Life Insurance in force, | $97,352,821.00 |
| New Life Insurance written in 1898, | 16,087,551.00 |
| *Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.* | |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | 1,382,008.95 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 14,532,359.52 |

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, | 16,260 |
| Whole number Accident Claims paid, | 324,250 |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $ 1,254,500.81 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 22,464,596.75 |
| Totals. | |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $ 2,636,509.76 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 36,996,956.27 |

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| 7532 10 | |
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| 368 79 | |
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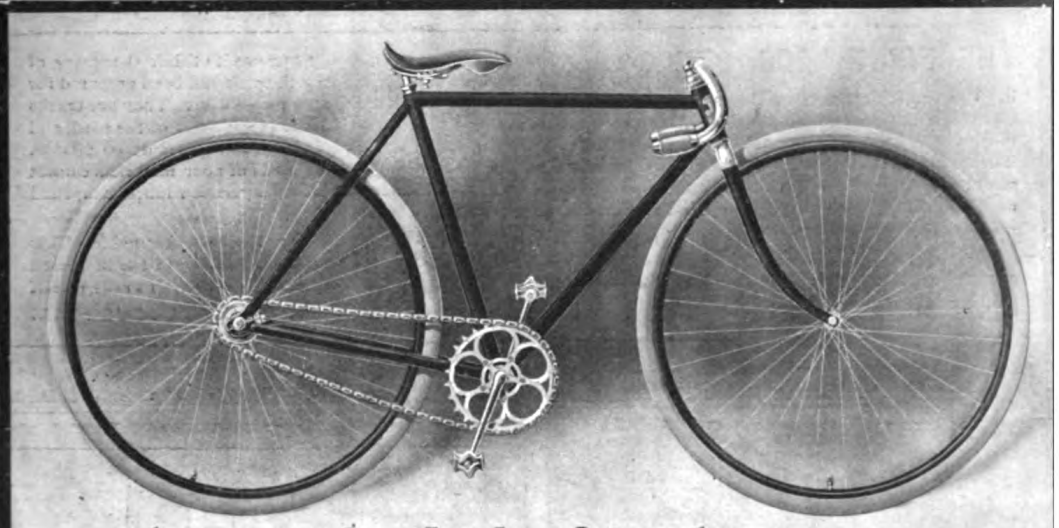



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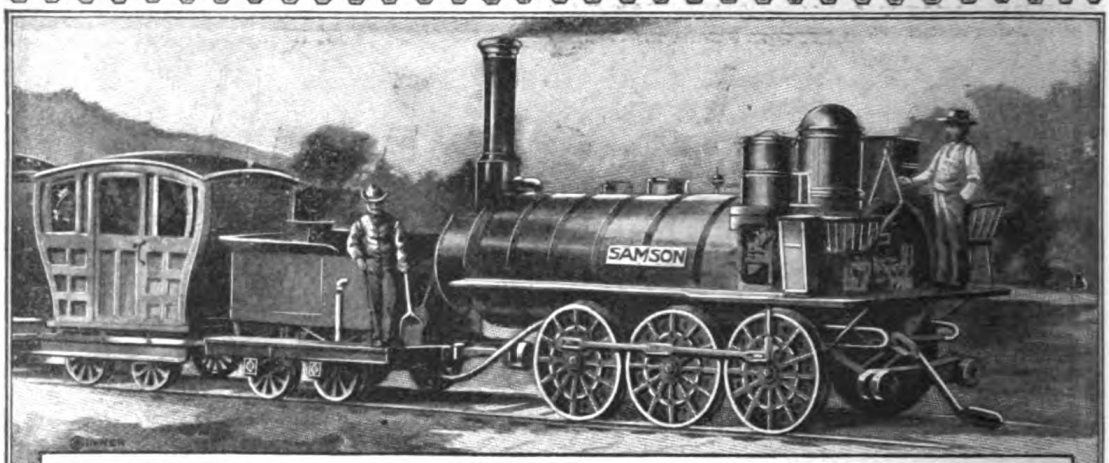
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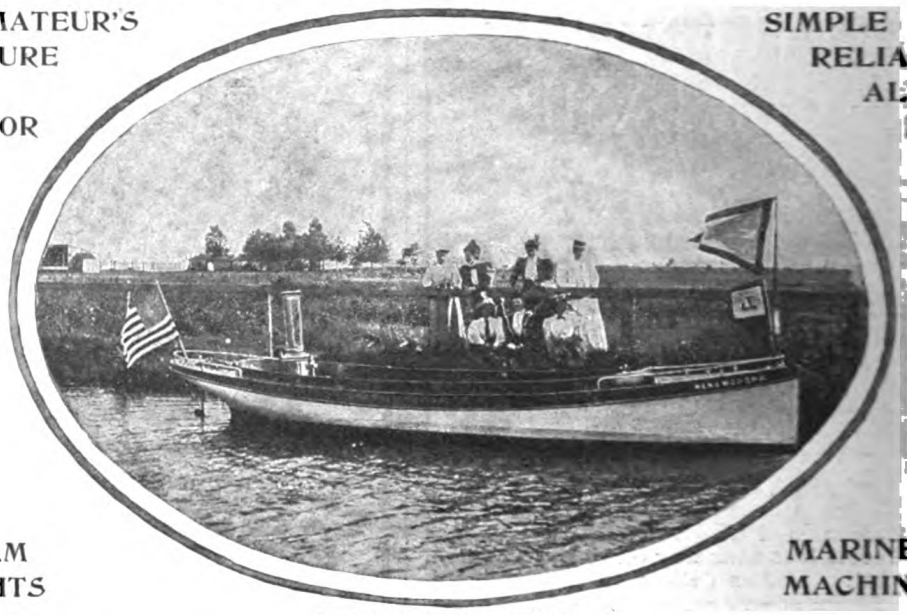



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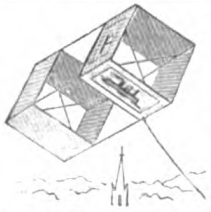
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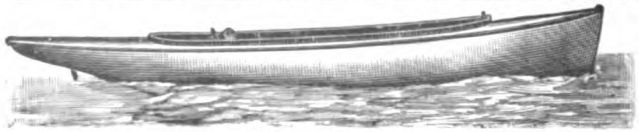
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**Cushion Frames, $65.00, $50.00**
**Chain driven, $40.00, $50.00, $60.00**

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G&J TIRE

DETACHABLE

THE FLAP
on the inside of

# G&J TIRES

protects the
air tube from puncture
by the spoke heads.

**NO OTHER DETACHABLE TIRE**

has that feature.

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*The above are genuine brands of Pure White Lead.*

A DWELLING house in the city of Elizabeth, N. J., built one hundred years ago, has always been painted with Pure White Lead and Linseed Oil—nothing else.

There is not a crack, blister, blemish or imperfection of any kind in the paint. Makers of mixtures, beat this record if you can!

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**FREE** By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also folder showing picture of house painted in different designs or various styles or combinations of colors forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

*National Lead Co., 100 William St., New York.*

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THE COOLEST PLACE IN SUMMER.

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It is continually swept by cool breezes.

It offers more attractions than does any other Summer resort.

It is quiet, refined, and luxurious.

Reservations may be made now for accommodations.

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**A Gentleman's Smoke**

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A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

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Offers in exchange for your money a certain return of pleasure and health.

The Characteristics are:

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**No Better Bicycle can be Made**

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'99 Chain Models, $50.00
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Convertible, $85.00

*Send for Catalogue giving details of STERLING EQUIPMENT for 1899.*

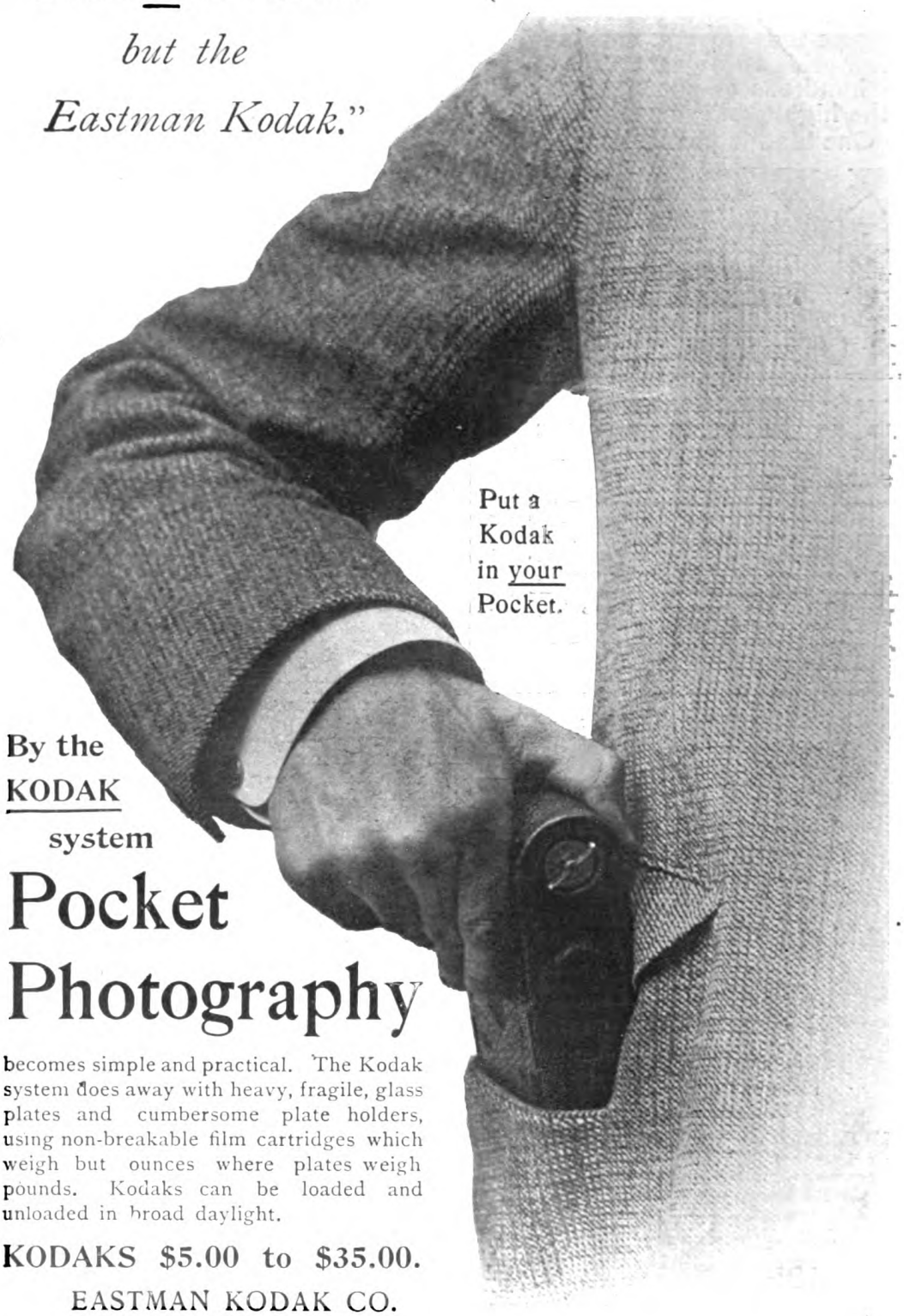
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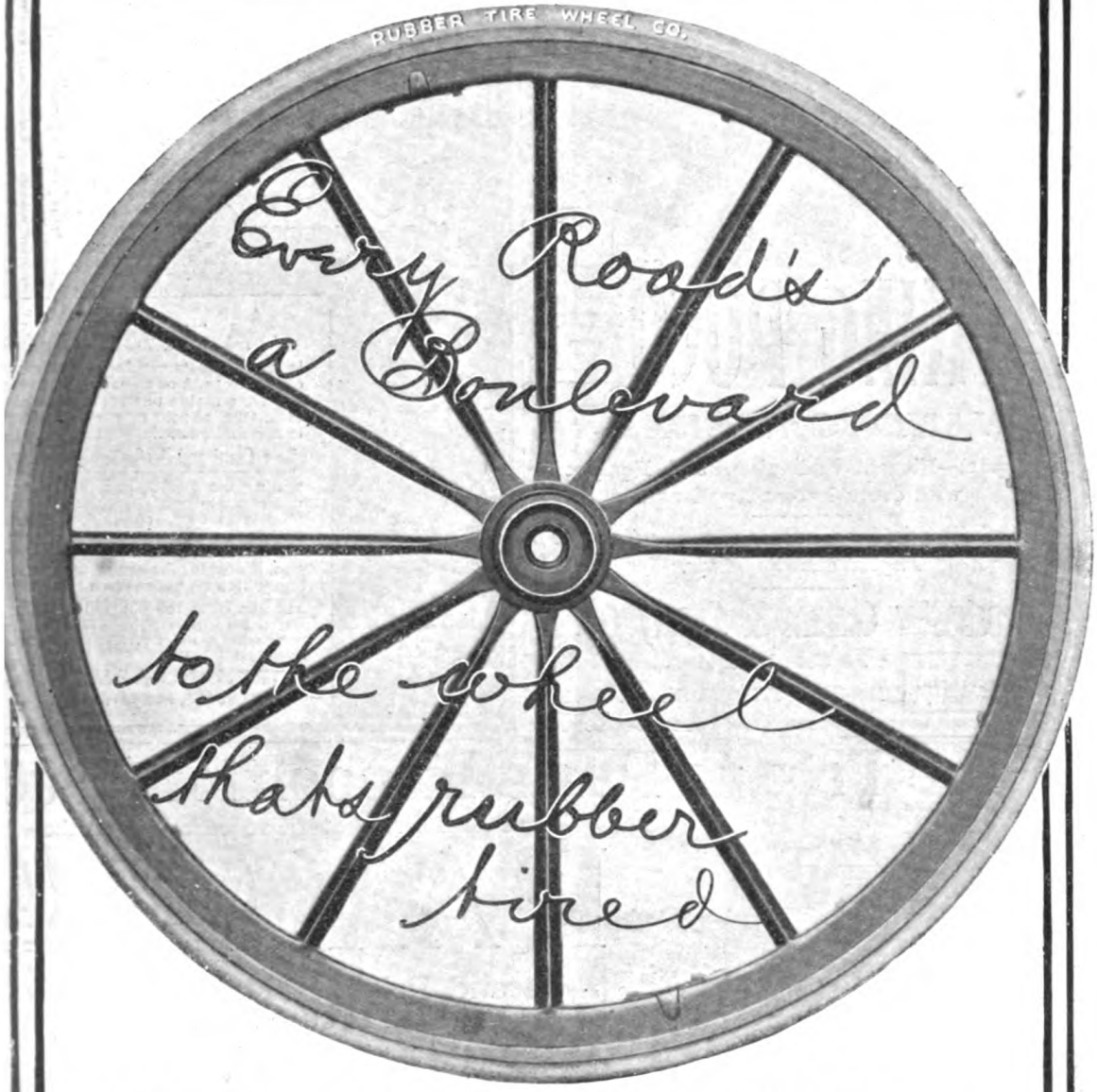
**Rochester, N. Y.**



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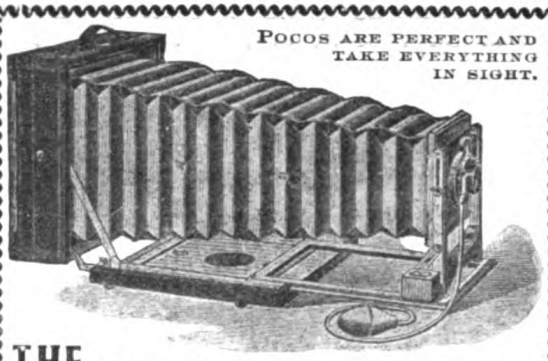
*All good carriage manufacturers and dealers handle them.*



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Compact—Elegant in Design, and Equipped with every known Appliance.

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Write for Catalogue giving full Description. . .

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A PERFECT REVOLVER FOR $4.00.

**A Revolver**

is for one of two things—pleasure or business. You want one, and you want one that is perfect in mechanism, true shooting, easily kept in order, and beautifully finished.

**The Forehand Perfection Revolver,**

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Every household should have one, if only for the sense of protection which its possession gives.

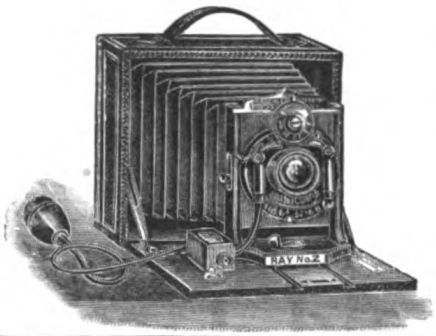
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CRESCENT BICYCLES

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we believe we are offering the best and most beautiful Lady's Bicycle ever built. We don't believe we can improve on it next year or the year after, and we are striving to improve our wheels all the time, too.

Send for a Catalogue, No. 16, telling all about our Ladies' Crescents; also about "The Care of the Wheel."

**Adults' Chain Models, $35; Bevel Gear Chainless Models, $60.**

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

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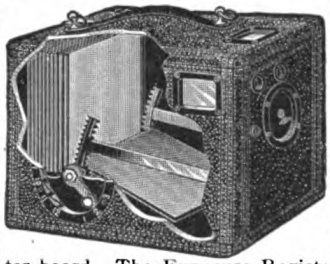
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**Prof. I. Hubert** TOLEDO, O.

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Loads 12 plates. Takes 12 pictures without opening the box. Twelve in ten seconds if you're in a hurry. Is fitted with **New Adlake Metal Shutter** with four stops; the only shutter ever made for fixed focus camera not affected by warping or shrinking of shutter board. The Exposure Register has self-locking Exposure Lever preventing more than one plate leaving the magazine at a time. The best single achromatic lens—removable lens holder. The Repeater is perfect in plan and action.

**Adlake Repeater,** 3¼ x 4¼, **$5.50**
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With 12 Single Metal Plate Holders—Light tight—dust proof.
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New Adlake Metal Shutter. Portrait attachment. Device for making panoramic pictures **FREE** with all Adlakes. New Multiplex Attachment for taking 2 to 4 pictures of same object in different positions on one plate, **$1.00** extra. New 1899 Adlake Booklet **FREE.** Mounted photo 5 cents stamps.

**New Devices on all 1899 Adlake Cameras.**

**THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.,**
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Makers of Adlake Bicycles, X-Rays Cycle Oil Lamps, Adlake Acetylene Cycle Lamps.

# Adlake Regular
## 12 Light-tight Plate Holders




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are by far the best. Greater Field, Power, Range, and Stereoscopic effect. Lighter, Smaller, more Convenient.



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Use 1899 Model.



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for bicycling and driving.

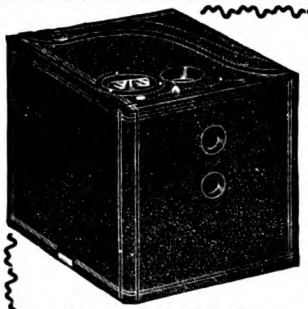
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Good goods, good prices, good material, good workmanship. Everything in a first-class carriage will be found in the vehicles constructed by the

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*Our circular for the asking.*



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**1899 MODEL.** FOR FILMS OR PLATES . . . . MAY BE LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

PRACTICABLE, COMPACT, PORTABLE

| FOR FILMS ONLY. | | FOR BOTH FILMS AND PLATES. | |
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PHOTOGRAPHY FOR ALL, an elementary text-book. Price, paper, 25c.; postage, 2c.

**CATALOGUE** of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application, **FREE.**

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ESTABLISHED 1842.



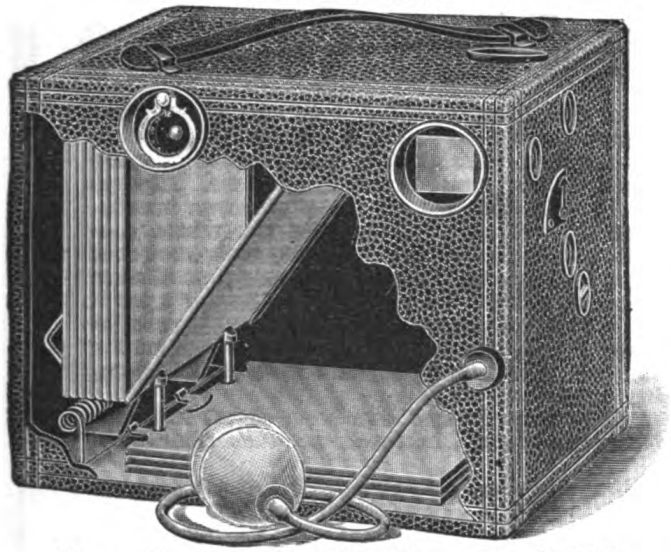

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**1899 Model.**



**Make Amateur Photography Easy and are the Best.**

*Aluminum Plateholders.*

*Exposed Plates are removed without disturbing Unexposed.*
*Detachable Bulb Release.*
*Automatic Shutter.*
*Automatic Register.*
*Three Diaphragms.*
*Finest Lens System known.*
*All parts interchangeable.*
*Lowest Price for best quality.*

No. 4—For Pictures 3¼ x 4¼ . . . $ 8.00
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**Our $5 4 x 5 Camera** is the best ever put on the market for the money. It has not the conveniences nor improvements of our higher-priced cameras, but if $5.00 is your limit, do not think of purchasing until you see what we have to give you. Sample picture mailed for 5 cents. Send for '99 catalogue.

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(ARISTOTYPE)

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***EVERY SHEET GUARANTEED*** It gives the most-sought-for tones, enabling the inexperienced amateur to rival the professional, and to *depend* on the absolute permanence of his photographs.

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desk (*direct from the* **factory**), *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not positively the best roll-top desk ever sold **at retail** at so low a price.

**This desk** has raised panels, a closed back, one row of oak-front file boxes, *ball-bearing* casters, double deck top, solid brass trimmings, an abundance of drawers and pigeon holes. It is made of choice quarter-sawed oak, with a rich polish finish—dealers ask $35.00 to $50.00 for a similar desk.



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**Makers of Office and Library Furniture.**

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THE MONROE

# Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

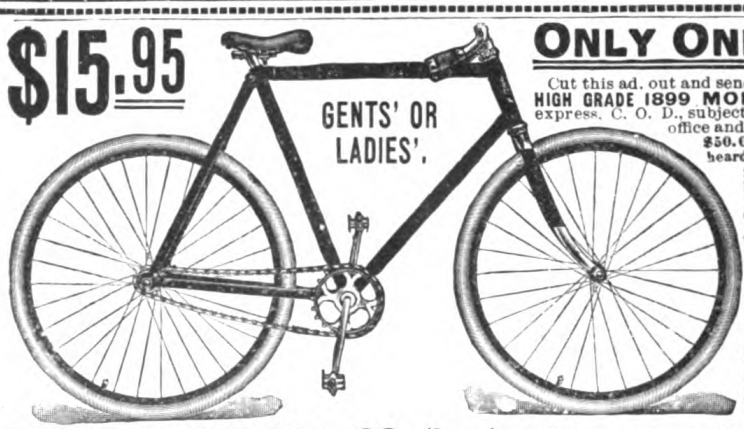
Each food compartment is white porcelain, moulded into one piece. The whiteness throws daylight into every corner, so you can see anything that is spilled. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth—about all the cleaning ever necessary. The only refrigerators that are absolutely odorless. Always healthful because never uncleanly. Durable, because the porcelain never breaks. Nothing can craze, crack, nor peel it. Economical because the whole construction is so skillful—the insulation so perfect—that they save their cost over and over in the ice that other refrigerators waste. The cost is more than of some kinds, but it goes into making them economical. We save you the dealer's profit by selling direct, freight prepaid. We sell on approval, to be returned if unsatisfactory, for no one who could see one of these refrigerators would be content for a lifetime with the common kind. Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write direct to us for it.

These refrigerators are all sold, as they always have been, direct from our factory to the user. For convenience in showing, however, we have exhibits in the following cities:—

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SYRACUSE —F. M. Featherly, China, 209 W. Fayette St.
BUFFALO —Wm. Scott, Florist, 546 Main St.
PITTSBURGH—W. P. Greer, China, 524 Wood St.
CINCINNATI—Koch & Braunstein, China, 22 E. 4th St.
LOUISVILLE —McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets, 225 4th Ave.
TOLEDO —Daudt Glass & Crockery Co., 236 Summit St.
DETROIT —L. B. King & Co., China, 103 Woodward Ave.
CHICAGO —Jacob Retterer, Stoves, 169 Lake St., 2d floor.
ST. LOUIS —R. B. Gray China Co., 312 N. Broadway.
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OMAHA —M. H. Bliss, China, 1410 Farnam St.
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For Catalogue address **MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO.,** Box N, Lockland, Ohio.

**$15.95**




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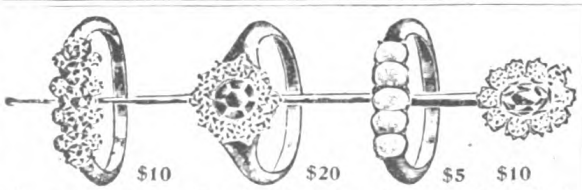
Cut this ad. out and send to us with **$1.00** and we will send you this **HIGH GRADE 1899 MODEL $50.00 VICUNA BICYCLE** by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office and if you find it a **genuine 1899 model HIGH GRADE $50.00 VICUNA, the grandest bargain you ever saw or heard of and you are convinced it is worth $10.00 to $15.00 more than any wheel advertised by other houses up to $25.00,** pay your express agent the balance, **$14.95** and express charges.

**THE VICUNA** IS COVERED BY A BINDING GUARANTEE. Frame is 22 or 24 inch, made from **best seamless tubing,** finest two-piece **Denton hanger,** finest full ball bearings, **Mason** arch crown, enameled **black, green or maroon,** highly nickel finished, Delhi padded saddle, up or down turn handle bars, best Doyle pedals, **HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED REGAL PNEUMATIC TIRES,** fine leather bag, complete with all tools and repair outfit. **ORDER TODAY.** YOU CAN MAKE $50.00 EVERY MONTH SELLING THESE WHEELS AT $25.00.

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**For $1.00** we furnish a **Gas Lamp,** the exact same lamp as is now being widely advertised as a premium with a bicycle as a REGULAR $3.50 ACETYLENE GAS LAMP, but we **do not guarantee or recommend it.**




These goods are Fine White Diamonds and Real Opal, Sapphire, Pearl, or Turquoise centre. The $20 Ring is worth $30. Seeing is believing. Send for inspection.

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# Importer and Cutter

DIAMONDS bought of us may be returned, at full price paid, within **ONE YEAR** Jewelry or watches within **30 DAYS** thus you are bound to be satisfied.

***WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. MAILED FREE. GOODS SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS. MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED.***

**E. Howard, Waltham, and Elgin Watches** 20 per cent. less than Wholesale List Price




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The ordinary refrigerator is a foul affair, reeking with odors, dampness, and the poisonous oxide from corroding zinc. This must affect milk and food.

**McCray Patent**
**Porcelain Tile Lined**
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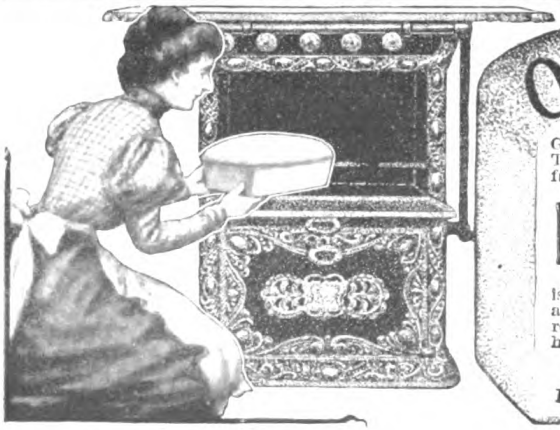
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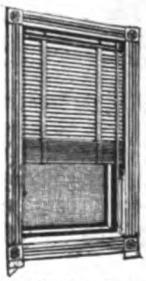
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"BRUT," as dry as can be made under the French process, purity itself, with delicate bouquet and flavor, is highly recommended by our prominent physicians as a tonic to convalescents.

"GOLD SEAL" is served at all first-class hotels, cafés, and clubs at half the price of the imported. Call for it.

For sale by all leading grocers and wine-merchants. Send for booklet illustrating process of manufacture.

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# One Reason

that so many men are now smoking

# VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

is, that they are the most satisfactory short smoke for all times and all places. For this reason they are economical and appeal to every smoker's common sense—through his pocket!

They are little cigars

made with all the expert care and of the very highest grade of imported whole leaf tobacco that is used for the most expensive cigars.

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You will find many uses for them when you know them. At all dealers—or trial package of 10 will be sent by return mail in souvenir pocket pouch on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

A **Solid Silver** curved box worth **$15.00** made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given **FREE!** Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

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—an American wine for Americans, at less cost than imported, possessed of merit that warrants a trial and a comparison with the more costly foreign wines.

The present vintage is winning new friends and customers daily.

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"Saves ice." "Needs no weekly scalding." "No contamination." Mrs. Rorer says she has used

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People will overload by eating enormous quantities of food

**The Result is Indigestion**

with a vile, wretched feeling that only a dyspeptic can describe.

**A Positive Cure**

that touches the spot and quickly relieves is

**JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS**

IN BLUE BOTTLES, AT DRUGGISTS




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# Uric Acid or Gout Poison

## The Source of Unnumbered Woes.

# BUFFALO LITHIA WATER




## A Sovereign Remedy and Preventive.

**It goes by Special Order of Eminent Physicians to Paris, France, for**

**URIC ACID DIATHESIS.**

**Dr. Thomas H. Buckler,** *of Paris (formerly of Baltimore)*, **suggester of Lithia as a Solvent for Uric Acid,** says:

"I have frequently used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with good results in Uric Acid Diathesis, Rheumatism, and Gout, and with this object I have ordered it to Europe from Baltimore. Lithia is in no form so valuable as where it exists in the form in which it is found in **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

**C. Halstead Boyland, A.M., M.D.,**
*Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris*, says:

In **Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** and all diseases of **Uric Acid Diathesis, the best results which I have obtained from any remedy have been from BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

**Send me by early steamer six cases of the water of Spring No. 2, to 15 Rue Vernet, Paris, France.**

**Excess of Uric Acid** in the blood makes **Uric Acid Poison. Uric Acid Poison makes Gout, Rheumatism, Stone in the Kidney or Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidney, Neuralgic affections, Mental Depression, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Headache, Nervous Asthma, Eczema, Dyspepsia,** and undefinable ills without end, and especially in **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and in Women under certain conditions causes Uræmic Poison, Coma, Convulsions, and death.**

The marvellous power of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a SOLVENT and ELIMINATOR of **Uric Acid and its salts** from the system, and as both a REMEDY for and PREVENTIVE **of these and all other conditions caused by or associated with Uric Acid Poison is** emphatically attested by an army of physicians.

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or questions sent to any address.

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Children may not always gain in weight rapidly, but they should certainly gain steadily. If they do not, something is wrong.

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L. Emmett Holt, A.M., M.D., Professor of Diseases of Children in the New York Polyclinic, in his work on Diseases of Children, says:

"Cod-liver oil stands at the head of the list of tonics for young children. It is also of very great use in anemia, and for a large number of children who are extremely delicate."

Scott's Emulsion is the purest cod-liver oil, partly digested, and made free from all disagreeable odor and taste. It also contains the hypophosphites, the best of all nerve tonics. All pale, thin, and delicate infants and young children need it. It will quickly bring prosperity to them.

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**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with perfect SUCCESS. It SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

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TRY THEM FOR **Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.**

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CAUSES SOUND SLEEP

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And cures Nervous Prostration, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Debility, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Biliousness, Asthma, Bright's Disease, Locomotor Ataxia, Fevers, and all forms of disease without medicine or electricity.




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STIMULATES THE MIND

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One Oxydonor will keep an entire family in good health, and will last a lifetime if taken care of. A 170-page book of Directions with each Oxydonor.

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## BALDNESS

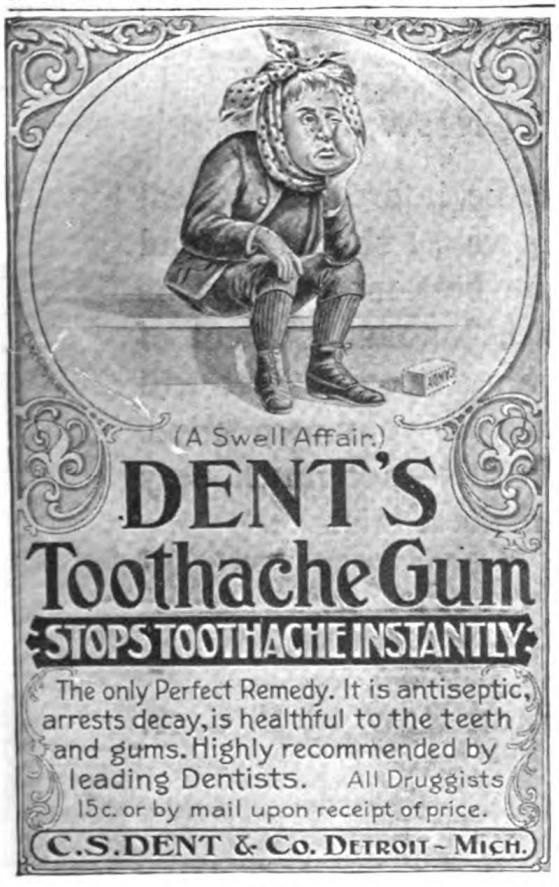
is an artificial condition, induced chiefly by wearing head coverings, thus heating it and excluding the air. Who ever saw a bald savage?

## Coke Dandruff Cure

is a cleansing and cooling preparation, very grateful when the head is hot and itches. It soothes and invigorates the scalp and permanently eradicates dandruff.

"Coke Dandruff Cure" is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. One dollar a bottle at druggists' or by express. Booklet free.

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To purify and beautify the skin and prevent pimples, blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, yellow, oily, mothy skin, chapping, tan, sunburn, and many other forms of skin blemishes, no other skin or complexion soap is for a moment to be compared with CUTICURA SOAP, because no other soap reaches the cause, viz., *the clogged, irritated, or inflamed condition of the* PORES.



## For Hair and Scalp

SHAMPOO with CUTICURA SOAP, rinse with warm water, dry, and apply a light dressing of CUTICURA, purest of emollients, gently rubbed into the scalp. This simple, refreshing, and inexpensive treatment will soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales and dandruff, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, make the hair grow, and produce a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.



## Red Rough Hands

BATHE and soak the hands, on retiring, in strong, hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear during the night old, loose, kid gloves. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, shapeless nails with painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful and a blessing to all afflicted with sore hands.




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Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties, derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, warrant the use of CUTICURA SOAP, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, for too free or offensive perspiration, and also in the form of internal washes and solutions for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially to mothers. The use of CUTICURA Ointment with CUTICURA SOAP will also prove itself of much benefit in the severer cases.



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This cabinet enables one to take Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths at home at a cost of three cents per bath. Prescriptions for thirty-five kinds of medicated baths accompany it. Turkish baths keep the blood free from impurities; prevent sickness and cure colds. They clear the complexion, give freshness and vigor to the mind and body, quiet the nervous and rest the tired. They have all the effects that hot-springs and mud baths offer in the cure of chronic diseases. And even perfect cleanliness is impossible without them.

The Racine Cabinet is in every respect the best one on the market. It is so superior that we sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. We sell direct to users at from $5.00 to $12.00, express or freight prepaid, alcohol stove, vaporizer and face steaming attachment included. Send to-day for our handsome illustrated catalogue.

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**SULPHUME** is *dissolved sulphur*, and will cure *all* skin diseases. It gives the benefits, at your home, of *Sulphur Springs*. For *Rheumatism* and *Weak Kidneys* it is par excellence.

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A trial cake mailed upon receipt of 25 cts.

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*"Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume Soap have taken them all away."*

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Drop a postal card and we'll mail you our Sulphume Book — in it you will find solid facts about the care of your skin and blood.

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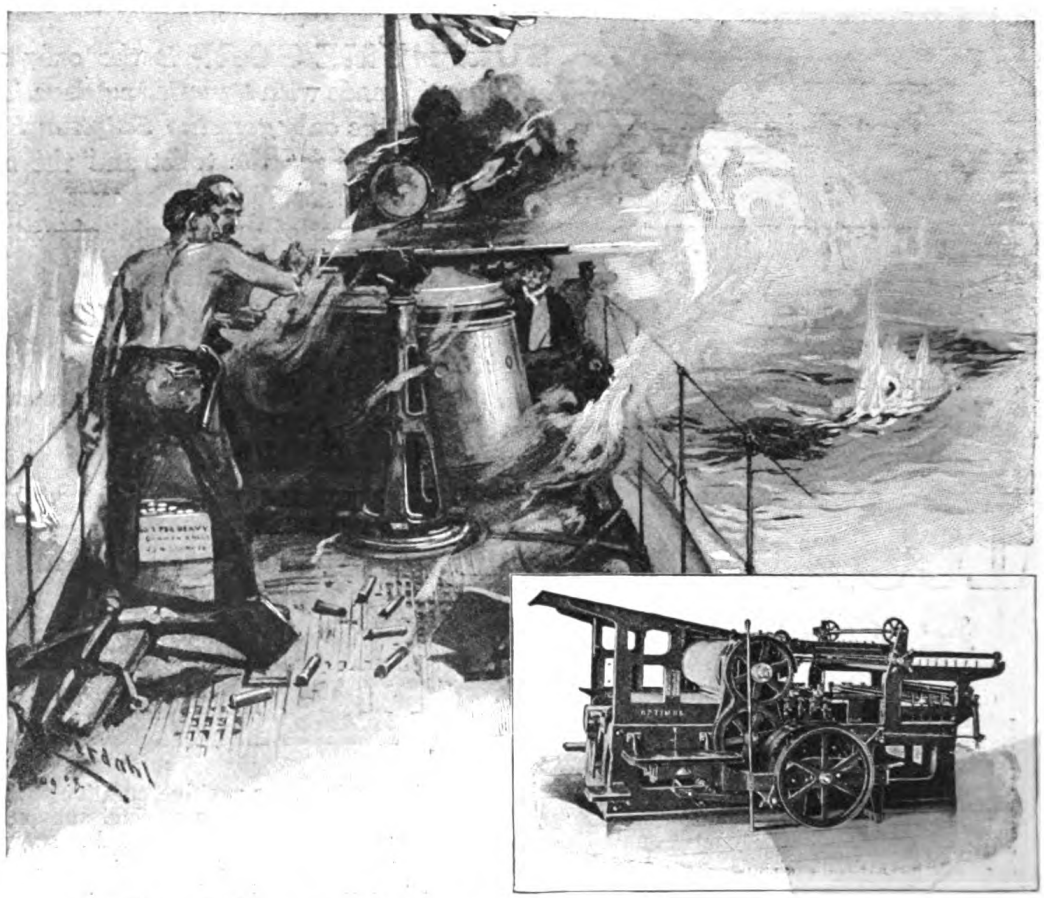


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*If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the* **Soaps** *or* **Premium** *disappoints. Safe delivery guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied.*

☞ Many girls and boys easily earn a Chautauqua Desk or other premium free by dividing the contents of a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the $10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the young folk the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

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The **Stallman Dresser Trunk** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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Our treatment is not an ill-smelling, sulphurous, skin-destroying preparation. It is pleasing and is applied in the boudoir without suggesting awful odors and without any injury to the skin whatever. Kills by absorption. Write for information. Sent in plain, sealed envelope.

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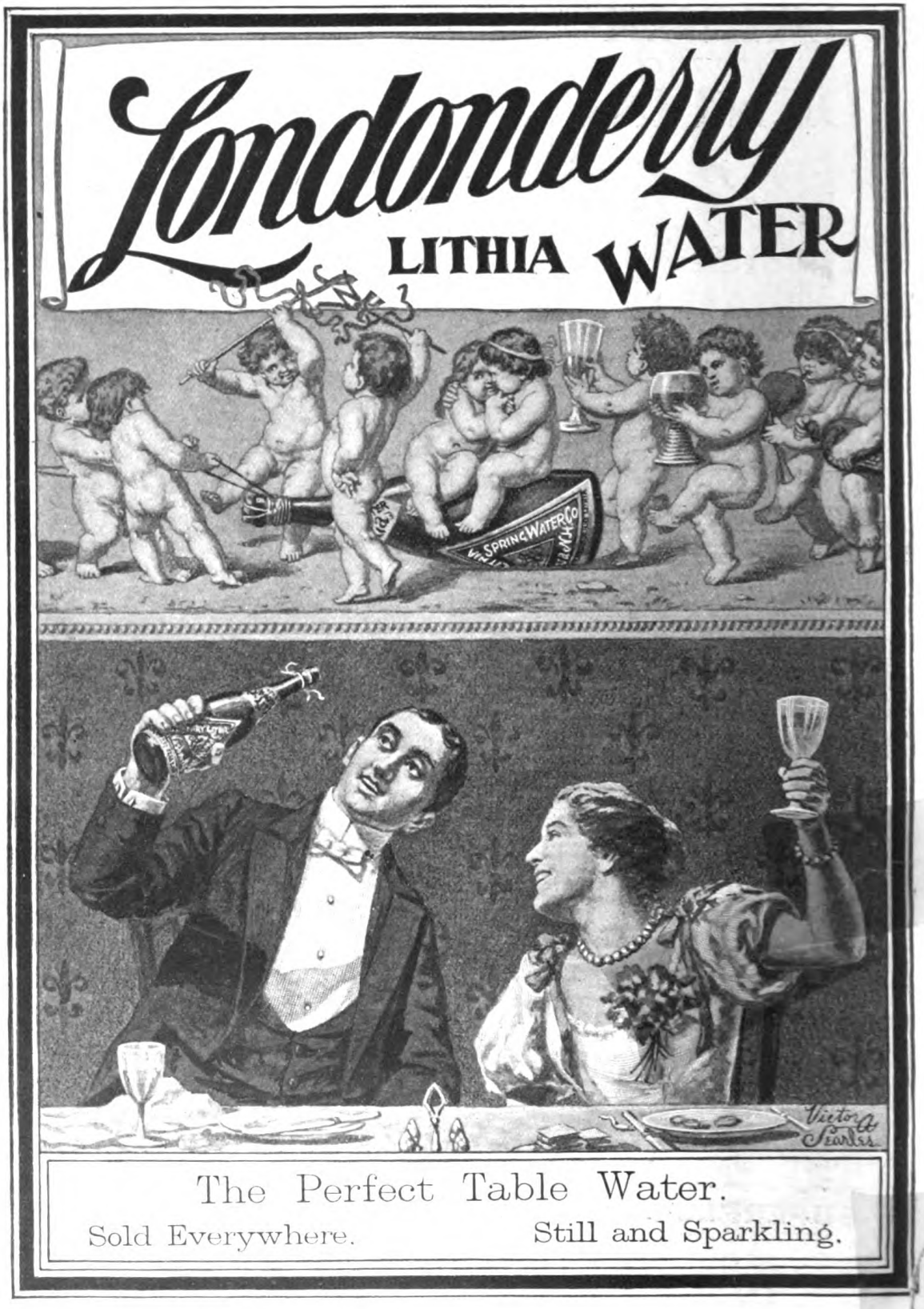
# *Tells its .... Own Story*





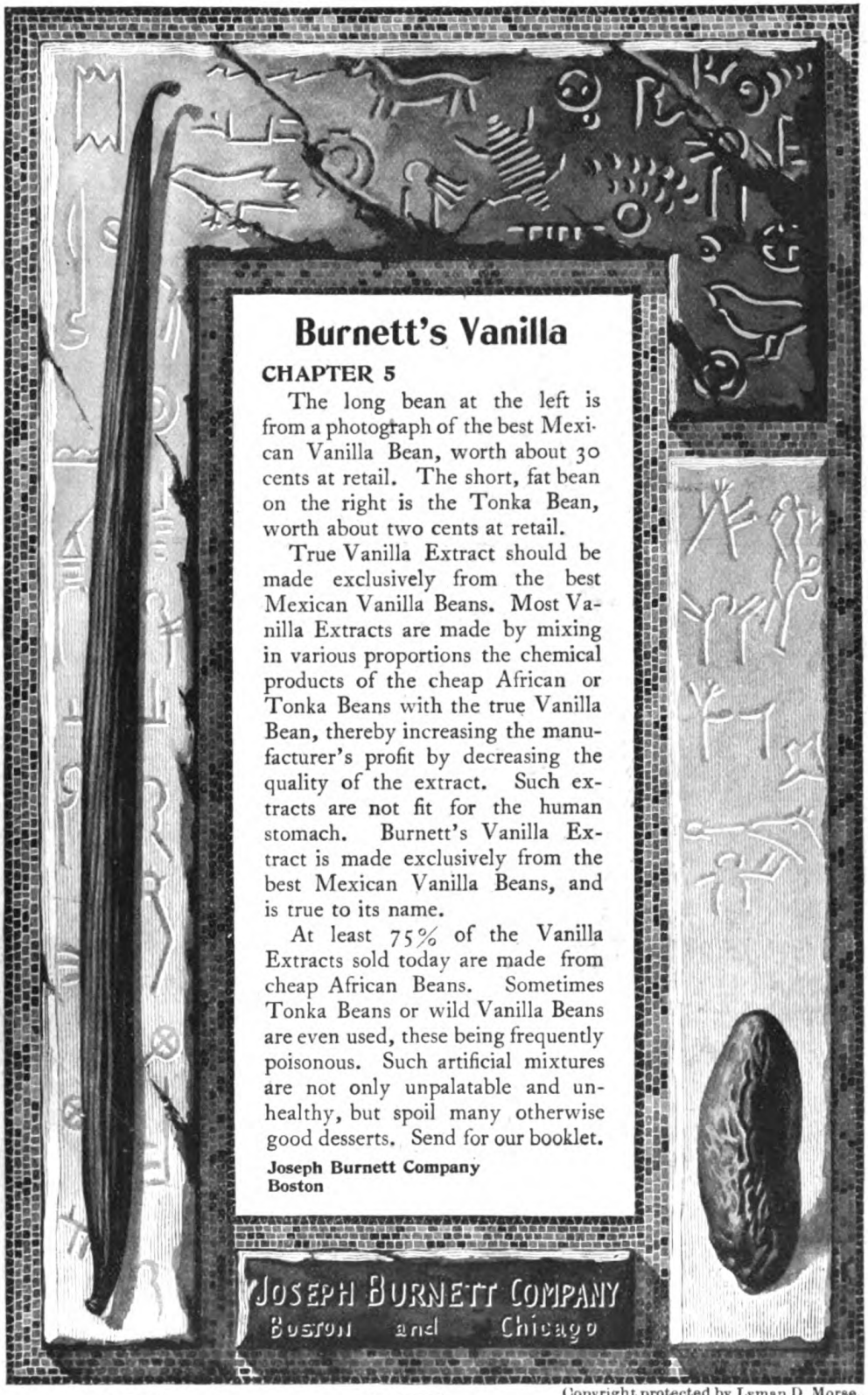


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*The Story of Vanilla* *Chapter 5*



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EARL FRANCIS WATTS

The enclosed picture of my baby boy, Earl Francis Watts, was taken when he was eight and one-half months old and weighed twenty-five pounds.

I have never had any trouble whatever with his feeding, as he always retained his Mellin's Food and has had no illness more than a cold.

I do not hesitate to recommend Mellin's Food and do so at every opportunity.

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**When artificial feeding becomes necessary for your baby use Mellin's Food; it is the perfect substitute for mother's milk.**

A sample of Mellin's Food will be sent free upon request.

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Is made of sweet clean vegetable oils 99 44/100 per cent PURE



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Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair.
Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair.
Holds the hair firmly in pla hair stops falling out.
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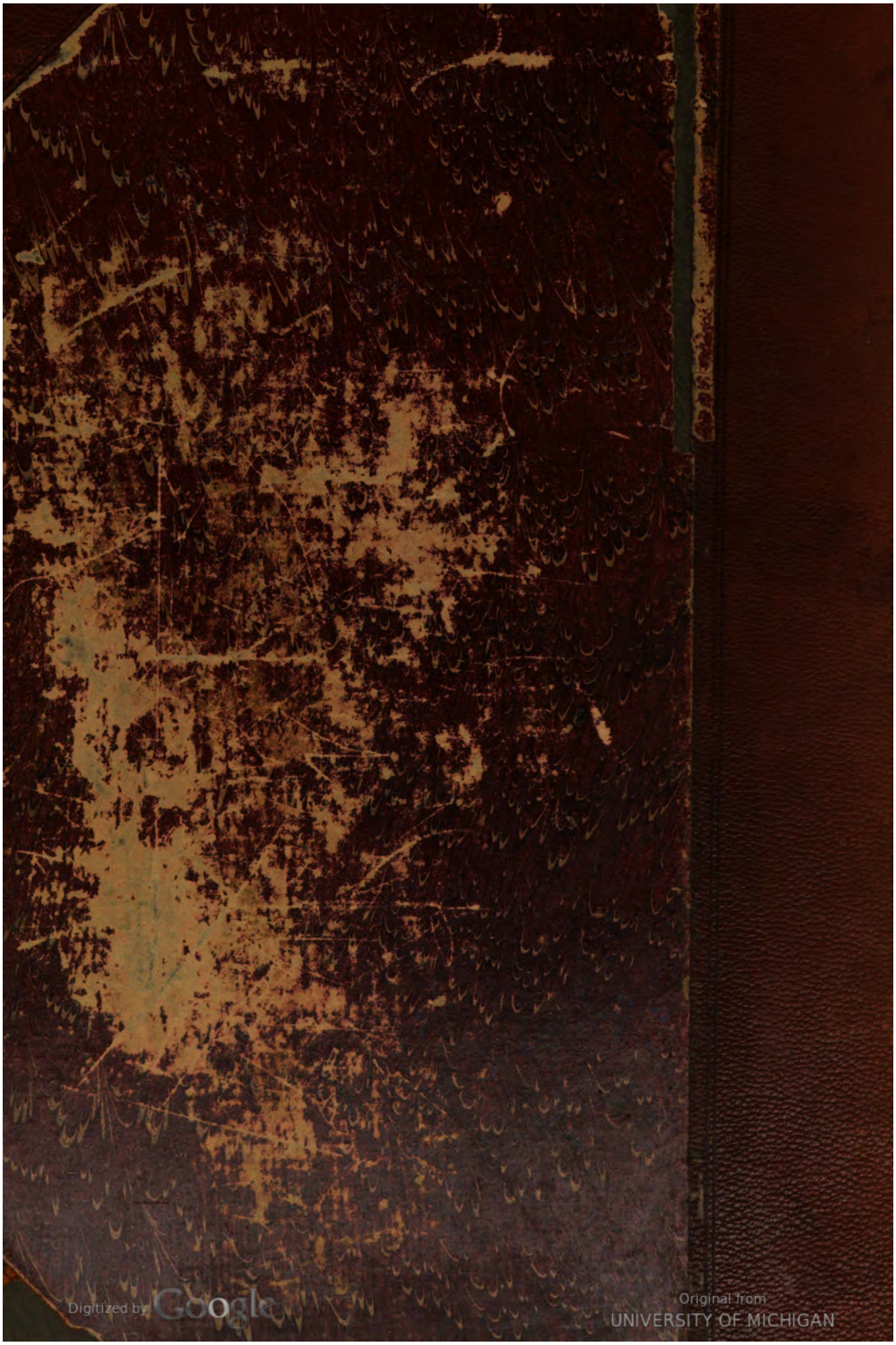
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